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"Come with me!"

Around the world...from romantic Venice to the mystery and wonder of old China. Do you want beautiful women? To Gamble? To Trade? Want Money? Want a Good Fight? With wealth, beauty and love...if you win?





Women, glamorous and gay, who welcomed Marco . . . sharing their love and secrets for one brief hour...then, remembering.



The proud princess... whose guarded pagoda was stormed by whispers and sighs...teaching a stranger how to *really* love.



The cunning and trickery of the East...an adventurer's blundering luck...matching wits for the world's treasures in trade.



The clash of mighty armies...a hero's sword slashing his way... and then, with his beloved safe in his arms, across the bridge that even today in Peiping is called the Marco Polo Bridge.

Samuel Goldwyn PRESENTS

GARY COOPER

THE Adventures OF Marco Polo

WITH

BASIL RATHBONE

ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE BARBIER

ALAN HALE • BINNIE BARNES

And a Cast of Five Thousand

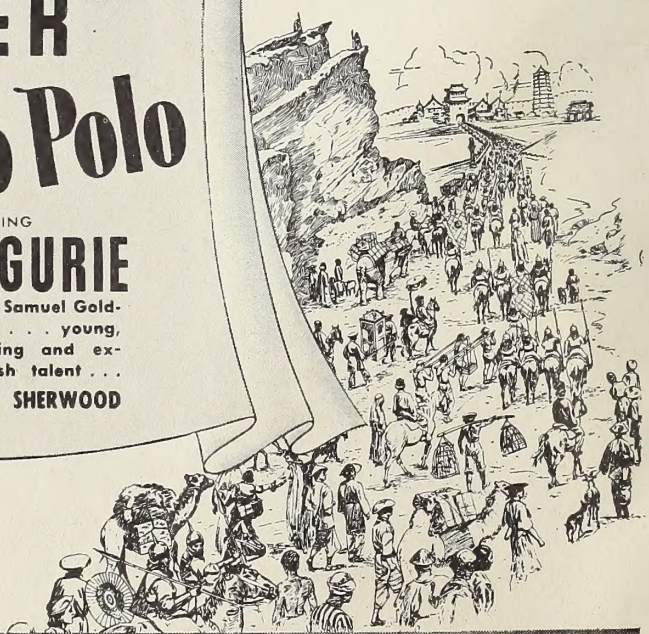
INTRODUCING

SIGRID GURIE

. . . discovered by Samuel Goldwyn in Norway . . . young, beautiful, interesting and exciting in her fresh talent . . .

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO • Screenplay by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Released thru United Artists

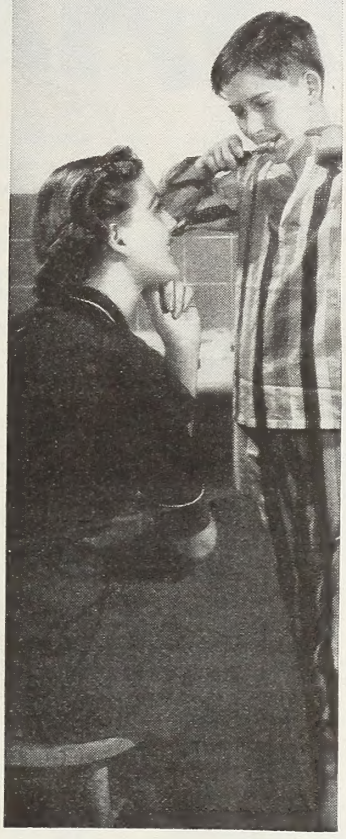


Samuel Goldwyn creates a mighty cavalcade of splendor and excitement in the world's most romantic adventure.

Foolish Joan... Tonight she's a picture of breath-taking loveliness—yet she hasn't had a dancing partner all evening. (*And who can blame them . . . when they see her pitiful, tragic smile?*)



Her small brother could show Joan how to help win a lovely smile—to have teeth that sparkle, gums firm and healthy! (*Bob is only six, but he's already learned the value of gum massage.*)



Joan's telephone would be one of the busiest in town—her date book would always be filled—if she only realized no man can resist the appeal and charm of a radiant smile! (*Ipana Tooth Paste and massage would help her—for, remember, gums need care and attention as well as teeth!*)



Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

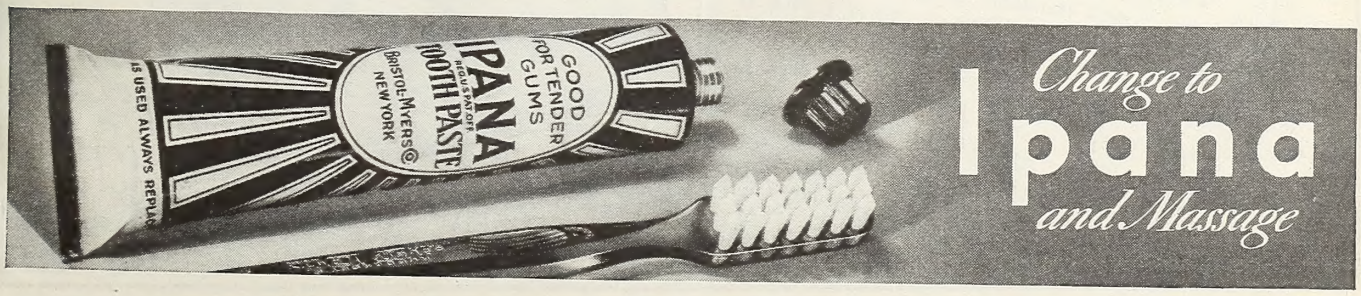
"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, *see your dentist!* You may not be in for serious trouble—*but let your dentist decide.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile *brilliant, sparkling, attractive*—with Ipana and massage!

* * *

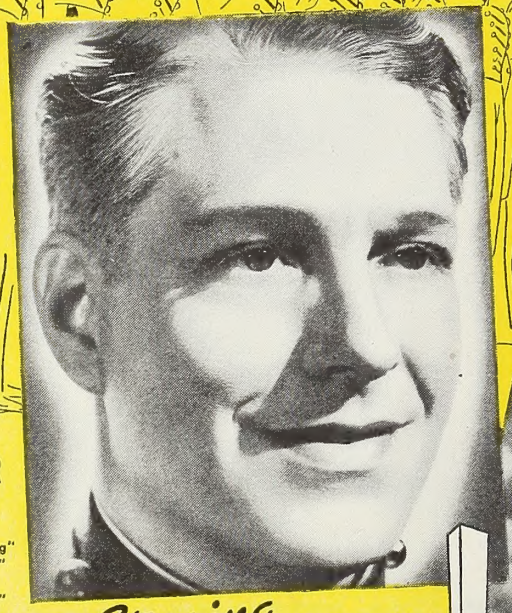
DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.



The Amusement World is Ablaze!

"ROSALIE"

Ziegfeld created it on the stage — his greatest triumph! Now—on the screen—M-G-M tops even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself with a new happiness hit!... Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance —of a Princess and a West Point cadet — with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!





COLE PORTER SONGS

"It's All Over But the Shouting"
"Spring Love Is in the Air"
"Rosalie"
"In the Still of the Night"
"Who Knows"
"Why Should I Care"

Starring

NELSON EDDY

Eleanor POWELL

featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY
and Hundreds of American Beauties

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE



Introducing beautiful Ilona Massey, new star sensation! ...And above, just for laughs, you have funny Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Ray Bolger.

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JANUARY, 1938
Vol. 26 No. 12

Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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hollywood newsreel

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

■ There's a small restaurant on the outskirts of Hollywood where a movie star is treated, not like a celebrity—not at all like a celebrity.

JOAN BLONDELL dropped by for luncheon, and, not finding anything to her liking on the menu, ordered good old reliable ham and eggs.

"You'll have to order what's on there," the owner told her, inelegantly.

"But I don't want anything on there," Joan protested. "I want . . ."

"No use eating here, then," the man cut in, and walked away.

All right, what would YOU have done?

■ CHARLES BUTTERWORTH is as droll off the screen as on, it seems. At a party not long ago, a producer-friend offered to throw a banquet for the comedian, as a goodwill gesture. They parted long past the midnight hour, as the affair was a festive one.

At exactly five-thirty in the morning —THAT morning—the producer was rousted from his bed by a telegraph boy, who insisted that he had orders to deliver his message personally. The telegram read:

"Have not heard from you regarding my party. Am deeply hurt. (Signed) Butterworth."

Oh, these comedians!

■ Height of something or other: JOAN CRAWFORD waiting—quite unnoticed—while her husband, FRANCHOT TONE, signed the autograph books of three youthful fans. A few moments later, the trio nearly died of chagrin and disappointment when they learned the identity of Tone's companion.

■ FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, JACKIE COOPER and MICKEY ROONEY were discussing the whys and wherefors of movie fame. Spoke Mickey, one of our best juvenile actors, gravely:

"I had to wait until I was five for a break in pictures."

Practically an old man, to hear him explain the harrowing situation.

■ Here's a story that should be repeated. It concerns AL JOLSON and admirably bears out the truth of the assertion that Al is one of the most thoughtful souls in the film capital.

Dropping by a florist shop, the Mammy-singer wandered about through the field of blossoms until he came to a certain large blooming plant.

"I want twelve of those, just like that one," he told the delighted clerk, and gave him twelve names and addresses, the names of either the mother or the wife of twelve studio workers whom he particularly liked. And the price? Just $35.00 a plant, totalling $420.00 to make a dozen ladies, whom Al had never met, happy.

■ The Hal Roach lot resounds with piercing and pungent yodelling these days. Reason: Laurel and Hardy are about to embark upon their new comedy, *Swiss Cheese,* and they're rehearsing for their roles. But everybody else on the lot is going about with hunted looks in their eyes. They just can't take it.

■ If you think all the young glamour gals go about starving themselves, you have another guess a-comin'. Some do, of course, to retain those divinely-slender figures, but list to a luncheon we saw ANN SHERIDAN order . . . and without blinking an eyelid, too.



Billy Gilbert, famous for his sneezing and stuttering on the screen, said "I do," without any mishaps whatever at his wedding to pretty Ella McKenzie. The ceremony was performed in the home of Director W. S. Van Dyke

Ann consumed a rich, creamy soup; a ham steak enough for three, with a double order of mashed potatoes and thick gravy; countless slices of raisin bread; finished the mashed potatoes and gravy of a table companion who was on a diet; and ended this simple little repast with a huge chocolate nut sundae.

And, quoth Ann, this luncheon was very similar to that she devoured so lustily every noonday.

Ann, though, isn't the only large eater of the colony. JOAN FONTAINE told us her mother orders double of everything for her, so enormous is her appetite—Joan's only a growing girl, you see!—and she always eats before retiring for the night.

■ JOAN and OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND'S mother — yes, Joan and Olivia are sisters—gets excited every time she sees a picture star, whether on the street, in a restaurant or at the studio.

"But, mother," the girls declare, superiorly, "WE are in pictures, too. Stars aren't any different from us."

"Pshaw," comes back Mrs. de Havilland, fondly and smilingly, "you're only my two darling little brats." And then will nearly wrench her neck to catch a glimpse of some passing star.

■ Even in the far reaches of the South Seas the natives are playing tourists for suckers.

RAY MALA, the Eskimo actor whom you probably saw and admired in *Last of the Pagans,* bought a whole raft of pearls when he was in Tahiti last year on location. Several natives sidled up to him, and in hushed tones inquired if he would like to purchase a few choice specimen pearls they had smuggled while diving for a syndicate.

Ray was charmed . . . there, before him, was the opportunity to avail himself, for a paltry few hundred dollars, of rare jewels worth many thousands of dollars. WOULD he? So, to everybody's satisfaction, the pearls exchanged hands, and Ray became the proud owner of a goodly number of very valuable pearls.

Not long ago, Ray took these pearls to a jeweler to have made up into a necklace for his wife. The jeweler examined them carefully, then spoke quietly . . . "These are Japanese pearls, worth at the most $50. Are you sure you want them made up in the expensive fashion you've outlined to me?"

Now, Ray is wearing that hang-dog look about town . . . and do you wonder?


REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS
PHIL REGAN · LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva · James Gleason
GENE AUTRY
GENE AUTRY
LEO CARRILLO
CAB CALLOWAY
KAY THOMPSON
TED LEWIS
JOE DiMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA
LUIS ALBERNI
"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"
Featuring TED LEWIS and his ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and her RADIO CHOIR • JOE DiMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA • LUIS ALBERNI • MAX TERHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE • LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND... Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star
GENE AUTRY
Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER · Original screen play by HARRY SAUBER · Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT
Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER
HIT TUNES...
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"
Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS



"What's the use of Christmas?" ponders Marie Wilson. "Snow men melt, you lose all your best gift handkerchiefs, you eat the candy and then you haven't any left. You can't win." Jane Wyman takes a happier view of the matter. Miss Wilson's melancholy comedy will be seen next in Warners' *Without Warning*. Miss Wyman is making *Larger Than Life* for the same company

My gosh, even the simple natives are crooked!

■ Oddity: JANE DARWELL, the character actress who raises a few turkeys on her ranch, promised friends some particularly fancy ones for their Thanksgiving dinner . . . but long before the holiday Jane had adopted them as pets and couldn't bear to think of chopping off their heads. So, she had to buy the promised gobblers at the butcher's. (Note: You should see Jane as she walks about the yard. Nine turkeys insist upon following at her very heels.)

LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOODS:

■ MADGE EVANS returned to Hollywood from New York with eight trunks filled with clothes purchased in eastern shops . . . at a pajama party the night following her arrival, she modeled every costume for benefit of all her girl friends . . . several days after *Stella Dallas* was released, ANNE SHIRLEY received a long distance call from San Francisco . . . a man wanted her to settle a bet . . . did she, or didn't she, play the very young girl in the picture? . . . he didn't think she did, she was so young-looking on the screen . . . MAURICE CHEVALIER still has a bank account in a Hollywood bank . . . now that he's taken up polo, BRUCE CABOT is coming in for some good-natured ribbing . . . thus far, he's received—collect—three horses . . . but don't be alarmed . . . two were sawhorses and the other a clothes-horse . . . PAT O'BRIEN has devised a novel way of watching his new home in Del Mar go up . . . since he's too busy at the studio to make the more than hundred-mile trip very often, he's arranged with the contractor to photograph each day's progress, and send him the film . . . well, that's ONE way . . . ANN GILLIS, youthful heroine of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, collects autographs . . . but who doesn't, these days? . . . CAROLE LOMBARD is just as enthusiastic with her candid camera . . . WILLIAM KEIGHLEY, the director, talks with his sweetie-pie, BEVERLY ROBERTS, over short-wave radio—of all things!—whenever he goes on location away from the studio . . . JASCHA HEIFETZ will collect $20,000 a week EVERY week for the picture he'll make for SAMUEL GOLDWYN . . . bet he'll hope and pray for overtime . . . the ROBERT YOUNGS still haven't found a name for their new baby . . . meanwhile, they call her Peanuts . . . it's to BETTE DAVIS' credit that she refused to kick a dog for one of the scenes in *Jezebel* . . . what dog-lover WOULD, though, for that matter, even for a picture? . . . JUNE COLLYER, spouse of STUART ERWIN, always accompanies her young son to school each morning, and at noon calls for him.

■ So you think stars are their own bosses, eh? They are . . . sometimes. But not when they have business managers.

TYRONE POWER saw a shiny new car he wanted, and was about to close the deal. There was one hitch. . . .

His manager refused to allow him money for its purchase. (What us artists must go through!)

■ Here's a situation that gets funnier the more you think about it.

A fan sent JOE PENNER a present, but instead of the inevitable duck it turned out to be a fighting cock.

Not knowing exactly what to do with it, the comedian presented the fowl to his friend, JACK OAKIE, who, in turn, made a gift of it to MACK GORDON, the song writer, after being picked and clawed one entire afternoon.

Proud as Punch of his new acquisition, Gordon put it down cellar until he could build a coop for it. But here's the joker . . . when the coop finally was constructed and Mack started to go down cellar to get his new pet, he was immediately attacked!

Now, Mack doesn't dare go into the cellar, nor can he entice any of his more courageous friends to venture into the bowels of his home in quest of the chick. Nor will his man-servant — ordinarily a hardy soul—put foot below the first floor. What is particularly sad is the fact that several cases of rare wines are below, of a vintage fairly screaming to be sampled.

Not knowing what else to do, every day Mack throws down feed for the cock, but not even a million dollars could persuade him to descend into that cellar. Meanwhile, the cock struts back and forth and completely rules the cellar, even daring Mack and all his pals to come down all at once to get him. It's a situation that happens once in a lifetime.

■ It's good to see HELEN TWELVETREES once more on the screen. In *Hollywood Round-Up*, with BUCK JONES, she plays the role of an almost-forgotten star who tries to come back in a western film. It's particularly interesting to note that Helen actually is portraying herself . . . she might be that very actress. For Helen HAS almost been forgotten through having remained away from pictures so long, and IS trying to come back as Buck's leading lady.

■ When CLARA BOW opened her IT CAFE in Hollywood, she wanted to act as her own hostess and greet the customers as they arrived. She envisioned for herself a new role, and nothing would have pleased her more than the oppor-

tunity to welcome old friends again.

Hollywood, however, as funny a place as ever you've heard, wouldn't have it. It censured her roundly, declared she was trying to be a Hollywood hostess and that she was cheapening herself. So adverse was the criticism, and so cruel, that Clara, after a night or two, withdrew . . . and now appears on the scene only twice a week. And then, only for a brief dinner. Hollywood, it would seem, just won't allow Clara to lead her own life.

■ While hubby-HERBIE KAY, the orchestra leader, is conducting his orchestra at a Hollywood night spot, DOROTHY LAMOUR goes out of an evening without him. But don't be alarmed, gentle readers . . . there's no man in the case. Rather, she tucks at least four or five under her wing and makes a round of the clubs well escorted.

CUPID REPORTS THAT:

■ ANDREA LEEDS now no longer favors JON HALL as a companion but has turned her smiles upon JACK DUNN, the skater . . . WENDY BARRIE that certain way about BRIAN AHERNE . . . and MARY CARLISLE dividing her time between BILLY BAKEWELL and JAMES BLAKELEY . . . lucky pups . . . you should see MARIE WILSON take it big when Director NICK GRINDE calls her "Ma" . . . it won't be long now before SHIRLEY ROSS is MRS. EDDIE ANDERSON . . . young but oh my—JUDY GARLAND and MICKEY ROONEY have fallen



What's the use of being a star if you don't have a yacht? So sea-going Shirley Temple loosens the main sheet and runs before the wind over the turbulent waters of her swimming pool during her vacation between *Heidi* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* at Twentieth Century-Fox

Is Your Skin Treatment LUCKY FOR YOU?



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SOAP AND WATER	YES	NO
ASTRINGENTS	YES	NO
VANISHING CREAMS	YES	NO
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TONICS	YES	NO

IF YOUR PRESENT METHOD LEAVES YOU WITH BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, DRY SKIN, THEN IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO A PENETRATING FACE CREAM!

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results do you *expect* from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a *clear, fresh* skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or if blackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a *soft* skin. But how does your face feel when you smile or talk? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? If it does then your treatment is *not* resupplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, baby-like texture.

And of course you want a *smooth* skin. But if, when you pass your fingertips over your face, you feel tiny little bumps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's be honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

How a Penetrating Cream Works

Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's because this cream *penetrates* the dirt that clogs the pores.

Lady Esther Face Cream loosens blackheads, floats out the stubborn dirt that laughs at your surface cleanser.

At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth.

Try,* Don't *Buy

I do not want you to buy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see what it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream *free and postpaid.* I want you to see and feel—at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*) (38)

SELECT
The Service of the Stars



FAY WRAY
APPEARING IN
"IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

You will thrill to the charm of this lovely silverware. And there's an additional thrill in an offer your dealer is now making... With the Quantity Saving of $4.75, you can now own a 60-piece Service for only $29.75. And you receive the $5.00 value tarnish-proof Wood Chest, and a beautiful $2.50 Pierced Pastry Server—ABSOLUTELY FREE! Ask your dealer about the PALM SPRINGS CHEST.



1881
ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

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Errol Flynn turns on that Irish fascination triple strength for the benefit of the camera and the amusement of Gloria Blondell, sister of Joan and also under contract to Warners. Flynn is dressed in one of his *Robin Hood* costumes

in love . . . JUNE LANG playing the field . . . one night it's PAT DE CICCO . . . then, A. C. BLUMENTHAL, and a certain darkhaired polo player . . . GINGER ROGERS' finding LEE BOWMAN'S wit a boon to boredom . . . newest combine is GLORIA BLONDELL, JOAN'S sister, and MAURICE MURPHY . . . it's BUSTER KEATON now for LONA ANDRE, and ROCHELLE HUDSON can't seem to make up her mind between JIMMY YOUNG, son of the food merchant, and the San Francisco financier, JAMES FLOOD . . . wonder why ROCHELLE doesn't go out more with picture boys? . . . two ex's together, but not from each other—CONSTANCE WORTH (she was MRS. GEORGE BRENT) and VIC ORSATTI (formerly JUNE LANG, INC.) doing the night spots together . . . GLENDA FARRELL still can't decide about DREW EBERSON . . . SANDRA STORME the newest catch, with all the film lads and TOWNSEND NETCHER and A. C. BLUMENTHAL in pursuit . . . wonder when L I L Y P O N S and ANDRE KOSTELANETZ will tie the knot . . . or have they?

■ GARY COOPER went hunting with two friends and a stranger. When they returned in the evening, the wives met them and the stranger turned to Gary . . . "I didn't get your name."

"You dope," quoth the stranger's wife, to him, later . . . "that was GARY COOPER." "Well," came back our stranger, "he didn't know me, either."

So, you see, stars aren't always recognized.

■ HAROLD LLOYD is a pushover for street peddlers. He'll stand and watch a salesman demonstrating some food product or gadget to prepare food, by the hour. At the Pomona County Fair, not so long ago, he and his wife spent more than fifty minutes standing before a man demonstrating how to peel and mould apples and carrots in fancy figures, while a huge crowd gathered round and stared at them in awe.

■ SALLY EILERS has discovered probably the world's most trusting fan. The other day she received a letter requesting ten photographs of herself. Enclosed was a signed blank check, "to cover any expense involved."

■ JUVENILE FOLLIES: SHIRLEY TEMPLE has reached the point of admiration for long words, and is apt to either confuse them or coin them herself.

While studying the array of live stock on the *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* set, someone pointed out a remarkably fine rooster. Shirley considered him approvingly for a moment, then remarked:

"That's a real roostercrat."

Honest!!!

■ And now it's the editorial dress! OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND has taken pieces of film from all her pictures and had them reproduced on a dress. It's an odd effect . . . but it's handy one way. If Olivia ever gets lost while wearing the garment, all she has to do is show it to someone . . . and they'll immediately find her for herself. (If you get what we mean.)

■ Probably no actor in Hollywood enjoys posing for stills. But now we'll have to change the tense of that statement.



Jane Withers smiles over the top of the miniature piano which she will present to the clever winner of her "Miss Santa Claus" contest. Second prize is the pretty little radio, and third is the Jane Withers doll. The hoop, Jane is keeping for herself. Because of the great number of answers, winners will not be announced until next month's issue

For OUR GANG simply dotes on it . . . now.

THE GANG, it seems, was summoned to the studio to make some Thanksgiving pictures for publicity purposes. "Aw," they grumped, "it's nuthin' but a lotta hooey . . . prop turkeys and no fun."

But a surprise awaited them. The pictures were to be made in color. And as color picks up as black-and-white does not, real food had to be used.

Presto, chango . . . roasted brown turkeys made their appearance, with cranberry sauce and pies and all the wotnots that accompany a turkey dinner! The kids have been clamoring for more publicity pictures ever since.

■ A letter from MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, now in England playing the leading feminine role in *A Yank At Oxford*, discloses that she and husband-JOHN FARROW are living in a small cottage in the town of Denham, only a few minutes' walk from the studio . . . and the house was built in 1561.

Further . . . the entire troupe uses elaborate trailers for dressing rooms. And, one day, while motoring through the country at a leisurely pace, she chanced to look behind and there were fifteen or sixteen people on bicycles following her. When they saw she noticed them, all—as of one accord—waved to her.

■ W. S. VAN DYKE, the director, delights in baiting people. NELSON EDDY is his latest victim.

A certain woman writer for an important syndicate wrote something about the two that neither particularly liked. They got together, and agreed that neither would henceforth have anything to do with this individual, and they'd make things as tough as possible for her.

Came the day she arrived on the set. "I won't work with that women here," EDDY declared. He stalked away for a few moments, then returned.

There, chatting and laughing uproariously, sat VAN DYKE and the writer, the best of friends. EDDY, now, trusts NO ONE.

■ LITTLE LOOK-SEES: HAROLD LLOYD is taking unto himself new fame, as The Great Clayton. In the event this title means nothing to you . . . LLOYD has turned mind-reader—for social purposes, of course—but it's reported that his talent along this line is positively amazing.

CONSTANCE BENNETT has gone into the cosmetics business, and you'll probably be using her product yourself before long. Her brand is shortly to go on the market in every prominent city of the United States.

OLIVER HARDY, of LAUREL and HARDY, can't play Bridge unless there's a platter—yes, platter—of sandwiches by his side. Whenever he enters a game at the club, a waiter always hovers near to see that the platter is never empty.

FRANCES LANGFORD has started a "friendship garden" along the side of her new Brentwood home. It will be used exclusively for flowers and plants given her by her friends. Already, there are more than fifty different varieties of rare plants.

FRED ASTAIRE has copyrighted the Drum Dance he has devised for *Damsel In Distress*. More than twenty drums of rather mammoth proportions are used in this sequence, and 'tis reported it is one of the most novel dancing numbers ever viewed.

.



Norma Shearer, just beginning to appear in public again, greets Dolores Del Rio and Gregory Ratoff before a Philharmonic concert



As usual, Cecil De Mille does as much acting as anyone in the cast of the film he is producing. Here he is in full action, testing the steel of a sword to be used by Fredric March in his role of the colorful pirate, La Fitte, in *The Buccaneer*. He borrowed the 19th century tail coat from his star to help him get in the proper swash-buckling mood

■ Because she failed to heed the warning of a studio make-up artist, LILY PONS found herself immersed in trouble.

For several of the scenes in her latest picture, Lily had to wear body make-up. A new type of make-up was used, one on which water had no effect. A special remover was required to divest the wearer of this make-up. Moreover, water turned the make-up into a hard cake, and almost impossible to remove.

Well, sir, Lily forgot all about this, and when the day's work was done dashed to her dressing room and under the shower. And therein lies our tale.

Three women labored over Lily for more than an hour, in an effort to remove the cakey substance that covered almost her entire body. Lily, at last reports, had put herself completely in the hands of her make-up artist.

■ Shades of CECIL B. DE MILLE . . . bathtubs have come into their own again. You'll see MIRIAM HOPKINS in one, in *Women Have a Way* and GLADYS SWARTHOUT, too, in *Romance in the Dark*. Miriam spent three days completely immersed—well, all but her head—and what a time . . . The set was closed to visitors—even studio executives—but it's rumored on good authority that more than one mere male, among the working crew, swooned [*Continued on page* 63]

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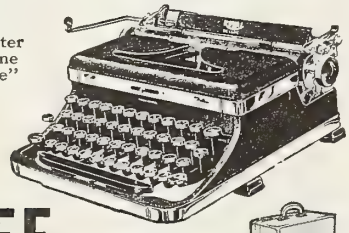




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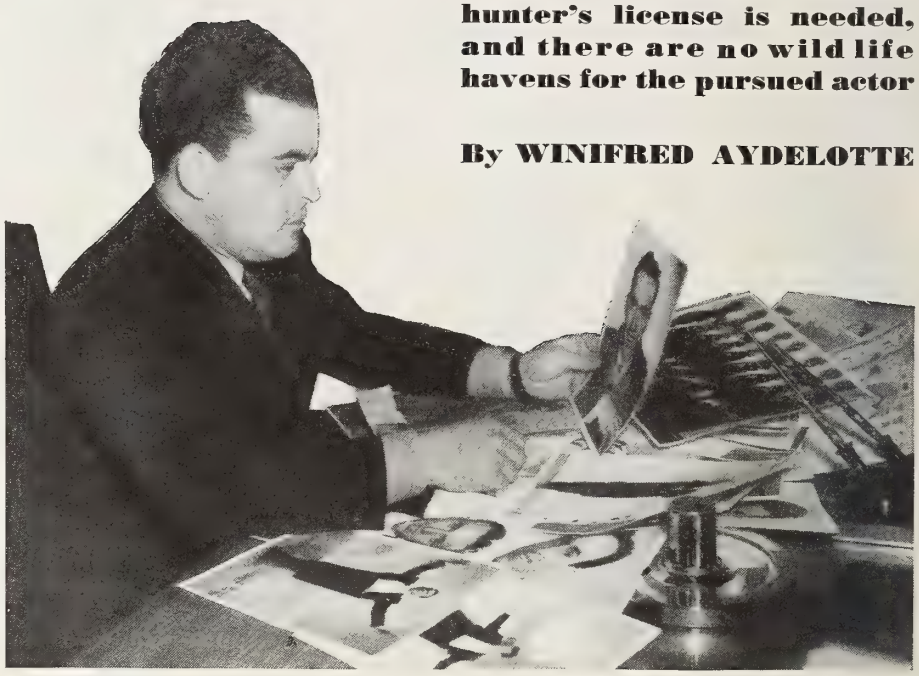
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OPEN SEASON ON TALENT

Year in and year out the hunt goes on for talent, but no hunter's license is needed, and there are no wild life havens for the pursued actor

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE



Johnny DeSylva, talent scout for Universal, just before he turned away from his day's duties and explained why studios hire men to scour the country for new faces

■ Have you a nickel?
Do you want a screen test?

Walk, don't run, to the nearest telephone (if you live in Hollywood), call Hempstead 3131 and ask for Johnny DeSylva. He is the talent scout at Universal Studios, and, at the drop of a nickel, he will give you an audition.

If you live elsewhere, don't come to Hollywood to telephone. Use your nickel to call the Little Theatre in your town, take any part you can get, be patient, and, if you have anything on the ball, you'll be discovered. For the talent scouts, like the poor, we have always with us. There is not a city, town or hamlet in the United States which has not felt the invasion of these eagle-eyed scouts, looking for Durbins and Hepburns for the cinema.

■ And why? "WHY are talent scouts," asks the puzzled public, "when all the world flocks to Hollywood? Why don't the producers look right under their noses?"

Johnny DeSylva answers this question and with authority. Johnny started in the show business as lobby boy and actor for the Shuberts at the age of ten. (His parents thought he was in school.) When he was eighteen, he was the youngest company manager on Broadway. Then he covered acts for the Shuberts, later becoming an agent. He quit that to manage his own stock company. Then he came to Hollywood and produced condensed versions of musical shows at the Million Dollar Theater and started the Sunday night vaudeville concerts at the Ebell Theater, where Judy Garland (then named Gumm), Ray Mayer, Fuzzy Knight and others were discovered. Johnny is only thirty-two now, and there's not much about the show business he doesn't know.

■ "I'll tell you the WHY of talent scouts," he said. "Persons with that rare thing called talent usually lack one quality—the ability to sell themselves. Hollywood is filled with youngsters who, confident that their faces won't turn a camera green around the gills, think they are great movie finds. They swarm all over the place. They sell themselves. They yell. They get in your hair. And the more they yell, the less they have for the screen. Just let a person say to me, 'I'm great,' and I know he isn't. But the ones who really have talent are quiet about it. And they are the ones who have to be discovered. Although the casting offices are open to the public, it is once in a lifetime that a potential screen player will walk up to the window. The phonies, yes. But the others haven't the nerve.

"The other reason for scouts is this: nobody can tell how a person will photograph. Mabel Jones comes to Hollywood, perhaps, because all her friends tell her she is beautiful and her snapshots are swell. But the chances are she will photograph like an old hag. The movie camera's

eye is a baleful thing. Or, suppose she is one of those people who photograph like a million. Her picture simply shrieks that she is a find. You can't tell, just by looking at her and talking to her, whether she has what it takes. Maybe, behind that attractive manner of hers is an emotional blank; perhaps that lovely musical voice of hers can't read lines; maybe there is no feeling behind her deeply tragic eyes. We have to see a girl in action and see what the camera does to her, even if she APPARENTLY has everything, before we can tell. That is why I advise aspirants to appear in Little Theatres. Scouts can then spot them in action, and if they can act, the only other question to be answered is—will they photograph? And that's our job—to give all possibilities a chance at a screen test."

Hollywood is swarming with girls whose friends have said, "You ought to be in the movies. You look just like Claudette Colbert."

In the first place, Hollywood wants no carbon copies of stars; in the second place, the carbon copies probably won't photograph like the originals. So you're stymied both ways.

Scouts very seldom miss a Little Theatre or a Federal production anywhere in the United States. They also cover school plays and night clubs. The screen possibility is a needle in a haystack, but don't be discouraged. Be a good, quiet little needle and you'll be found.

Once a week DeSylva gives the hopefuls who have telephoned him an audition.

DeSylva takes those who go over well to Rufus LeMaire, who is the head of the talent department at Universal. Mr. LeMaire has each one read a scene from a play. If that goes off well, the innocent is sent to "Speed" Margolies, who gives him a screen test. And a screen test is a gosh-awful ordeal. LeMaire and the producers look at the test and if it doesn't give them a pain, the victim is sent to Madame Kopelle, the dramatic coach, who has charge of the mi-mi-mi's and gestures. After six weeks of training, the by-this-time probability is grandly entrusted with an infinitesimal part in a picture, and if he doesn't draw down upon the studio's head an avalanche of yelps, he gets a bigger part next time until, as tempus fugits, he becomes a Gable or a Garbo.

I went to an audition one afternoon. It was held at the Trocadero. In the black and white and silver emptiness of the place, each try-outer went through his stuff with only the supercritical other try-outers, and DeSylva, as audience. This, also, is known as an ordeal. (It is an ordeal for DeSylva, too.)

There were the usual be-curled blonde nine year olds throwing their skinny little pipestem legs about in acrobatic or tap dances; there was the tall young man with the bi-focal glasses and no chin who sang, in a soft, lullabye voice full of air, "The Road to Mandalay;" there was a girl who lifted her face from the microphone like a howling dog and backed Martha Raye right off the map so far as the noise went; there was the young man in dirty white flannels and sweat shirt who did raucous jazz versions of negro folk classics; there was the woman who took her pince nez, clasped her hands before her in Juliet's balcony attitude, adopted a painful prop smile and hit a high note that was a cross between C sharp and the Chinese scale and held it, too, until she burst into tears and ran out.

The predominate type was the twenty-year-old girl who, too utterly, utterly jazzy, fell into the "get-hot" stance the minute she faced the microphone, her back swayed as though she were in the last stages of pernicious anemia; her elbows stuck angularly out at the sides; her knees bent, her shoulders hunched and curved forward, and who yelped her song out with fortissimo on the high notes and sotto voce on all others.

There were, also, the short stout man who could really sing but whose face would make a clock turn to the wall; the beautiful damsel who couldn't sing; the girl who did a Beatrice Lillie; the girl who had nothing but conviction. Out of the entire afternoon's group, DeSylva snared two possibilities. And this was a typical group of those who felt they were screen finds! Who had come to Hollywood confidently expecting to break into pictures! Who had dropped their nickels into the telephone and said to Johnny DeSylva, "I'm great!" And through it all he sat, suffering mightily but not showing it. No wonder he pleads, "Don't come to Hollywood." No wonder he says, "The ones who have talent don't tell anyone about it." Yet, because he is a good talent scout and therefore eternally optimistic, he will never refuse anybody an audition. But it is a fact that scouts find more real screen possibilities in America's Little Theatres and Federal Theatres, no matter where or how small, than among the hundreds of apparent possibilities right under their noses here in Hollywood! And how those boys do get around!

Johnny's bitterest cross is the parents, the parents who think their children are geniuses, or who want their children to have a career which they themselves were denied, the parents whose motives are mercenary. The cinemammas and cinepapas!

"Every time I find a girl I think is screen material, I pray she won't have a mother," says DeSylva. "So does the studio, and I can't tell you how many girls we would have signed up if they hadn't had the kind of mothers they had. Parents can cause more trouble in a studio with directors, with cameramen, with other parents, with children. One mother brought her sixteen-year-old daughter to an audition and when she thought the girl didn't sing as well as she should have, she spanked her right there before everybody. What I didn't tell her! The girl really was swell and I would have given her a screen test if she had not had that mother.

"The worst experience I ever had with a parent, however, was with the father of a fifteen-year-old girl. After the girl did a tap dance for me, the father forced her to do a complete strip tease act. Only she didn't get that far. We threw him out . . . hard. Parents are the bane of Hollywood and you can bet your bottom dollar that the parents who are admitted to the studios are all pretty decent."

Talent scouts do not announce their presence if they can help it. And so you and you and you in all the country's Little Theatres have probably been weighed without your knowledge and found wanting. But don't be discouraged. Keep working, studying, enlarging your scope, and if the scouts passed you by this year, they may pick you up next year.

From the entire United States, talent scouts find an average of only ten real possibilities a week. Their goal is genius, any age, either sex; they are happy to find ability.

They are traveling salesmen with fame to sell and their route is the world. If you can sing, don't let that one talent blind you to the lack of others. Learn to dance, too. Learn to act by acting. Study languages; study people and see what makes them tick; read biographies and plays. Go to every picture and play you can. Don't rest on one laurel, especially if it is that enviable one—beauty. Beauty is cheap in Hollywood. Work, perfect yourself, get ready for the fame salesman, for you can't tell when they will call.

Did you enjoy this story? Then you will be interested in "Etiquette for Fans" which tells what to do and what not to do when you come to Hollywood and meet a star. It's another inside story for next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine.



Vivian Coe, winner of five beauty contests, ready to go into her tap dance in *The Goldwyn Follies*



"I'LL DO IT IF IT KILLS ME!"

says Joan Crawford . . .

a dramatic statement, says you . . .

a dramatic star, says we . . .

a dramatic story, says all . . .

Read it in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE

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Get your copy now because you won't want to miss this or any of the other dramatic stories about your screen favorites in MOTION PICTURE

MOTION PICTURE was the first fan magazine and remains *first* in revealing the interesting incidents in the lives of Hollywood's glamour people to its fans.

10 CENTS



hollywood radio beam

By GORDON W. FAWCETT

■ Motion picture producers, who just a short time ago were battling the advancement of radio, are now figuring out ways and means of cashing in on its popularity. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has just completed a deal with General Foods and for the next 36 weeks radio fans should be able to dial in on a program put on by some of the best picture personalities of the day. Bill Bacher, the genius behind the Hollywood Hotel program has been engaged to produce the General Foods M-G-M program which makes it doubly sure that it will be a program well worth listening to.

Warner Brothers' Studio is looking for a similar set-up. Most naturally their program would be built around Dick Powell whom they jerked off the Hollywood Hotel hour some eight months ago.

Twentieth Century-Fox is capitalizing on radio in a great big way. All of their players are open for radio programs but if they are to "go on the air" the advertiser must pay plenty for their services—and one-half of the salary goes into the studio coffers. Paramount, United Artists, Universal, in fact all of the studios are becoming very much radio minded.

■ Jack Oakie gave a party for the radio press immediately after the inauguration of his Oakie College last October. Oakie's program this year is to carry continuity from week to week. Stu Erwin will be the star footballer of Oakie College as well as being a very able stooge for Oakie's gags.

■ Hollywood will be originating over 90% of the personality programs on the major networks by the middle of November. Rudy Vallee, Fred Allen and Phil Baker will shift back east, however, as soon as current picture obligations are fulfilled. Eddie Cantor will also etherize his program from New York, but for only a few weeks early next year. As it is now, the following big names are all coming to you direct from Hollywood: Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Burns and Allen, Jack Haley, Ben Bernie, Sid Skolsky, George Fisher (subbing for Walter Winchell) Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Lany Ross, Chas. Butterworth, Amos 'n' Andy, Jimmy Fidler, Chase & Sanborn Coffee Program, Irene Rich, Tyrone Power, Rudy Vallee Variety Hour, Hollywood Hotel, Ken Murray, Joe Penner, Al Jolson, Lux Radio Theatre, Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, Eddie Cantor and Jeanette MacDonald.

■ The premiere of Woodbury's Hollywood Playhouse Program, starring Tyrone Power was a brilliant one. Power has a guest star each week in front of the mike, and plenty of famous friends in the audience. Darryl Zanuck, Tyrone's boss, was on hand to give the opening program a touch of brilliance. Zanuck had forgotten his promise to appear with Power and when the studio got in touch with him he had just fifteen minutes to get to the studio from his ranch in Encino. That probably explains his showing up in blue dungaree's, boots, and a turtle neck sweater topped off by a plaid sport coat.

■ The sound effect technician of the Lux Theatre is supposed to have the largest library of "effects" in the world. But in a recent Radio Theatre production he had to stop and think. One of the background sounds of the production was a swinging gate, a little bit rusty. First of all he looked for a rusty gate in Hollywood to get an idea of the sound. None was to be found. Then calling on a boyhood memory of what such a gate was like he tried every possible combination of equipment in his "library." None of it scunded like a real gate. So eventually he just went ahead and built a gate, using some old hinges. Oddly enough it sounded just like a rusty gate—that is, the third one he built, did.

■ One topnotch radio comic is threatened with having his long time contract cancelled if he doesn't show up for rehearsals. His sponsors have agreed to give him one and only one more chance . . . Bob Burns revealed on a recent broadcast that if he has no oil handy he uses lard to keep his bazooka in tip-top shape . . . Sidney Skolsky, the most recent newspaper columnist to turn to radio, suffers terrifically from "mike fright." The studio has a big lounge chair for Sidney to relax in during his broadcast . . . Hollywood, known for the unusual, held a party recently with one of its hosts missing. Leading radio and screen celebrities, radio executives and friends gathered in Sardi's Blue room to give Jack Haley a big send-off for his first radio show. Jack Benny, one of the hosts had to stay in Palm Springs under doctor's care with a bad cold . . . On a recent Lux program Barbara Stanwyck had to portray by voice alone the same character at the age of 19, 24, 30, 36, and 40 years . . . Col. Ezra Simpson, in my opinion will be a big radio name in the near future . . . [*Continued on page* 62]

10 WAYS TO AVOID MATRIMONY

George Sanders does not claim to be a Don Juan or a more than normally pursued young man, but here is how he learned about the single life the hard way

By MELISSA DODD

■ "Ten ways to avoid matrimony . . ." ruminated George Sanders, his six feet three of height outlined against the stone chimney in the living room, has gray-green eyes humorous, "I wonder if there's anything a man needs to know more in these expensive days than how not to get married? Well, I know ten ways.

"I learned them in Finland, Denmark, Germany, France, England and South America. Unintentionally, mind you."

He ran a hand across thick brown hair in a rueful gesture. He is, of course, the hero of *The Life of A Lancer Spy,* a picture in which he plays no less than four (please count 'em!) roles. He was the film husband, a meanie, of Madeleine Carroll in *Lloyd's of London,* and subsequently had parts in *Slave Ship* and *Love Is News.*

In short, Sanders—you pronounce it "Sahnders," for it's as English as Piccadilly Circus—is the new discovery at 20th Century-Fox Studios. They don't understand why the personable young man hasn't been marched to the altar long before this. But Sanders understands, all right.

Not that he's a woman hater; he simply isn't a woman seeker. He just reads and smokes his pipe and sails a boat and works at the studio. His big ambition is to snaffle 20 hours' sleep a day but, failing this, he snaffles as much as he can. He even lives in solitude at the top of a gosh-awful hill on a road called, aptly, Hermit's Glen.

■ "In avoiding matrimony," continued the hermit of Hermit's Glen, his raffish look belying the modulated accents, "a man generally has to be skillful. But I wasn't. My single blessedness, if it's that, comes from following rules I didn't know existed. Like that time about the silver box.

"And a good thing! For if a man marries too early, he's likely to marry the wrong woman.

"Meanwhile, you behold in me an expert. An inadvertent expert. From my own sad experiences and those of my friends I've gleaned ten rules on how



George Sanders shows of what stern stuff he is made in *The Life of a Lancer Spy* by resisting the allure of Dolores Del Rio at this moment in the adventure film

to strew the banana peel in the path of romance.

"Curbstones did it in Denmark. A silver box in Venezuela. A hat in Paris."

He slanted an eyebrow from the corner where he'd dropped into a big chair. The knotty pine living room of this neat, camp-like house among eucalyptus trees and terraces of blue-purple flowers has comfortable chairs all about, and plenty of end tables with books on them; a man's room, with a free outlook from many windows down the tumbled green hillside. A bachelor is safe here from at least the damsels who are overweight; they'd be out of breath before the slope was half way conquered, let alone the hermit on top of it.

■ Don't toss an overabundance of solicitude, however, at the hermit in question. He's around 200 completely athletic pounds; former interscholastic boxing champion during his English college career, after he and his British parents escaped the revolution in Russia where he happened to have been born; an expert swimmer, holder of the British Humane Society Medal for rescuing a man from the Thames; and, with time out for tobacco growing in Brazil, a London stage, radio and cinema hit.

"Curbstones," the hermit was recalling gloomily; "they have nice, high curbs in some of the towns of Denmark, and I was tired of walking, so I sat down on one. She said people didn't do such things. I grew stubborn, and sat, anyway. I like to sit on curbstones. She walked off, and I never could even get her by telephone afterward. Be highly individualistic (she called it conspicuous!) in conservative company. That's rule No. 1 for the wedding-ring dodger.

"Then—I prefer to sail a boat alone or with a couple of fellows, no woman tottering about the deck. And I like raw onions. If a lady needs a gas mask to listen to your tender chatter (have you any idea how harsh 'gas mask' sounds in Finnish?), or if you never meet girls under glamorous circumstances, the spell of the sea, you know, or the moonlight and what-not—Well, there you are. Or here I am.

■ "A fourth way to make an orange blossom curl up, as I realized from watching a friend's effort, is to launch the topic of hard times plus an endorsement of the economic equality of the sexes when the waiter presents the dinner check. My word, that'll work like a charm; she never spoke to him again. Still another method, which unfolded on the Riviera, is to ignore the little amenities. By the time a second friend of mine hadn't done enough hand-kissing and bowing from the waist to suit his lady love—finis! With fireworks."

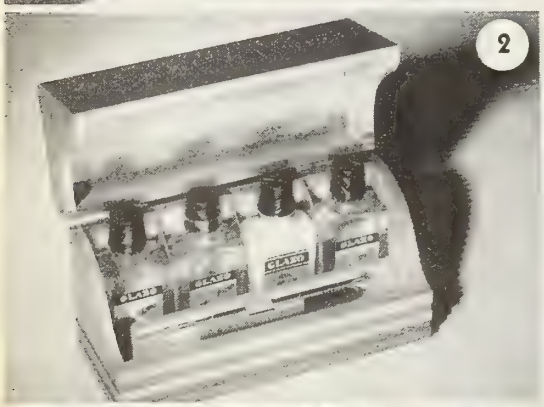
Sanders puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. "A truly infallible way to scramble the bridal bouquet and make utter hash of the nuptials, though, is to get going about the superiority of the male. Once in England I barely mentioned that man seemed intended by nature to be the boss, because where are your [*Continued on page* 47]

GIFTS FOR A NEW YEAR OF BEAUTY

By ANN VERNON



■ When you give Christmas presents, why not give the kind that will help your friends to keep their New Year's Beauty Resolutions — instead of giving potted plants that vanish as fast as the Christmas turkey, or books that will never be read? It's much easier for a gal to make firm resolutions about being better groomed, on January 1, if she has a lovely new manicure set, a fresh and complete box of cosmetics, a huge bottle of hand lotion or fragrant bath luxuries. . . . Hollywood stars—who know so well the psychological and practical value of fine toilet preparations—like to give and to get cosmetics, as you can see by these photos of Betty Grable and Heather Angel. . . . So I'd advise you to "follow the stars," and do your shopping at your cosmetic counter, giving particular attention to the items pictured on these pages. . . . If you are timid about selecting cosmetics for someone else, settle on the Marvelous Eye-Matched Make-up kit, made by Richard Hudnut. Contains five cosmetics keyed to the color of the eyes. . . . Quaintly named "Manicure Caddy" is Glazo's inexpensive but neat















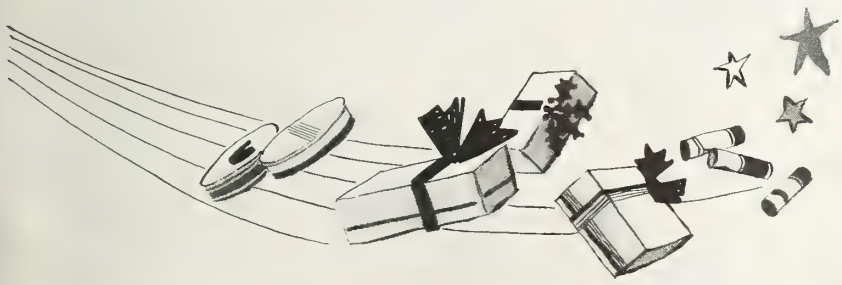
wooden case of polished sycamore, holding manicure essentials. A box that spells nail beauty. . . . To a gal who likes to dabble in amateur theatricals, give Elizabeth Arden's Student Make-up Box, containing the same things used to glamorize many a movie star. . . . Yardley's new Bond Street Compact and Lipstick, gold and white in decor, would be an ideal gift for a bride-to-be. . . . Any woman, including this beauty editor, would appreciate either of these Boyer sets, one of Body Talc and Pine Needle Bath Oil, the other of Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. . . . Houbigant's new ensemble of hand-processed rouge and powder in feather-light cases of jade or tortoise shell is a gift to treasure. So is the Houbigant Christmas-boxed bottle of Eau Florale Concentree in Verbena, Honeysuckle, Sweet Pea, Magnolia and Gardenia. . . . To someone you want to impress as well as please, give Bourjois' "Evening in Paris" Gift Set encased in a taffeta-lined blue and silver box. Holds cologne, perfume and atomizer, talcum and a vanity. . . . For the housewife who has to baby her hands, a de luxe Imperial bottle of Campana's trusty Italian Balm. . . . Packard's smart Lektrolite, a flameless, windproof, odorless cigaret lighter, in ivory composition will appeal to the girl who smokes, for it helps keep her fingers whiter. . . . For Pappy, a Pro-phy-lac-tic shaving set containing bowl, brush and lotion. . . . If she is planning a trip, give her Coty's "En Route" Kit and that will send her on her way smiling. . . . For your young sister who *never* has enough lipsticks — Tattoo's five South Sea shades in the new fifty-five cent size. . . . Betty Grable is going to give Max Factor's star-autographed set of cosmetics — and so might you!

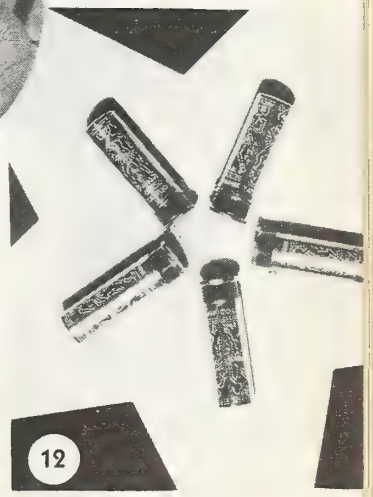
Head your list with "I resolve to be more beautiful in 1938" . . . If you want expert help in keeping your resolution, write to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD'S beauty editor. Her advice is free. Address Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York, and be sure to enclose return postage (a three cent U. S. stamp, please . . .)



1. Marvelous Eye-Matched Make-up set intrigues Heather Angel
2. Glazo's "Manicure Caddy" costs much less than two dollars
3. Elizabeth Arden tempts stage-struck gals with make-up set
4. Regal and lovely are Yardley's Bond Street compact, lipstick
5. Boyer offers gay cosmetics and a "pour le bain" set
6. Two Houbigant honies, Eau Florale, hand-made powder, rouge
7. For harmony in perfume, give Bourjois' Evening in Paris set
8. A pretty and practical present, de luxe size of Italian Balm
9. To light your cigaret neatly, use smart, ivory Lektrolite
10. Good mornings for Dad in this Pro-phy-lac-tic shaving set
11. Coty's "En Route" Kit holds all you need for travel beauty
12. Drop these Tattoo Lipsticks in the toe of her stocking!
13. For Hollywood glamour there's Max Factor's set of cosmetics











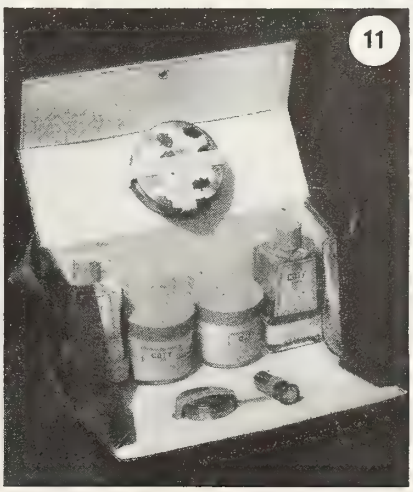




PHOTO BY BERT ANDERSON

THE FIRST CROONER

Some men are brave, some men are foolhardy, and some men just don't care what happens. Jimmy Durante seems to be all three, because he insists upon telling the world that he started the crooning industry

By PEGGY BALLARD

"Down with Bing Crosby! Down with Dick Powell! And the same to Rudy Vallee!" Says Jimmy Durante, who admits that they're nice people, but who wants the world to know that he is the only and original first crooner.

It took a broken microphone to start him crooning and Jimmy the Schnozzle will still be at it as long as there's a mike left to shatter. For Jimmy the bombastic, the erratic, the mad minstrel of the stage and celluloids has followed his notorious nose back to Hollywood, prepared to show these other crooners just what is a big apple.

"What makes those warblers think they're crooners from way back?" he asks. "I'm a modest man, but I must confess that I'm the first crooner."

It was 15 years ago when it all started. Jimmy was packing them into a New York night club. He wrestled chords on a piano with the left hand and sang and gave them the gestures with the right. He was asked to do a benefit at a club. "I might have got a bit excited," he remembers. "At any rate I broke the microphone—was I mortified?"

They hauled him into court to try to make him pay $150 for the fractured mike.

"I'm no wild man," Jimmy told the judge, "My voice couldn't even bruise a mike. I'm a crooner."

"Prove it or pay up," ordered his Honor.

That's when the vocal acrobatics got under way. Jimmy crooned.

"Case dismissed," said the judge, but Jimmy had learned caution and he crooned from that time on, his dulcet tones growing dulceter and dulceter.

"Where was Vallee then?" he shouts.

"Up in Maine with an orchestra.

"Where was Crosby? Crosby was only a cymbal-beater. What have they got that I haven't got? What has Dick Powell? And Tony Martin? And Kenny Baker?

"Curly hair? So's mine! Even the fringe.

"Soulful eyes? Can't I look as moonstruck as the rest of them? Couldn't I wear a uniform like Powell does? Yet they always make me a comedian—a soulful soul like myself. Am I humiliated?

"When I think of the anguished hours I have spent to perfect my cadences and cadenzas I know I'm the first crooner.

"Here I have spent hours wearing spats and heavy woolens to protect my herculean strength and save for posterity and the boxoffice the Durante ditties and dithyrambs.

"Oh, the tortures I've gone through to develop these massive muscles, this singer's chest, my volume control—

"Do you realize that I am doomed to a garterless life? My sox must hang at half-mast, always mourning, so that no impeded circulation will affect my famous tonal qualities.

"Can my public imagine the hours I spend gargling every morning to limber up the larynx so the lyrics come out like lullabies?

"Is it any wonder that when I was on the radio recently all of my mail was addressed to Jimmy Durante, the Apollo of the Aerials?" he sighed.

"Some jealous music critics say that it's the nasal qualities that make crooners. Think of me, then, the longer the nose the more the nasal qualities!"

Calmer after his outburst, Jimmy went back on the set at Columbia studio to rehearse for his new song which he has written himself and which he will sing in *College Follies of* 1938.

It's called "Doing the Strutaway in My Cutaway" and ought to give anybody a runaway from the blues.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I was down on one knee behind the set doing a mammy song? One of the producers came by and watched.

"'Give it both knees, Durante,' says he, 'and Jolson goes.'" That was real recognition, but Jimmy's still mortified.

"Down with the other gurglers and warblers and hummers who call themselves crooners! I did it first!" he cries, and that is his message to the world at this moment.

But what we want to know is: Will he take the consequences?

Gifts from Hollywood

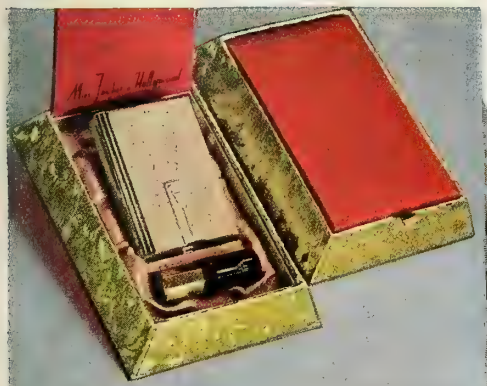
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Max Factor

HOLLYWOOD

"COSMETICS OF THE STARS"

Featured by Leading Stores



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F. *De Luxe white Packard Lektro-Shaver. $16.50.*
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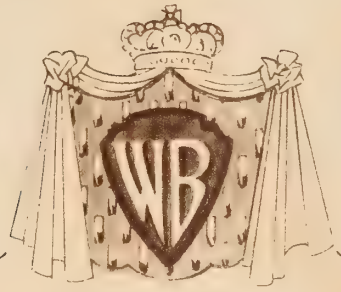


ALICE FAYE

wears gracefully the frills and furbelows of the roaring nineties in one of the most spectacular films of the new year, *In Old Chicago*

☆ WARNER BROS.' CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A million dollars worth of fun



Claudette

COLBERT

Charles

BOYER

in

THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York . . . now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic . . . with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
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MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

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It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.

) THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

lamour and romance!





"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? . . . Tonight's our night!"



Ready for a gala night in Paris! . . . with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!



The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."



"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.

☆ WARNER BROS.' CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

A million dollars worth of fun, glamour and romance!

Claudette

COLBERT

Charles

BOYER

THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

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HOLLYWOOD'S NEWS TEST

Maybe you know all about Hollywood, and again maybe you don't. The best way to find out is to take our news test. You won't get a diploma or a degree if you pass, but you will have some fun

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

■ Viewed as a whole, 1937 has been an extraordinarily profitable year . . . its benefits many, wounds and setbacks few. From fifth, the film industry progressed up the ladder, and is now the four mightiest industries in the United States.

Musicals hit an all-high mark for number and popularity . . . color, too, finally came into its own in such films as *A Star Is Born* and *Vogues of 1938*. All branches of the moving picture industry became unionized, and the Screen Actors Guild, after a bitter struggle, came into existence.

As our own stars trekked to England to make pictures for the British cousins, so did foreign stars and personalities arrive on our shores to compete for first-place honors. Stars, likewise, entered radio, either as guest artists or heading their own air programs, and just as many radio stellar lights made film debuts.

Stars turned sport-minded with hitherto-unsuspected zeal, and a goodly number entered business on rather a lavish scale in a wide variety of fields. New personalities by the score suddenly emerged from obscurity and down-to-earth film productions without number made their appearance, to please every type of audience.



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BECK

Romance, too, reaped rich rewards with more than a score of prominent marriages. It is to be particularly noted that divorces of name-couples seem to be on the decline, for only a scant few reached the courts.

How much of interest transpired may be gleaned only through a study of individual events . . . and that is what we have devised for you in the following questionnaire. In each of the fifty questions, you will find some incident, some picture or personality that highlighted the year 1937.

Now, for grading yourself. . . .

Although there are five answers appended to each question, only one is the correct one. You'll find it on page 62.

The perfect score is 100, counting two points for the correct answer to each question. If you can average 90 points or better, then, you may lord it over your fellows; with a score of 80 to 90 you may still pat yourself on the back; and even a 70 to 80 grade proves that you keep up with picture news. If you score under 70, then you don't know your Hollywood.

We're off. . . .

1. If you lived in Hollywood, and engaged in its daily controversies, the character name you'd hear repeated the most would be: (1) Man Mountain Dean; (2) Jimmy Walker; (3) Scarlett O'Hara; (4) Annie Laurie; (5) Heidi.

2. Carole Lombard: (1) Secretly eloped to Yuma with Clark Gable; (2) signed a new Paramount contract calling for $150,000 a picture; (3) socked Director William Wellman in the eye and stalked off the set of *Nothing Sacred;* (4) was runner-up in the finals of the Los Angeles Tennis Club Tournament; (5) announced her retirement next year.

3. Constantly having studio contract trouble, ———— declared she had made enough money, anyway, and planned to retire from the screen: (1) Bette Davis; (2) Kay Francis; (3) Joan Blondell; (4) Mae West; (5) Jean Arthur.

4. Rumor still has it that (1) Katharine Hepburn and Howard Hughes; (2) the Countess di Frasso and Cary Grant; (3) Benita Hume and Ronald Colman; (4) Margot Grahame and Ray Hallor; (5) Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs, will wed.

5. During the filming of one of the scenes in *The Perfect Specimen,* Errol Flynn was: (1) Forced to dive off a 100-foot precipice; (2) knocked out, cold as a cucumber; [*Continued on page* 60]



ISN'T LOVE WONDERFUL?

In Paramount's *True Confession*, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are so much affected by the tender passion that they just can't keep their hands off each other!

WHAT EVERY DOG SHOULD KNOW

By SONIA LEE

An ill-mannered dog usually has an inconsistent owner . . . here are some of the rules the stars follow to make life easy for dog owners

■ We'll take your word for it! Yours is the most enchanting dog in three counties. He's smart as a whip, and a lot of company. He's the George Gorgeous of cannie society. But does he know what every dog *should* know?

Judy Garland—still in her brief teens, but well on the way to stardom by benefit of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and her singular talents—puckered up her adorable, elfin face in deep thought.

"You know," she said, "I've just about decided that my pup bosses *me* around. *He's* master of the house and no mistake. Something *has* to be done about it. I have practically no influence with him!"

So we journeyed out to the See-Are kennels, Comedian Charles Ruggles' canine heaven, where a dog can start in kindergarten and graduate from college in less than ten weeks.

The Kennels are home and school and hospital combined. Prompted by an understanding and love of dogs, Charles Ruggles departed far from his screen interests in organizing this establishment. There are twenty-two persons on the kennel staff, including a dietitian, nurses, a veterinarian, handlers and trainers. The pens are large, the runs, where the dogs exercised daily, are enormous. Every pet is watched as carefully as if it were in the loving care of its owner.

They specialize both in the commercial training of dogs—that is in making them ideal pets, and in training dogs for picture work—a long process, for picture dogs do not depend on the voice of the trainer, but on movement, silent command.

■ "What," we asked Max Weatherwax, famous as a trainer of movie dogs and the pets of movie stars, "should every dog know?"

"Let's get one thing straight to begin with," he replied. "An owner must be trained as scrupulously as his pet. He must understand the psychology of his dog, first of all. Temperament, breed, disposition must all be considered in direct relation to type of training and its duration. I never dismiss a dog from a course until the owner works with me during the last week of training, for at least an hour each day. A badly behaved dog is a reflection on the owner—not on the dog!

"Every dog should be scrupulously house-clean," he ticked off as item No. 1. "It's simple to house-break a dog if done right. Put him out after feeding. During puppyhood, watch him, and at the first suspicious move, put him outside. If your dog has an accident, shake him by the scruff of the neck and scold. Don't let yourself get angry when your dog does the wrong thing. Patience is the essential quality which the successful dog owner must possess. If your dog is unusually aggressive, a very light spanking with a newspaper may be justified. Severe punishment of animals is not even excusable.

Don't forget—to your dog you are the essence of perfection, a combination of every virtue. Don't disappoint him and destroy his devotion.





Above, Judy Garland, brilliant little M-G-M star, in the middle of the "paws down" lesson with Gypsy. Who wears the leash in your home? Gypsy has a triumphant look, but it's no joke to Judy who knows that a dog without manners can upset a household

■ "A dog's elementary education consists of breaking him to the leash, teaching him to heel at command, to sit down and stay put, to lie down and to come when called."

With Gypsy, a perfectly trained miniature French poodle, he illustrated to Judy precisely how a dog can go to school in his own home.

Weatherwax believes in tailoring the training to the temperament of the dog. With very aggressive dogs he recommends a thrice daily training period, which may last half an hour. With more sensitive dogs he advises a lighter schedule—twice or even once a day lessons, no longer than fifteen minutes. He reiterates that all periods be followed by a word of approbation, by the reward of a tidbit, and by a romp.

■ "Your dog should be trained to be obedient," Weatherwax pointed out. "A well-behaved pup answers his owner's call instantly. It's simple to train him to do that. Attach a long string to his leash, let him run for a few minutes, and then call 'come,' tugging at the string at the same time. After two or three hundred times, he will know instantly what 'come' means. Never expect too much from your pet. Dogs take at least twenty-four hours to thoroughly digest instruction.

■ "To teach a dog to heel, that is walk at your side, hold him on your left side, pull his leash short, and repeat the command 'heel,' holding him back gently at the same time. In effect, the leash is your clutch. Eventually he will learn to walk at your side through the heaviest traffic without a leash.

"Reward your dog for lessons learned and commands smartly performed. Give him a tid-bit, pet him. Dogs are like people. They work better when properly admired.

"Teaching a dog to sit down is fairly simple. Put your right hand on his hind quarters, and push down, repeating constantly 'sit.' Hold his chin in your left hand, so he won't wiggle.'

"Don't let your dog dawdle during lesson-time. Be gentle, patient, but very firm. He'll try to play, to divert you, but during school periods be positive and unyielding. [*Continued on page* 51]





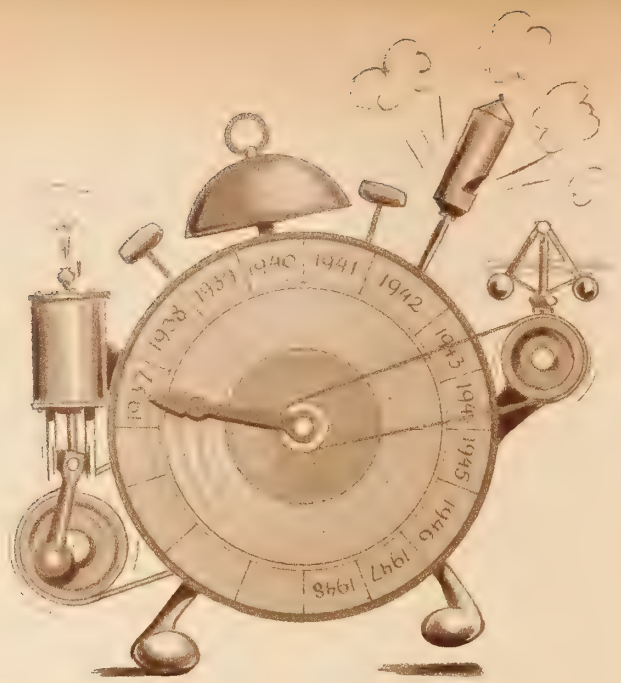




Above, Judy and Max Weatherwax, trainer at Charles Ruggles Kennels are in conference with the problem of teaching Gypsy how to sit down when told

It takes persistence and understanding, but Gypsy is getting the idea of helping to carry small packages

It's no fun taking your pooch for a walk if he stumbles all over your feet. Here is the first position in teaching him to "heel" properly



Turn Up the Clock

We put our trusty Time Machine to work, whirled through ten years to 1948, and look what Uncle Ed saw in Hollywood!

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

■ So you children want to know about motion pictures, eh? Very well. We'll go for a walk around Hollywood and I'll tell you all about 'em. Junior, get your hat on. Sue, we'll start on ahead. It's really too bad about you youngsters, never having seen even an epic, let alone a colossal release. They used to make pictures right here in this town. They showed 'em on screens in theatres. What's that, Sue? T-h-e-a-t-r-e-s. Those big buildings you have at home in Des Moines with the "For Rent" signs on 'em. Ten years ago, in 1938, they had talking pictures. Some people said it was a form of entertainment.

Here we are on Hollywood Boulevard. This was known as the street of the stars. The stars were the big shots. They played the leading roles. Right here on Hollywood Boulevard — what's that, Junior? The big crowd over there at the corner of Vine street? You mean that line of women that runs clear around the block? That's on account of Robert Taylor. Dr. Robert Taylor to you. He realized his dream. When he was in *Broadway Melody of 1938* he issued a publicity statement that he'd like to be a doctor. And dawgone if he didn't up and do it!

Well, you can bet the producers, particularly Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, who had him under contract, were upset. They said:

"Bob, you can't leave us like this. We're paying you a pretty good salary. Several thousands of dollars a week. You've got a nice home, and a fine future."

Bob thought it over, and he stuck right to his guns.

"What do I care for money?" he said, snapping his fingers. "What do I want with a big home and lots of servants. I guess a fellow's entitled to live his own life. I want to be a doctor, and I'm going to be a doctor."

There were some who said at the time that *Magnificent Obsession*, which was about a surgeon, had gone to his head. But he started right in to study, went to medical school, and after a while he was graduated. That line of women you see is the result. He's making more money this way than he did before. What's that, Sue? Why are there so many men in the line? Heh! Heh! Just about that time, Claudette Colbert announced that she'd like to be a nurse. And the same thing happened. Nobody could talk her out of it, not even Paramount, and she tore up her contract. She went through a nursing course very rapidly, because she'd always wanted to be a nurse. Right away, Doctor Bob, as we call him now, gave her a job. There's some in Hollywood who say Doctor Bob had an eye to the box office—I mean getting business from both sexes—when he hired her. But it's never been proved.

■ Oh! Oh! Look out there, Sue. That was a narrow escape! You've got to watch out for the horses here. Some're wild and some're tame. Why? Well, you couldn't expect a small place like Hollywood to tame *all* the horses, could you? Bing Crosby started that. At first, raising horses was just a small hobby with him. What, Sue? Oh. C-r-o-s-b-y. The country gentleman. He used to be an actor, too.

He crooned. C-r-o-o-n-e-d. It was right before *Pennies From Heaven* that he got the horses, and right after *Double Or Nothing* that the horses got him. Right away, Clark Gable got a horse. Then Barbara Stanwyck started raising them with Marian Marx, wife of one of the four Marx Brothers. No, not Karl Marx. He was an economist. Hollywood never heard of economy. Fred Astaire was next to go. Just about the time Jack Oakie went to the dogs.

"My ambition's to raise Afghan hounds," said Oakie.

All the big shots at RKO got into a huddle and tried to persuade him to stay in motion pictures, but he remained adamant. He raised dogs and raised dogs, and pretty soon the strain became international. The Afghans joined the canine melting pot. On every corner were dogs. Soon Oakie's dogs began dating Charlie Ruggles' dogs—he'd quit pictures to raise dogs, too — anyway, you'll learn about that in biology. Back to the horses. Gable, having one horse, thought it looked lonesome, so he got some more, and pretty soon he got so interested that when the studio called him, he replied:

"I'm sorry, gentuhlmen, but a haws is a haws—man's noblest friend. Mah hawses come fuhst!"

■ Spence Tracy was always a good friend of Gable, so when that news went around the lot, Spence said:

"Cuhnel Gable's right, suhs!"

Paul Kelly raised horses. Joel McCrea gave up the screen for his cows. Retired to his thousand-acre ranch. Why not chickens, instead of horses and cows? My dear children, Hollywood always does things in a big way. So you see why all these people are riding the range up and down this broad thoroughfare, and why there are so few automobiles.

Oh, hello, Bob. Children, excuse Bob and me just a minute. No, Bob, I don't know a thing. Not a thing. The town's so quiet. You see, Leslie Howard, Fred MacMurray, George Raft, and several others are still traveling. They left on world tours five years ago, after announcing that they were through with pictures, and nobody's seen 'em since. Why don't you drop up to John Beal's commercial art studio? Maybe he knows something. That's okay, Bob. I'll be seeing you. [*Continued on page* 54]

THAT AWFUL MOMENT

when they break the news that there isn't any Santa Claus emotions run riot. Edward Everett Horton took time out from the new Lily Pons picture, *Hitting a New High*, to demonstrate the proper way to take the tough news



That's an ugly rumor! I don't believe it!



But suppose it's really true?



I wonder if maybe there isn't any Santa?



But there HAS to be a Santa Claus!



Aw . . . you're just joking!



You almost had me believing it!



For the first time, Rosalind Russell uses her own hammer on her own front door to hang up her own Christmas wreath

IT'S YOUR MOVE

She never had a house of her own, and she thought it would be easy until she found out about home-owning from Hollywood

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ Up the stairs went Rosalind Russell—the new stairs in the new house—with her gaze on the wallpaper that showed beyond the open door of her bedroom. The men had hung the paper only that afternoon. Something was wrong with it!

"I had ordered a French design in light blue with loops of lace all over," she explained to me, her black eyes agleam at recollection of the horror and fun which moving-out and moving-in entails, "and this had sheaves of wheat! 'Well, it's *pretty,*' I thought as I came up the stairs, 'but not exactly—' The pattern I picked was perhaps a little on the feminine side." Her red lips gave a deprecatory twist; she doesn't go in for silly fluffy ruffles effects . . . "but—stacks of wheat! In a bedroom!"

She leaned back on the deep rose couch in her M-G-M dressing room, and gave a profound sigh. Every householder who has gone through the papering-painting-remodeling experience will recognize that sigh.

"They'd put it on upside down," Rosalind explained in the resigned tone of one who's merely a pawn of fate, as who that builds a home isn't? "The lace loops only look like wheat from that angle. Of course the paper had to be scraped off, new paper ordered, the job done over. That took *another* week."

■ This is the first time Rosalind Russell, newly ordained star and Hollywood Bachelor Girl No. 1, has owned a home; and her experiences in acquiring it are meat for every other prospective home owner to chew upon. She has lived in apartments, rented houses, even purchased real estate, but recently an actual home which she could actually call hers was suddenly the one thing she wanted. Rosalind thought it would be jolly to buy a house and rebuild it nearer to the heart's desire, a project she discovered to be much more difficult than building it anew from the ground up.

It was jolly, all right!

After months of dickering and delay, inevitable and otherwise, from everybody concerned, Rosalind gathered together on a recent morning the housekeeper, the personal maid, and the garage man. "Next Tuesday we move into the new place whether it's done or not," she decreed, "even if there's no furniture except a bed and a table for each of us." As it happened, that's about all each of them had for a while, with the merry bang-bang of the carpenters' h a m m e r s resounding through the halls by day and the aroma of fresh paint filling the house by night.

"I realized that if we didn't move in, the place would never be done," Rosalind said, "I'm thoroughly in favor of every house builder, particularly every house remodeler, keeping as close to the job as possible if you want things to turn out the way you've planned." She added with a business-like nod: "Also a householder ought to know just what materials go into a new place and just how the workmen ought to do their work, and whether they're doing it. Or, anyway, pretending to know."

■ Her laughter is good to hear. Ladylike, you understand, for she went to finishing school and wears brown orchids in the evening and has the gracious aristocracy of New England for a background, but laughter that makes the listener laugh, too, even before knowing the joke.

"I'd rush over each day and inspect what had been done. The materials, for instance. I pretended to know the different kinds and grades of woods. 'That doesn't look like Grade-A pine *to me,*' I'd say, looking at it like this." She narrowed her eyes critically and assumed a brisk air. People are constantly being astonished by the streak of business ability that goes with the beauty of Rosalind Russell. She doesn't intend to work any sharp practice on other people, but by the same token she doesn't [*Continued on page* 64]

THE HARRIED CHEST

No matter what is revealed to the eyes of a waiting world, if and when Robert Taylor takes up the challenge of the inquiring reporters, this story springs to his defense by saying "So what?"



Many a kind heart beats beneath a home-grown chest-protector



And many a muscle-man gets sunburned on the chest

By ALMA WHITAKER

■ When a bunch of reporters, jealous of Robert Taylor's admiring feminine legions, taunted him into saying he would bare his bosom for public exhibition "of the hair that grows thereon," screen idols began inspecting their chests anxiously.

Especially, don't you know, as he-man authors Ernest Hemingway and Max Eastman had likewise been indulging a hairy-chest controversy.

All of Hollywood is involved in the argument.

Because, you see, such indubitably he-men as Errol Flynn, Victor McLaglen, Tyrone Power, Charles Boyer, Leslie Howard, Mischa Auer, Andy Devine, yea, and even Buck Jones, can boast the merest trace of downy chest adornment.

Still Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Randolph Scott, Fred MacMurray, Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Edward G. Robinson, John Boles and John Beal are prepared to match Robert Taylor's hairy bosom any day. Cary Grant has enough to pinch.

Peter Lorre seems to be tops in the field with a regular doormat, even superior to the Tarzans, Johnny Weismuller and Glenn Morris. Both Laurel and Hardy play him a close second, and so does Woolsey (the while Wheeler hangs his head). Don Ameche, Brian Donlevy and Tony Martin can make a pretty good showing.

So far so good. But hairy evidence can be pretty unreliable. For instance, this famous Lou Gehrig, "iron man" of baseball, who has just come to Hollywood for immortalization on the screen, hasn't a hair on his bosom. Yet Roland Young, who rather specializes in masculine timidity on the screen, can boast a marvelous doggy array. In fact, so evident is Roland Young's that when he took that shower in *Topper*, the Hayes office insisted upon the cameras being so arranged that no brush would be visible. And wasn't it Tony Moreno who had to shave his chest for *Bohemian Girl*? Certainly Doug Fairbanks had to shave his for the *Thief of Bagdad*. Other distinctly hairy guys are Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, and Eric Blore. (Eric, oh dear, who shines so conspicuously in cringing roles!)

Voila, sisters, draw your own conclusions. Nevertheless, so firm is tradition, that you'll be well-advised to assume that your gentlemen friends have hairy chests. There is even a firm in Hollywood that undertakes to supply chest toupees for such males as must play tough-guy roles. The subject teems with interest, since there are blond and brunette bosoms, curly and straight-haired bosoms, downy or wiry bosoms, spotty or carpetted bosoms. And they all love to show 'em at the beach, which is why trunks came in and bathing suits went out.





SHIRLEY TEMPLE

America's top ranking star brings *Heidi*, beloved of generations of children, to the screen as her contribution to the holiday season

THE CUSTOMER'S ALWAYS RIGHT

Even when the man behind the counter is a famous movie star, the long established custom gives the unknown buyer the break

By EMILY NORRIS

■ It was a very nice bathroom, full of glittery fixtures and a pale green enameled tub, and in the center of the room stood Loretta Young saying that it was just about the best looking bathroom she had ever seen. Loretta was trying to impress a woman who stared at the glittery fixtures doubtfully.

"And easy to clean," Loretta added, digging into her memory for things she'd heard a rental agent say, "rounded corners and—and so on."

The woman said the bathroom was beautiful. The entire apartment was too beautiful for words and she'd love to live in an apartment house owned by, of all people, Loretta Young. But—and the woman's lip began to quiver—eighty dollars, the price Miss Young had mentioned, was more than she could pay. Oh, the place was worth it; only—quiver, quiver—it was more than she could afford.

"Seventy, then," suggested Loretta, big blue eyes full of sympathy.

The woman leaped at the offer. Before you could say, bam! she had started to move in. Loretta, who buys apartment houses at auctions and had met this prospective tenant by chance when she strolled into her newest acquisition, went to the manager in high glee. "I rented that vacancy," she chortled, "for seventy dollars!"

"Awk!" cried the manager. So Loretta's first dip into the rental business is going to be her last, for while she still buys houses at auction she now leaves the renting of them to professional and less softhearted agents. The normal rent of that apartment was one hundred dollars.

"Well, the customer's always right," Loretta quoted ruefully.



■ Nowhere else in the world is the customer so right, and so always right, as in those Hollywood business places owned by stars. The stars as a rule even spend considerable time personally supervising their enterprises. Perhaps because they don't really have to do it, these film celebrities go to extraordinary lengths to please the patrons of the shops, cafes, gas stations, which they've acquired. Or perhaps, with everybody pouring out adulation for the screen idols, the screen idols get a kick from realizing that in their role of business proprietors it's up to them to pour out a little adulation in return.

Anyway, the position of star and fans is completely reversed the moment the star enters the booterie, bakery or beanery which he or she has purchased. The customer is so right that sometimes it surprises even the customer.

■ It surprised the customer who in Kent Taylor's new eating place asked for "diablo sauce." Kent Taylor, liking the cornfed beef he got in "Bill's Steak House" on Beverly Boulevard, recently bought the place.

"Diablo sauce?" repeated Kent, who had dropped in for a T-bone, "I never heard of it."

The customer admitted mournfully that he guessed nobody north of Buenos Aires ever had, but it was swell. They took pequenos and a handful of green and white peppers— [*Continued on page* 46]



How would you like to ask Loretta Young to reduce your rent? Here she is in her role of landlady



Or complain to Binnie Barnes that the people upstairs make too much noise? She's a landlady, too

But if its feed and hay you need, go directly to Joel McCrea, and he'll see that you get rapid service!

ALL THAT GOES UP



MUST COME DOWN





Ray Bolger, long-legged, rubber-jointed dancer with a face that combines the engaging expressions of a hopeful mackerel and a worried parrot, is one of the shining highlights of M-G-M's *Rosalie*. Between takes with Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy, who are co-starred in the musical film, Bolger decided to prove that he has a serious side, and made these experiments to show that Newton was right about the law of gravity. All he has had in response to his scientific investigations in gravity, so far, is plenty of loud long laughter from all sides











"SPANKINGS SOOTHE THE SOUL" —SAYS BETTE DAVIS

who believes that one of the best civilizing influences in America today is the good old invitation to see the good old woodshed

By RUTH RANKIN

■ In her latest picture, *That Certain Woman,* Bette Davis plays the mother of a four-year-old boy; her first mother role on the screen.

A discussion of the picture, one recent afternoon, and of her experience at playing mother, led naturally to a hypothetical child of her own. If or when there is ever a little Bette Davis Nelson, or Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., or both, Bette is prepared to take the situation in hand with that intelligent directness for which she is celebrated. . . .

■ We will now take a quick hurdle over that old theory about the women who have no children being the ones who can tell you best how to bring 'em up. But don't be *too* quick, because any theory is liable to explode. The observations of mothers are apt to be limited to their own child or children, while theoretical mothers have a much wider range. They are not nearly so prejudiced. They have had ample opportunity to witness, with unbiased eye, the mistakes and successes of their friends; which friends are, of course, ambushed in droves hardly able to contain themselves until the time when Madame Now-If-*I*-Had-A-Child will be practicing her theories. It is always a matter of great astonishment to them, you tell me why, when she turns out to be a good mother.

It will no doubt be a matter of great astonishment to *you* to discover most of Bette's theories to be the sane-and-sensible old-fashioned variety. Which is perfectly logical. Any girl who had the advantage of a good New England upbringing would hardly be expected to advance ultra-modern ideologies.

This speaks well for Bette's own childhood—to any psychologist, even to amateurs like most of us. If she had been sternly sat upon, repressed, inhibited, more than likely she would be one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the new school of child culture which says, in effect, no impulse should be thwarted, no child should be made to do anything he doesn't want to do—and above all, *no spankings.*

■ "No spankings, my eye!" Bette exclaims with her characteristic speak-up manner. "There seems to be an alternation-of-generations principle applied to child-rearing. One generation wallops them, so the next is a bunch of softies, and so on. Well, no generation can afford to neglect the civilizing influence of a good spanking. Children are natural little savages who will get away with all they can. If they are not taught discipline and [*Continued on page* 58]



How to Behave On Christmas

Here are some helpful hints which, if carefully observed, will carry you safely through the social emergencies of the holiday season. Every Christmas has its dark moments, and these favorite players graciously demonstrate how to rise courageously above them



Joe E. Brown poses as "The spirit of Christmas Morning" just after the first tin horn sends its joyous toot through the house at 2 A. M.



When the life of the party insists upon giving you some mistletoe, give up like a lady and eat it . . . they say it's poisonous. Demonstrated by Patsy Kelly



If your best girl buys you her idea of a snappy hat, look on the bright side. It's an opportunity for a clinch, anyway. Brought to life by Burns and Allen



When your loved ones give you an encyclopedia, charged to your account in 12 easy payments, there is nothing to do except say, "I need a lot of words, but I don't seem to find them in this contract." Posed by Eddie Cantor, who is a pretty good Santa Claus



It is best to say nothing at all when rich cousin Spobble says that he is giving nothing but cards this year. Edna May Oliver shows how to be a perfect lady under these most trying of holiday conditions



When you get back that calendar you gave dear Cousin Muggle last December 25, remember that Christmas comes only once a year. Posed by Mary Boland with quiet despair



Better use some blunt instrument instead of grandfather's shot-gun when Uncle Yunk from Alaska brings that out-sized Huskie to make apartment life more interesting. It's Martha Raye who is about to pick up the piano



Be careful not to say "What is it?" when you unwrap that hand-frizzled art-novelty. Pretend you know just what to do with it. Gracie Fields shows how to be enthusiastic though baffled



Have a wet sponge in your pocket ready for the little ones who want to give you a Christmas kiss after they have been working over the lollipops. Demonstrated by Victor Moore all in the spirit of holiday fun



Be sure to remove the cigar from your mouth when you say, "Thank you, that'll be fine for when I get a pipe" when you unwrap the pipe-rack. Posed by Joe Penner



Keep a firm grip on those conflicting emotions when Cousin Swack says that he was bringing a case of champagne, but he dropped it, so you'll have to take the will for the deed. That frozen mask belongs to comic Bert Lahr



"Just what I wanted and needed most" is always a good line for nearly any gift that has you guessing. Posed by Helen Broderick



Eric Blore shows how to mingle just the proper amount of delight with dignified restraint when you get pipe-cleaners for your cigarettes

Star Styles







On these two pages are enough new ideas to make your entire winter wardrobe sparkle. Left is Ann Dvorak in a black velvet gown with picturesquely full skirt worn in Republic's *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*. The evening hat of ostrich tips couldn't be smarter. Above, Helen Jepson, soon to be seen in *The Goldwyn Follies*, wears a heavy mesh veil underneath and tossed back over her big skimmer. Simone Simon, currently gracing *Love and Hisses* at Twentieth Century-Fox, picked a Paddy-hat for tailored wear







Any kind of a fur hat is good, but monkey fur is a favorite with Gloria Stuart who will be seen shortly in Shirley Temple's next film, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. Left, dramatic Tamara Geva wears a stunning costume of two-toned wool in Republic's *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*. Above, Movita, star of Monogram's *Paradise Isle*, chooses a sheath of black velvet and a hat of sequins for that informal but very important dinner

Season Jumpers

Best of all clothes are those little numbers that adapt themselves to late autumn, early spring and all of the days in between. Here are some good answers



HOLLYWOOD



When Frances Langford finished her part in Warners' *Hollywood Hotel*, she felt in holiday spirits and picked for herself the perfect set of traveling clothes. Because she wanted to see the wild mountain and desert country of the Southwest, she boarded a local American Airlines ship at 7:30 A. M. 1. Her lightweight tailored jacket of green plaid, worn with green skirt and accessories, is just heavy enough to keep off the early morning chill of Southern California. 2. When she stepped off at Tucson, the desert air was sharp, so she slipped on her Alaska sealskin coat and cinched it snugly around the middle with a wide leather belt. 3. Before arriving in Dallas at 7:30 the same evening, Miss Langford changed to a smart dress of dark green wool with separate coat trimmed in mink, a comfortable and smart costume to go sight-seeing with friends. 4. At 2:00 A. M., she boarded the fast sleeper plane. Stewardess Marjorie Markley is handing her a cup of hot Ovaltine before she puts on a dressing gown of yellow non-crushable silk (5) and prepares for bed. The next morning at 11:55 she stepped off the plane in New York in a brown and beige wool dress. She posed just long enough in the nippy winter sunshine to let you see the detail of its trimming before slipping her fur coat on and getting into a heated car.

EAST MEETS WEST

Anna May Wong, back on the screen after an absence of several years, discusses her native land

By LOUISE LEUNG



■ Bombs over Shanghai have brought Anna May Wong, Hollywood's only Chinese-American star, back to the films.

The world's preoccupation with the Oriental war led inevitably to a cycle of Chinese pictures —and in Hollywood, "Chinese" and Anna May are practically synonymous.

And so, after an absence of many years, Miss Wong is back again. But it is a different Anna May who has returned. During the time she was away she studied, she traveled, she learned to live. She forgot acting other people's lives for a while—and took time to find herself.

Some women realize themselves in marriage, others in motherhood, still others in a career. But for Anna May it has been none of these. She found herself in China, her country and her people.

The change is well reflected in her attitude toward *Daughter of Shanghai,* first of a series of pictures she is making for Paramount under a long term contract. The story deals with an expose of the alien-smuggling racket. Anna May, in the role of a San Francisco-born Chinese girl, uncovers the ring with the aid of Philip Ahn, distinguished Korean actor, who, incidentally, was a schoolmate of Anna May's in a Los Angeles junior high school.

"I like my part in this picture better than any I've had before," she said. "Not because it gives me better acting opportunities nor because the character has exceptional appeal. It's just because this picture gives the Chinese a break — we have the sympathetic parts for a change! To me that means a great deal."

■ We were sitting in her Hollywood apartment on a late Sunday afternoon. The last of the sun glinted on a Chinese tapestry that covered one wall and picked out the colored bindings of books—most of them about China—ranged on a teakwood table.

I thought of the first time I had seen Anna May—a big wide-eyed kid who offered to curl my hair at a Chinese Girl Reserves meeting. There had been many Anna Mays since then—the indomitable extra who went knocking at Hollywood's gates; the fledgling actress who determinedly worked her way from seat-warming in casting offices to adorning the screen as its "lotus girl" in such pictures as *China Bound, Shanghai Express,* and *Chinese Parrot;* the finished artiste who played the gangster's moll in *On the Spot;* and finally, the polished London-accented star, toast of European capitals.

"Soon after I got to China last year, after that first round of parties that were disappointingly just like parties in Paris or London or Hollywood, I felt tranquil and at peace," she began. "You know I had never been to China, but somehow it seemed that I had always been homesick for it.

"A rhythm in the life there harmonized with something in me that had been out of tune. I was no longer restless. It's hard to explain—our Chinese expression 'being in harmony with heaven and earth'—is the essence of it.

"I made the trip not to see as much as I could of China, but to feel as much as I could. The experience surpassed all my expectations. I wanted to find out if my interpretations of China were truly Chinese.

"I always had a weakness for Chinese art," she said, her eyes on a Ming vase that bloomed with fragrant tube roses, "but I thought it was exaggerated. I found that it wasn't. The trees look like they do in a Chinese painting. Even the ruins are alive in Peiping, not dead like the ruins in Rome. If I could ever leave my work, I'd choose Peiping for my home.

Her first visit to her ancestral home, Toishan, in Kwantung province, was a fascinating experience. [*Continued on page* 55]



"Now what did I do with that bill the little woman asked me to mail?"



"Ah, here it is! But no stamp. Of course, there wouldn't be a stamp!"



"I had a stamp once, and I remember putting it away carefully . . . somewhere"

THE FATAL ERROL

Even though he is the star of a series of RKO-Radio short comedies, Leon Errol has human weaknesses like the rest of us as shown by this gripping minute movie of a man working up to a great deal of unpopularity at home

"It must be somewhere! Why do things like this always have to happen to ME?"



"I'm a busy man, working my fingers to the bone trying to make a living"



"And she expects me to waste all morning trying to mail a letter! Well, this'll show her!"



HOLLYWOOD'S
10 COMMANDMENTS

A star has many problems and not the least of them is keeping firmly in mind the rules of the game

By VIRGINIA DELANE



In the shadow of the cameras which have made him a star, Fredric March turns wise eyes at the code which helps him keep his balance on his fantastic pinnacle of fame

■ "It's the world's last wilderness—Hollywood," said Fredric March. "The Glamour Jungle where you can get lost more quickly than a subway guide can in the Rockies.

"Frankly, it took me two years in this place before I found myself. I'm not speaking of physical orientation. I mean the mental adjustments that are necessary here. What you really need is a set of rules—Golden Rules marked 'Exclusive for Hollywood'—to steer a course by."

We were sitting on the set of *The Buccaneer*. Freddy was a little pale from the heat of 105 arc lamps.

This was Freddy's thirty-fifth starring part. All hits and no strikes. If anyone knows Hollywood's unique Commandments it is this same Mr. March.

So paste them in your hat if you're planning a screen career. Learn them by rote because they spell all the difference between success and failure.

■ "The first one," said Freddy, "relates to the business of making headway. The other nine have to do with *hanging on* once you've arrived—which is the most difficult job of all.

"And the First Commandment is: *THOU SHALT NOT COME TO HOLLYWOOD 'COLD.'* Not," he added, "unless you want a cold shoulder turned on you!"

I followed his gaze to where a kid was standing awkwardly in the background. A bewildered "extra," obviously without training. "He's from Oklahoma. Never set foot on a stage before. That is what I mean by coming here 'cold,'" said Freddy thoughtfully. "This town can be pretty cruel to a chap like that. What he should have done was to find out first if he had talent. Joined a little theatre group. Then, with some acting experience behind him, he ought to have contacted a studio scout through the local picture exhibitor. He'd have a start that way at least."

But having made the start—that's when the confusing and contradictory advice from well-meaning friends begin: "You MUST give yourself a build-up!" "DON'T try to create an Impression!" "You OUGHT to be SEEN at the Right Places!" "DON'T go out at ALL!"

To which Freddy gives that deprecating little shrug of his and says something that sounds like "Bunk!"

■ "That's where the Second Commandment comes in," he assures you solemnly. *THOU SHALT MIND THINE OWN BUSINESS—and tell the other fellow to mind his!* You can't please everybody. The only complete satisfaction comes in being honest with yourself. Live your own life—and put cotton in your ears when the doodadlers start giving you advice.

■ "Number Three Commandment is this: *NEVER STOP STRIVING.* Ina Claire, one of the greatest stars on Broadway, is still taking posture lessons. And look at Joan Crawford. The other day I heard her sing for the first time. She has a really beautiful voice—and she told me she practiced from two to five hours a day when she wasn't working in a picture.

■ "Now with No. Four," Freddy looked at the tip of his cigarette reflectively for an instant, "you might say that's the most important of all. *DON'T LET THE PLACE GET YOU DOWN.* It's so easy to lose ambition in Hollywood. To go soft. It's a semi-tropical climate to begin with—and you know that expresison of Lewis Milestone's: 'In the tropics every day is like every other day. You're going to heck and you know it.'

"In Hollywood, every day is like every other day. You're going to heck—but you *don't* know it! You sit back and think, 'Hmm, my last picture was pretty good. I'm going right along.' That's the minute you start slipping.

■ "Which brings us right up to the Fifth Commandment. *CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS CAREFULLY.* Then you won't get in with a crowd of unambitious hangers-on. There's plenty of them here, Yes-men and the talkie-talk kind. You can get in a rut with them before you realize it. That's why those who stay to themselves are usually the most successful.

"Your Sixth Commandment is: *REMEMBER THE WORLD IS YOUR WORKSHOP.* Never be yourself—in a picture! Each part you play is distinct. Like living in somebody else's shoes, so to speak. That was a comparatively simple thing to do, for instance, in *Mary of Scotland.* In the [*Continued on page* 53]



OLIVIA de HAVILLAND and GEORGE BRENT

climbed to the top of a mountain in the Pacific Northwest for this scene from *Gold Is Where You Find It*, Technicolor film soon to be released by Warners

MEN WHO BOSS THE STARS

INCREDIBLE SELZNICK

The only logical answer to David O. Selznick's career is, "It's a lie!"

True, he started young, as well as broke and under dramatic circumstances. Yet he had to take time to batter his way into the consciousness of Show-me Town, which for two years let him knock on doors and sent out word, "Go and get a reputation." Then, when the portals opened, he broke a world's record for getting fired fast; bounced back and (it's on the records, Mr. Ripley!) forced himself into attention as a producer of Westerns.

Here are a very few examples of what his remarkable genius for production and casting has given to Hollywood, a town long since cured of being skeptical concerning Lewis J. Selznick's son. These are reasons why moviedom says "Sir" to "the man with the medals":

Brought Katharine Hepburn to Hollywood; produced *A Bill of Divorcement,* which made her a star.

Prepared production plans for *Little Women,* and cast Hepburn in that.

Launched William Powell in a career of stardom, in *Street of Chance.*

Produced *Sarah and Son,* Ruth Chatterton's best, and *Honey,* Nancy Carroll's best.

Recognized Fred Astaire's screen possibilities, opened the negotiations which brought him to Hollywood; produced Fred's first picture, *Dancing Lady.*

Introduced Leslie Howard to the screen; co-starred him with Myrna Loy in *The Animal Kingdom;* bought the story, *Of Human Bondage,* that was to lift Howard (and Bette Davis) to cinema heights.

Discovered Freddie Bartholomew in a world search for *David Copperfield.*

Produced a long string of Box-office Champions for M-G-M, including *Night Flight, Viva Villa* and *A Tale of Two Cities.*

Snatched Janet Gaynor from virtual retirement and startled the world with her in *A Star is Born.*

Smashed long-standing admission records with *A Prisoner of Zenda.*

Searched every state in the union and, from 25,000 applicants, selected an Irish-American boy, Tommy Kelly, from the East Bronx, New York City, who will be the nation's Christmas present in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.*

Bought *Gone With the Wind* from the proof sheets, before the book's sale started.

What's the use? The rest is mostly a list of hits.

The long trail started at a place as busy as Hollywood — the corner of Forty-Second street and Broadway, New York. It was a sad place for that particular eighteen-year-old boy to stand. Right, left and before him he could see new signs where two years earlier the seven biggest, brightest signs in the area had blinked and heralded: LEWIS J. SELZNICK.

The elder Selznick had been the kingpin of the movie business. Over-expansion and one of those sudden slumps in audience attendance (plus the bankers, those jolly fellows) had crashed the Selznick company. Creditors had received home, fine furnishings, automobiles. Lewis Selznick, under that strain had died.

David stood on that busy corner with just one dollar to his name—a dollar and the offer of a job clerking. From earliest school days the boy had studied showmanship at his father's knee. Now he made up his mind. Some day there'd be another Selznick company, not only national but international.



David Oliver Selznick is under forty but he is one of the most important men in Hollywood. At eighteen he spent his last dollar in a barber shop, so his first picture was promoted, literally, on nothing. Today he spends, and makes, millions

By LUPTON A. WILKINSON

David spent that dollar in a barber shop and went to see a man who might still listen to a Selznick talk showmanship. A two thousand dollar loan was the result and two of the quickest quickies ever made. One starred Luis Angel Firpo, the prizefighter, and was called *Will He Beat Dempsey?* It was made in one day, on a Manhattan roof. The second was the result of neat ingenuity. David persuaded Rudolph Valentino to review a beauty parade. He photographed the contest (and Valentino) from every possible angle. Both pictures made money; David went to Hollywood.

There followed two bitter years on Poverty Row, and plenty of trudging, before Metro gave a chance to this youngster who insisted he was a movie producer.

The first day on Metro's lot found young David in an argument with an associate producer. M-G-M had bought a book. The associate producer thought the plot ought to be changed. David thought the plot ought to be followed—he still tries to keep his pictures true to their author's stories.

"I guess I was impudent," Selznick admits. He was fired.

The boy asked for two weeks' grace. In that two weeks he bombarded executives with ideas until they agreed: "We'll have to put this fellow to work, or he'll run us crazy." They put him to work, as assistant story editor. He never let them forget he was really a producer, and finally he drew the Tim McCoy Westerns as his particular charge. He cut costs, turned out popular pictures; Paramount offered him his chance at serious drama.

The rise at Paramount; equal success as production head at RKO; marriage, after his success was made, to Louis B. Mayer's daughter; the time when all the studios bid for his services and Metro bid the highest; those years of happiness and accomplishment comprise vital motion picture history.

One of the noteworthy things about Selznick is that he rates audience intelligence far above what many wiseacres and wise-crackers contend is the fact; further, he believes that human nature reacts to true emotion more promptly than to cynicism or "smartiness."

Before *A Star Is Born* was completed he talked with me about why he had faith in that picture.

"The only film concerning Hollywood that ever made money," he said, was *What Price* [*Continued on page* 49]

A New Cream brings to Women *the Active "Skin-Vitamin"*

Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

A NEW KIND OF CREAM has been developed!

A cream that puts into women's skin the substance that especially helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. How it heals skin infections. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet.

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams. The results were favorable! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin"—and found it "better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother.





Joan Belmont—now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin. Mrs. Bailey says: "I am so glad to use the new Pond's 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream. It keeps my skin finer and softer, in spite of all my sports."

(left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere—in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it as before—but see how much healthier and freer of faults it makes your skin look!

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful. Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the active "skin-vitamin."

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The Customer's Always Right

[*Continued from page* 31]

Kent, who had green and white peppers in the kitchen, jumped into his car, rushed to the market, and returned with the hot brown berries called pequenos. Eftsoon he and the cook and the patron were hovering over the stove concocting the sauce with earnest and delicate care. In due time the customer pronounced it perfect and smacked his lips in delight; which, after all was the main thing to be accomplished.

■ "But it's an actor's *job* to please the customers," Warner Baxter said, recalling the time he himself sold a certain building lot, "the fact that an actor's a success in pictures proves he's been able to keep the customers satisfied. Acting is simply selling personality, isn't it? Salesmanship is acting, and vice versa, when you come right down to it. Of course in each case you must have something worth while to sell."

Motoring one day to a subdivision he had purchased, Baxter found a fellow motorist bogged down there in a patch of wet adobe mud. While Baxter obligingly pulled him out, the man mentioned with emphasis what he thought of the place. "And I was looking for a house lot!" he ended bitterly.

Baxter flung out an arm. "But the view!" he exclaimed, "what a spot for a house; a little adobe house," he expatiated half in jest, "with the 'dobe mud all ready for your bricks. A money-saver!"

Of course, the actor said, no home builder ought to buy a lot that didn't suit him; but look where a man could put in a grand tennis court. The man's eyes lighted. "If that end were graded," he muttered, "but who'd want the lot as it stands?"

"Nobody," Baxter agreed, "but they'll grade it. I know the fellow who owns this land. And they'll put in a paved road. And a row of trees." Today the lot bears one of the coziest homes ('dobe) and one of the most contented householders in that end of town. "It did need grading and trees," Baxter excused himself when the sales agent chided him for undue expenditure.

■ It was one of his former fellow countrymen who gave Jack LaRue the most exacting half hour of his life the other day. In slacks and short sleeved sweater the actor was standing outside the little blue and white cafe, "Casa Bella," which he has lately built opposite the Republic Studios in Ventura Valley. It's a place already famous for Italian food and many nights find Mae West, Polly Moran, Henry Fonda, Bill Powell, or other connoisseurs out there, clamoring for antipasto.

"Hey," grunted the man who drove up and accosted LaRue, evidently under the impression that Jack was an employe, "I'm born in Italy and I want real Italian food or I don't pay, see?"

Jack flashed him that LaRue smile. "I was born in Italy, too," he confided. (He came to this country at the age of five months.)

"Then," the man growled, "don't try to get by with spaghetti that's cooked an hour ago—"

Jack registered horror. "An hour? Not five minutes! You cook it, you serve it, zowie! like that."

"And then throw it away," the man sneered.

His belligerency was a challenge. "You'll eat it—and like it," Jack retorted, and saw that the man was by no means convinced.

"You're Italian—cook it yourself," the tough customer shot back, "or I won't touch it. Get going!"

"Yes, sir," answered Jack meekly, repressing a grin. The man followed him to the kitchen where Jack shouldered aside the astonished chef and cooked that spaghetti with an authentic Italian touch that left the customer blissful. When the man departed, Jack found a quarter tip beneath the emptied plate. "Maybe you think I didn't stick out my chest!" Jack boasts.

■ The customer—in one instance Director John Cromwell—was both right and flabbergasted on the occasion when he needed a load of hay immediately. Because of this and that, the supply of hay for the fine horses and cattle at the Hidden Valley ranch was low before anyone noticed. Word ran through the Valley that hay was wanted for Cromwell's barns. Pronto.

In amazingly short order, up to the front door of the ranch house lumbered a truck. "A farmer with a load of hay," the maid announced.

The director went to the door and shouted at the driver, whose big hat alone was visible behind the baled alfalfa: "Take it round to the rear!"

"O. K.," the driver answered cheerily.

"Look out for those flower beds!" the director proceeded, as the truck hastily backed.

"O. K.," the driver answered, skimming them.

When the hay had been stowed the truckman presented himself at the back door for his money. Cromwell discovered that the truckman was his good friend. Joel McCrea.

"Heard you were hollering for hay," Joel explained, "and my foreman was busy, so I grabbed the truck and raced over to be sure of making the sale."

■ It's the customer that forced Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell to start their Racquet Club at Palm Springs. The two players had no intention of starting a club; but the customers argued them into a very lucrative concern.

Not so long ago, Bellamy and Farrell, both long-legged six-footers, used to climb over hotel fences in Palm Springs to play tennis, because the hotels had the only courts. Tired of this, they bought some acres outside town and built a pair of courts for themselves. They couldn't play all the time, so they rented the courts at 50 cents an hour. Farrell or Bellamy had to be on hand to collect the 50 cents, and people who had played only 35 minutes would say, "Gee, do we have to pay for an hour?"

So they were obliged to hire a manager to collect the half dollars and argue with the patrons. Then they were obliged to build more courts to get enough profit to pay the manager. Now they also have a swimming pool, a dining room, and a life membership fee of $650. They have, in short, a $100,000 investment, which both agree they'd never have had except that the customer, always right, forced them to expand.

■ Naturally, the first customer to sign up for a horse to be boarded at Barbara Stanwyck's snappy new stables (almost as soon as the stable building got under way) was Robert Taylor. He decided to rib Barbara by asking for special oats, special veterinary services, imported straw. Barbara, however, replied gently that "the customer's always right—IF he pays for what he demands!" In line with his demands, she made out a tentative sample bill which staggered Taylor.

But Bert Wheeler wasn't so lucky. When he recently opened the Lone Palm, his hotel at Palm Springs, a guest at one of the bungalows insisted on all kinds of special service for which, nevertheless, no extra charge could be made. Such as ordering four glasses of water at dinner before he got one in a goblet whose color he liked; or rejecting face towels if he didn't approve their tint and texture; or having different furniture moved into his quarters.

Wheeler, motoring down for the week-end, was told that the cantankerous guest desired to see him the instant he arrived. Nettled, Wheeler went out to the bungalow and, calling through the doorway, asked what was wanted. "The houseboy drew my bath for me a while ago," came a voice from the living room. "Just step into the bathroom and see if the water's the right temperature, please."

"What!" said Wheeler.

"Test the temperature of my bath," the voice commanded impatiently. "What kind of a hotel is this? Can't a guest get any service?"

Wheeler flung open the door—to be confronted by Jack Oakie, grinning widely. He had sworn the hotel employees to secrecy regarding his identity, just for a chance to rib Wheeler.

For patrons less impish than Oakie but equally insistent, Francis X. Bushman sometimes fashions sandwiches with his own hands at his popular sandwich joint in Hollywood. Binnie Barnes puts fresh flowers daily in the lobby of the Hollywood apartment house she's bought, and surprises tenants with lovely bouquets on their birthdays. Norman Foster has been known to motor home from his "Secret Book Shop" in Beverly for one of his own books to lend to a patron.

You can't tell a star it doesn't take talent and tact to run a business enterprise!

10 Ways To Avoid Matrimony

[*Continued from page* 15]

women prize fighters or poets—half joking, you see—"

He sighed and continued. "In the Argentine, a guitar turned the trick; I twanged it by mistake under her Auntie's window, and I wasn't a very good twanger, at that. In Venezuela, I admired a silver box studded with emeralds, an heirloom, and when the lady's papa said in the conventional Spanish manner, 'It is yours, Senor,' I took him at his word and popped off with it in my pocket. Two years later I found you're not supposed to interpret this courtesy speech literally; you should protest and return the gift. Then I understood why the little senorita never was home afterward when the English barbarian called.

■ "In Germany I pulled the boner of the world. The lady's name was Augusta—and I called her Yvonne! Several times, even when we were out with her friends. At last Augusta said icily that apparently I was thinking about somebody else. Well, I was.

"Not that it did me the slightest good to think of Yvonne, either. Because (in Paris) Yvonne had asked what I thought of her new hat, and like an idiot I'd told her. 'Terrible.' She half forgave me, but the very next day right in the middle of a conversation—I mean, she was doing the talking, and very earnest about it—I blurted out that her nose was shiny. Rule Number 10: Tell the truth, and see how far you get with Cupid. I never *did* remain a bachelor more decisively than that time. It's quite a language, the French."

A dreamy expression settled upon the Sanders countenance. "Yet it's not a bad notion to be able, or compelled, to turn a deaf ear to wedding bells now and then. Once upon a time people got married, and living wasn't dear, and they didn't get around so much. . . . But now we face the high cost of loving. Orchids. Dance places. After marriage, food and rent and clothes. The wrong girl's an expensive mistake nowadays.

■ "Yes, it's a pity for a man to marry too soon." (The old hermit of Hermit's Glen is getting on toward thirty, himself.) "He ought to take a fling at waiting for his ideal; I suppose every man has an ideal wife in mind—I have; a demure creature, red-haired, and who plays a good game of golf. And I fancy the sad experiences that have taught me these ten rules on sidestepping Cupid were all for the best."

Sanders passed a hand over his hair again, somewhat distracted. "Sounds silly? Hopeless? It isn't silly. As for being hopeless—

"Nothing's hopeless, if you make up your mind. For example, when I returned to England from South America, with the depression on and no job, my uncle (he's a singer) said, 'Why don't you become a singer?' I said '*A*: because I haven't any voice. *B*: because I know nothing about music. *C*: because I don't like singers.' To which my uncle replied: '*A*: you can develop a voice. *B*: you can learn about music. And, *C*: singers aren't so bad when you grow accustomed to them.' So he took me in hand and in six months I was a baritone!"

As a matter of fact, a mighty good baritone. Heard by a producer, he was given a singing role in a revue; thence moved on to roles with Dennis King, Edna Best, Noel Coward; and found himself vocalizing on the air. He was among the first to sing for television, also. He admits being a bit baffled by it all.

"But it proves," he added, the dreamy look returning, "that nothing's unattainable, especially the impossible. Not even an introduction to a redhead who plays, incidentally, excellent golf."

"And who may have grown tired of waiting for you," I suggested, "and be married already."

Sanders gave me a wild look. "That tears it!" he cried, "that *would* be my dashed luck!"



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PORTRAIT BY A. J. SCHAFER

THIS DOLLY HAAS EVERYTHING

Courage, determination and plenty of beauty and charm started all of Hollywood making complimentary puns with the name of Columbia's newest foreign star

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ Mark this down in your Hollywood calendar of prophecies—the "Little Red One" is here to stay!

The little red one being none other than the titian-haired Dolly Haas, the Hamburg, Germany, importation signed recently to a long-term contract by Columbia Studios, and scheduled for a starring part in *Paris On Broadway*, musical soon to go into production.

Ever since the day she first kicked up her heels as a child ballet artist in the Hamburg Opera Company, Dolly has lived for the time when she'd be recognized as an actress. There wasn't much chance of this coming to pass as a ballet dancer and when she wasn't kicking in the bally ballet she was kicking against fate—until that eventful evening when she learned that Erik Charrell, noted Berlin producer, was in the audience and that he had commented favorably on her work.

■ Borrowing 50 marks from her widowed mother who supported the family by keeping lodgers, Dolly went to Berlin, got an audience with Charrell—and came home with a contract. After Mama Haas, Dolly Haas and the Haas boarders had celebrated the event in proper

German style, Dolly scooted back to Berlin and into *The Mikado. The Merry Widow* followed, and Dolly, acquired a few neat tricks in the art of publicizing herself, worked afternoons in a cabaret to which she returned after *The Merry Widow* performance to take part in a night show. It was her cabaret work that attracted attention and to it she credits her first opportunity to play in motion pictures. Her first film, believe it or not, was *Dolly Gets Ahead!*

■ Get ahead she did. A number of German comedies came next, but afraid of being typed she went to England to appear in a picture titled *Girls Will Be Boys.* John Brahm, director, quick to note her dramatic possibilities, gave her the Lillian Gish part in the remake of *Broken Blossoms.*

It was at Director Brahm's insistence, that Dolly came to Hollywood to try her luck in American films. Columbia Studios greeted her with a long-term contract, saw to it that she got a top part in *Paris On Broadway,* and believes that this Dolly Haas everything it takes to make a good box office draw.

Men Who Boss the Stars

[*Continued from page* 44]

Hollywood? The reason was that it played the town "straight" instead of gagging it. Hollywood is a community of real drama —struggle, triumph, disappointment, folly and sacrifice—more thrilling than most stories on the screen. The public would rather have that genuine drama than the smart cracks of writers who think themselves sophisticates."

■ At Metro the young producer became "the man with the medals," winning almost every important award offered, nationally and internationally, for fine pictures. He left that studio because of that old, never-forgotten dream, conceived on Forty-second street and Broadway—to put the name Selznick at the masthead of a world-famous motion picture company. John Hay Whitney and others offered him backing.

What a result! Four Selznick International pictures, playing the Music Hall in New York, grossed a total of $1,024,000 in that one theatre alone. The pictures were *Little Lord Fauntleroy, The Garden of Allah, A Star is Born* and *A Prisoner of Zenda.*

If you really love B pictures, you will never be a Selznick fan. He can't see the idea of making one big one and selling four skimpy ones on the reputation of the smash.

He thinks that what you want is none but the best, and that none but the best is good enough for you. His name will never be associated with anything except the $1,000,000 stab or the $2,000,000 stab at the finest possibilities of the screen.

I've an idea he'll go to his grave as A-picture Selznick.

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½ cup Eagle Brand Magic Milk
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Mix Eagle Brand Magic Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes 24.

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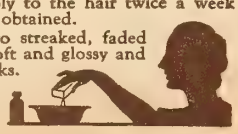
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Did you enter the contest for Jane Withers' piano? Then be sure to see next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine. It will carry the names of the winners.

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



SHE WON IN A WALK

Most young players have to endure hardships and rebuffs at the start of a career, but there is one exception



By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ All that pretty, seventeen-year-old Lana Turner had to do to convince Producer Mervyn LeRoy out at Warner Brothers Studios that she was top-notch movie star material was to "walk right in, turn around, and walk right out again."

As simple as all that!

This ambulation—to use a dollar word—occurred in *They Won't Forget*, the motion picture that marked Lana's screen debut.

Of course there was more to it than the mere walk across the screen, but not so much at that. If you've seen the picture you may recall that Lana, in the role of Mary Clay, had just about become established in the story when she was murdered. That small amount of footage, however, was enough to win plenty of verbal bouquets from the Warner front office and her celluloid demise lasted only long enough for the aforementioned front office to find another featured spot for her—which it did in *The Great Garrick* where you'll find her very much alive again and, unless twenty Warner officials are completely wrong, walking off with the show in every sequence in which she appears.

And, since we're talking about walking, there's little room for anyone to deny but that this lovely little youngstar has acquired the luckiest

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habit in the world. For instance: Less than seven months ago she walked out of the side door of the Hollywood High School and walked into a tiny lunchroom near Sunset Boulevard.

She sat chatting with a schoolmate for a while and then, in less time than a Hollywood "yes-man" can agree with his boss, a trade paper publisher walked in and sat down at a near-by table. He wasn't an official talent scout, but he'd been around the film factories long enough to recognize a good bet when he saw one, and before Lana scarcely knew what it was all about he had her walking into the office of a player's agent.

So enthused was this agent over his young client and so fast did he work that the next day Lana was among twenty other girls to be tested for the role of Mary Clay. As composed as a veteran trooper, Lana walked in front of the camera and then walked right into a fat movie contract five minutes after Producer LeRoy had seen the test! As simple as all that!

"Up until the time I walked out of the high school side door," says Lana, "I had no thought of ever adopting acting as a career. I had planned to be a fashion designer and had selected my high school studies toward that career—but I took a walk, and here I am!"

Getting down to a few vital statistics, Lana is five feet, four inches tall in her stocking feet, and tips the scales at the 109 lb. mark. She's a tennis addict, designs and makes her own clothes, and says she's far too young and too busy to give romance any thought. But she thinks "Wayne Morris is just about the best actor in pictures."

Lana lives in Hollywood with her mother, moving here from San Francisco in 1936. Wallace, Idaho, is her birthplace, and don't think for a single minute that those hard-rock miners aren't proud of her! A strict disciplinarian of herself, she likewise knows that two pictures never made an actress and that success comes only through hard work.

Well, unless all predictions go overboard, it's going to be a long movie Lana that has no Turner—and here's hoping this wholesome, unaffected youngstar keeps on winning in a walk!

What Every Dog Should Know

[*Continued from page* 25]

■ "After a dog has learned to sit down, it's easy to teach him to lie down. From a sitting position, pull out his front legs and repeat 'lie down.' After he has learned the commands 'sit' and 'lie down' add the words 'hold it.' That means that he is not to move until you give the command. Watch him. If he makes a move, put him back in his original position and repeat the command. He'll get the idea.

"From a sitting position, a dog can be taught to sit up by merely pulling up his front feet. Coax him with a piece of meat. Don't tire him out. Some dogs have weaker loin muscles than others. Your pup may have to be taught by sitting up in a corner at first.

■ "Some dogs have the too-friendly habit of jumping on strangers and friends alike. If your dog is an offender, break him by catching his front paws, push him away from you, and at the same time step on his hind leg. Hard enough to be uncomfortable, but not to hurt him. Repeat the command 'down—stay'."

I gather as I sit in on the discourse and demonstration of any Tige's education, that your dog can be taught to do everything but drive a car in Los Angeles traffic. To make him a joy forever isn't really a big job.

Does your pet chew your goldheeled evening slippers? Then tempt him with another pair—and play hide-and-seek. When you hide and the pooch makes a move to chew, jump out at him then, and scold. At the maximum cost of a dozen slippers, Tige will catch on that slippers are for you to wear and not for him to eat!

Does he jump on your furniture? Catch him at it—be a detective in your own right—scold him and remove him. Don't fail to be quite peeved about it, let your hurt feelings show, and eventually Tige will let your three hundred-dollar couch alone!

■ Trained properly, Tige can be considerable of a help around the house. He ought to be able to bring in circulars and newspapers from the front door-stoop every day. To teach him to "fetch"—start with a rubber ball, or any plaything he particularly likes. Throw it, he'll go after it, then repeat "come-fetch." He comes arunning, if he's learned his first lessons in obedience.

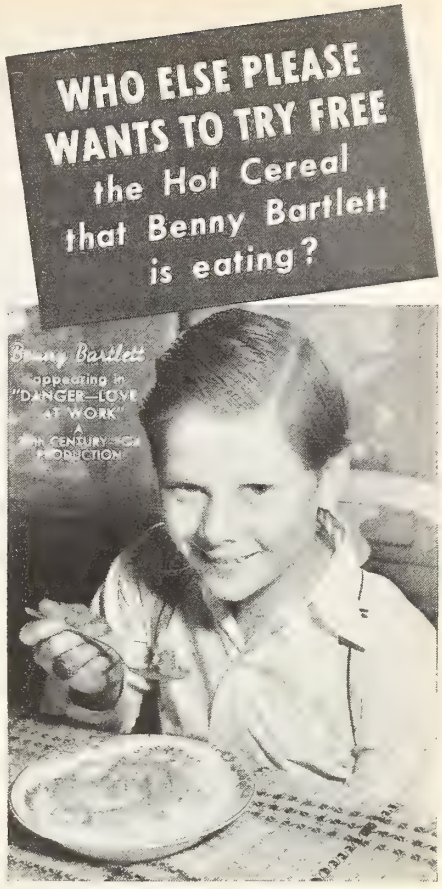
Eventually, Tige will learn the names of objects, and a simple "fetch" will save you at least one hundred steps a day.

■ Personally, I don't believe a couple of stories I have recently heard about dogs. The Smiths assure me that they can't say "car" or "candy" in their Blackie's hearing. He goes crazy. They've taken to spelling the words, but he's catching up on that trick too.

Then there's my neighbor who tells me that her dog helps the laundress hang out the wash. It's odd, but the day I'm home, willing and ready to observe the miracle, never seems to be washday.

Life being what it is, not all dogs start out with the same endowment of brains. Now Gypsy does everything. I suspect her of reciting Shakespeare in her lighter and private moments. But every dog can be taught the simple rudiments of dog-knowledge.

But they can't absorb training through their pores. You, as their owner, will have to be school teacher—or your dog will have you on a leash!



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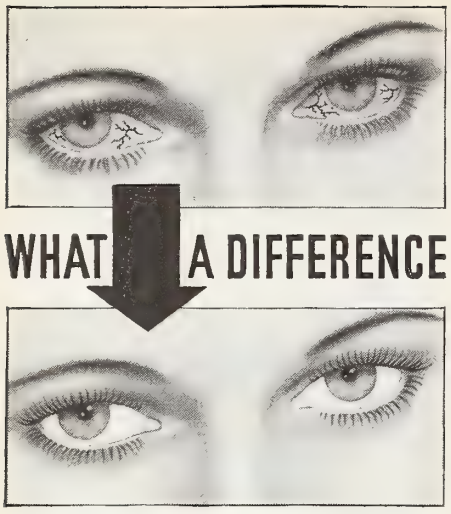


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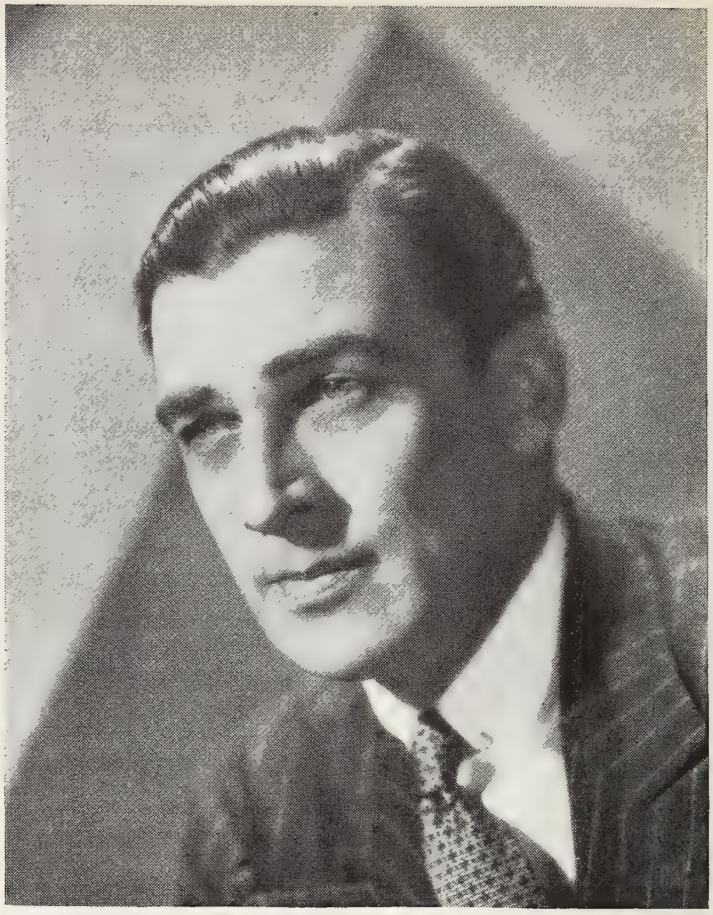
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HOLLYWOOD HIGH-FLYER

Walter Pidgeon is starting the second flight toward the stars of Hollywood, and it looks like a non-stop journey

By ED JONESBOY

■ After a number of trial take-offs it begins to look as though Walter Pidgeon is ready for a prolonged flight in the rarefied atmosphere reserved for stars.

"I've been around these parts for a long time," says Walter. "As a matter-of-fact, I came here from Broadway when the movies were so young they couldn't talk. It was a fantastic place then, this Hollywood. I came out here enticed by an unbelievable salary and they wouldn't let me earn any part of it for six months! That was so amazing that I was just like the movies—I couldn't talk, either! When I did regain my voice I talked loud and long to win a contract release, appeared in a number of pictures for other companies and then returned to Broadway for stage work."

And that is where this six-foot, broad-shouldered star with one of the best speaking voices in the business would be right now, except for the fact that his work in *Saratoga* won him a long-term contract. He has a real trouper's deep and abiding love for the theatre and if he can find time between all the pictures he's scheduled for, he'll do a New York play.

"Maybe it's pure vanity," he admits; "maybe it's for the prestige it affords, or maybe it's because every other actor out here with stage experience wants and hopes at some time or another to be able to go back to the old acting grounds and perform before a living audience. But don't get me wrong. I like Hollywood and everything about it. They used to fill my ears with a lot of vicious gossip—Hollywood, they said, is the double-crossroads of the world; Hollywood is the place where, if you get up from the table and if a knife is missing, it's probably in your back—a dozen and one slurs like that I heard—but I haven't found any of them true."

It's a funny thing about Pidgeon. He was cast in four musicals, did a swell job, and then swore by all the cinematic saints that he'd quit the screen if he had to appear in another one. Know the reason?

"I was afraid of being typed," he says. "I wanted to be an actor and not a singer. When musicals went out of fashion—which they did—I knew I'd be out, too. 'Pidgeon is a nice guy,' I could hear them say, 'but all he's ever done is musicals—he can't act!' I thought too much of my

bread and butter, not to forget room and board, to let that happen."

Well, time has proved that the "nice guy" was smarter than his well-wishers who tried hard to change his mind. He DIDN'T appear in another musical and, what's more, he never will. The boy who was expelled from school because he outsang his voice instructor is a big man now and in his own genial, affable way is as stubborn as they come. He WON'T appear in musicals!

Actor Pidgeon is Canadian born, attended high school in St. John and matriculated at the University of New Brunswick where he won honors in dramatics, football and hockey. Saw a bit of the World War along with two of his brothers. Came to the States at the conclusion of the war and started his theatrical career with E. E. Clive, who was running a theatre in Boston. He appeared in a number of plays, had the critics writing columns of praise about his work —and then quit the stage to learn finance in a Boston bank.

"I was doing pretty well for myself," declares Walter, "wringing the interest out of first and second mortgages and thought I was through with the stage forever—but who should come along but a fellow by the name of Fred Astaire who persuaded me to get back to the footlights. Fred seemed so shocked over my mortgage-wringing duties that I began to feel sorry for myself and almost before I knew it I was touring the cities as Elsie Janis' leading man. Then Broadway, then England for a while, then Broadway, then Hollywood again, and this time to stay, for the length of that term contract anyway."

He's really set to fly high—this Walter Pidgeon!

Hollywood's 10 Commandments

[*Continued from page* 42]

biographies, I found out that the Bothwells were big, brawny fellows. Except for chance, they might have been kings themselves among those hard fighting clans. So *that* fellow's shoes were pretty clearly defined.

"So were Norman's in *A Star Is Born.* He was a good-natured weakling.

"And there's no mistaking Jean LaFitte's boots—the seven league boots of Louisiana's Robin Hood in *The Buccaneer.* But the reporter chap in *Nothing Sacred!*" Freddy grinned ruefully—"His shoes are much like my own. You ought to avoid playing yourself too much.

■ *"NEVER BELIEVE YOUR PRESS NOTICES"* is the Seventh Commandment. "If they're good, you begin taking yourself seriously. If they're bad, you do the same thing. And that's the wrong medicine for any actor."

■ The Eighth Commandment, Freddy says, is John Barrymore's contribution. *BE NICE TO EVERYONE ON THE WAY UP—Because you're bound to meet them on the way down!*

■ But it's the Ninth that is the most neglected of all. *THOU SHALT GET A NEW PERSPECTIVE.*

"Too much Hollywood and you get a blind spot," said Freddy. "You need fresh contacts, fresh interests. An actor is always on parade here. That's bad. You forget you have to learn to live and to play. We've been afraid of that, Mrs. March and I. So each year we take a good-sized vacation that's entirely different. One year it was Tahiti. Then New York and England. And last spring we took a fishing trip up in Oregon for a month. This winter we're going to do a play on Broadway. . . .

■ "And then there is the Last Commandment—the Tenth: *RUN OFF THY FIRST SCREEN TEST EVERY SIX MONTHS.*

"That," observed Mr. March, "is the best way I know of keeping inoculated against the Hollywood malady known as Ego! It reduces any swelling of the head to absolutely normal—seeing your first groping, gritty attempt in the movies."

These Commandments have stood one brilliant actor in good stead in Hollywood, and, if you think them over, they make very sound rules for any business!



When Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny arrived at the preview of Eddie Cantor's *Ali Baba Goes To Town*, the master of ceremonies halted them for speeches over the air. Strangely enough, neither one seems bothered by mike fright! Notice the fashioning of Miss Livingstone's silver fox collar. It swings around the sides to make big warm pockets

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Turn Up The Clock

[*Continued from page* 26]

Back again, children. That man? Oh! I forgot to introduce you. That was Bob Montgomery. He wanted to be a columnist. And so he just told good old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer they could make pictures with somebody else. Fine fellow! And he gets the news. Nobody reads Walter Winchell, Ed Sullivan, Louis Sobol or Jimmy Fidler any more. That's right. I forgot about the columnists. They are all acting.

Isn't that pretty music, children? That's coming from the Myrna Loy Studios, children. Someday, if you ever want to take lessons, I'll send you to her. Oh, yes—she used to be in pictures, too. But one day she announced that she wanted to be a pianist. By this time, the producers were all pretty sore about all this, so they said:

"Okay, go and be a pianist." Of course, you'll have to wait your turn on the lessons. See those bald-headed men standing in line?

Who's the dame dancing down the street? That's Luise Rainer. She made a statement that her dream was to become a dancer. Pretty soon she started dancing. But there weren't any more theatres for her to dance in. Even Fanchon and Marco had folded shop. So she just has to dance along, willy nilly. But she's fulfilling that great longing, so I guess she must be very, very happy.

No, I'm sorry! Really, I don't want a dress! You'll just have to overlook her, children. Who? Rosalind Russell, of course. That's her dress shop. She gave up her career to run a dress shop, in accordance with her ambition. But pretty soon everybody else had fulfilled their ambitions to do something else beside be motion picture stars, there weren't any more pay checks, and she's had to hustle ever since to get any business at all. You see, when people gratify their ambitions, they usually have to make some sacrifices, and the pay checks were one of these sacrifices. Want a book? There's William Powell's book store over there.

What's the crowd? Let's go see. Well, well, well! It's a lady sketch artist. Let me get a closer look, if I can wade through this mob. Can you imagine that! It's Ginger Rogers! Well do I remember the day when she and Fred Astaire went into the executive offices at RKO to give their ultimatum. That was the day Fred announced he was going to raise horses.

"And I'm going to sketch!" insisted Ginger.

Nothing could sway her from this innermost desire, this ache which slowly was eating out her heart. Her sketches were very good, too. But not as good as Ouspenskaya's? Every minute Ouspenskaya wasn't working in motion pictures she had a pencil in her hand, according to 1937-38 press releases. Something of a record, but uncomfortable at times, I imagine.

Then there was Bette Davis. You never heard of her? She won what was known as the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for her acting, and immediately felt nostalgia creeping over her. It wasn't long before she announced that she was going to her little farm home in New England and that was the last we ever heard of her.

Things like these have made Hollywood what it is today. A horse-ridden, dog-ridden, pretty much deserted community. All because all the players really went out and did what they wanted to do. Paul Muni's sinking his roots deep in San Fernando Valley. Ann Sothern's writing a symphony. Helen Broderick's raising flowers. Francis Lederer's lecturing on peace. Gary Cooper's on a ranch. Melvyn Douglas is travelling, too. Garbo's actually gone back to Sweden to live. Pat O'Brien's gone to Ireland to spend the rest of his days, as he always wished. Ronald Colman's back in merrie olde Englande. Buck Jones is riding the range. Wally Beery's flying mail and passengers. Marlene Dietrich is back playing her violin in Germany, and Freddie Bartholomew is writing for the radio.

Troupers all! And all gone!

Who's that man sitting on the corner, clipping pieces of paper? That's the smartest man in Hollywood, children. Dick Powell. No, he isn't cutting paper dolls. When he retired he announced that his one ambition was to cut coupons off bonds. He made a large and fancy collection of high quality issues for the purpose. Many stars planned to retire and fulfill their heart's desire by doing the same thing.

But many got retired before they had come anywhere near finishing their collections. Cutting? A few are gratifying the ambition, but in a different way, children.

They're cutting lawns.



At the opening of the new Waikiki Club, famous Hollywood personalities turned out to enjoy the colorful South Seas atmosphere. Here is Bert Wheeler in the process of being decorated by his wife while blonde and beautiful Vivian Peterson is ready to help if he puts up a fight

East Meets West

[*Continued from page* 40]

Relatives from the entire village came to admire their famous kinswoman. She had to drink tea with all of them, and since everyone surnamed "Wong" was her "cousin," she thought she would drink all the tea in China before she was through.

"Many of the women could not believe I really existed. They had seen me on the screen but they thought I was simply a picture invented by a machine!

"I'll never forget the banquet they gave for me. There were 43 courses, and to be polite I had to eat liberally of all of them."

In Nanking she was guest of honor at a huge reception, attended by leading government officials. "They made speeches that lasted for four hours, but instead of the usual stereotyped 'welcome to our city' speeches, they all took turns berating me for the roles I had played.

"Since I didn't speak Mandarin then, I had to answer in English. I told them that when a person is trying to get established in a profession, he can't choose parts. He has to take what is offered. I said I had come to China to learn, and that I hoped I would be able to interpret our country in a better light. It all ended with their apologizing to me!

■ "Of course," she laughed, "when Warner Oland went to China, he was simply lauded to the skies. No one thought of bringing up his evil past as a Chinese villain in such pictures as *Daughter of the Dragon.* Seriously though, I can understand why the government officials are so earnest about this censorship idea — not because they are hypersensitive, but because they are self-conscious and want people to see their best side, not their worst."

Anna May has discarded her entire American wardrobe, which once won her the designers' vote as the world's best-dressed woman. Her closet is hung now with rows of Chinese gowns, slit high on the sides to reveal lace or pleated pantalettes. These latter are an invention of her own, combining the old with the new in Chinese fashions. Fans and parasols match her gowns. She rarely wears a hat, and uses capes to keep the flowing line.

Her tailor was loaned her by Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of the ambassador.

"I used him so much, and recommended him to so many of my friends who liked what he had done for me, that Mrs. Koo had to find herself another tailor. A Chinese gown, with its simple lines, looks quite easy to make, but it takes an expert to keep it from hanging like a Mother Hubbard."

The tailor was amazed when she brought him a piece of old fabric she had found in a Peiping shop and directed him to make her a gown from it. "It's goo lo (old fashioned)!" he exclaimed. "No one wears such stuff."

But Anna May insisted, and soon style-conscious Chinese women were copying her, using the beautiful old designs and fabrics they had previously scorned for the Western ones.

■ She has no permanent wave, "because Nature meant my hair to be straight," and wears her long hair drawn back in a knot from her heart-shaped face, with bangs across the forehead.

Her father and several brothers and sisters went to China in 1934 and were still in Hongkong; she was much worried over them. Her sister, Mary, who appeared with her in *Daughter of the Dragon,* was in Shanghai and Anna May has had no word from her since the bombing.

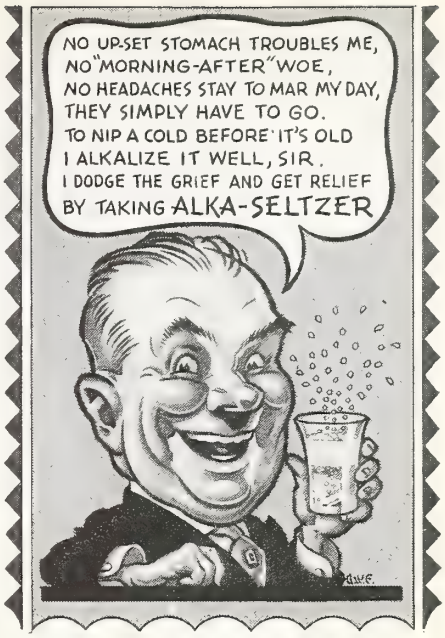
■ In China persons in the acting profession are socially not acceptable. The fact that Anna May, in a foreign country, had established an unchallenged position as a foremost actress, could not be ignored and she was welcomed everywhere, officially and by social leaders.

"There's no glamor about acting in China," she said. "It's all hard work. I visited the school of Chinese drama where anyone who wishes to act must go in training from the ages of 14 to 20. A two-months' trial is given, and if the candidate shows ability, he is allowed to remain. Perhaps if there was such a training school in Hollywood, we wouldn't have so many actors!

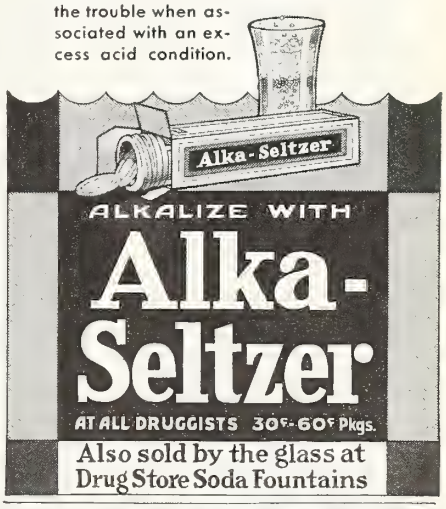
She had always studied, I knew. If anyone can claim to be self-made, she can. Her educational advantages were few, but she made up for the lack and rose far above academic limitations. Between scenes on *The Thief of Bagdad,* for example, she had a tutor drill her in the fine points of English grammar. Now she speaks German fluently (result of starring in German films), French, two Chinese dialects. She has more than the education of the average college graduate—she has culture as well as book-learning. As for her plan for the future? One thing is certain—it will be something interesting, and it will be something that employs her western training as well as her inherited Oriental culture.

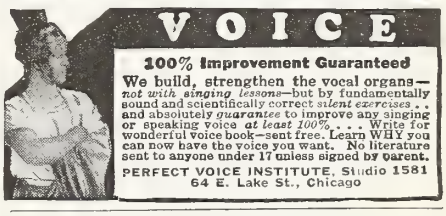


Mamie Louise Leung, author of this story, is well known on the Pacific coast as a newspaper feature writer, having worked on big papers in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Here she is having luncheon with Anna May Wong in the Paramount commissary



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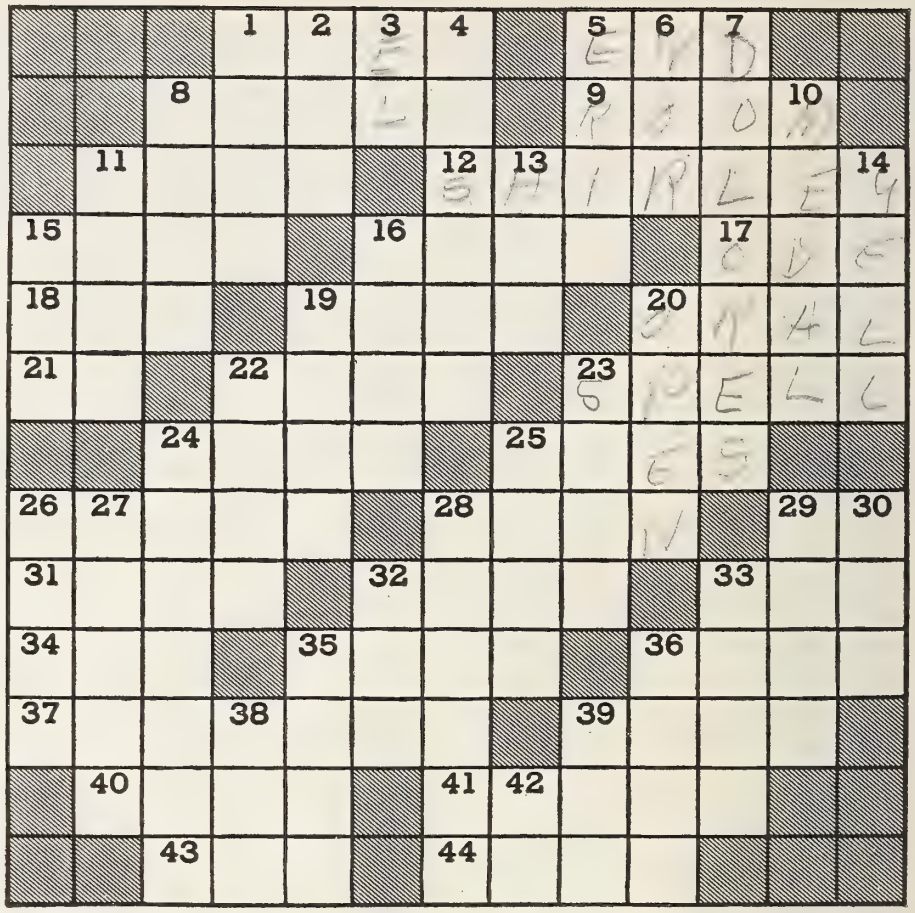
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



HORIZONTAL

1. Star of *Wells Fargo*; first name.
5. Humphrey Bogart is featured in *Dead* ———.
8. ——— *of the Nineties.*
9. Chamber.
11. Last name of a girl in *The Road Back.*
12. She plays *Heidi.*
15. Actress in *The Bride Wore Red.*
16. Ed Munn in *Stella Dallas*; first name.
17. Lyric poem.
18. ——— *Take Romance* stars Grace Moore.
19. Given name of a German character actor.
20. Verbal.
21. *Give* ——— *Your Heart.*
22. Bit player named Dorothy.
23. *Under Your* ——— with Lawrence Tibbett.
24. First name of comic Louis-Louis in *Easy Living.*
25. The late Jean Harlow's double in *Saratoga*; last name.
26. Comedian in *Woman Wise*; first name.
28. Surname of actor in *We Have Our Moments.*
29. Initials of Manuel in *Captains Courageous.*
31. Nickname of actor playing title role of *Slim.*
32. Hush!
33. Late husband of Billie Burke; nickname.
34. Singular nickname of famous columnist.
35. Last name of a sepia comedian in *Super Sleuth.*
36. Slide.
37. Another name for a horse-opera.
39. News paragraph.
40. Spike.
41. Star of *Ali Baba Goes to Town*; first name.
43. Affirmative.
44. Period of time.

VERTICAL

1. Given name of girl in *Easy Living.*
2. *In* ——— *Chicago* with Alice Faye and Tyrone Power.
3. Swedish comedian in *God's Country and the Woman.*
4. First name of star in *It's Love I'm After.*
5. Irish actress in *The Life of Emile Zola*; given name.
6. Correlative of neither.
7. First name of former wife of John Barrymore.
8. Star in *The Man Who Found Himself.*
10. Award for merit.
11. Actor's part.
13. Given name of the producer of *Topper.*
14. Shout.
15. *Piccadilly* ——— starred Bob Montgomery.
16. Screen name of Mrs. Bruce Cabot.
19. First name of gigolo in *Woman Chases Man.*
20. Not closed.
22. Gather up; Nip and ———, radio artists.
23. Dispatched.
24. She is accused in *Back in Circulation.*
25. *Red* ——— co-starred Gable and Jean Harlow.
26. Chinese dog.
27. Mrs. Griswold in *Under Cover of Night.*
28. Creator of *Silly Symphonies.*
29. Lanky comedian in *The Road Back*; nickname.
30. ——— *of the Town* featured George Murphy.
32. ——— *Husband's Secretary.*
33. Run away.
35. First name of star in *Dracula.*
36. Mix.
38. Cravat.
39. Blonde lead in *Artists and Models*; given name.
42. This precedes Olivia's surname.

(Solution on page 63)

Reviews in Brief

CONQUEST (M-G-M)

■ Vivid, virile, driven by ruthless love for power is the Napoleon brought to the screen by Charles Boyer. The film, designed as a starring picture for Greta Garbo, does give her a colorful part, but so vivid are many of the supporting parts that her stardom is shared, so far as comment and discussion goes, with several members of her cast.

The story centers around the beautiful young Marie, married to gentle proud Count Walewski. She is ardently patriotic, and looks to Napoleon to free her beloved Poland from Russian rule. Instead, she finds herself caught in an intrigue, which, according to the film, continues to the end of the Little Corporal's life.

It is a romantic tale, told against a background of violent action, played and directed with keen imagination. Marie Ospenskaya as the sharp tongued grandmother who gives Napoleon a word-lashing, Reginald Owen as the dangerously suave Tallyrand, Henry Stephenson as Walewski and Dame May Whitty as Napoleon's mother build brilliant performances to throw the personalities of Garbo and Boyer into high relief.

Some people will be a little troubled as to how Marie managed to get to Elba in an enormous ship, when Napoleon was having trouble at getting even a row boat past his alert guards, but few can deny that this is one of the rousing historical films of the season.

THE AWFUL TRUTH (Columbia)

■ It was Jerry's awful lies which started the whole thing. Unwisely Jerry (Cary Grant) tried to make his wife (Irene Dunne) think that he had been in Florida by returning with a sun-lamp tan picked up in a New York Turkish bath. Naturally he was on the defensive. That made him unduly sharp when she returned in the middle of the morning in evening clothes escorted by her handsome singing teacher (Alexander D'Arcy).

Her escapade was innocent, but not in the mind of guilty, jealous Jerry. Before they knew quite how it happened they were quarreling before the divorce court judge about the custody of their pet puppy, Mr. Smith.

The comedy becomes a romantic romp when a solemnly enamoured gentleman from the Southwest (Ralph Bellamy) becomes engaged to the bored divorcee, and her ex-husband decides to wed into the social register. His chances of making the 400 are wrecked when his resourceful mate turns up, feigning drunkeness, and with an assumed dance hall accent claims to be his sister.

Fast, gay, clever, this is another comedy hit for Columbia.

HEIDI (Twentieth Centry-Fox)

■ Beloved by generations of children, *Heidi* comes faithfully to life on the screen with little Shirley Temple once more proving that she is the perfect heroine for tales too sentimental for the average player to make convincing.

This story is perhaps the most exciting in melodramatic situations of the Temple films to date, and will enchant the youngsters through the holiday season.

In it Shirley, appealing and pathetic little orphan, is at the mercy of a curmudgeon of a grandfather (Jean Hersholt), who gradually forgets his surliness under his granddaughter's cajolery, and who has some tear-producing scenes when she is taken from him.

Arthur Treacher as the butler in the rich town house where Shirley has hard going as a sunbeam for a while, Mary Nash as the villainous governess, Marcia Mae Jones as the crippled child who is coaxed to walk by pure faith, Sidney Blackmer, Delmar Watson, Helen Westley, Christian Rub and a large cast of assorted players in picturesque Swiss costume provide excellent parts of the pattern.

The high-light of the whole sparkling tale is a dream sequence in which Shirley has a chance to dress in ruffles and powdered wig, sing and dance.

LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN (M-G-M)

■ Maybe the movie people are jealous of Robert Benchley, and that is why there never is enough of him in a film. M-G-M, however, is taking a step in the right direction in casting him in a part that runs all the way through a neat comedy-drama about how an artist must be true to his own soul. A wonderful part it is, too, and something you should lie in wait for.

The story deals with Bob (Robert Montgomery) who has no respect for anything but his art, which he practices in a garret, until he meets Julie (Rosalind Russell). She tosses aside her wealthy relatives and friends to share his ideals and his bean soup.

Sudden success goes to his head a little. So does one of Julie's vampish friends (Helen Vinson) but before the end of the film he wins the smiles of the loyal Oscar (Robert Benchley) and Julie by returning to his old endearing habit of cutting neckties and suspenders off the more pompous of his patrons.

Good lively fun, and worth catching.

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN (Twentieth Century-Fox)

■ No one was more surprised than hobo Al Babson (Eddie Cantor) when he tumbled off a freight train and woke up to find himself Ali Baba with all of the splendor of the legendary Oriental court at his disposal including the Sultan (Roland Young) and the lively Sultana (Louise Hovick, otherwise known as Gypsy Rose Lee).

The comedy flings bright barbed quips at taxation, relief, inflation and a dozen other current events, not sparing a few prominent personalities. The action is



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If you wonder about the nationality of the vocal instructor in *The Awful Truth*, that wow-comedy co-starring IRENE DUNNE and CARY GRANT, he's Egyptian, ALEXANDER D'ARCY by name. You'll be seeing more of him in the near future.

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furious, and the dialogue is the wittiest Cantor has had in a long time.

Tony Martin, June Lang, John Carradine, Virginia Field, Alan Dinehart, Douglas Dumbrille play supporting parts, there are striking specialty numbers, the songs are good enough to remember, and you won't forget the costumes for a while.

DR. SYN (Gaumont-British)

Under a curate's flat hat, George Arliss appears the soul of benignity, but as the film unreels he is discovered as a retired pirate, engaged in a hearty rum-smuggling trade in a peaceful little English village. There are lots of good chases before the young lovers are united and the gentle pirate escapes the law to seek refuge under some other disguise.

LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

This is the second in the "Mr. Moto" series, and since it has more plot that a 12 chapter serial and the action is much the same, it is enough to say that Peter Lorre plays the Japanese secret service agent, Rochelle Hudson is a round-the-world flier part of the time, and the villians are trying to get the domain of a Rajah.

45 FATHERS (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Lively Little Jane Withers is adopted by her father's entire club, though one member in particular who always is asking for trouble provides a home for her. Once in it, she sets to work to make his life one excitement after another as she saves him from shakedowns, lawsuits and an unfortunate marriage. Fine for the Withers' fans.

RENFREW OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
(Grand National)

Fast riding and last minute rescues are the big feature of this tale of counterfeiters who operate in the Canadian mountains and run hot money into the United States. James Newill and Carol Hughes have principle roles, and there are four songs in the current style which demands music with every action picture.

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"Spankings Soothe the Soul"

[*Continued from page* 33]

control at home then the world will teach them later, and it will be a much tougher lesson.

"Personally, I should have been spanked a lot more than I was. It would have helped control a perfectly vile temper," said Bette, looking angelic. "I would lie on the floor and kick and scream with all my strength. If my father had been around after I was ten years old (the time when he and my mother were separated) he would have done something about it. Ham's father had a few sessions in the woodshed with *him;* the result is that he can be in a boiling rage and you'd never know it. I have yet to see him lose his temper.

"It is a very hard thing for one parent alone, especially a mother, to bring up children, and all the more credit to my mother for doing as well by Bobbie (Bette's sister) and me as she did.

"We learned independence at an early age. Mother was working and could not be with us very much of the time, so she had to leave certain things to our judgment and common sense—after giving us a good groundwork in both.

"I think children respond to routine and responsibility. They do not enjoy a lack of discipline. If you have never been taught to do what you do not want to do, when you get out in the world and have to for the first time, how do you cope with it? Must be pretty grim for some of the present-day ultra progressives.

"Bobbie and I traveled alone on the train to see our father from the time we were ten. At nineteen, I went to dramatic school alone in New York. Mother said, 'If you can't take care of yourself now, all my training has been for nothing.' I got along very well, and all her training had not been for nothing. But had I been wrenched from the side of an all-shielding protecting silver-cord sort of mother, I would have been in a fine fog. Or from a mother who had never required me to do anything I didn't want to do, or had not thwarted a few of my impulses of which I had plenty of all kinds.

"I have one real theory about children: treat them like grown-ups. A child is a person without benefit of experience; but a person who has learned all the fundamentals necessary to shape his character by the time he is ten years old.

"Children are much more intelligent than the average person realizes. Adults are too prone to be influenced by size. I

have met children four feet tall who were more interesting conversationalists than some men six feet tall.

"Two mistakes I have most frequently observed among parents: the sin of bribery, and the holy horror of telling children they are attractive.

"There is no earthly reason why a child should have to be bribed to eat his dinner or take a bath. On the other hand, they should be rewarded for extra duties such as doing the dishes or raking the lawn, if this has been agreed upon in the beginning. An early realization of the value of money seems to me very important.

"Also, I see no reason why a child shouldn't be brought up with an accurate evaluation of his or her own appearance so it will be taken for granted, and not make them self-conscious, vain, or shy, when they meet the world. There was some kind of a phobia in the elder generation against paying compliments to a child. My grandmother typified it perfectly when she always said: 'Now my dear, if you act as well as you look, you'll be all right.' Leaving me with the feeling that there was some doubt about both, but nothing much I could do about it.

■ "Mother was given to harmless flattery, never carried too far. Just enough to give us confidence. And that seems to me one of the most important qualities with which to arm your child. The world will try to take it out of him soon enough, so you can afford to bestow an extra large endowment at home. There has been an awful lot of loose talk going around about the 'self-confidence of youth.' It is simply a defense, in most cases, to cover an alarming lack of it.

"Plenty of praise for children is my platform. Not meaningless or undeserved, but a lot of things could be modestly praised that often go unnoticed.

"The same thing could go for schoolteachers too.

"And speaking of school: I have read a lot of discussion pro and con about teaching sex knowledge in school. Of course the place for children to learn what is called the facts of life, is right at home, from their mothers and fathers. But if actually there are parents who neglect or evade this vitally important subject, then it seems to me better that children learn from a qualified person than get distorted ideas from other children. When they discover their facts this way, mother is pretty apt to be regarded as a coward afraid of the truth, or as a smug reactionary left over from the bustle era. In the end, she forfeits a lot of the respect of her children.

■ "And that," exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, triumphantly — reaching for the afghan she is knitting somebody's baby, "is quite enough to involve me in a controversy with all the mothers in the land!"

"Ah, yes, but just a minute! They grow up and go to high school. What then?"

"That's another department," Bette countered neatly. "They are no longer children, at least not to hear *them* tell it. Anyway, I'll say *this* much. The public school system of tests is *all wrong*. That has been one of my favorite peeves for years. A thorough teacher shouldn't need tests to know who is good and who isn't. Lots of youngsters go all to pieces and can't do a thing in an exam, when they know the subject perfectly.

There was a short pause. "Oh, to be a child again," I murmured, idly.

"Oh, go jump in the lake!' shrieked Bette who had maintained a painfully ladylike demeanor throughout this discussion. "Who said anything about being a child again? I probably had a childhood far more happy than the average, but I wouldn't go through *that* again for anything on earth!" Even the planes and prisms in her jewelled clip shot out indignant sparks.

"Only a congenital idiot yearns for his childhood, or an incurable adolescent, or one who has made a complete mess of adult life. So, of course, they are filled with maundering escapist wishes backward to a childhood which probably had no discipline or responsibilities. Nobody with a grain of sense wants to go back to that chaotic time when the world was a whirling frenzy of facts and ourselves trying desperately to reach out and grab a place for ourselves. When all was confusion and bewilderment and impatience, and things were much too slow and tomorrow never came. When we didn't know a doggone thing and made it harder by thinking we knew it all. . . .

"No, thank you. Every interval in life has its own compensations and nothing is so deadly as to go back, even though it is good to have pleasant memories of each interval. But to live in the past is to admit you have no future.

"I would see to it that any child of mine had a childhood as happy as I could possibly give, without neglecting the very important fact that childhood is a preparation for a busy and useful life, and not entirely for having fun."

With which the lady who talks the best mother we have ever heard in a long time folded up her baby-blanket, drank her tea, and departed. A few minutes later, I pried our six-year-old loose from what was left of a chocolate cake—and took Bette's advice on page 33.



In between shots of *Having a Wonderful Time*, in which she is playing at Radio, Lucille Ball has a good time working on her career as a sculptress



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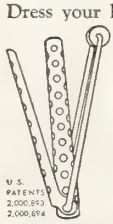
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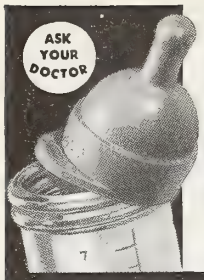
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Hollywood's News Test

[*Continued from page* 22]

(3) bitten by a dog; (4) obliged to chin himself fifty times; (5) kissed by Joan Blondell exactly twenty-seven times.

6. *Saratoga* was notable for: (1) Its acclaim as the finest musical of the year; (2) the first screen appearance of the Ritz Brothers; (3) the terrific fight between Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy; (4) being Jean Harlow's last picture; (5) its rare color effects.

7. Attending an important preview, Barbara Stanwyck: (1) Severely cut her hand; (2) fell flat on her face as she was getting out of her car; (3) was unrecognized and handled roughly by a policeman; (4) scored an all-high autograph record by signing her name 402 times; (5) playfully tripped Robert Taylor.

8. As though pictures and radio didn't keep him sufficiently busy, Bing Crosby: (1) Plowed twenty acres on his Rancho Santa Fe estate; (2) opened and personally operated a new horse-racing track; (3) took up the study of French; (4) made a deal whereby he will sing at the Metropolitan, in New York; (5) is writing his memoirs.

9. It's a (1) separation; (2) new ranch home; (3) baby girl; (4) round-the-world tour; (5) racing stable, for the Gary Coopers.

10. All the following were married in 1937, but can you tell which combination is correct? (1) Parkyakarkas and Natalie Cantor; (2) Tom Brown and Sally Breen; (3) Mae Clarke and Anatole Litvak; (4) Anne Shirley and John Howard Payne; (5) Katherine de Mille and James Ellison.

11. The screen is all the more rich for the screen debut of: (1) Katherine Cornell; (2) Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt; (3) Leopold Stokowski; (4) Mahatma Gandhi; (5) Queen Mother Marie of Romania.

12. (1) *San Francisco;* (2) *The Story of Louis Pasteur;* (3) *Charge of the Light Brigade;* (4) *The Great Ziegfeld;* (5) *The Plough and the Stars,* won the Academy Award for the best production of 1936.

13. After all these years on the screen, Robert Montgomery: (1) Is taking elocution lessons; (2) radically changed his type in *Night Fall;* (3) plans to obtain a quiet divorce in Paris; (4) will retire within a year to his upper New York farm; (5) has taken up knitting, to while away the hours between scenes on the set.

14. (1) John Barrymore; (2) George Brent; (3) Buddy Westmore; (4) Humphrey Bogart; (5) Gene Markey, attempted to have his marriage annulled.

15. May 1st will be remembered in Hollywood because (1) Mae West finally admitted her marriage to Frank Wallace; (2) Henry Fonda and Leland Hayward, wed to Fonda's former wife, engaged in fistic argument at a prominent night spot; (3) the studios went Guild Shop; (4) Lily Pons gave a free concert at the Hollywood Bowl; (5) studio workers started picketing the studios.

16. Twentieth Century-Fox announced formally that Gypsy Rose Lee henceforth would be known as Louise Hovick and that she would: (1) Write the screen story of her life in burlesque; (2) strip in her first starring film; (3) not strip in her first starring film; (4) act as technical expert for a picture based upon the growth of burlesque; (5) do a series of shorts showing the life of a strip-tease artist.

17. Hollywood still is talking about ————, so tremendous was its popular appeal: (1) *Heroes of the Alamo;* (2) *West Bound Limited;* (3) *How to Undress Before Your Husband;* (4) *The Californian;* (5) *A Star Is Born.*

18. Now that her daughter is growing older, Marlene Dietrich: (1) Took out American citizenship papers; (2) is personally teaching Maria French and Italian; (3) insists that the girl wear slacks upon every occasion; (4) gave her a car and chauffeur all her own; (5) is having her daughter coached in acting, so that she may appear with her in her next picture.

19. Which of the following two couples honeymooned to Hawaii on the *S. S. Lurline* at the same time: (1) Arline Judge-Daniel Topping and Mary Astor-Manuel del Campo; (2) Alice Faye-Tony Martin and Bob Burns and his bride; (3) Luise Rainer-Clifford Odets and Ann Harding-Werner Janssen; (4) Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond and Mary Pickford-Charles Rogers; (5) Louise Hovick-Robert Mizzy and Lyle Talbot-Marguerite Cramer.

20. The life story of ———— appeared in several installments of the nation's oldest weekly publication: (1) Cecil B. de Mille; (2) Samuel Goldwyn; (3) Jane Withers (4) Charles Chaplin; (5) Greta Garbo.

21. Hollywood was stirred to the depths by the: (1) Marriage of Oliver Hardy and Kay Francis; (2) the combining of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Paramount Pictures; (3) arrival of quintuplets to Joe E. Brown's favorite mare; (4) Clark Gable extortion and paternity case; (5) announcement that the Duke of Windsor will make a picture in the film capital next year.

22. If you were ————, you'd find yourself a millionaire overnight: (1) Richard Cromwell; (2) Robert Cummings; (3) Leif Erikson; (4) Gordon Oliver; (5) George Murphy.

23. The son of ————, made his screen debut in *Stella Dallas.* (1) Jack Holt; (2) Edward Arnold; (3) Wallace Reid; (4) Erich von Stroheim; (5) John Boles.

24. Ann Sothern has won renown for her: (1) Impersonation of a cup and saucer at play; (2) ability as a milliner; (3) rare orchid plants; (4) knowing more verses about "Frankie and Johnnie" than any other girl in Hollywood; (5) regular commuting across the continent to visit hubby Roger Pryor.

25. Many of the stars are going in for: (1) Piano lessons; (2) ranch homes; (3) ventriloquism; (4) the abolition of unlisted telephone numbers and having their

names placed in the phone book, even as you and I; (5) water-coloring.

26. ———— recently opened a smart night spot in Hollywood: (1) Marian Nixon; (2) Richard Arlen; (3) Clara Bow; (4) Billie Dove; (5) Neil Hamilton.

27. Fernand Gravet's striking resemblance to ———— was especially noted in his first American film, *The King and the Chorus Girl*: (1) Charles Lindbergh; (2) Anthony Eden; (3) Duke of Windsor; (4) James Stewart; (5) Louis B. Mayer.

28. The wife of what male star, noted equally on screen and radio, recently made her film debut: (1) Jack Oakie; (2) Jack Benny; (3) Joe Penner; (4) Eddie Cantor; (5) Nelson Eddy.

29. Anthony Quinn has set up housekeeping, with ———— as his bride: (1) Constance Worth; (2) Miriam Hopkins; (3) Thelma Leeds; (4) Katherine de Mille; (5) Martha Raye.

30. The U. S. government has cracked down on: (1) Stars who kept more than two cars; (2) film personalities who incorporate themselves to cut down income tax; (3) studios paying in excess of $250,000 to any one individual during the year; (4) studios showing the American flag in their color films; (5) mention of the names Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin in picture dialogue.

31. Jean Muir announced she is through with Hollywood and during the next year will: (1) Devote herself to the New York stage; (2) travel through India and the Orient; (3) go on a concert singing tour of South America; (4) retire to a small cottage in the Adirondacks (5) affiliate herself with the airplane business.

32. Much to the amazement of many, Joan Bennett: (1) Will shortly produce her own pictures; (2) dyed her blonde tresses black; (3) has gained twenty-two pounds and no longer can playing leading roles on the screen; (4) spent the summer acting in an eastern stock company, at a salary of $25.00 per week; (5) insists upon broiled owl every other Saturday evening for dinner.

33. "Fight for Power" is: (1) A new Hollywood game; (2) title of former Colleen Moore picture; (3) battle-cry of Hollywood maidens in their pursuit of a certain romanitc young man; (4) ultimatum sent troops by Japanese Emperor; (5) slogan of the present administration.

34. George Rector, the famous restauranteur of former days in New York, went to Hollywood to: (1) Open a new Rector's; (2) play himself in Mae West's *Every Day's a Holiday;* (3) consult with Darryl Zanuck about the filming of his life story; (4) bask in the California sunshine; (5) be food-loving Edward Arnold's chef.

35. It strikes one as odd, but Freddie Bartholomew, although he's only thirteen: (1) Attempted to break his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; (2) wrote a series of political articles which appeared on the front page of *The New York Times;* (3) has already saved more than a million dollars; (4) assisted in the capture of a bandit; (5) has been knighted by King George VI of England.

36. She's such a pretty thing, it's not at all strange that Sonja Henie: (1) Is the recipient of a telephone call from Crown Prince Olaf of Norway at least once a week; (2) uses goats milk from her native Norway for her complexion; (3) is the first big-time athlete who ever ascended to screen stardom, and remained there; (4) receives two dozen orchids a day from admirers; (5) was asked to skate at the Presidential inauguration.

37. Hollywood wasn't at all surprised when John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie: (1) Appeared on the Broadway stage together; (2) took a second honeymoon trip to Australia; (3) boasted that they would blast each other's respective careers to oblivion; (4) returned to each other's arms and decided to try marriage once more; (5) announced they would act as Jack Benny's stooges on the radio comedian's air program.

38. Much to her delight, Alice Faye: (1) Adopted two lovely baby girls; (2) stepped into the leading role of *In Old Chicago;* (3) discovered she is the cousin of Frank Fay, her childhood favorite; (4) was presented a span of reindeer; (5) rode her own horse in the Caliente Handicap, and won.

39. Paul Muni won the Academy Award for his acting in: (1) *The Life of Emile Zola;* (2) *Captains Courageous;* (3) *Big City;* (4) *The Story of Louis Pasteur;* (5) *The Good Earth.*

40. In *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air,* Kenny Baker's ———— was particularly manifest: (1) Baldness; (2) proclivity to squint; (3) operatic basso voice; (4) Barrymore profile; (5) remarkable resemblance to Dick Powell.

41. ———— returned to the screen, with the same charm as of old: (1) Florence Vidor; (2) Maurice Chevalier; (3) Ramon Novarro; (4) Patsy Ruth Miller; (5) Frank Fay.

42. Robert Taylor's rise to popularity may best be compared to that scored by: (1) Forbes-Robertson; (2) Leslie Howard; (3) George Raft; (4) Rudolph Valentino; (5) Bob Burns.

45. Walter Winchell scored heavily with movie fans in: (1) *Something to Sing About;* (2) *Sing and Be Happy;* (3) *Broadway Melody of 1938;* (4) *The Awful Truth;* (5) *Wake Up and Live.*

44. More wisecracks have been made about Simone Simon's ———— than have been uttered about any other player on the screen: (1) Cross eyes; (2) hysterical acting; (3) lips; (4) alliterative name; (5) large feet.

45. The son of ———— accompanied Hal Roach home from Europe, for the purpose of studying American film producing methods; then, left Hollywood almost immediately: (1) Noel Coward; (2) Benito Mussolini; (3) Baron James de Rothschild; (4) Lord Neville Chamberlain; (5) Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

46. ———— established Deanna Durbin as one of the most promising younger personalities of the screen: (1) *When Love Is Young;* (2) *Forty Naughty Girls;* (3) *Champagne Waltz* (4) *100 Men and a Girl;* (5) *Varsity Show.*

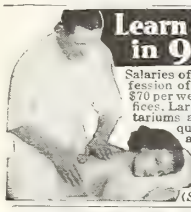
47. ———— passed away the same day as Jean Harlow: (1) Emmett Flynn; (2) Monroe Owsley; (3) Colin Clive; (4) George Gershwin; (5) Sir Guy Standing.

48. Cary Grant rose to new acting



In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

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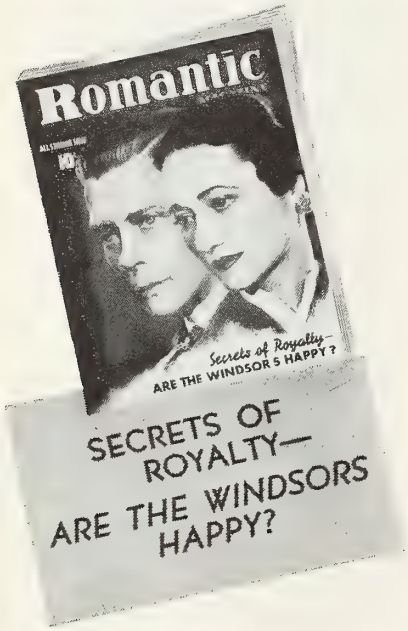
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Romantic
MAGAZINE

heights in ————, and definitely proved himself one of the leading figures on the screen: (1) *Music for Madame;* (2) *Stage Door;* (3) *Love Is News;* (4) *When You're In Love;* (5) *Make Way for Tomorrow.*

49. The ———— separated, after more than twenty years of wedded bliss: (1) Frank Morgans; (2) Charles Winningers; (3) Warner Olands; (4) John Boles; (5) Ralph Morgans.

50. The stars will do anything to: (1) Call Industry-Czar Will Hays by his first name; (2) be seen at the Cocoanut Grove; (3) be invited to dinner at the home of any prominent producer; (4) take funny candid camera poses of their friends; (5) go up to see Mae West just ONE time.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Scarlett O'Hara.
2. Signed a new Paramount contract calling for $150,000 a picture.
3. Jean Arthur.
4. Katharine Hepburn and Howard Hughes.
5. Knocked out, cold as a cucumber.
6. Being Jean Harlow's last picture.
7. Was unrecognized and handled roughly by a policeman.
8. Opened and personally operated a new horse racing track.
9. Baby girl.
10. Anne Shirley and John Howard Payne.
11. Leopold Stokowski.
12. *The Great Ziegfeld.*
13. Radically changed his type in *Night Must Fall.*
14. George Brent.
15. Studio workers started picketing the studios.
16. Not strip in her first starring film.
17. *A Star Is Born.*
18. Took out American citizenship papers.
19. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, and Mary Pickford and Charles Rogers.
20. Samuel Goldwyn, in *The Saturday Evening Post.*
21. Clark Gable's extortion and parternity case.
11. Robert Cummings. Some old stock of his father's suddenly became active, and netted Cummings a million dollars.
23. Jack Holt . . . Tim.
24. Regular commuting across the continent to visit hubby Roger Pryor.
25. Ranch homes.
26. Clara Bow.
27. Duke of Windsor.
28. Jack Benny . . . Mary Livingston, in *This Way, Please.*
29. Katherine de Mille.
30. Film personalities who incorporate themselves to cut down income tax.
31. Devote herself to the New York stage.
32. Spent the summer acting in an eastern stock company, at a salary of $25.00 per week.
33. Battle-cry of Hollywood maidens in their pursuit of a certain romantic young man . . . Tyrone Power, of course, is the man.
34. Play himself in Mae West's *Every Day's a Holiday.*
35. Attempted to break his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
36. Is the first big-time athlete who ever ascended to screen stardom, and remained there.
37. Returned to each other's arms and decided to try marriage once more.
38. Stepped into the leading feminine role of *In Old Chicago.*
39. *The Story of Louis Pasteur.*
40. Remarkable resemblance to Dick Powell.
41. Ramon Novarro.
42. Rudolph Valentino.
43. *Wake Up and Live.*
44. Alliterative name.
45. Benito Mussolini.
46. *100 Men and a Girl.*
47. Monroe Owsley.
48. *When You're in Love.*
49. Warner Olands.
50. Take funny candid camera poses of their friends.

Hollywood Radio Beam

[*Continued from page* 14]

Virginia Verrill and Warren Hull, Showboat radio stars, were invited to a "house warming" party. They bought a radio in the host's name by merely making the down payment, and until said host reads this tipoff, he will not know that he has eleven more payments to make before the "gift" is his . . . Jack Haley had to be nursemaid to his two kiddies for one week because his wife was in New York and the nursemaid was sick . . . Ted Fio Rito's "3 Little Sugars" are very much at home on Haley's program because the initials of their last names form the combination NBC, the network from which the program emanates . . . Tony Martin, handsome young tenor on the Burns & Allen show and his bride Alice Faye, have been asked to move because they insisted in running the scales 24 hours a day . . . Although Ray Noble never played football the NBC band leader was a star soccer player as a boy in England and has several scars on his shins to prove it . . . George Burns and Gracie Allen plan to stop off at San Quentin, Alcatraz, Leavenworth, Folsom, and Sing Sing on their way to New York for their vacation! . . . Much of Kenny Baker's fan mail is addressed to Jack Benny, because the listeners think maybe Jack will have greater influence in getting Kenny to sing their favorite selection . . . funny thing about Lanny Ross' new moustache. The day after his wife returned from New York to rejoin him in Hollywood, the cookie duster disappeared . . . Although he has an even temper, Raymond Paige generally breaks about a half dozen batons per week during Hollywood Mardi Gras rehearsals. He's one of the most energetic musical directors on the coast.

[*Continued from page* 11]

completely away at sight of dainty Miriam there in the tub.

As for Gladys . . . she slipped and fell, and was forced to remain home a week, due to injuries.

Hollywood IS perking up these days, we're happy to relate.

■ Despite his plea of poor health, the real reason, 'tis said, for W. C. FIELDS leaving the radio program on which he appeared with CHARLIE McCARTHY was because he couldn't keep up with EDGAR BERGEN'S wise-cracks and Charlie's ad libbing.

■ Lots of excitement these days in the JOAN BLONDELL-DICK POWELL menage.

Joan arrived home from the studio one evening, and a worried nurse promptly greeted her.

"Normie," she announced, mentioning the name of Joan's son and heir, "swore today. He said 'hell,' once, and 'damn,' twice. I had to spank him."

If she thought, though, that her words disturbed LA BLONDELL, she had another guess coming. Joan whooped.

"At last, a man," she shrieked.

The very next day, she gave orders that Normie's wall-paper, which had pictured rabbits at play, be ripped off, and a new set of furniture be installed. What'd she substitute? You'd be surprised . . . or mayhap you wouldn't.

Instead of nursery furniture, she furnished Normie's room with good solid pieces . . . and for wallpaper.

Pictures of pirates and skulls and crossbones!

■ LOTS AND DOTS: ANNA STEN has taken out her first American citizenship papers . . . when you read this WALLACE FORD will be enacting a prominent role in the Broadway stage production of *Of Mice and Men* . . . now you can be surprised—EVELYN DAW, whom you saw in *Something to Sing About*, with JAMES CAGNEY, teaches a Sunday School class EVERY Sunday, and declares she gets an even greater boot out of it than appearing in pictures . . . TYRONE POWER still trying to figure out how a gentleman in Mexico City managed to get his telephone number . . . he telephoned Tyrone and then requested him to write a letter to him at his home to confirm the conversation so he could win a bet that he had talked with the actor . . . SIDNEY BLACKMER has disposed of his ancestral estate at Salisbury, North Carolina, and purchased ranch property in California . . . it's rumored on good authority that MARIAN MARSH and AL SCOTT, COLLEEN MOORE'S ex-ball and chain, will wed soon . . . and as this is being penned, JACKIE COOGAN and BETTY GRABLE are supposed to be altar-bound . . . always original, that's BILL BOYD . . . he presented his bride, GRACE BRADLEY, with the exact duplicate of his Hopalong Cassidy outfit, with ten-gallon hat, boots and spurs 'n' ever'thin' . . . and by the way, they're calling the little woman TRIPALONG, now . . . Hollywood's the WILDEST place . . . at a formal party given by JEANETTE MACDONALD and GENE RAYMOND, the guests sat on the floor after dinner and played—can you stand it!—JACKSTRAWS!!! . . . SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S parents allow her to endorse very few products (they've probably turned down profits that would amount to at least $1,000,000) but there's one thing they heartily do endorse . . . and for nothing! . . . Shirley's picture is to be used in conjunction with a national campaign among school children to reduce automobile tragedies . . . if you see CAROLE LOMBARD, ask her to tell you about the time Director WESLEY RUGGLES placed flashlight bulbs in all the sockets of her room at Arrowhead, where they were locationing . . . Carole's yell could be heard in Hollywood, a mere hundred miles away . . . nice gesture on LORETTA YOUNG'S part . . . in moving from her old dressing room to a new one, she insisted that the old stand be assigned MARJORIE WEAVER, a coming starlet . . . Loretta felt that the same luck might come to Marjorie . . . LON CHANEY, JR., and ROBERT KENT have gone into the rabbit and poultry business together . . . and DICK POWELL—well, well—is in back of a new safety razor, built especially for mustaches . . . while we're talking about investments, ISABEL JEWELL is the proud and happy owner of an auto camp, on the road between Los Angeles and San Francisco CESAR ROMERO and MRS. ERNEST TRUEX created a sensation when they performed a Rumba at the Forty-Niner Ball . . . the MAUCH twins wear dinner jackets when they go out in the evening, despite their extreme youth . . . MAX FACTOR says his make-up studio is besieged by "collectors" clamoring for those tiny crepe-paper sheets which feminine stars press their lips on after being made up . . . the sheets leave a perfect impression of the stars' mouths.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

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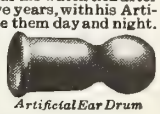
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It's Your Move

[*Continued from page* 28]

intend to let other people work any sharp practice on her. New England!

"'Those cross-beams,' I'd say, 'isn't there supposed to be a seal on them? First grade or something?' They were the timbers, or whatever their name is, that go over the top of a window niche. 'Those aren't cross-beams,' the boss carpenter would say, topping my bluff. 'Well, that's what we call them in the East,' I'd reply, 'where's the seal? And that moulding—is that what I ordered?' And I'd climb a step ladder to examine it.

"Does it sound as if I were persnickety?" Rosalind inquired, "let me tell you, that's the only way to be if you're in the movies where you're apt to pay four prices for everything.

■ She laughed again. "Possibly my workmen were a special lot. I certainly did enjoy their tactics. One afternoon I arrived unexpectedly to find they'd knocked off for a snack." Rosalind, with a few hours of leisure between sequences of her latest film, *The Four Marys,* had naturally hurried over to see what furious activity the new house could exhibit. "All the laborers but one, an elderly carpenter, were sitting idle and eating sandwiches.

"'All right, boys,' I told them, 'since you're loafing on my time, I'm going to eat half of your sandwiches.' So I sat down and ate with them.

"That one elderly carpenter, though! He was the joy of my life.

"And he balked at building the bar! I have a playroom where people can put down their glasses anywhere without leaving rings on anything that matters. People are always laying their cigarettes on the edge of a table, it's an easy enough thing to do. When I had the carpets cleaned and the table tops revarnished and so on; because, while I don't give wild parties or even big ones, in the course of time rings and burns happen, so I knew in my own house I wanted a playroom."

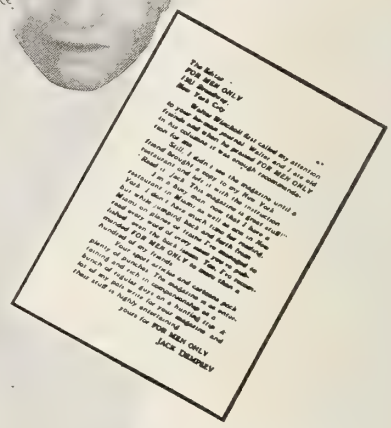
Rosalind herself doesn't drink, and she smokes very little. "But this carpenter, sweet old thing, didn't drink or smoke at all. He told me that's what kept him so strong; probably true. Anyway, he was the only one I wanted to build the little bar—and he wouldn't do it. 'I'm afraid you'll have liquor there,' he said, 'and you know, Miss Russell, liquor isn't going to do you any good!

■ Rosalind agreed that liquor and a career don't mix. As a matter of fact, she planned to serve quantities of soft drinks in that playroom; she told him so and showed him in a sketch the cupboards under the bar where she meant to keep the gingerale and soda pop.

"So at length he consented to build the thing for me, but he kept shaking his head. 'Going to look a lot like a regular bar,' he'd complain. He was a dear. I used to take soda pop to him and the other workmen, and when the others had beer they'd hide it from him and feel guilty."



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JANUARY ISSUE



NOW ON SALE

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There's as great a variety in carpenters, Rosalind pointed out, as in home owners. "And I met all kinds, on both sides! I met the home owner who demanded the utterly impossible, and I met the workmen who couldn't understand what I meant.

" 'A square arch on this side of the hall,' I'd say, 'exactly like the arch on the other side, and in the same position.' 'how big?' they'd ask. 'Exactly like the other,' I'd repeat. 'But whereabouts in the wall?' 'In the same position, in the middle.' 'And how high?' 'Exactly like the other.' 'Same width?' . . . You know. On and on. And then I demanded things that couldn't be done, and they had the laugh on ME.

"But no one, not even his fellow workmen, could account for the Temperamental Painter. From confidences I've exchanged with other householders, I realized he's a not uncommon phenomenon but I was surprised at the time. I took him over the house, showed what I wanted done, what color combinations. He said, 'Fine!' and vanished. I mean, he quit in the middle of an afternoon and with a wall half painted. Walked away and never came back. Do you suppose," she inquired anxiously, "he didn't approve of the colors I'd selected?"

■ Then there was the matter of carpeting. Eight different carpet firm representatives from hither and yon gave their estimates on the number of square yards required. The estimates roved from 190 yards to 300; quite a discrepancy when you remember that each was estimating on the same number of rooms, halls and staircases—on precisely the same floor space. When you consider, too, the considerable cost per square yard!

Rosalind sat back with that amused gleam in her black eyes and let them talk. Something was haywire somewhere. Might be graft, might be carelessness. "But in any case," she observed, "none of them dreamed for a moment that a movie actress would get down and actually measure the floor space—that was too obvious an idea!"

When each had said his say, Rosalind sent again for the representative who seemed most eager to do the job, and who was certain without argument that he could furnish exactly the colors she wanted; the house is done chiefly in her favorite tones of tan and blue. "But your estimate is wrong," she informed him, and mentioned just the yardage she required.

"How do you know that's right?" the salesman asked, a trifle dashed.

"How do you suppose?" Rosalind retorted, "because I got on my knees and measured it with a tape measure, of course."

She doesn't leave things to chance, nor to others, when she can do them herself. Rosalind's a girl who likes to be sure of her facts.

And she likes to be able to get her money back when she invests it, even when it's invested in a home. People tell her if she's happy in the new house, if it's a real home, then never mind the cost; it's worth any expense. Rosalind doesn't agree. She doesn't want to sink so much money that she can't rent the place for enough to make a profit, if renting it ever appears advisable.

By no means avaricious, deservedly famous for her generous charities, the New Englander nevertheless knows the value of dollars. She found it out while, against the wishes of her New Haven, Connecticut, family, she was scrimping along in New York boarding houses, seeking her opportunity on the stage. She found out that if you saved on lunches and busfare and grease paint, and put by half a dollar here and a dollar there, somehow at the end of the week you had the rent.

■ This practical side made her hesitate before ripping out the staircase in the new home and replacing it with the white spindles and richly plain mahogany rail that an Early American house demands; a staircase with a bend in it, as New England as you please. It even made her hesitate before installing the feature that is her pride and joy; a built-in couch eight feet long, in the library, a couch opposite the fireplace in the corner, a couch from which you may reach out a hand and touch a book anywhere.

But with the couch and the staircase and the rest of the improvements completed, this householder's trouble were still not over. Friends began to exclaim at the cost of both the house and the old-fashioned, informal garden beneath the tall, old trees. What could more disturb a householder's peace of mind? Rosalind met the situation with characteristic energy. She called to her home one evening the friend who had exclaimed most loudly that Rosalind had been gypped in the charges for reconstruction and furnishing.

"I got out my account books and read each item, and made him say whether or not I could have had the things more cheaply. I made him call people up and compare notes. Finally, I made him admit the whole thing had been done as economically as possible. It was a big victory," Rosalind concluded with satisfaction, "and added the final reassurance to make me perfectly contented."

There's an attic—actually, an attic—in the new house. It's to keep trunks in, chiefly. So nice, a friend commented, to have an attic in which to store your boxes and trunks after you've unpacked them. After you've settled down in the new home, with your belongings—

"Unpacked?" Rosalind repeated with the immense energy of one who loves her home but is, still and all, a realist; "why, I've never unpacked yet, not completely, not anywhere! I certainly wouldn't"—she's so utterly lacking in egotism, this new star—"in *Hollywood!*"

IN NEXT MONTH'S HOLLYWOOD

Madeleine Carroll points out that Cleopatra Wasn't Pretty, but she has been remembered through a good many centuries. From that fact the star draws some amusing and amazing conclusions.

A cough drop's mission is a very simple one. We believe that



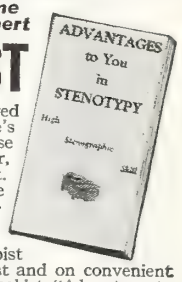
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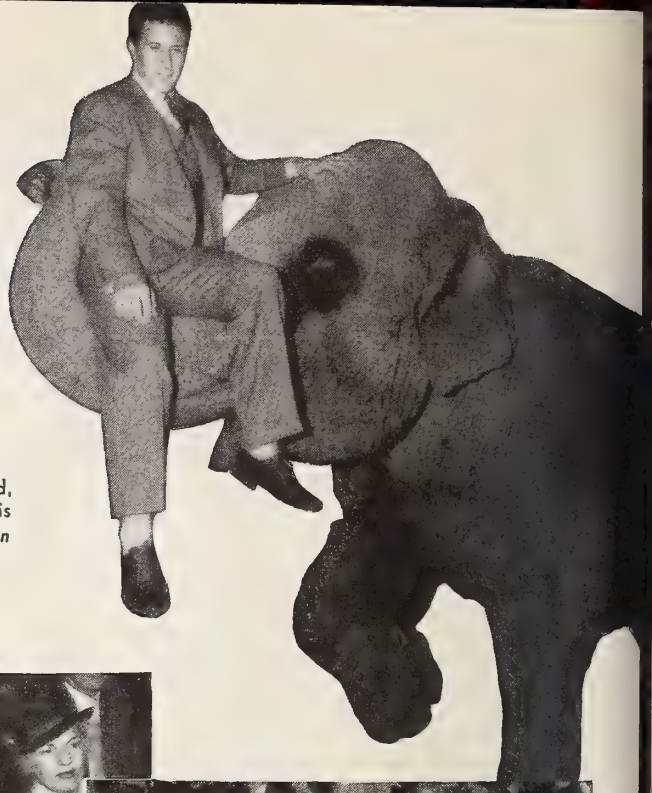
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ONCE A YEAR

When the circus comes to town, there is only one big show for Hollywood, but the audience is as interesting as what goes on in the ring



Glenn Morris, of filmland, gets in practice for his role of the new *Tarzan*



Joan Woodbury, RKO player, couldn't resist the temptation and joined clown Emmet Kelly in the ring for a while



Wallace Ford makes sure that daughter Pat misses nothing while Mrs. Ford keeps an equally sharp eye on the excitement



Raoul Walsh, Lily Pons, her sister, Mrs. Solal with daughter Vivian Solal take things calmly



Verree Teasdale, Adolphe Menjou, Josephine Hutchinson and her husband watching a breath-taking trapeze act



Boris Karloff, Joe Penner and their wives get a big bang out of the antics of the clowns



Rex Bell and Clara Bow take their baby to see the daring young man at his work



Even his crutches couldn't keep Wallace Beery from escorting his wife and little daughter, Carol Ann, to the big show



Between them, Edna May Oliver and Franklyn Pangborn give the five rings complete coverage

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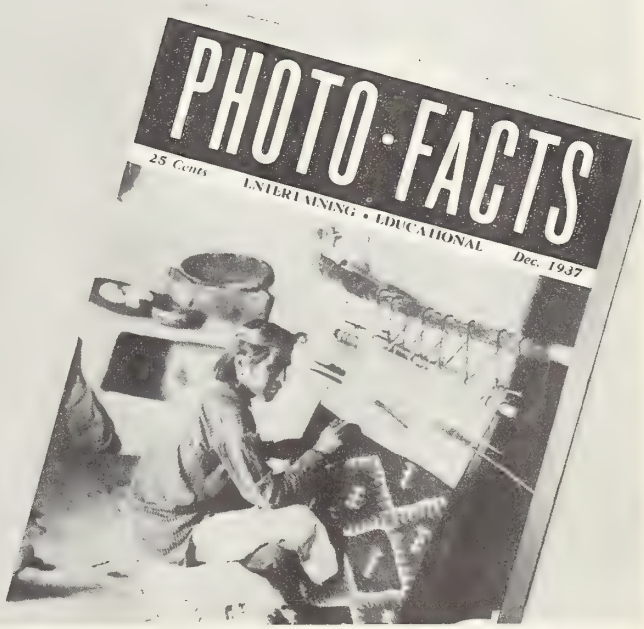


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NTED IN U. S. A



Joan Crawford

takes time out from her part in M-G-M's "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus..Joan Crawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

Tobacco land's Finest Gift

In this season of joyful giving, when you offer friends the ever-welcome gift of cigarettes, remember two facts . . .

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FEBRUARY

5¢

UNDECLARED WAR
between
JOAN CRAWFORD
and
SPENCER TRACY



Olivia DeHavilland

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

THE HURRICANE

THE EMBRACE of lovers . . . their wild flight from an avenging law through the awesome beauty of a South Sea paradise . . . Perilous escape that reaches its climax as the roaring hurricane descends upon them in all its thundering fury!

In "The Hurricane" the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" have contributed another stirring tale of love and adventure. In cost of production, in the two years of effort, in the fond care with which it was produced, it proudly carries on the Samuel Goldwyn tradition . . . truly a *must-be-seen* picture.



Samuel Goldwyn has endowed "THE HURRICANE" with a magnificent cast of thousands, including Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Massey, John Carradine and Jerome Cowan. Directed by John Ford. From the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Screenplay by Dudley Nichols.

Released thru United Artists

"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage – all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"



"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that —now. You used to have teeth that glistened, *they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.*

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you *said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine* everyone *notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.*

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now'!"

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

IF you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist at once.* For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply *lazy* —that they need more *work,* more *stimulation* to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, *with massage,* to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter —your smile sparkles with a *new* loveliness!

* * *

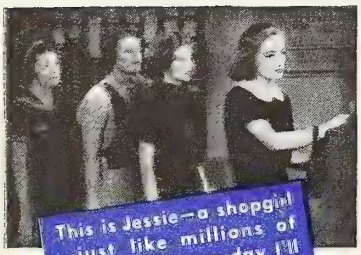
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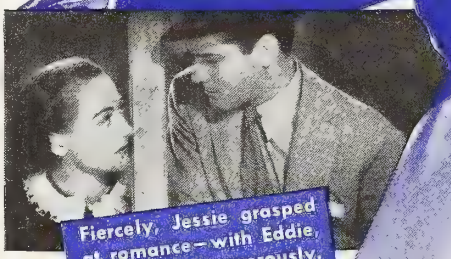
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Shopgirl's Millions . . .

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls . . . each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!



This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others . . . "Some day I'll wear ermine," she said.



Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?



The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!



Jessie toils to keep their "three-room heaven" . . . while Eddie gambles — with their love at stake!



"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and penthouse don't interest me!"

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SPENCER TRACY
IN
Mannequin

WITH

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A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Vol. 26 No. 13
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Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold



MATCH THIS IF YOU CAN

Paul Hurst in a gripping scene from Columbia's *No Time To Marry*



1. All was quiet in the station house



2. It looked like a fine time for the Sarge . . .



3. To concentrate on that match trick



4. Hurry, before someone comes



5. Easy does it!



6. At last, a perfect work of art!



7. Oh, Wurra, Wurra and also Begorrah!



8. Why do things like this happen to ME?

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● The custom of throwing rice originated with the Hindus and Chinese. Some Southern Europeans throw figs — the Romans threw nuts at bridal couples.* One custom, however, that seems universal in America, among women of all ages, is the desire for a soft, smooth skin.

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

■ Funniest crack of the month is chalked up to blonde and pretty Ena Gregory, former wife of Director Al Rogell, during the ceremony of her wedding to Dr. Frank Nolan, popular man-about-Hollywood.

Ena was asked if she would "take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?" Came back Ena, all unconsciously: "... to be my AWFUL wedded husband."

Great wonder of the month is that the guests didn't explode. Marian Nixon looked as though she would faint.

■ Reverberations of John Montague's fabled strength are caught in the story of the golfer's set-to with Jack Oakie, at a country club.

Jack and the man who recently has been in the nation's headlines so prominently started a fuss in the locker-room. Jack was about to swing when Montague up and tossed the comedian over a row of lockers. Try that with more than two hundred pounds of quivering weight, sometime.

■ Bing Crosby tells this one on himself. . . .

His younger brother, Bob—the orchestra leader—was sitting one night in a New York hot spot, where all the celebrities, regardless how small or unimportant, were being introduced. Anxiously, he awaited his turn, but the band struck up without the master of ceremonies presenting him to the crowd.

He turned to his table companions, and remarked, sadly . . . "Bing must be slipping."

■ Radio salaries paid movie stars are rocketing to the skies, it would seem. Spencer Tracy received $5,000 for his Lux broadcast, and William Powell and Myrna Loy are reputed to have turned down $17,000 a week between them for thirteen weeks. No particular reason was given for their refusal to go on the air.

Still on the subject of radio . . . Claire Trevor is receiving $1,500 a broadcast for her role of sob sister with Edward G. Robinson, on the latter's weekly program. Ordinarily, a star under contract to a studio must turn over part of the check to that studio, for any stipend gained through an ether appearance. Claire refused to go on the air at all unless she got the whole check . . . and the studio finally agreed.

■ Dorothy Lamour, despite her calm and serious face, is one of the greatest ribbers in the film colony. During the filming of *Hurricane,* she nearly drove young Mr. Jon Hall to distraction by refusing to believe that he did his own high diving, claiming he used a double.

Now, Mr. Hall is from Tahiti and practically was born in the water. He was so incensed at the false accusation that at his own expense he had frames taken from the picture blown up to prove it really was he who did the diving.



When young Peter isn't in school, he does what he can to help sister Toby Wing in her career. Here he is holding the make-up kit while the actress gets ready for a scene in *Mr. Boggs Steps Out* in which she is featured with Stuart Erwin

Daintiness is IMPORTANT

This Beauty Bath Protects it...

STAR OF THE
20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"Second Honeymoon"



IT'S Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather that makes it such a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Skin is left smooth, delicately fragrant. No risk now of offending against daintiness—of spoiling romance! You feel refreshed, *sure* of being sweet from top to toe—and you *look* it!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP



The Calendar said:
"GIVE IN"
MIDOL
said: "GO ON!"



DON'T live in *dated* dread of periodic functional pain, or let the calendar regulate your activities. For doctors have discovered that severe or prolonged pain at such times is not natural to most women. And unless you have some organic disorder requiring a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other.

Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. So, get Midol and "carry on". Druggists have it *on the counter.* Handy purse-size tin, 50¢—and well worth it when periodic suffering *must* be relieved.



ON THE COUNTER AT DRUGSTORES



This is Eleanore Whitney's favorite chair for resting after a strenuous morning of dancing in Paramount's *Thrill of a Lifetime.* It is known as a "between scenes couch", and is supposed to be exceptionally restful

■ Trader Horn, Jr.—a pet shop on Hollywood Boulevard—rapidly is becoming one of the favorite stopping places of the film-famous. Or, we should say, the window outside the shop. There's a young chimpanzee inside, and he draws such stars as Joan Blondell, Michael Whalen, Richard Arlen and Charlie Farrell. Some of the autograph-hounds are getting wise to this, and constantly hover nearby.

■ Probably the most startling announcement to emanate from Hollywood during the month was the report that Greta Garbo and Leopold Stokowski would wed. There was no truth to the rumor, but nevertheless Garbo has been deluged with mail from all parts of the country, some for and many against such a union. Anyway, even if it were a publicity story—and we're not saying it was—it made good reading.

LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOODS

■ A feud started between Eleanor Holm, swimming champion, and Glenn Morris, world's decathlon champion, during the filming of *Tarzan's Revenge*—in which they co-star—when Glenn dumped Eleanor unceremoniously—as per script—into the mud. . . . Eleanor burned, and as she left for the east upon the film's completion, remarked to a newspaper interviewer, for publication. . . . "Glenn Morris is just a dumb athlete . . . luckily, he has only four lines to speak in the picture" . . . THERE, Mr. Morris. . . . The Lane sisters, Rosemary and Priscilla, have purchased a house, and—of ALL things—are painting the fence around it themselves. . . . Carole Lombard has taken up Skeet shooting . . . and speaking of guns . . . Humphrey Bogart is the only film-gangster not fearful of firearms, so tis said . . . all the other gangster-stars (and we're not mentioning names) are scared to death of the guns they handle, if you can believe all you hear, and we don't. . . . Charlie McCarthy and his pal, Edgar Bergen, now have taken to riding milk wagons of a dawning. . . . Joe Penner helped the soldiers at Sawtelle celebrate Armistice Day—and forget their pain—by putting on a one-man show. . . . Fannie Brice's daughter, Frances, is a dead-ringer for her famous mother . . . and from certain angles, Constance Bennett's stand-in looks exactly like the star . . . on the street, she's asked repeatedly for autographs. . . . Director William Keighley brought Beverly Roberts a bear cub when he returned from a six-weeks' location trip in northern California . . . both the Ernest Truexes and the Walter Pidgeons celebrated their seventh year of marital bliss recently . . . it looked like FAME ROW, at the big football game of the season, in Los Angeles . . . sitting in one row, and all with dark glasses on, were Cary Grant, Phyllis Brooks, Charlie Butterworth, Marian Marsh, Jimmy and Harry Ritz, and Spencer Tracy . . . hottest romance of the times is that of Cary and Phyllis Brooks . . . Cary swears he'll marry the gal, and it begins to look as though Phyllis might say okey-dokey . . . despite all rumors to varying effect, the Marian Marsh-Al Scott engagement still is very much on . . . rumors float, though, that Steffi Duna and John Carroll soon will part . . . asked what he wanted for Easter, little Rex Larbo Bell, three-year-old son of Clara Bow and Rex Bell, replied, "A live baby to play with" . . . and Clara and Rex announce that the youngster will get his wish some time early in the Spring . . . Wendy Barrie had the fright of her life when a fuse blew out as she was having

a permanent wave . . . she broke all records in getting out of the beauty shop . . . in her new picture, *Little Miss Roughneck*, Edith Fellows introduces the most novel tap dance to date . . . she does a hilarious "Hair Curler" routine, executed all over a beauty parlor while her hair is wrapped in permanent wave curlers . . . Alfalfa, crooning member of Our Gang, spit on a 1,500-watt electric globe, on the set, and it blew up . . . he was so terrified at the explosion—did YOU ever hear a 1,500-watt globe burst?—that he had to go home . . . Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney together again, after a spat that WAS a spat.

■ By mistake, Anita Louise turned her car into a dead-end street, and before she could back out the Hollywood Fire Department swung in after her, responding to a call to a nearby garage fire.

Thoroughly frightened, the actress was about to abandon her car when a husky fireman climbed in beside her and elbowed her over. "Lady, you're in the way," he said.

When they were clear of the fire zone and her rescuer had relinquished the wheel, he waved her on with the remark . . . "Let this be a warning to you, lady, to stop chasing fire engines." Anita nearly has hysterics when she tells this story on herself.

■ Fred Keating, featured in Bing Crosby's latest picture, *The Badge of Policeman O'Roon*, tried to sell the studio on using the title, *The Badge of Policeman O'Croon*. All right, the studio didn't think it so hot, either.

■ When she visited a friend's home near the Cumnock School for Girls in Los Angeles, Joan Crawford nearly was mobbed by several hundred of the students, who refused to allow her to depart until she had affixed her signature on more than two hundred books, envelops and everything else the girls carried on which might be written the star's name. Even the husky chauffeur couldn't get through to rescue his mistress.

■ Hollywood is going games-crazy, along with the rest of the country. Now that Handies and Knock-knock are out, games that Grandmother used to play are coming in.

Jean Arthur and her husband, Frank Ross, are inveterate Russian Bank addicts, while Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland can be glimpsed almost any night deep in thought over a session of Anagrams. Ernest Truex is the spelling champ and usually wins the Sunday Night Spelling Bee at the Westside Tennis Club.

Barbara Stanwyck and Marian Marsh prefer puzzles of a more intricate sort and Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone share Director Joe May's enthusiasm for Chess. As we reported last month, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond play Jackstraws at their parties, and more people are buying sets.

■ When Ernest Truex arrived in Hollywood fresh from the New York stage for his part in *The Adventures of Marco*

I'VE GOT A DATE!

SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP...IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

TO BE ALLURING, A GIRL JUST MUST KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY! THAT'S WHY I BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET, THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

HERE'S HOW CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS...ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR. AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN!

ALL EVENING LONG, THIS LOVELY PERFUME LINGERS...MAKES YOU FEEL SO SURE OF DAINTINESS!

NOW I SEE WHY CASHMERE BOUQUET IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!



NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

She Was Ashamed of Her Skinny Body!

But She Added 7 Flattering Pounds With 1st Bottle of Kelpamalt —Now Looks Fine, Feels Great!



Posed by Professional Model

Read This Actual Letter From Our Files

"Kelpamalt Company. Dear Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun-back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to Spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner.

Three cheers for Kelpamalt. The best beauty product on the market.—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me."

Kelpamalt has proven itself so effective as a weight and energy builder because it helps supply the iron, iodine and vitamins that are vitally necessary for you to get the real good out of your food. Your own doctor will approve this way. Costs but little to use and is sold at all good drug stores. And remember—your money back if you are not completely satisfied.

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How Thousands Have Built Strength, Energy and Added Lbs. Quickly. Mineral and Vitamin contents of food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1385, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

Polo, he was promptly talked into memberships in three tennis clubs, with all the de luxe trappings, racquets and all that goes with the game. Immersed in his picture work, however, he didn't find time to play even a single set until very recently, months after he landed in the film capital. After his first set, he sat down on the court and with paper and pencil figured what that one set had cost him. Including initiation fees, dues and all other expenses, it amounted to exactly $982.36! How's YOUR tennis?

CUPID'S REPORT

■ Katharine Hepburn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., working on adjoining sets at RKO, are continuing the friendship that started when they appeared together in *Morning Glory* . . . they're seen together frequently . . . so, too, Norma Shearer and David Niven . . . but it's not romance . . . Norma is interested only in her children, and David still cares for Merle Oberon . . . Michael Whalen finds the charms of Cecilia Parker TOO entrancing . . . looks like Joan Marsh and Charles Belden, the writer, will hum a wedding march as soon as he's divorced . . . while Lucille Ball—remembered in *Stage Door*—declares she's far too busy with her career to list to Director Al Hall's plea of marriage . . . despite that, they're seen together constantly . . . the two who get around the most, romantically, are Lana Turner and Jon Hall . . . Lana, besides going places with Jon, tours a bit with Buddy Westmore, Tim Holt and others . . . while Jon steps with Eleanor Powell, the Countess di Frasso, Helen Meinardi, the writer . . . and that isn't all . . . it's just a matter of time now before Suzanne Kaaren and Sidney Blackmer merge into one . . . Virginia Bruce will wed J. Walter Ruben, the director . . . another bride, too, will be Gloria Dickson, who marries Perc Westmore on June 8th . . . Ginger Rogers glimpsed riding the handlebars of Lee Bowman's bike . . . this begins to look serious . . . June Lang still faithful to A. C. Blumenthal . . . while former-hubby Vic Orsatti trips the night spots with one of June's dearest friends, Virginia Field . . . Anna May Wong and Philip Ahn attend the theatre together . . . ask Rodin Rathbone, Basil's youngster, what he thinks of Olivia de Havilland . . . and if you'd like to see Olivia blush, repeat the question about Rodin . . . when he's not with Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs seems to find Diane Lewis' blue eyes unusually interesting to gaze into . . . Judith Allen taking time off from her suit against the Dodge heiress to dine and dance with Director Eddie Sutherland . . . and Rosalind Russell suddenly has discovered that Jimmy Stewart, on the same lot with her for the past two years, is a swelegant fella to know . . . Rudy says "No," but those in the K-no say Mister Vallee is muchly smitten with Gloria Youngblood, the Indian maid . . . Gordon Oliver taking out Kay Stammers, the tennis gal, now . . . it's a contest between Joseph M. Schenck, the producer, and Director William Wyler for the smiles of Mary Maguire, the Australian cutie of the large, pool-like eyes . . . Lola Lane finding Johnny Machio, actor's agent, a gent with a smooth line . . . and Rosina Lawrence that way about another agent, Lew Golder.

■ When you least expect it, up pops a story about Constance Bennett's goodness. Here's the gal's latest good deed, and it throws a new light upon the many times-accused Bennett.

Learning that her young son's nursemaid, Lillian Rinbault, hadn't seen her parents in England in nine years, Connie gave the girl a six weeks' holiday abroad, with all expenses paid. Top that, if you can.

■ Connie is starring in *Merrily We Live,* a Hal Roach comedy, with Brian Aherne . . . and that set is the most rollicking in town. Miss Bennett is letting herself go for the first time in this funfest, and you'll be seeing a new Constance, very vital and very much alive. She's progressed to the point that she's revelling in the "double-take," and to watch her do this comedy trick is sumpin. Lily Pons, too, went into this, in her new picture.

■ Alan Mowbray plays a butler who fancies himself quite a tap dancer, in this production. It's to be one of those insane roles for which Mowbray is noted. The first day on the set, as he was about to go into a scene before the camera, he held up his hand for attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, solemnly, "this is a very historic moment in my life. It is the first scene I've ever taken under contract to a studio." Then, with a mock bow . . . "Let the picture proceed."

During the years he has been in Hollywood, Mowbray has always free-lanced, stoutly refusing to sign with any one studio for a term. Hal Roach finally prevailed upon him to give up this lone wolf idea, though, so now he's entering upon a long-term contract for the first time in his career.

■ Now in pictures again, Ken Murray, the radio artist, is in a quandary. He's constantly being confused with Feg Murray, the cartoonist, and Lin Murray, the studio dance director. But that isn't all . . . a fan has just written him that he considers him the finest rider on the screen.

At first, Ken couldn't get this. Then . . . the meaning became quite clear, upon re-reading the letter. The fan had taken him for . . . KEN MAYNARD!

■ In his library, Neil Hamilton has six bound volumes of old theatre programs. And on each are certain notations, jotted down by him when he saw the play years ago.

When he was trying out for the stage, Neil spent most of his money going to the theatre, and studying both plays and actors. It was his custom to write his own critical reactions on the program of that particular offering.

In going through one of the volumes recently, he came upon the program of

[*Continued on page* 58]

Winners in the "Santa Claus" Contest!



Here is Jane Withers at the keyboard of the piano which is the first prize in her Christmas Contest, giving a holiday smile to the clever winners

■ There were so many thousands of clever letters with so many good suggestions of stories for Jane Withers to play on the screen that the judges had a hard time picking winners. They finished the task by wishing that prizes could be given to every single entry!

The editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, the judges and Jane, herself, all join in saying, "Sorry you lost and thank you for your interest" to those who did not get prizes and in congratulating the lucky winners.

■ The first prize, a piano like the one shown above goes to little Elsa Merliti, 157 East York Street, Akron, Ohio. The second prize, a radio, goes to Winifred Larder, 442 Lake Ave., Lynhurst, N. J. Consolation prizes for their excellent letters have been sent to: Dolores Donovan, 715 McKewin Ave., Baltimore, Md.; Katherine Lowery, 579 Lumiere St., Akron, Ohio; Lois Wallack, 2210 Mt. Royal Terrace, Balto, Md.; Mary Strowbridge, Box 634, Chiloquin, Oregon; Jane Rushin, 2793 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, Ga.; Betty Lou Lehman, 406 Batavia St., Toledo, Ohio; Mildred Russin, 92 Mercer St., Wallington, N. J.; Dorothy Cravens, 320 Temple Pl., Westfield, N. J.; Marjorie Tucker, P. O. Box 933, Anaconda, Montana, and Irene Winters, 202 W. 11th St., Claremore, Okla.



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WINTER is a grand old fellow—*when you get to know him!* Give Greyhound the pleasure of introducing you—where winter smiles in health-giving sunshine on gay Florida beaches, along the warm Gulf Coast, through the romantic Southwest, or in colorful California. Famous modern Super-Coaches are miracles of smooth riding—healthfully heated and ventilated. You can go one route, return another at no extra fare—and at big savings over other transportation.

Can't spare time for a southern vacation? *No matter!* Winter in the snow zone becomes a friendly season when Greyhound trips are scheduled. Visits to family or friends, or trips to exhilarating winter sports will be warm, safe, scenic. So, break the spell of the cold season with pleasant, low-cost trips by Greyhound.

The GREYHOUND LINES

FREE—ROTO SECTION ALL ABOUT WINTER VACATIONS

Mail this coupon to nearest information office (listed above) for any one of these you desire: Rotogravure section, filled with gay photos of FLORIDA, GULF COAST, AND NEW ORLEANS ☐. Bright pictorial folders, "CALIFORNIA, ALL THE WEST" ☐, "ACROSS AMERICA, THROUGH COLORFUL SOUTHWEST" ☐. Please check the one you wish. If you want complete information on any special trip, jot down place you wish to visit, on margin below.

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HALT THAT COLD!

Give It No Chance to Develop!

A cold is nothing to toy with. It may quickly develop into something else, more serious.

Treat a cold promptly. Treat it seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection!*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (LBQ tablets) are what you want to take!

First of all, they are a real cold medicine, made expressly for colds and nothing else.

Secondly, they are internal medication.

Fourfold Effect!

Working internally, Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things to "knock" a cold.

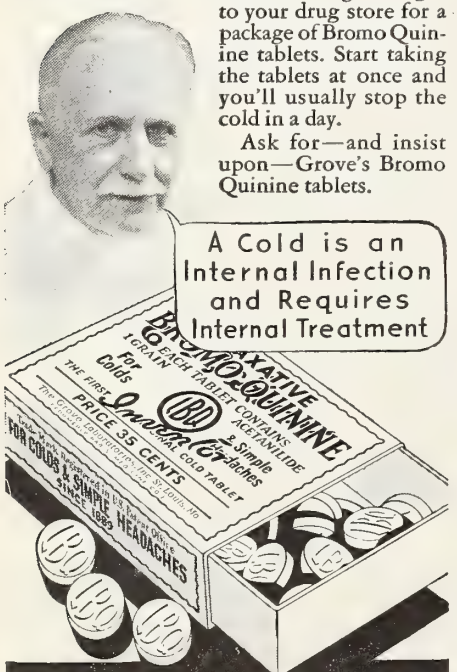
1. They open the bowels.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

Act Wisely!

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. They are sold by all drug stores, a few cents a box.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, do the wise thing. Go right to your drug store for a package of Bromo Quinine tablets. Start taking the tablets at once and you'll usually stop the cold in a day.

Ask for—and insist upon—Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets.



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Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio!
NBC Blue Network. Mon. & Thurs. 8-8:15 p.m. EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-10:15 p.m. EST.

Tommy on the Spot

Tom Sawyer had a fighting chance to play hookey, but Tom Kelly hasn't a chance in the world at it, and you'll have a hard time guessing the reason

By TOM FAIRCHILD

Tom Sawyer never played hookey from school.

No matter how much you and Mark Twain may disagree, this is the unadulterated truth. For Tom Sawyer, 1937 movie edition, is a youngster named Tommy Kelly, fresh from the Bronx, who would rather be a Notre Dame football hero than a film star.

Tommy Kelly didn't get a break when his dad was forced to go on the WPA rolls. Mr. Michael Kelly, you see, was officially listed as a social case worker. But Tommy will tell you that's a lot of bologna and a smoke screen to boot. His pop, title or no title, was a truant officer. And you never caught his son playing hookey from school to go fishing.

Look at Tommy's freckled, honest Irish face and you know instantly he would like to be the living, spittin' image of the guy whose role he plays. And you wonder how Dave Selznick, the film producer, managed to find Tommy in a Bronx schoolhouse, when there are millions of other kids in this meandering country of ours.

Naturally, a man's first impulse would be to search the hills of Missouri for Tom Sawyer, and to pick a kid from the scene of Mark Twain's classics. I don't know whether Mr. Selznick tried that or not. He did test hundreds of youngsters before he got around to Tommy Kelly, and after that it didn't matter. This polite little city feller is aces. One look at him and



Here is the famous fence-painting scene from *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* with Tommy Kelly promoting his first victim, played by little Philip Hurloc

you know Tom Sawyer has been found. Indubitably. Beyond question.

■ Tommy was just one of the boys in St. Raymond's school in east Bronx one day last spring. This tousle-head had one distinctive thing about him, though. He was the pupil who opened the door when somebody knocked, and stood politely aside to let the visitor enter the classroom.

That is exactly what he did when one of Mr. Selznick's talent scouts walked into the room last spring. The gentleman in question had cast his orbs at a lot of typical American boys. In this very school he had already picked out two candidates, talked with them, and rejected them.

Then he got a squint at Tommy. That was enough. The Father who accompanied the talent scout beckoned Tommy to join them. Thoroughly mystified—a state which continued for many weeks to come —Tommy followed them from the room.

"When I took a note home with me from the Father, explaining what it was all about, my folks still didn't believe it was true," Tommy said. He was talking to me in one of the Selznick Hollywood offices —talking fast and willingly. There must have been a reason for all this cooperation, but at the moment the answer wasn't apparent.

"Of course, I hadn't gotten the role yet. First they took me over to Brooklyn to make a screen test. Boy, that was something. I wasn't really excited, I don't think. Fact is, I got tired of waiting. Dad and I got there at nine in the morning. It was awfully cold. We waited in a hot room until four that afternoon before I made the test, and I wasn't scared. But a cold draught kept blowing in, and I told dad it was cold.

"By the time we got back home I had lost my voice. I still don't think it was because I was scared. It was that cold draught. For three days I could hardly whisper. One day, just after mother had called the doctor, I tried to hum. It worked. By this time I figured if I could hum, I could talk, too. When the doctor arrived, I began talking. Ma was pretty sore. She thought this movie stuff had gone to my head and I was acting like a prima donner."

■ When Tommy talks like this, he gets very animated. I wondered about this extreme willingness to "give." And the answer finally wiggled out. The publicity office had told him the quickest way to end an interview is to speak freely. And on this particular occasion, Tommy was awfully anxious to get over to the park in Culver City where a bunch of the boys were playing football.

So the two of us wandered over to the park together, Tommy on his new bicycle which had a glistening speedometer on it and a tiny city license plate.

Over the handlebars he carried a football helmet given to him by Al Howard, a Notre Dame football star of 1928 or so, and a brand new collegiate football. And as we meandered along the street, the rest of the story came out.

Tommy and his father came to Holly-



But were they?... It's a girl's own fault when she offends with underarm odor...

Poor Marion—to have overheard such talk! Ann had said: "Heaven knows why Marion *thinks* she doesn't perspire. Wearing a woolen dress should put *anybody* wise!" And Jane added, "Mr. Wilson's bound to notice, and he won't stand for underarm odor in *any* of us girls!"

Poor Marion? *Lucky* Marion, really. Otherwise she might have gone on for years thinking that a bath alone could keep her safe from odor.

It's no reflection on your bath that underarms need special care. Even when you don't *visibly* perspire, odor quickly comes. But not if you use Mum. Mum prevents odor *before it starts,* makes it impossible to offend this way.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Winter's hot rooms and warm clothes hold no worries if you always use Mum. A dab in the morning, and you're still fresh at night.

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin. Mum does *not* stop healthful perspiration.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Mum will not harm fabrics—apply it even *after* you're dressed. With Mum, you'll never risk your job... never risk offending those you want for friends.

SMART GIRLS NEVER TRUST A BATH TOO LONG



Avoid embarrassment— *Thousands of girls use Mum for SANITARY NAPKINS because they know it's SAFE, SURE.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

NEWS FLASH!



Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N.Y.–(U.P.)–When a man looks into a woman's face the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

Courtesy: United Press and Milwaukee Journal



Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

wood for further screen tests around Easter time. But it was almost two months later before he was definitely slated for the role, and the picture went into production.

Jackie Moran had been selected as Huckleberry Finn, Ann Gillis as Becky Thatcher, and May Robson as Aunt Polly. When the picture actually got under way, Mother Kelly moved out of the $28 a month apartment in the Bronx and came west with Tommy's 17-year-old brother, John, and his kid sister. Tommy, by the way, is just 12. Two older brothers work in the east.

After Director Norman Taurog got acquainted with this very polite, very boyish youngster, he felt sure that *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* was going to be a very successful adventure for the Selznick house as well. The final results sustain his opinion. And Tommy has been labeled a definite "find."

■ You can talk to a boy and like him, you can make a successful movie actor of him, but the only way you can prove whether he is a "real guy" or not, is to see how he gets along with other youngsters his own age. That's why Tommy and I went over to the impromptu football game.

Most of the youngsters at the park were from St. Augustine's school, where Tommy is continuing his education. They were not, as a whole, the parlor type of boys. They played rough and had no respect for fame.

Tommy's arrival precipitated a near riot. Both "teams" began arguing who would get Tommy. He tossed his new football to them with a grin and unconcernedly began changing shoes.

"One side—that gang over there—are called the Dames," Tommy explained. Then, when he saw a look of amusement on my face, he hastily added, "That's no sissy stuff. Both teams wanted to be called Notre Dame. So they just split the word up and now everybody is satisfied."

The Notres finally won the argument, and Tommy went in to play end. He worked hard and intently at the job. Some day he would like to go to Notre Dame and play end. After he gets out of school he would like to be a baseball player. Movies? Well, he's already in them, isn't he? So what? The baseball field is a great career in the eyes of this fair-skinned youngster.

As it turned out, the football game was something of a debacle. The Notres knocked the you-know-what out of the Dames. Tommy did neither very good nor very bad in the game. He missed some tackles that would make Knute Rockne turn over in his grave. But he passed the ball better than anyone else on the team, and he was pretty good at catching it, too.

The main thing was the way he got along with his pals. Some of them were Italians with names almost as long as some of the Polish youngsters. A study of their line-up would have given a definite Notre Dame-ish touch to the proceedings. Two Irishmen in all. The rest of them unpronounceable.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

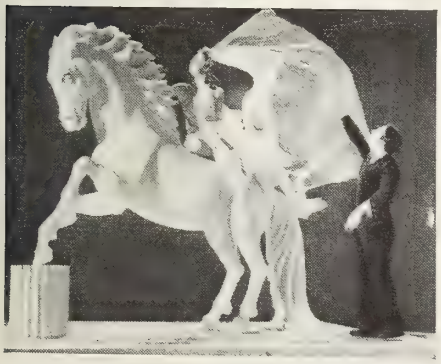
When Tommy wants to he can outpleasantry Freddie Bartholomew, but he can fight if necessary, just to prove that his good manners are no indication of weakness.

Out there on that football field Tommy tackled hard, and this was a game without a referee and troublesome rules. Occasionally a stiff-arm resolved itself into a slug. Then there would be an argument, and almost a fight. Only the fact that the game was more interesting than a slugfest prevented a fair-to-middling riot. Tommy Kelly was just as much in the middle of it as any other guy. The only thing was that he never had a chip on his shoulder. Besides, most of the boys were a year or two older and a touch larger.

In this particular game, Tommy had one chance for immortality. The Dames were trying a pass. The ends moved out fast. Tommy stepped back instead of rushing the passes. It was a great move. Out of the sky the pigskin moved straight and sure for his outstretched arms. In front of him was a wide open field, and a twenty yard sprint for a cinch touchdown. Perhaps Tommy saw all this at a glance, and the thought may have been too much for him. The ball came down, slithered through his outbound arms, and rolled away on the grass. To mix jargons a bit, Tommy had, like Casey at the bat, struck out.

Whatever happens to him on the football fields of the future is something only time can tell. His success as a film personality is already an accepted fact. And because Tommy can't help being a regular guy with his pals, it seems equally certain that Tommy will be a success as a human being.

If he should possibly slip a bit now and then, his dad will brace him up. Michael Kelly is no longer a truant officer. He now wears a neat uniform and is addressed as Officer Kelly of the studio police department. "Mike" has always thought it more important to be a well-liked person than a bank president. And that will continue to go for his tousle-haired kid just as much in the future as it has in the past.



One of the most spectacular scenes in *The Goldwyn Follies* is the "Water Nymph" number. Here is Ballet Master George Balanchine instructing Vera Zorina, premiere ballerina, how to handle her costume before the wind machines

"I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT KISS!"



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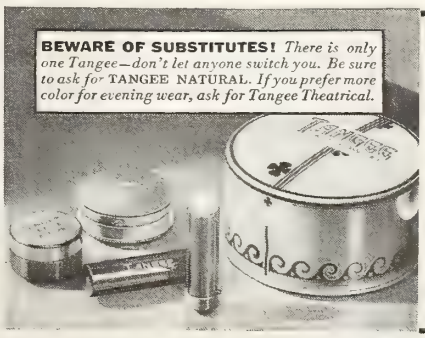
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Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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and LAUGHS AND KISSES! and MUSIC AND MISSES!

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RUTH TERRY • DOUGLAS FOWLEY

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who directed "Sing, Baby, Sing" • "One In A Million" • "Thin Ice" • "Wake Up and Live"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur
From a story by Art Arthur

Seven hot-and-hissing songs including GORDON & REVEL'S LATEST HITS:
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ROBIN HOOD IN HOLLYWOOD

If the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest came to Hollywood, he might have some difficulty in pursuing his famous policy

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ "It's a bright, sunny afternoon such as we always have in Southern California," said Errol Flynn, ignoring a handful of clouds which as forerunners of the rainy season floated near the hills, "and down the Boulevard comes Robin Hood. He's blinking his eyes, because it's forever drizzling in Sherwood Forest, England, where he comes from, and he can't get used to daylight. But that isn't all he can't get used to, in Hollywood."

Robin Hood in Hollywood! There's where the talk had turned to what the doughty English champion of the unfortunate would do if he actually were in the cinema capital instead of just in the film that Warner Brothers has lately made of him. Errol Flynn considered the notion, eyes smiling, as he dropped into the studio commissary for a cup of coffee between the final indoor "takes" of the picture.

It should have been a cup of sack or a flagon of nut brown ale, if you wanted to stay historic, but you know what studio workaday rules are. Robin Hood never drank coffee. Eight hundred years ago, neither coffee nor tea was known outside the Far East and people in England, poor souls, had nothing to drink but liquor.

■ Fresh from eight weeks on *The Adventures of Robin Hood* location at Chico in Northern California, Errol was back with a tan as deep as the Sherwood outlaw ever had, an equal ability to shinny up oak trees, and a four-foot wildcat killed with his bow and arrow. After several months of practice, Flynn's as good with a bow and arrow as Cupid; better, because he doesn't miss so often. He slew that wildcat, right out in the woods, with the first arrow he'd ever aimed at anything but a stationary target.

"Immediately, the thing that gets him," Flynn mused, thinking of Robin Hood in Hollywood, "is how to redistribute the wealth. You know, Robin and his merrie men took it away from the rich and gave it to the poor.

"Well, he goes up to a modest looking flivver with a girl at the wheel in simple, unpretentious clothes—no brocade or ermine—and he tries to shower her with gold and jewels. Say, he tries to give her a scarfpin he's requisitioned from some wealthy dialogue writer and a dollar bill he took away from a realtor.

"So? So he finds it's Kay Francis, who has money enough in the bank, outside which she's parked, to buy Robin Hood and his entire collection of merrie men with perhaps the Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham thrown in. She doesn't want his gold and jewels. She says: 'Scat, before I call a policeman.'

■ "Policemen are no novelty to that chap, but he departs in great embarrassment and glimpses in the distance a snowy-haired mendicant in ragged clothes who looks as if he hadn't eaten in a fortnight. When Robin tries to thrust his benevolence upon him, the mendicant turns out to be Lionel Barrymore or Paul Muni or some other aristocrat of the screen made up for a picture role at heaven knows how much per week, and the lines of starvation have just been put on him by a make-up expert. [*Continued on page* 45]



Errol Flynn draws his long bow and lets fly some barbed shafts from his imagination at Hollywood as Robin Hood might see it

IT'S STARS, IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS, IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT



Directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY

Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley · Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo
Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer · A First National Picture

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

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GLENDA FARRELL • JOHNNIE DAVIS

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HEAR
Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks
Let That Be A Lesson To You
I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star
I'm Like A Fish Out Of Water
Silhouetted In The Moonlight

Directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macaulay. Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo. Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer. A First National Picture

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The magic of the microphone becomes the miracle of the movies

WARNER BROS.



Can this be our sunny Joan? More than once during the making of *Mannequin* she turned this hostile glance at Spencer Tracy

It's Undeclared War!

No formal declaration ever was made, but the exchange of bright barbed quips was fast and furious when the stars let temperament get the better of diplomacy

By TED MAGEE

■ "You know I love you more than anything in the world, don't you darling?"

Spencer Tracy pressed Joan Crawford close to him and gazed fervently into her eyes. The kiss that followed was one of those things that makes Crawford admirers feel their hearts go flippety-flop from coast to coast—and that's a pretty big flop for the best of them.

"Okay, that's swell," Director Frank Borzage said to everyone on the *Mannequin* set as he reached in his pocket for his pipe and turned away for a smoke. But those standing close to Joan and Spencer suddenly found reason to think things were about as okay as the middle of Shanghai.

Joan was still whispering to Spencer. "Pretty good kissing you think, huh? I'm probably the only one on the set who doesn't think you're another Valentino."

Spencer was ready for that one, for he replied, "Your lipstick looks all right but it doesn't taste so good. Thank God there aren't any retakes."

An unholy light sparkled in the Crawford eyes. Ignoring his remarks she rejoined, "Come along, dear. There's a sur-

prise awaiting you without." The two of them walked off the set arm in arm, but still their eyes had more daggers in them than the whole Chinese army and the Afghans thrown in for good measure. Joan smiled mysteriously and said, "This, darling Spencer, is a tribute to your ego."

They swung around the corner and suddenly in front of them was Spencer's portable dressing room decorated with more colored lights than a Hollywood premiere.

"Very pretty," he said humbly, his eyes filling with non-existent mist, "and it bears the deft touch of a Crawford interior decorating scheme. Is it Christmas or do you merely go crazy over reds and greens?" he questioned.

What Spencer found inside the dressing room was more to the point than anything yet. Joan had had it decorated with huge stars of glistening silver, and twenty or thirty large photos of Tracy in various poses.

"You love yourself so much," she whispered gently, "that I thought this would do you a world of good. Now you can relax and see how very wonderful you really are."

■ One day of this on a Hollywood set is enough to make any movieland gossip writer dull his pencil if not his wits. This was war of the Hollywood kind, and it was being done in the modern manner —without open declaration.

From the very first of the picture, Director Frank Borzage realized that all was not quiet on the *Mannequin* front, on the first day Spencer seemed a trifle cool and aloof. That alone was enough to make people buzz with comment. He was very polite and formal, and the twinkle in his eye hinted of mischief to come. Joan was not slow to take her cue. By the end of the first week, people visited the set with avid ears, anxious to get in on what they considered possibly the best Hollywood feud in many months.

The first open break of relations was made by Spencer himself. During a lull in one of their love scenes, Spencer brought out a large batch of photos. They were of himself and Louise Rainer. Haughtily, Joan refused to look. Instead, she sent her maid for photos of Joan with Clark Gable. The next half hour went by with Tracy lauding Rainer to the skies and Joan going overboard about Gable.

The next morning Joan was on the set early and the company was ready to go at nine o'clock. Cameras had been set up, lights tilted to the right angle, and props put in proper place. Joan was in make-up and standing around with Borzage.

Five minutes later Spencer came breezing in, wearing the proper clothes, for the day's shooting schedule. He tossed his hat in a corner and rushed for a mirror to see if he was ready to shoot.

Joan complained to Borzage: "That man Tracy is holding up the company again."

Spencer ignored the crack, but hastened to the set. An hour later Spencer caught Joan before the mirror primping up and commented, "Don't bother combing your hair, dearie. Nobody is going to look at it anyway."

■ One day, after a particularly tense scene in a little peasant shack, Joan remarked, "Mr. Borzage, can't you do something with this man?"

"What's the trouble?" Borzage inquired.

"Well, he's trying to act like a movie star," she said icily, with a strange smile on her face. "I guess he's been reading his publicity stuff again."

Spencer jutted his jaw out invitingly. "That remark," he said, "is an obvious display of temperament. Actresses who are sure of themselves seldom bother to be temperamental. Obviously, now that she sings a little bit, she considers herself a prima donna."

■ In the days that followed *Mannequin* got more publicity than the publicity department had hoped for in its fondest dreams. These two stars daily were putting on a show which was gathering reams of attention. Unconsciously, perhaps, they were conducting their own publicity campaign.

Even Borzage himself laughed openly while they were doing a dance scene which showed Spencer and Joan on the floor of a night club. The scene called for Spencer to dance with her and then suddenly walk away with his face full in the camera. Some technical trouble occurred, and Spencer walked out of the scene showing only his profile.

"We'll have to take it again," Borzage said. "Next time be sure you look at the camera."

Joan didn't miss the opportunity. "He hasn't failed to have his face full in the camera during this entire picture," she said sweetly. "And this obviously is no time for him to be breaking his record as a camera-hogger."

Spence whipped back with a fairly appropriate remark. "You know," he said to everybody present, "it has been an amazing experience to work with a high class thief. I never saw anyone steal as many scenes as she has. Boy, is she cold-hearted!"

■ One of the biggest laughs came one day after Spencer had shown up on the set almost fifteen minutes late. He had come in from playing polo and had been so interested in his game that he had forgotten what time it was. Joan had shown no apparent interest in his arrival.

"Hm-m-m," thought Spencer, "the little gal must be weakening. She didn't have a crack to make. Well, I got away with that one."

But he didn't. The next day when he arrived on the set, an office boy presented him with a large and important looking package. When he opened it he found he had been given a sun dial. The donor's name was absent, but Joan's grin was a fair admission of guilt.

"Turn on the lights," Spencer said, "and make 'em real bright in this corner. I want the dope who gave me this to tell me what time it is."

■ Two things usually distinguish the Crawford set. Between the "takes" there is always music from a phonograph, and Joan [*Continued on page* 37]



And can this be our gentle Spencer. Yes, indeedy, just in the middle of writing an ultimatum to his fellow player

Hollywood Star Styles





Lola Lane is wearing an in-between seasons suit which is distinguished by a number of new notes. The material is grege tweed in a diagonal weave, trimmed with dark brown Persian lamb. The beret is of antelope and Persian

The very full skirt is cut in gores which emphasize fullness at the back. The jacket is the new short length, wide-shouldered and close fitted through the waist. The roomy bag is made of the same tweed as the suit, even to the covered handles

DOLLARS ARE MONEY

BUT

SO ARE DIMES



Hollywood Boulevard is not very long, but it is a street of striking contrasts as the Misses Greenback and Dime discovered when they came to town

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

Illustrations by McGowan Miller

■ This is a parable that goes to prove a most delightful fact: that whether you possess a great deal of money or whether your financial muscles ache from stretching to make ends meet, you can have a heck of a good time in Hollywood. If your pocketbook is slim, your chances of enjoying yourself are still fat. If your pocketbook is robust, the sky's the limit.

This, then, is the parable of the Dollar and the Dime:

■ Gertrude Greenback dodges her two bodyguards and roars down from Santa Barbara to do a day's shopping and go on a little spree of her own in Hollywood. The same day, Diana Dime, whose father is the proud but frayed editor of the Burgville Weekly Clarion, lands in Hollywood for the same two purposes. The two girls never meet; nevertheless, both do the same type of shopping, see the same things, enjoy the same entertainment.

Now, put on your gumshoes and come along with me and we'll stalk them up and down Hollywood boulevard. It has everything but a shooting gallery! The Main Street of the World!

The girls pass safely by those signs, found at all entrances to the city, imploring the unwary tourist to buy maps for 50 cents showing the locations of the motion picture stars' homes. These signs are chaperoned by languid individuals who, for a dollar more, will conduct you personally on the tour. That is, if *you* have a car. The girls have cars, but they are wary. After parking them in an all-day parking lot (10 cents), they proceed on foot with us after them.

One of the most interesting shops in Hollywood is The Indian Store, across the street from the famous Hollywood Hotel. Here are childrens' rings for 35 cents; Navajo rugs for $125; bracelets inlaid with turquoise for $75; copper bracelets for $2.75 which are sold to arthritis sufferers; beaded belts for $85 and moccasins, painted idols and baskets. Most of these articles are made by an extremely capable but silent Indian named Homevantewa, who, influenced by Hollywood's passion for name changing, calls himself Homer Vance. Gertrude Greenback buys a Navajo rug, and Diana Dime invests in a copper bracelet for Aunt Emily.

■ They pass a fur shop featuring a lone and elegant mink coat in its oh! so exclusive window and which is flanked on either side by a 35 cent Chop Suey restaurant and an expensive antique shop. Gertrude stops next at the Biltmore Florists and wires a small $15 corsage to an engaged friend, while Diana buys a lovely gardenia (10 cents) from the small flower stand on the curb nearby.

Gertrude calls a cab to take her down the boulevard to Reginald Denny's fascinating hobby shop where miniature airplanes, trains and automobiles with real engines can be purchased by a fat purse, and Diana goes into one of the three 5 and 10 cent stores to buy a game of Jackstones for her small sister for a nickel. It is in these stores that Harold Lloyd goes crazy every Christmas, trying to buy everything in sight. He loves 'em. Jacks, by the way, is the latest Hollywood fad, and the shrieks of laughter shaking the stars' roofs these evenings are occasioned by fast and furious games with the little ball and bits of metal.

Opposite Sandra Shaw's shop, where Gary Cooper's wife sells good-looking slacks and play suits for a dollar, is a brassiere factory. On the corner is an elegant gas station, where gasoline sells from 13-9/10 cents to 20 cents a gallon. Opposite is a wagon heaped with oranges . . . three dozen for a quarter.

Diana buys a shirt for her brother for 75 cents in the Army and Navy store, and Gertrude orders a $25 creation for her father from the London Shirt Shop.

■ Hunger now overcomes the girls. Gertrude goes to Sardi's and toys with fresh Beluga Caviar, unsalted, $2.00; some hearts of artichokes with anchovies, $.85, and a casserole of mushrooms, $1.10. Of course, the food is delicious, and she sees Jackie Coogan with Betty Grable; Eddie Cantor, Kay Francis and Charles Chaplin. But Diana goes to a place just as interesting . . . one of the several five and ten cent eating places. This particular one is called Bradley's. It has a bar half a block long, behind which presides the tallest liquor jerker in the world. He is eight feet, six inches tall, and is named Hank. For 15 cents, Diana gets an Hawaiian Gin Fizz, and for a nickel she has a smoked salmon sandwich and a small pot of beans. Bradley's also serves the best Mulligan stew in town—a large wooden bowl of it for 10 cents, and what they call a Gigantic, for 20 cents. This consists of a pound of hamburger cooked in pure olive oil, a half loaf of Italian bread, and a basket of shoestring potatoes. And it's all [*Continued on page* 40]



Yankee Squire

When Robert Taylor was in England making *A Yank at Oxford*, he lived in a fifteenth century farmhouse near High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, and, when he was not busy at the studio, enjoyed the life of a country squire. Here are some of the pictures he brought back. At the top of the page you see him in cap and gown which he wears in his British film. 1. One of the thoroughbreds from his rented stables seems to be making a confidential request. 2. What do you want? An autograph? 3. Oh, you want a spot of oats! 4. Hey, one at a time! 5. Off for an early ride before reporting to the studio

1



2



3



4



5



Another Happy Ending

She was going to practice only fifteen minutes, but when the Ice Queen happens on a new routine, she doesn't take orders from time

By E. J. SMITHSON

If you think Sonja Henie's life is a bed of ice shavings; if you entertain the quaint notion that this blonde, streamlined, very pretty *One In A Million* Norwegian girl who recently skated her way over *Thin Ice* straight into the hearts of motion picture fans is satisfied with perfection—what we mean is, if you believe that this naive, blue-eyed gjirl from the fjords and fjields of the cold north country has only to strap on her skates, skim out on the ice and without so much as a second try go through all those amazing routines with the grace and lightness of a bird on the wing, you're very much in error.

We've lent no attentive ear to the rumor that Sonja cut her baby teeth on a pair of skates. But it may be true. Neither have we lent an attentive ear to the rumor that Sonja was cjutting on the ijce-cjovered fjords before she was able to walk from papa to mama. For all we know that may be true, too. Somehow we hope it is.

But despite her early introduction to the slippery blades, and the years of practice that followed, despite the fact that she can walk and dance better with skates than most girls can without, Sonja is still a veritable slave to her art. She still takes her skating as seriously as she did when winning her Olympic medals. You saw her float about the rink in intricate and rhythmical patterns in *One In A Million* and in *Thin Ice*—movements as lyrical as poetry—and no doubt they seemed as easy as falling off the proverbial log. The graceful succession of hazardous cross-foot spins, the sudden whirls, stops, inside rockers, outside counters and so on and on that won such applause looked easy only because they were the result of a precise co-ordination between brain and muscles.

Sonja didn't say it in exactly those words, but that's what she meant the other day when we had the honor of being the only visitor ever permitted to watch her rehearse a skating routine. *Happy Ending*, her new picture, was only three days in production.

"The first day," smiled Sonja, "they called it *Bread, Butter, and Rhythm.* I spent seven hours earning my bread and butter, but getting no rhythm. The second day the title was changed to *Hot and Happy*—and after another seven hours on my skates I was hot, but far from being happy. Today I learned that the picture is to be called *Happy Ending*, and I hope I can say that to my skating numbers. But I still have to practice. You come and watch."



Stage 15, save for a light or two, was as dark and as cold as a banker's heart when we arrived. Sonja's mother, a fine skater in her own right and to whom, by the way, should go much of the credit for her daughter's success, sat with us at the edge of the small rink. Frances Deaner of the 20th Century-Fox publicity department came in and joined us.

Suddenly a phonograph began wheezing away at a dance number. Four young fellows, with long black velvet capes over their shoulders, came onto the rink and as the phonograph record went 'round and 'round, they went 'round and 'round, too. It was all very pretty, but not very exciting. Miss Deaner called for three blankets and before you could say Jack Robinson, Jr., a prop boy had them wrapped around us. And very handy to have, they were too, for by that time Stage 15 was *colder* than a banker's heart. No fooling!

Then Sonja, clad in an abbreviated white silk costume, glided up to us, a friendly little apparition all smiles and enthusiasm.

"No more than fifteen minutes practice today," Mama Henie cautioned her, "or you'll be stiff when the cameras come to shoot."

Sonja's answer to that was an "Okeh, Mama," as she scooted away to circle the rink in a limbering-up exercise that was very pleasant to watch, indeed.

The four boys kept moving about slowly, their long black capes billowing out like sails. Harry Losee, the dance director of the picture, came in wrapped up in a fur overcoat. Mrs. Henie repeated to him what she had said to Sonja about the length of practice and Harry said, "Okeh, Mrs. Henie," and went into a huddle with Sonja who kept nodding her pretty blonde head in what seemed to be a friendly argument about what she was supposed to do. The phonograph began wheezing again. Losee said, "Let's go!" and the practice began with Mama Henie in the role of parental time-keeper. You knew, without asking, that fifteen minutes to her meant exactly fifteen minutes and no more. What we're driving at is that, in her own quiet way, Mrs. Henie was the boss of the situation so far as her daughter's practice was concerned.

We forgot the cold as we watched Sonja skate through a score of breath-taking ice patterns. [*Continued on page* 33]



For the first time in several years, John Barrymore will have top billing when he and W. C. Fields shine forth as stars of Paramount's *Things Begin To Happen.* At the left, the two great actors, overwhelmed with the dignity of their positions pose quietly for the nice cameraman. But, on the right, professional jealousy drives them to a duel of grimaces at two inches . . . just a couple of Mr. Hydes mesmerizing each other. Barrymore is seen currently in *True Confession* and Fields is in *The Big Broadcast of 1938*

BARRYMORE MAKES A TRUE CONFESSION

Admitting that he worried far more when he was a star than lately, the brilliant actor regards return to stardom at Paramount with some mixed emotions

By CHARLES DARNTON

They're dusting off his old throne for that king of actors, John Barrymore. This royal housecleaning is no state secret. But only an esoteric few in Hollywood know the power behind the throne, once abdicated much in the manner of that other which has gone crashing down into world history. For back of it all, naturally enough, is a woman. No, not the woman you may be quick to guess. She who has wrought the inevitable Restoration is none other than that rare and lovely presence known as Carole Lombard.

And here, my lords and ladies, is the biggest-hearted story ever to come out of ordinarily ungrateful Hollywood.

But to understand it fully we first must go back to the turning point of the career of The Actress Who Didn't Forget. Fittingly, that time was marked by *Twentieth Century.* It was then, some two years ago, that Miss Lombard told me:

"Playing with John Barrymore in *Twentieth Century* taught me more about acting than I had learned from all my other work in motion pictures. It proved to be the most valuable experience of my whole life. Likewise it was the happiest surprise. I had heard so much about the Barrymore temperament and how difficult he was to work with that I was dreadfully afraid of him before we started the picture. Then I was astounded to find him a wonderful help. He was so generous that in some of the hectic scenes, where he easily could have completely submerged me, he played so that I had even more than my share. I only hope the day may come when I can do something to show my everlasting gratitude."

That day came when Queen Carole, reigning at Paramount, waxed wroth at learning that ex-King John was earning his humble bread in B pictures—and does Hollywood know its alphabet! Straightway his sovereign champion literally went to the front for him—to the front office, no less. There she laid down the imperial law with such mandatory thumpings upon the contractual mahogany that quaking ministers of state were all but jolted out of their portfolios.

With what result? The immediate effect was that of making Mr. Barrymore co-star with Miss Lombard in *True Confession.* That picture completed, the studio confessed itself so delighted with his performance that it granted him similar prominence with Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in *Romance in the Dark.*

That still wasn't enough for La Lombard. She wanted him to go it alone. So back to the front office she went, this time demanding that her erstwhile running-mate be restored to complete and individual stardom.

Hence the feather-duster work on the vacant throne.

"First I've heard about it," was Mr. Barrymore's seemingly indifferent remark when I mentioned it to him. "Miss Lombard said nothing to me."

He calmly lighted a cigarette. There was smoke, but not another word, out of him. Could it possibly be that he was dead to all sense of appreciation? Surely, he did not remain speechless from emotion? Yes! It took only a glance to see he was hiding behind the smoke screen he had raised. High time to come out of it.

"Wait a moment." His voice was a bit on the husky side. "Good God, man, you barge in and tell me a thing like this, then expect me to take it as casually as I might a passing [*Continued on page* 64]







For the moment, Fields seems to have the upper hand. "Don't pull that profile stuff on me," he cries in fury, "I have no mean profile, myself!"

Center, "Speaking of manly beauty," continued the defiant Fields, "How do you like me in a mustache?"

Right, Peace descends upon the rivals as Barrymore takes Fields into his confidence and explains that being a profile is not difficult, if you know how to turn sideways

Here is the raw material of the great battle of the profiles, which will rage throughout *Things Begin to Happen* when W. C. Fields and John Barrymore fight it out on the screen

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH 50 MEN

You are a social success if you can get along with one man, but when you can manage to keep fifty friendly at the same time you're a social genius

By TERRY KELLY

■ The studio broke the news to Virginia Bruce in a way that would frighten even the most intrepid of young ladies.

"Virginia," an official said over the telephone, "hold on to your chair for this one. You are about to take up residence in Utah, a lone woman against a bunch of dangerous men. Your associates will include the Bad Man of Brimstone and at least 49 other very mean fellows. Your love interest will be a young chap named Dennis O'Keefe."

The official was right about the first part of it, and wrong about the last. But the love interest can wait a bit while we see how Virginia reacted to this blast of orders.

First thing she did was to pack. Then she went down to her library to read up on how to win friends and influence people. A lone lady against fifty bad gents is a pretty tall order. Even Dale Carnegie didn't anticipate that much of a situation. But Virginia read some instructions, anyway, and put them down in her mind marked, "Emergency Material. Keep Aisles Clear."

■ And so she went to Utah, to a little settlement named Kanab which is about 100 miles east of the town of Virgin, which is near the village of Hurricane, which in turn looks to the city of St. George (pop. 2,424) as the metropolis of the area.

The town was all agog. Metro's bad men were everywhere on the streets, and the old retired sheriff, seated on the porch of the Parry House, averred he hadn't seen times like this since way back in the 80's when they used to hold up the stagecoach as regualar as it ever came to this little western town.

The Parry House did not belong to the growing-pains atmosphere of Kanab. It was a colonial-type house with shade trees like the kind they grow in the east. During the three weeks that Virginia dwelled among her fifty bad men, the Parry House was her citadel, whence she planned her campaign.

"I thought about using some of Mr. Carnegie's principles," Virginia confessed later, "but I'm sure that the 'How to Win Friends' author didn't have my situation in mind.

"To understand this you must first get a picture of some of my fifty bad men. Wallace Beery, of course, was playing the super-de-luxe bad one of them all. Lewis Stone curbed anti-social tactics to the more delicate art of small town graft, in direct contrast to the gun-toting antics of Bruce Cabot, Joseph Calleia, Guy Kibbee, Guinn Williams, Cliff Edwards, Robert Gleckler, and some of the other tougher citizens of the cast.

"Of course, some of the principles of



Below, Virginia Bruce with some of the fifty men who accompanied her to the *Bad Man of Brimstone* location set. J. Walter Rubin, the director to whom she is engaged, is seated second from the left. Wallace Beery is on the right, wrapped up in a blanket after a scene in the icy river

This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

"Smooths lines out marvelously—makes texture seem finer,"
Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.



Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.



Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.
famous for her beauty here and abroad. "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."



(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 6-CO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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You'll have more fun when the SKIN is clear from WITHIN

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improves digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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"Winning Friends" seemed to work well. Almost any man likes to talk about himself. So I started them all talking about themselves until I thought I would go crazy and they would go to fighting. Did you ever try to be a Good Listener with fifty men doing the talking? I can think of only one thing worse. Fifty women."

■ Before she got through with it, Virginia decided on one thing for certain. It would be far better, and easier, to hand out fifty copies of the book to all her bad men, and let them try its principles on her!

"I could give a lot of suggestions on handling men that might sound good" Virginia said thoughtfully. "For instance, how does this sound: To get along with many men, don't play favorites if you can help it. Be a pal to all of them, and leave out the Mae West stuff—it might start a riot. A bit of verve is a lot safer than too much curve. Be honest and friendly with your fifty men, and you'll find it easier than trying to get along with fifty of your own sex."

■ Up to this point the interview had lacked a serious note, but this sounded like the gorgeous Miss Bruce was giving out with the 14 karat McCoy. She was speaking with conviction.

"That sounded all right, didn't it?" she said, by way of reading our thoughts. "Well, I mean it, too. Don't tell Wally Beery and the others, but you've got to treat men like they are little boys. They may appear to resent it, but down in their hearts, bless them, they love it.

"That's what I did on the set every day. I never missed being solicitous about a person on the set, prop boys and all. And I soon found all of them responding—all except one certain large Bad Man. I'll get around to him later. You might call this flirting, but of course it wasn't. Long ago I made up my mind to be interested in other people and what they were thinking and doing. That determination has grown with the years, and now is a thorough-going, rousing curiosity.

"It's more fun to talk with men than women because men, on the whole, have a lot more to tell. At least, their talk is more substantial and vital. I've always liked men as friends, anyway.

"When I was a growing girl in Fargo, I played boy's games as ardently as they did. Why, I can remember how I even used to lick my younger brother at boxing. Of course," she qualified with typical Bruce honesty, "I was two years older and quite a lot bigger. Dad used to get out his watch and referee our boxing matches in the front room. He'd put up 20 cents for the winner. I usually won by the simple expedient of landing the first sock.

"Anyway, I grew up liking and respecting boys. When the flirtation age came along, I saw to it that I always had a few competitors around. I saw definite disadvantages in having a steady. The folks never could understand how I kept the boys in line. But, you see, I made a specialty out of getting along with them, and it's something that I still find handy.

■ "To get back to this trip. It is one thing to know men individually, and quite a different matter to be one lone woman amid a cast of he-men, playing in a six-gun western saga. I don't believe it is an injustice to them to say they would have just as soon been totally without feminine representation. They could cuss better, and more often, for instance. And perhaps work faster.

"But they were good sports. I made it a business to have a friendly word with them all during the day, and that helped a lot. As a matter of fact, when I became ill during the Utah trip, my carefully planned campaign paid big dividends. All the big, bad boys came to see me.

■ It's no secret now that Virginia got along with 50 bad men—and got a 51st man for herself.

Before starting to make *Bad Man of Brimstone*, Virginia Bruce had known J. Walter Ruben for nine years—ever so casually. There wasn't the slightest romance, or even a close friendship, until Ruben started in as director of this western saga.

Up there in the romantic little town of Kanab they played poker every night. You could find them in the Parry House, come twilight, betting matches with reckless abandon. Dennis O'Keefe, Joseph Calleia, possibly Lewis Stone, Walter Ruben and Virginia. A game of poker, it was to the onlookers. A game of hearts to Players Ruben and Bruce.

Virginia got to know him best at that table. She found in him all the qualities she liked in a man—jovial spirit, honesty, friendliness, a touch of daring.

■ Now it's said that a man doesn't like being treated like a boy. It's common knowledge that Walter Ruben was vaguely annoyed by the way Virginia would step up to him and pat him on the back. Possibly because older people once patted him condescendingly on the head when he was a youngster wanting very much to grow up. But, on the other hand, Virginia began calling Director Ruben "Sonny," when she knew him better, and he loved it!

When this story was written, the two of them had announced their engagement, with an early marriage in the offing. Virginia to date has not appeared with an engagement ring, however. She is frank to say why: "Sonny wanted to get me a big, square-cut diamond. For some women this would be the perfect gift. But the truth of it is, I don't care anything about diamonds, and I'm Scotch enough to think of the money involved. It could be used to so much better advantage in other ways."

When Virginia Bruce left on that location trip with 50 Big Bad Men, she did not dream that she would return with a fiance and a totally different future. That is serious business which must be treated as such. We give you the story as it developed, thanks to Dale Carnegie, Fate, and Virginia's own philosophy.

Another Happy Ending

[*Continued from page 27*]

Once in a while she'd slip and go "boom" only to bounce up like a rubber ball and fly through the air like a little white cloud in a hurry to get somewhere.

■ The allotted fifteen minutes were just about up when, coming out of a spin, Sonja gave a shrill scream of delight and shouted at the top of her voice:

"Mama, Mama, I've got it! I've got it!"

And Mama, suddenly as excited as her pretty daughter, came right back with something in her native tongue that undoubtedly meant: "I'll say you have!"

Well, believe it or not, my fine skating friends, what Sonja had, and right at her little, educated toe-tips, so to speak, was a figure she had not been able to do in three long, impatient years of steady practice! She did it again and again and before we knew it we were shouting, too. So was Harry Losee, the dance director. So was Director Roy Del Ruth who happened in just when the blessed ice event occurred.

The fifteen minutes merged into an hour with Sonja still at it. Once, when Mrs. Heine was particularly satisfied she yelled "Print it!" as though the cameras were turning. Harry Losee was off in a corner crying his eyes out because it was all in fun and practice. "Boy," he moaned from the depths of his fur coat, "we'll never get a shot like this for the picture!" Del Ruth, watching wide-eyed, just s m i l e d and clapped his hands.

Another hour went by with Sonja's bright blades still flashing, still making those queer crunching sounds on the milk-white rink. Mama Henie was leaning forward, time forgotten, while she watched like a hawk. Cesar Romero, also in the picture, sneaked in with hot coffee. The cups went untasted as we watched the graceful figure whirl and spin.

■ It was five o'clock and we were still wrapped up in our blankets, still held spell-bound by what we saw, when Sonja yelled—and this time more emphatically than before: "I've got it!" And we said, getting the jump on Mama Henie, "We'll say you have!" The fifteen mintues of practice had stretched to four hours and we hadn't missed a minute. It's remarkable how time flies, it's more remarkable how Sonja Henie flies!

It was a happy ending to a happy day for all of us.

It ought to prove a happy ending to *Happy Ending*, the picture, too.

STARTING

a new department every month in HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Betty Crocker knows the stars and how they run their homes. She will give you the inside story of what they cook on the maid's night out and how. Turn to page 59 and read how Grace Bradley made a success of "The Bride's First Biscuits".

Dear Mother,
The honeymoon is over!



We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

Jane

Dear Jane,
Ted's a nitwit and so are you! His mother's washes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so lazy it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did — and go on with your honeymoon!
Mother

Dear Mother,

That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I'll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted's simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it's swell to have him tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

P.S. *You'll like the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!*



the Torture I Suffered"

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

IS THERE anything more painful than Hemorrhoids, or, more frankly, Piles?

The suffering is well nigh inexpressible and the sad part of it is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more crushing or more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

Yet blessed relief from Piles of all forms is found today in the treatment supplied in Pazo Ointment. Three-fold in effect, Pazo does the things necessary.

3 Effects

First of all, it is *soothing*, which relieves soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy and painless. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Results!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. Dept. 18-F, St. Louis, Mo. **MAIL!**

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

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This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.



Rear view of Lana Turner's Page Boy Bob. Front view on page 35



Vicky Lester likes to keep her coiffure in classically simple lines

BEAUTY A LA PAGE BOY

If you don't think Hollywood's inventive, just look at the adaptations of the page-boy bob studio hairdressers have thought up. This bevy of Warner Brothers' beauties displays four variations of the popular new fashion

By ANN VERNON

There's never been a hairstyle that was such a natural for Hollywood as the page-boy, principally because it is dramatic and flattering and it demands *long hair*. New York and Paris hairdressers have made many attempts in the past ten years to popularize shorter hair, but Hollywood has stubbornly insisted on shoulder length locks for its glamour girls.

And what the cinema dollies wear, most of us copy. You may have your own private prejudices against long hair, just as lots of hairdressers have, but you must admit, honestly, that it *is* more feminine, it *is* more youthful, it *is* more flattering—whether worn with or without a hat.

Anita Louise, with her lovely face and slender throat, can wear the page-boy bob in its most simple form. She parts her hair on the side, brushes it back smoothly on top and flat at the temples. Then she arranges the ends in a graduated roll, smaller above the ears, larger below the ears and at the back of the head.

Vicky Lester, whose serene and clear-cut features are made even more serene and clear-cut by a severely simple hairstyle, varies her page-boy bob in two ways. For daytime, she wears it off the ears, with the roll smoothly and neatly tucked under, and with a half-roll or coxcomb effect on top of the head. For evening, the same hairstyle is rearranged in looser, fluffier fashion, the top-knot combed out loosely into a soft dip-roll that falls over one eyebrow.

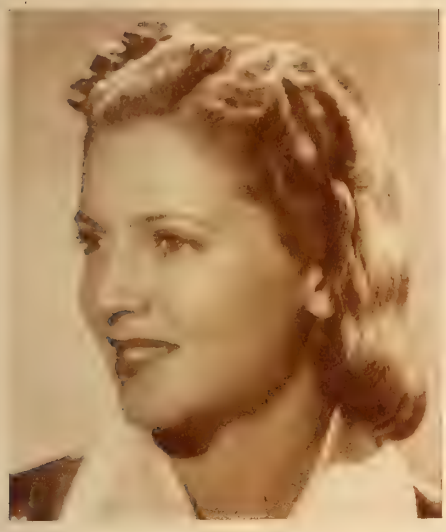
Lana Turner's version of the page-boy shows a style suitable for the girl with a pert, young face. The hair is parted high on one side and the front sections drawn up to the crown of the head where they are arranged in a cluster of flat curls on one side, a sausage curl on the other. The hair at the back is combed straight down and turned under in a plain roll that contrasts with the built-up curls.

Lola Lane's coiffure has the same basic lines, except that there is no part, and the top-knot is arranged in a looser, fluffier way, with a few feathery tendrils of hair breaking the severity of the hairline at one side. The roll at the back is broken up here and there, too, instead of being restrained in a single, smooth roll. These last two adaptations of the page-boy style are reserved, of course, for gals with smallish ears that are flat and well-shaped and for those with good, clean chin lines. If you haven't these marks of beauty, let your hair conceal the fact!

If you wear a long page-boy bob you should be careful about the necklines of your dresses and coats. They should be as flat and simple as possible. No bunches of flowers, lace or heavy necklaces, no



For gala evenings, try Lola Lane's adaptation of the smart Page Boy



Hair 'way up in front, 'way down in back for pert Lana Turner



Anita Louise prefers the simplest Page Boy variation for daytime



The Glamour Girl

APPRECIATES THE ECONOMY OF THE NEW

LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK



*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.



4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.

THIS beauty-wise girl knows that popularity goes hand-in-hand with a clear, lovely, glowing complexion.

She protects and beautifies her skin with the new Linit Magic Milk Mask. It costs her almost nothing, yet keeps her face looking soft and smooth—lively and vibrant. It's ever so easy to enjoy this marvelous new home beauty treatment. While simple to apply, it's almost magical in results!

Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit* (the same Linit that is so well known as a Beauty Bath) *and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the* cleansed *face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water.

HOW FIRM—how clean your skin will feel! The gentle stimulation the mask gives your skin induces the facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter and heightens natural bloom. This is an excellent "guide" to proper make-up, as the bloom indicates where your rouge should be applied. The Linit Mask also eliminates "shine" and keeps your make-up looking fresh for hours.



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bulky furs. These styles should be restricted to the gals who like short hair and persist in wearing it come what may. A small, simple hat, preferably one that is brimless in back, is to be advised, too. Another caution for the page-boy conscious girl. Take a good look in the mirror at your neck. If it is too short or too thick, modify the style so that it does not make you look as if you had no neck at all.

The girl who doesn't believe in shampooing her hair often, in brushing it daily and in keeping it neat as a pin will do well to shun the page-boy completely. Why? Because this is one hairstyle that looks *awful* unless the hair is kept meticulously groomed. First, if the hair has been permanently waved badly there is that frizzy quality to the hair—instead of the desired smooth, burnished effect. Second, if the hair is not kept really clean and brushed regularly, it is either oily, separating into lank strands, or dry and wispy. Third, if the ends are not kept curled under neatly, the entire meaning of the coiffure is lost and the hair looks limp instead of sculptured.

With the emphasis on the lustre and thickness of the hair as it is in the page-boy coiffure, you must depend partially on your shampoo, partially on your hair-brush and arm muscles for the proper effect. I can recommend without hesitation a liquid shampoo that is noted for turning dull, drab locks into silky ones—and accomplishing this feat without any waste of time *or* money. There is no film of insoluble calcium and magnesium precipitates left on the hair to cloud its natural gloss when you use this lightning-quick shampoo. All that is necessary is to massage a spoonful of the liquid into the hair and scalp, then rinse away the mass of lather with one clear water rinse—warm or cool water reacting equally well. I've tested this shampoo on red-heads, brunettes and blondes—of the natural and the synthetic varieties—and found that it brings out the hidden beauty in each type of hair coloring. Its action is not due to mysterious ingredients or the addition of artificial coloring, but to its super-cleansing properties. Comes in three sizes, from ten cents up.

Long hair is likely to lose its curl quicker than short hair, because of the extra weight and pull, so you can't be too watchful of the state of your page-boy roll. If you find it necessary to put up the ends every day in order to keep it from looking straggly, then don't neglect this task. Not that it's much of a task when you use convenient, comfortable curlers! There is a new rubber curler on the market that merits both these adjectives—as well as your consideration. It's made of flexible but sturdy rubber—in an inconspicuous brownish shade—and consists of a firm, round piece of rubber (on which the strand of hair is wound) with a rubber flap that buttons onto one end to secure the hair. When you have fastened a dozen or more of these on your head, you'll find that you can nap in comfort because they are so soft. Cost a few pennies and can be sterilized in boiling water without harm.

You can achieve any type curl you want with these curlers, depending on how you use them. To make loose, soft curls, take large sections of hair on each curler and see that the hair is moistened only slightly. For smaller, tighter curls, apply more water and wind less hair.

For the soft, feathery curl that lies close to the head—rosebud curls, hairdressers call them—you need a few manipulations with bob pins. Like this: Take a small strand of damp hair and roll it into a neat circle, keeping the very ends of the hair in the center of the circle. Then slip a flat, (not curved) bob pin over this flat coil of hair, and another bob pin across the first one. If you're making a cluster of these around your face, all you have to do is to tie a colorful bandanna or a chiffon hankie over them, and no one will know that your hair is in the throes of being curled.

There's a place for good bob pins in the finished coiffure, too, if you want to keep it trim and tidy every minute of the day. There are some very fine ones (trade name is yours on request) that get a tremendous grip on hair because they're made from high carbon metal, with a strong spring. They come in three different shapes—straight, curved and crimped—and then there's a teeny little curl pin that looks as though it were made for holding a baby's curls in place. They all come in black and brown, with a double coat of dull enamel that helps to camouflage them in your hair. Bob pins, remember, are utilitarian not ornamental! That is my statement for the day.

Before I bring this hair forum to a close, I want to remind you that the waveset you use determines to a great extent the well-groomed appearance of your hair. There's no percentage in shampooing and brushing your hair carefully, then using a lotion that leaves a flaky deposit or one that makes the hair look gummy! If you like, I can send you the name of a waveset that commits none of these crimes against hair beauty. It comes in a wide-necked bottle that you can dunk your comb into, to prevent waste and messiness. If you look at this waveset through a microscope, you'll find no flecks or impurities—for every ounce is strained through sixteen thicknesses of handkerchief linen. It even pours smoothly, without lumpiness or gluiness, because it contains no gum or tragacanth. Can't discolor any shade of hair, from grandma's silvery locks to baby's tow-colored ones, and leaves the hair soft and silky. Thirty-five cents a bottle, in case you're interested.

Don't brood about your beauty problems . . . Tell Ann Vernon and let *her* worry. She'll be delighted to advise you on all skin, hair and figure difficulties. Send her a snapshot, if you want a new hairstyle or make-up analysis to bring out the beauty in you. It's all free. Just enclose a stamped (3c U. S. postage), addressed envelope with your letter and address Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

It's Undeclared War!

[*Continued from page* 23]

always has her afternoon tea. Before the picture was over, she got Spencer to indulge a little himself, and then talked him into flipping for the honor of paying for the tea. For one whole week Spencer lost. Frequently, after losing the flip, he would forget to order the tea. Joan did not fail to take advantage of the situation.

"When Crawford buys tea, it's here to be enjoyed," she said. "But when Tracy buys the tea? Well—you've got to fight to get it. And like his soul, it's icy instead of hot."

After one of these daily tea parties, Spencer changed his clothes to formal morning wear as called for in the script. He wore the striped trousers, the long-tailed coat, and the other accouterments.

Spencer gazed at himself in the mirror, smoothed out a wrinkle or two, and said to Joan, "Pass the word to your friend "Moose" Gable. He needn't come back to the studio anymore."

Joan replied irrelevantly—or was it irreverently? "Spence, did you ever look at a flea circus?"

■ The picture was practically completed before the tip-off came. Time and again these two ribbed each other, and frequently both Spence and Joan fled from the set in laughter, both of them anxious to maintain a pretense of anger and scorn. On the final day of shooting, Joan let the world know the truth, however. She filled Spencer's room with flowers, and laughed joyously with him right after he had cracked, "Borzage, do something with this girl. I think she has the worst case of closeupitis I have ever seen."

Then they both explained that rumors of a feud between them had struck them as a joke, in spite, or maybe because of the furor it had caused in Hollywood.

Mannequin is the first picture in which Joan Crawford and Spence Tracy have appeared jointly. Up to this time, if the truth must be known, La Crawford had considered Tracy one of the finest actors in Hollywood. And Spencer himself was immensely pleased when he learned that he was to appear at last in a film with Joan.

Their first formal meeting on the day the picture began production, gave them a cue for the "feud" which was to follow. Joan naturally couldn't gush all over Tracy, and he himself was a bit awed by the situation. They both passed over this difficult period with some first class ribbing, and the *Mannequin* war was on!

"There's an object lesson to all this," Spencer said when the truth finally got out. "You have just had an actual demonstration on how rumor goes haywire and builds feuds where only fun at first existed. In this case Joan and I deliberately fostered the idea for the fun that was in it. But just the same it shows how some people trap themselves into difficulties when they don't mean to."

So let the late, lamented "war" end, with no casualties on either side.

How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY, BUT START NOW TO FIGHT THEM WITH A PENETRATING FACE CREAM

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YES_____ NO_____

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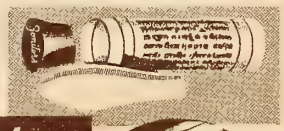
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Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., after a highly successful sojourn spent in acting and producing in England, is back and appearing, appropriately enough in *Having a Wonderful Time* at RKO-Radio

WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS FINESSE

A brilliant young actor turns an amused smile on Hollywood's indiscriminate use of the kiss as an habitual greeting

By ALMA WHITAKER

■ Of course, they get paid for film kisses.

A really competent kiss in a romantic sequence, according to my accountant-analyst, rates about $3,000 from a Garbo (Napoleon gets five good ones in *Conquest*) and slightly less from the Dietrichs, Crawfords, Colberts, Hepburns, et al. Professional male kisses come high, too. The Gable, Taylor, Boyer, Marshall, Flynn and Power varieties, form important government assets in income-tax returns.

For that matter, even a lusty smacker, the kind Spencer Tracy gives Joan Crawford in *Mannequin*, is no cut-rater.

Which makes it all the more remarkable that off-screen kisses should be chucked around with such careless abandon in the film colony. I mean, one has to be positively repulsive to escape being kissed at a Hollywood party.

I know one dramatic critic (married, with three children) who blushfully admits to having been kissed by pretty well every really classy screen siren except Garbo. He's a bit wistful about having his record thus incomplete, but hopes on. Luckily, as he's a mere $100-a-weeker, he doesn't have to record these as "income."

At that he needn't feel too uppity. Most all the critics, editors, columnists, publicity men, directors, producers and lawyers, to say nothing of actors, men-about-town, and the husbands of female fan writers, receive a generous share.

Female scribes themselves do even better. The charmers of both sexes kiss them.

The most alarming orgies of kissing of recent memory were the weddings of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Everybody had a right to expect to be kissed by brides and grooms, and everybody was.

I watched Buddy, standing on the steps at Pickfair, kiss forty-two dames within fifteen minutes. Being statistical-minded, I kept count. The dear chap smiled wearily after every kiss, but his smile grew vaguer and vaguer, as the lip-stick marks collected on his cheeks.

But you can see how it is. If anyone doesn't get kissed in Hollywood, it's a debacle, a crisis, calling for exceptional relief measures. Had Charlie Chaplin omitted to kiss Mary, had Buddy omitted to kiss Paulette, had Mary and Paulette omitted to kiss each other, the whole social structure of the film industry would have been shaken!

■ There isn't any age limit. Hollywood's kissing champion, with the longest and largest record, is May Robson. May's contention is that she is old enough to kiss anyone she wants to. Where, for instance, a younger siren might hesitate to kiss a young unknown extra-man, or a third assistant-director; May suffers from no such inhibitions. They don't even have to get in on the parties to be kissed by May. I once watched her kiss four young male nobodies in succession in the foyer of the El Capitan Theatre—in, of course, addition to the more illustrious males of the screen, from Freddie Bartholomew to Adolphe Menjou.

Sophie Tucker, newly come to Hollywood, embraced the custom forthwith. When she entertained for an unusually dignified British official recently (one of those the-Empire-must-be-upheld-at-all-costs fellows) he was probably flummoxed for the first time in his haughty diplomatic career. The British are not, in a general way, a kissful nation, but it's amazing what Hollywood can do for them.

■ When Clara Bow and Rex Bell returned from ranchical seclusion in Nevada, to open their cafe in Hollywood, they gave a party, all encompassing, positively no snobby exclusiveness. Rex came off lightest—he only had to kiss one sex. Clara kissed all comers, well up into the hundreds. We swayed in a sea of kisses for hours.

■ Which brings us to Doug Fairbanks, Jr. He is getting a touch epicurean about kisses off-screen. He's the lovable rascal, Rupert of Hentzau, in *The Prisoner of Zenda,* and a nice struggleful American boy in *Having a Wonderful Time.* Of course, he had just emerged



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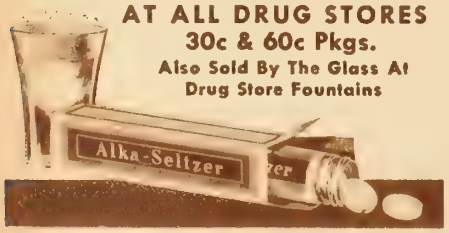
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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

from a swim in a very cold mountain lake when he told me, "I'm 28. At that age a man must do all things with finesse. I need all the finesse I can muster for my business affairs just now, and haven't any left over for romance."

Romance, without finesse, can be a wash-out. Doug has good reason to conserve his kissing. The dear boy's experience in that began at 13, when he arrived for a Paramount picture and was met at the train "with a frenzy of kissing." In 1927, individual kisses became significant. Doug was 17, when the colony jumped to romantic conclusions in connection with Dolores Costello. In 1929, he married Joan Crawford. Since their divorce in 1933, Doug, Jr., has denied being engaged to Gertrude Lawrence, Elissa Landi and Marlene Dietrich in turn, the latter as recently as Feb. 1937. (After all, Marlene still has her Rudolph of course.)

■ Hollywood is improving in finesse on screen kisses rather notably, in his opinion. The horizontal variety is hopelessly demoded. (Mae West made 'em look silly). The luscious clinch is rapidly passing. In fact, in any number of notable cases of screen love-making of late, filmland has become almost subtle. They have managed to make two swell pictures "100 *Men and a Girl* and *The Awful Truth* minus even a hint of voluptuous kissing anywhere. Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer give us some delightfully playful love-scenes in *Big City* that simply reek of "finesse." And even Tyrone Power's fond finale with Sonja Henie in *Thin Ice* is gaily casual.

■ Now as I understand it, Doug, Jr., wants the reform to spread to off-screen kisses. They mustn't be squandered. Moreover, they mustn't be wet, sloppy, peckish, roving-round-the-earish, committal, or too dashed imprinting on the part of the fair sex. There should be definite rulings for the heavy lipstickers. Suitable times, places and occasions should be definitely established for the various types of kisses.

In short, if Hollywood must kiss (and it evidently must) it should become the world's capital for finesse in the delicate art. It should be clearly understood that the kiss a studio press-agent bestows upon a female fan columnist, for instance, is strictly whimsical, the merest zephyr touch, with a you-and-I-understand-each-other tang. The all-encompassing host-and-hostess kisses, the wedding party kisses, the darling-how-wonderful-you-look kisses, should be a soupcon discriminating, crisp, brief, and completely non-pawful.

Temperatures should be nicely gauged for all the formal varieties. Epicures should be encouraged, gluttons shamed. Gushers should be sternly barred.

Dollars Are Money But So Are Dimes

[*Continued from page* 25]

good, too. The place is just as modern as the more expensive restaurants in Hollywood, featuring a vast amount of chromium and leather.

Across the street are the offices of Dr. Josif Ginsberg, who has a good many dollars in the bank as a reward for remodeling faces. He is one of the most famous plastic surgeons in the world. Next door to him is a beauty culture school, where the brave can go down the line at the hands of students for 35 cents.

■ Both our heroines are fascinated with Edward Bohlin's Saddle Shop. Here on display is the silver and gold mounted saddle Mr. Bohlin made for P. K. Wrigley for $7,500. With its solid silver horn, topped with a gold buffalo head, and its heavy intricate mountings of silver and gold, it looks like nothing but a large jewel. Also on display is the late Fred Thompson's show saddle, which cost $4,500. A list of Mr. Bohlin's customers reads like a morocco-bound Blue Book of Who's Who in the World. He makes chaps which range in price from $300 (these are solid-silver trimmed) to $17.50, untrimmed. His silver-trimmed vests sell for around $150, and silver-studded gloves cost $100. Mr. Bohlin does not neglect milady's boudoir, as proved by the silver and gold hand telephone he made for Mae West and which cost that beauty-loving lady exactly $350. A tiny English-type saddle of white lamb's wool covers the hump in the handle, to protect Miss West's heart line from the elaborate design chased in low and high relief.

Gertrude orders one of these telephones, with a pale chartreuse cord and dial to match the color motif of her bedroom, and Diana splurges mightily on a soft black leather jacket for $14.95.

■ At five o'clock, Gertrude has a 70 cent cocktail at Clara Bow's very elaborate and modern "It Cafe," where Miss Bow herself, a red-headed whirlwind of hospitality, presides; and Diana feels delightfully wicked as she has a champagne cocktail for 25 cents at Margo's, another five and dime eatery-drinkery.

■ Of course, there are hundreds of odd shops and stores in Hollywood the two girls missed. And there are lots of price miracles they will learn about on their next visit.

There are, for example, the offices of all the air transport, railroad and bus companies for those who want to leave California. (Who does?) And there are also several trailer parks, three dollars a week including lights and telephones, for those who want to stay. (Who doesn't?) One of the most amusing shops in Hollywood is the one-chair barber shop where you can get a haircut for 25 cents and where, after the tonsorial interlude, the barber will play Bach for you on his wheezy pump organ. There are the Mexican shoe

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shops where you may have made to order those fascinating Huarrachas (sandals to you), the leather cured in Mexico in manure, for $2.75. (Odor free.) You may buy a stunning new ensemble for $300 at Magnin's, or buy a second cousin to it for a dollar down and a dollar a week at Columbia. You may dine in restaurants whose cuisine represents the entire world, including French, German, Swedish, Irish, Russian, Mexican, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese. You can buy cigarettes two packages for a quarter, or order your own private blend, monogrammed, for about five cents a puff.

There are pet stores, one of which features in one window an amazingly homely chimpanzee for $3,500, and in the other a litter of puppies, half Scottie and half indiscretion, for $1.50 per bark. Avocadoes are on sale for ten cents each; garages rent for $3 a month; there is an office where, for $1 a month, you may have your mail sent if you want to impress somebody with a Hollywood address; there are literally uncounted dress shops featuring good-looking suits for $14.95 and dresses for $5.95, and there is Watson's, who makes Garbo's suits and top coats and whose prices are in keeping with their enviable reputation. There is a fifteen cent movie house a few blocks from the Chinese and Pantages theatres, where premieres are offered for $5.50 top.

There is a sign board in Hollywood where beautiful, living show girls pose scantily, high above the motorists' craned necks, turning huge leaves in a billboard advertising book, and there are rooming houses that offer "Beds—Clean—20 cents." Not far from Reginald Denny's famous hobby shop is an old, dilapidated, white-pillared house which was, in rapid succession, a little theatre, a Russian club house, a rooming house, restaurant, and headquarters for a feeble radical movement, and which is now a wedding chapel where you can promise to love, honor and obey for $2.00.

■ At one end of the boulevard, in a swank automobile showroom, is that enormous white stream-lined roadster seen in "Topper," on sale for $4,500, and at the other end of the boulevard, you can buy a palpitating miracle that will run for $20. At the same extremes are mansions for $4,000 a month and $20 flats. There is a cocktail bar exclusively for Minneapolis people—although they won't throw you out if you're from Des Moines—called "The Fox and Hounds" where you can enjoy good music with your 5, 10 and 15 cent drinks.

Across from the Hollywood Bowl is a Pet Cemetery, where your dog or cat may be buried or cremated with appropriate dignity and reverence. Within honking distance of the Pilgrimage Play theatre is a night spot where I wouldn't go if I were you.

Well, let's go home. Miss Greenback has spent a lot of money. Miss Dime has spent a little. But both are laden with parcels, and both have had a fine time covering the same territory.

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TARZAN HAD IT EASY



She looks far too little and dainty to be much good at battling crocodiles, but she did and came out winner in *Tarzan's Revenge*

Eleanor Holm claims that the Tarzan of fiction may have had a hard time, as hard times go in the jungle, but that compared to an athlete's life in the movies, he had it very soft indeed

By MELISSA DODD

Tiny Eleanor Holm—she takes a size 9 dress — the women's backstroke swimming champion of the world, daintily nibbled a pomegranate salad and said that Tarzan, lord of the jungle, had a snap. "All he had to do was wrestle lions and apes and elephants and boa constrictors to develop his muscles. He never had to train for the Olympic games!"

It was between scenes of *Tarzan's Revenge*, the first of a new series by Edgar Rice Burroughs for which Principal Productions had signed up Eleanor as Mrs. Tarzan. Which is to say, she plays the young girl with whom the Jungle Lord (this time it's Glenn Morris, world's decathlon champion of the latest Olympics at Berlin) falls in love when he meets her, strayed from an English safari, in the depths of Africa. Of course it was not Glenn Morris of whom she spoke, but the original Burroughs character that was reared by the apes and taught to swing through trees.

"Swing through trees — pooh!" said Eleanor, "he didn't swim six hundred yards twice a day for a month in order to swim one hundred later on. He didn't keep in training, either."

She ducked her brown head with an impish giggle. If you recall, it was charges that Eleanor broke training which precipitated the famous row in mid-Atlantic on the ship en route to the Berlin Olympics; the row that resulted in this girl's withdrawal from the Olympics over there. It likewise resulted after a while in her leaving the amateur status for the professional—she gave paid swimming exhibitions, for example, at the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland last summer.

"I always had different ideas about training from what other people held," she explained in passing. "I'd keep rigorously to my diet all the rest of the week but on Saturday night I'd have cake and ice cream or a cocktail or anything I wanted. It might not do for some, but it was right for me; it kept me from the danger of over-training.

"Still, we were speaking about Tarzan. No danger of any coach telling *him* to watch each swimming stroke for form! No trainer snatching good things to eat from under *his* nose! Tarzan didn't have to go a week at a time without fried scallops or mashed potatoes with thick brown gravy"—Eleanor rolled her bright hazel eyes—"nor butterscotch eclairs.

"Nobody chased *him* to bed at 10 o'clock. Nobody told *him* he must get nine hours sleep or he wouldn't win a medal . . ."

Did you know Eleanor has a bucket full of medals herself? Since she began swimming as a Brooklyn babe of a couple of years, she has hung up more than fifteen backstroke records alone, in distances ranging from 100 yards to 400 metres. She entered her first Olympics at Amsterdam in 1928 at the age of 14 and, competing against the world's fastest swimmers in the 100-metre backstroke event, won third place in the finals.

Four years later, at Los Angeles, she took part in this same event and defeated all rivals. Four years later still, she qualified the third time for the Olympic games but was prevented from entering

them by the aforesaid tempest in a teapot —or in a cocktail glass—aboard ship on the way across.

■ "Tarzan," she resumed, "didn't leap out of a nice warm bed at 7 in the morning, every morning, too, and be careful what he ate for breakfast and then dive into the pool and swim for three or four hours. He didn't eat a careful lunch and then dive into the pool again . . . Mind you, I don't refer merely to my own routine; this goes for every Olympic swimming entrant. In a way, it goes for any Olympic entrant, because trying to get accepted as a contestant for those games is tough!

"While Tarzan swung idly from tree to tree or kicked lions in the face, the folks that wanted to be in the Olympics were working. Hard, agonizing work. Conscientious, relentless, day after day. Why, Tarzan never developed his biceps on schedule. Why, Tarzan would have gone nuts!

"Tarzan couldn't have qualified as an Olympic swimmer. His muscles were too big. Why—"

Hold on, Miss Holm!

■ She halted enthusiastic rush of words and giggled again, like a little girl. The snow white silk crepe she wore was a little girl's dress, all but shoulders which have to be size 16.

"What's that about swimming six hundred yards each day for a month in order to swim one hundred? And what's this about Tarzan's great, splendid, multitudinous muscles being too big?"



Glenn Morris, the Tarzan of the movies, has his troubles, too, and above is one of them, a chimp by the name of Skippy

"If I'm training for a hundred-yard race," Eleanor began her explanation, "I swim long distances first, to build up my strength, and then just before the race I practice swimming as fast as I can for the shorter distance. If I were going to swim a long distance, I'd reverse the process; start with the hundred yards and work up.

"And about Tarzan's muscles. They bulge." She extended a slim, round arm. "You see? A swimmer's muscle must be long and smooth, they can't stick out anywhere or they'll tie into knots. Tarzan, fighting his lions and panthers! If he wanted to be a first class swimmer, he couldn't take any exercise but swimming.

"I can't play tennis or golf. I don't ride or hike. I can't. I mean, no coach would allow me to do anything but swim—and swimming, at that, is supposed to exercise every muscle in the body. Tarzan's muscles would hold him back, he wouldn't have correct form in his strokes."

■ Form, she insisted, is more important, than strength. Naturally, she didn't refer to figure, but to form. Tarzan, she thought, would be too elemental a creature to have the patience to develop form because his long suit was living, and fighting, by instinct. The reason Eleanor's the backstroke champion of the world is because she used to have such a feeble backstroke.

"All my other strokes were correct," she said. "But my backstroke was terrible. So I concentrated on it, and that's why it turned out to be the best stroke I have. But, you know something? It's form that put me ahead, not strength.



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Lots of times I've competed with girls who were much stronger than I am, and they'd probably have beaten me if they hadn't got excited and just splashed and smashed through with the one idea of making speed.

"I never went into a race that I didn't keep repeating to myself: 'Form—remember your stroke—form!' It's the economy of effort, the right rhythm, that takes you to the goal.

■ "Tarzan never heard of psychology, either. I think psychology's important in athletics."

Eleanor had psychology, sure enough. It used to be a favorite trick with her to stroll into a dressingroom a few minutes before a swimming event and say to the other assembled contestants, with a devilish glint of humor in her eye: "Anybody got a cigarette?"

The girls who, like Eleanor, had been in strict training for months, would gasp. If the cigarette was forthcoming, Eleanor would calmly smoke it. "They didn't stop to think," she explained, "that one cigarette wasn't going to make any difference. It was just fun, but the psychological effect was to make them think a girl who could smoke immediately before a race was invincible.

"Well, Tarzan didn't use psychology. He used strangle holds."

■ They didn't use psychology, however, to get Eleanor to swim fast in one scene of *Tarzan's Revenge*. They used crocodiles.

"Awrgh!" observed Eleanor, who isn't crazy about crocodiles, "I had to swim through this pool that was full of 'em. Of course their mouths were wired, they couldn't really open them, but even so . . .! Say, I went through that pool the fastest I ever swam. It's a pity somebody wasn't holding a stop watch on me—I know I broke every record in the world!

"I don't recall that Tarzan ever went bathing in a crocodile pool. But then," she added with that good natured, impish smile, "he didn't have Mr. Lederman to think up things." D. Ross Lederman is the director of the picture.

What Lederman didn't think up, the scenarists did. As a matter of fact, size and sex taken into consideration, Tarzan's sweetheart has a rougher time in this film than Tarzan himself.

"For another thing," as Eleanor went on to complain, "Tarzan never had to worry about his clothes. Now, they made some lovely white frocks for me, a dozen of them, but in two weeks this is the only clean dress I've had on. If they push me into that mud again today . . ."

■ The mud was something Tarzan managed pretty well to avoid. His poor sweetie—it was the scene where he began to feel sentimental about her—got it in and up to the neck.

Here lay a jungle swamp. A fire engine with a steam pipe had pumped all night long to make the water warm enough for the "takes" and retakes. Into this steam heated swamp they plunged Eleanor in the pretty white dress; in vain her English fiance tried to pull her to safety, then he started for the camp to summon help. "Seems to me for most of the film I'm in either mud or water," Eleanor commented.

While she flounders in the goo, along comes Tarzan with his ape-companion, Skippy. The heroine makes Tarzan understand that she wants to get out. With one superb gesture he hauls her forth and stands her on a log. Thoroughly annoyed by the mishap, she's trying to brush the mud off her skirt when Tarzan, thinking the skirt is something that annoys her, yanks it off.

Furious, Eleanor slaps him. Tarzan's delighted—he thinks that is a new game. He slaps Eleanor, and back she flops into the mud. "This goes on for some time." Eleanor explained dryly, "till love dawns."

As a matter of fact, though she didn't say so, the interchange of slap and shove was not entirely acting; so say those studio observers who watched the scene taken several times. Glenn Morris, from Colorado, is a quiet, church-going boy who often attends Rotary Club meetings. Eleanor Holm, from New York, has been in the Ziegfeld Follies and is currently, when not in pictures, an entertainer (and a good one!) at night clubs.

The two temperaments clashed. After a tender love scene, Glenn would stalk to one side of the sound stage and read a book. Eleanor would march firmly to the other side and resume knitting an afghan. They respected each other's Olympic attainments, but—!

The situation was comically complicated by Skippy, the phenomenally brainy chimpanzee that has played a prominent role in many a Tarzan picture. Skippy, who doesn't particularly like men, conceived an intense admiration for Eleanor Holm. When they played in a scene together it was difficult to make him pay attention to anyone else and, viewing the sequence where Tarzan slapped the lady into the water, Skippy began to get mad at Glenn Morris. By the time Tarzan enfolded the heroine in a fond embrace toward the picture's end, Skippy was dancing with annoyance and jealousy. They had to watch him.

"The Tarzan of fiction, never would have lasted in the movies," Eleanor continued, giving Glenn Morris his due credit for long hours in cold water and mud. "All he had to do was wrestle lions. But the movies take more than acting. They take stamina!"

Crocodile pools, mud to the neck—she said it. What's more, she proved it. Because when Eleanor struggled against a band of savage African warriors and unintentionally knocked herself out by banging her head against a tree limb—she just stood up after they'd put ice on her face for ten minutes and went right on with her struggle against the warriors. Tarzan's record hasn't anything better than that.

NEXT MONTH

Read the surprising story of how Greta Garbo was "nagged" out of two Hollywood homes. It is the funny inside on an incident in the lives of two stars.

Robin Hood in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 19]

"Naturally, Robin flees. He passes by without a second glance at a damsel sparkling with jewelry and gleaming with soft fabrics and furs, whose handsome big car is drawn up at the curb. He doesn't know it, but she's the kind of person he's been seeking. For she's a down-and-out extra who, because she has no work, is decked forth in borrowed finery and a borrowed hack so people will think she's prosperous and give her a job.

"This logic," Flynn added, "will all be beyond Robin. He lived in the uncomplicated days when you either had a castle or took in washing to pay taxes to support someone who had. Or skedaddled off to the woods and joined the Hood outfit."

For Robin Hood, as who doesn't remember, started life in possession of vasty estates but, bilked out of them by Sir Guy of Gisbourne (Basil Rathbone to you), he went away, mad, into the depths of Sherwood Forest and became an outlaw with a price on his head. His friend King Richard (Ian Hunter) was away on a crusade or something, so wicked Prince John (Claude Rains) planned to usurp the throne, and things were in a pretty howdy-do with people's estates getting confiscated right and left.

But eftsoon Robin was joined by brother-outlaws Little John (Alan Hale), Will Scarlet (Patric Knowles), Friar Tuck (Eugene Pallette) and Much, the miller's son (Herbert Mundin), together with everybody else who felt annoyed at being done out of their houses and lands. And at once they formed a band which, despite the efforts of the High Sheriff of Nottingham (Melville Cooper) and of the Bishop (Montagu Love), succeeded in making wealthy travelers "stand and deliver" the coins and trinkets which the outlaws proceeded to distribute among the needy.

Meanwhile, Robin rescued Maid Marian (Olivia De Havilland) from bad Sir Guy—she became Mrs. Hood—and fixed up a match between her attendant, Bess (Una O'Connor) and the miller's son, beside tipping off King Richard, who hurried right home, confronted Prince John, and grabbed back his crown in the nick of time. Lawks, lawks, more fun!

"Disgruntled by his experiences on the Boulevard," Flynn continued, his author's imagination going strong (he has written three books, including the current "Beam Ends"), "Robin drops in at a tavern for a beaker of mead, but all they sell is ice cream soda. While he's quaffing a jumbo chocolate special he learns that the lad upon the chair next to him is a cowboy who rides in something called movies but doesn't bring his horse into the drugstore because he doesn't own a horse; he only rides one. They're all talking with reverence about a knight yclept Buck the Jones.

"Mulling this over"—Flynn took another draught of coffee—"Robin sallies forth to watch an archery tournament about which he's heard. He finds the archers dressed in shorts, both men and women. But if he's fascinated by them, the lady archers are fascinated by him; because antelope's a pretty expensive and ritzy hat ornament this season, I'm told—" (wife Lili Damita must have a new bonnet)—"and Robin wears a Lincoln green hat made entirely of antelope.

"You can see how confused he'd be by a civilization where the women wear antelope and the men wear scanties. Pondering, Robin addresses a youth in doublet and hose—or slacks and sweater—as, 'Sirrah.' And finds it's a girl.

"I fancy this would be too much. He'd go away from there."

Between mouthfuls of coffee Flynn added that no doubt the outlaw'd be aghast at the thought of girls going on a diet to keep thin; girls were a buxom armful in his day. He'd be all of a jitter, too, over which fork and spoon, his chief culinary utensils having been fingers.

"Very likely," Errol went on, thoroughly





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awake now to the possibilities of a Hood visit to the celluloid sector, "Robin might decide to chuck philanthropy for the moment and go deer hunting. People would inform him that a motorist on the edge of Hollywood was hard put to it recently to talk himself out of arrest when a stray deer jumped from a park practically into his lap as he drove along, and a cop thought he'd tried to run it down.

"Shaking his astounded head, the greatest deer hunter in merrie England might thereupon make up his mind that at least he'd go fishing. He asks for the nearest river.

"Somebody mentions the Los Angeles river and directs him to its banks. Behold Robin on the sandy shore, bewildered more than ever by a topsyturvy town where deer are pets and not cutlets and the girls wear men's pants. For he'd find a river that contained nary a fish. It wouldn't even contain any water.

" 'Certes,' he'd murmur, peering at the arid stream bed, or maybe 'By my halidome!'—for naturally in Sherwood he'd never have learned about wet and dry seasons in a subtropic zone—'tis the only river in the world, my faith upon't, where a man could dive in any time and break his noggin."

■ "After a while the poor varlet, dodging traffic and scared to death by auto horns more fierce and loud than e'er were horns of hunter on a sunrise hill, might chance upon one of the several polo fields in the Hollywood vicinity. At first, he'd think the game a kind of joust or tourney, done with a wooden mallet instead of a lance. But as the game increased in intensity, the players dead serious after the American sports fashion, he'd conclude it was a genuine fight and with his zest for righting wrongs he'd plunge into the middle of it.

"Also with his flair for aiding the underdog, he would fling his efforts toward the losing side. He snatches a horse, a mallet. He shouts, 'Hola! Have at them!' He—gadzooks, the caitiff must be reft of sense! He's made a goal over Darryl Zanuck, production head of 20th Century studios!!

" 'Oh! Oh!' shout all the other players, horrified, 'you'll never get into the movies that way! ! !'

"But Leslie Howard, a Warner actor, happens to be on the opposing team. 'Come on over to us,' he invites. And that's how Robin gets into a Warner picture!"

Ah, well.

■ Robin, at least his counterpart, Errol Flynn, had quite a time on location. So had Director William Keighley. Warner Brothers transported some 350 people up North to a 2,400-acre woodland full of oaks; the nearest approach to Sherwood Forest this side of England.

A nice idea, but no sooner had the troupe arrived with their technicolor cameras than prankish Dame Nature got busy. From day to day, under the touch of chill weather, the oak leaves began to turn crimson.

Now, love scenes for the movies differ from those in real life; for the movies, the same scene that occupies five minutes on the screen may require a week to film when the picture is in production. Robin faced the dilemma, in a technicolor film, of starting to woo Maid Marian amid the verdant surroundings of summer and ending the scene—apparently a few minutes afterward—against a back ground of late autumn.

Lack-a-day! as Maid Marian herself might well exclaim. What to do, what to do?

What they did first was to hurry up Robin's lovemaking. Oh, they slighted nothing but they speeded production so that nobody dawdled over anything. Then Director Keighly, who saw that the greensward likewise began to take on autumn tints, sent an S. O. S. to Hollywood. From the vicinity of Warner's studios came, as fast as trucks could fetch 'em, tons of green branches and three loads of fresh green sod. The branches were nailed to the trees, the sod spread beneath them.

Splendid. But sometimes the right tree wasn't in the right place; the light didn't hit it correctly. Technicians built forty trees of plaster and set them where they'd do the most good; these monarchs of the forest were so lifelike, as they should be at $500 apiece, that the troupe swears the local woodpeckers bent their bills out of shape trying to dent the synthetic bark. All very well, but the rocks weren't romantic enough; the native product was too small and scattered. So technicians built plaster rocks, which they placed picturesquely beneath the plaster trees.

Cameras turned for a sentimental interlude between Robin and his lady fair. "Prithee—" began Robin. Plunk! "Nay, gentle (plunk, plunk!) sir," Marian bashfully gave answer. Plunk!

"What in blazes is *that?*" the Director demanded.

"That" turned out to be acorns; the same little acorns from which the big oaks are accustomed to grow. Loosened by a shower the night before, they were dropping on the hollow plaster rocks with the plop of drumbeats.

The assembled company climbed trees and shook branches and swung violently on limbs till the last acorn had been jostled off. But in still another section of the forest it later proved more feasible simply to pick up several of the giant plaster rocks and move them beyond range of the acorn downpour. That's circumventing Nature with a vengeance!

■ Too, there was the time "Robin Hood" unexpectedly had to eat a big feast immediately after he'd eaten a big breakfast. The time "Maid Marian's" horse ran away with her and one of the merrie men (an Indian, incidentally) achieved the honor of catching the steed and retrieving the lady. The time "Robin Hood," asleep, was locked in by a chambermaid who thought the room empty, so—the hotel having no room 'phones—he stepped out on the porch roof, intending to go through Alan Hale's quarters, but was mistaken for a burglar by the guest whose room he started to enter by mistake. And the time Friar Eugene Pallette Tuck char-

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tered a plane and flew clear to San Francisco to eat some soft shell crabs; and arrived at Fisherman's Wharf only to discover it wasn't the crab season!

■ Ah, well. Life's like that; especially on location. Flynn pushed back his coffee cup, prepared to leave.

"If Robin Hood came to Hollywood," said he, "it would be fine for Hollywood—and for Robin. I'll bet the first thing Hollywood taught him would be not to throw beef bones under the table at the Cocoanut Grove.

"And I'll bet the first thing he did for Hollywood, he'd fix it so men wouldn't have to wear stiff collars, evenings, but could go to the Troc in sweaters and open-neck shirts; he was always the friend of the oppressed. And he'd fix it so everybody—but *everybody*—got a gold statue at the Academy dinner, and the extras always got more closeups than the stars. And I suppose the rich would get poorer and the poor get richer because he'd go out on the street corner and give his favorite spiel—it went over big in his day and age—about taking money from those who had it and giving it to those who hadn't. . . ."

Flynn's eyes twinkled. "Oh, Robin Hood would have a whale of a time!"

Sure, you agreed. He'd either be pinched or elected to Congress.



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IT'S HARD TO GROW UP IN HOLLYWOOD

Mary Brian's great success was built upon her girlish charm, and now she is finding it hard to live down her "past"

By EVELYN WARMOLL

■ While most movie stars are sadly bemoaning the fact that they are growing old all too fast on the screen, Mary Brian, fresh from a season of personal appearances, is back in Hollywood to try again to gain recognition as a grown up, mature, young woman.

Mary has been Hollywood's perpetual "little girl" for ten years. She's frankly tired of it. She wants to prove to producers and a loyal following of movie fans that she has outgrown co-eds and fairy princesses and younger sisters. She wants to play dramatic feminine leads. She wants to emote. She wants to be recognized as a dramatic actress. She is tired of playing pretty young things who flit hither and thither and seldom have a dominant scene in the story which goes on around them.

■ It doesn't seem so very long ago that Paramount announced that it was starting a world wide search for a novice to play the title role of its silent production, *Peter Pan*. Mary Brian, just out from Texas, was at the Los Angeles Paramount theatre—dancing in the chorus—when Albert Kaufman, brother-in-law of Adolphe Zukor, saw her, talked with her and sent her out to the Paramount lot for a test for *Peter Pan*. Mary trembled as she made the test for it was her first movie experience, but next day Director Herbert Brenon phoned to say that a contract awaited her—not for Peter Pan but for "Wendy." When she stepped out of the dancing lineup and became Wendy, she began a series of young girl parts which lasted throughout her six and a half years as a Paramount contract player.

She was pretty much the successor to Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter as Hollywood's sweetheart. No film debutante was more sought after for party lists than Mary.

"The sweetest kid in Hollywood" she was called off-screen as well as on. No college picture was quite complete without Mary Brian as the fair young co-ed who turned the heads of the gridiron heroes, and finally arrived at her big romantic scene either in the booth of some campus ice cream parlor or under the ever present sheltering oak in front of the girls' dormitory.

When she wasn't decorating college pictures, romantic dramas of Civil war days claimed her for doll-like crinoline girls who made exquisite pictures of Mason-Dixon beauty, but never had much opportunity to lead the parade when the dramatic scenes began.

■ When the talkies came in Mary Brian began intensive training for more dramatic and dominant roles. She tucked her collection of sunbonnets and middie blouses gently but firmly in the garage trunk, pinned up the curls that once hung on the back of her neck, and tried every way she knew to "grow up" in a hurry. Other diminutive girls had been given dramatic roles — Helen Hayes, Sylvia Sydney, Elizabeth Bergner, dozens of small girls had dominated dramatic pictures. While Mary made no comparisons, she yearned for just one chance to show what she could do. But to Hollywood she was still the "young sister type."

Finally Walter Huston's *The Virginian* gave her a deviation from her usual cast assignment and *The Front Page* offered broader opportunities as did *The Royal Family* but whenever a college picture was being cast the first name on every casting director's tongue was "Mary Brian."

As often as she could afford to, Mary shook her pretty head and announced that she had her mind set on more dramatic parts. During one of the waits between pictures, Ken Murray induced her to resume stage work and to return to her dancing (which Hollywood never thought of at all). For a year Mary alternated between Broadway, road shows and pictures that offered her at least some hope of outgrowing the "little sister" roles.

Her personal appearances were huge successes and she found that her fans were just as eager for her to grow up as she was. When fans saw her dance in local theatres they wrote letters by the score to various Hollywood producers asking them to make Mary Brian a dancing screen star.

■ When the co-ed and little sister offers continued unbroken Mary Brian went to London for a British picture and one day Hollywood was startled to hear that "little Mary" was the star of the *1935 Charlot's Revue* and "going over like a house afire."

After an extended London season Mary returned to Hollywood and played a "heavy" in *Spendthrift* merely to get away from the girlish type of role previously given her. This was followed by two independent pictures which offered more or less straight dramatic leads and other personal appearances in which she was supported by a dancing trio, Gordon, Read and King and also by Arena and Hines.

■ A few months ago Mary came back to Hollywood again in search of mature roles and was fairly successful in *Three Married Men* and *Killer at Large* but the recent summer season found her at the head of the casting office lists for co-ed roles in a half dozen football pictures and she began to wonder what she could do to create a new "1938 model Mary Brian."

"I'm afraid you just can't grow up in Hollywood," says Mary. "I enjoy playing girlish parts but I'm crossing my fingers and hoping that the day soon comes when I can play a dominant, dramatic part and show them that Wendy has grown up. I don't care whether I play a vamp, a society girl or a French apache; I just want a chance to assume a role that has some depth and determination."

■ Mary Brian lives with her mother near Toluca Lake, a few miles north of the Hollywood studio where she began her screen career. At least once each year she is reported "this-a and that-a" about some currently popular young screen Lochinvar but isn't taking romance too seriously. After playing more than 50 girlish featured leads in as many feature films Mary seems far more anxious to play a dramatic role on the screen than take a demure walk to the altar in a real life romance.



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HOLLYWOOD RADIO BEAM

By GORDON W. FAWCETT

■ We went to a broadcast—and what a party it was! No Hollywood "first night" could have attracted so many stars of the radio and screen. In case you're interested, it's the new *Good News of 1938* program we are talking about. Heralded in with all the fanfare of a new year, the program got off to a grand start with Louis B. Mayer, Hollywood's "Head Man," presenting the golden key of his studio to C. M. Chester, Jr., head of the General Foods. Blending the glamour of the screen with the glamour of radio, all the leading lights of Metro were there in tails and trains with the exception of Buddy Ebsen, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy who explained that tails and trains would interfere with their intricate dance routine.

The occasion brought to light the latest Hollywood romance when Eleanor Powell appeared at the show escorted by that young man about town, Wayne Morris . . . Judy Garland was there, thrilled to death with her orchid corsage . . . Cliff Edwards, Sophie Tucker, Ann Pennington and a score of others rounded the show out into top entertainment.

■ Gail Patrick appeared on Tyrone Power's *Panama Nocturne* program the other evening with three great big orchids pinned on her shoulder. Right after the show, she ran out the back door and nobody got a chance to see her. A heavy date with "Hubby" Bob Cobb was the reason for the hasty exit.

■ Sid Skolsky has had over seven hundred "movie boners" brought to his attention since he has gone on the air. Fans from all parts of the country send them in.

■ W. S. Hart, old time "silent" days film actor, is quite a pal of Rudy Vallee. Recently Vallee wanted "W. S." to go on the air with him. W. S. was only too glad to oblige, but when Vallee gave him a check for his services, W. S. was quite offended. What he did not understand was that the sponsor pays the bills and not Vallee himself. W. S. flatly refused, but Vallee got around the old boy by giving the check to his sister up in Vermont.

■ Charlie McCarthy startled Hollywood by riding down Hollywood Boulevard seated beside Santa Claus when he opened up the famous Santa Claus Lane in the cinema capitol.

■ Don Ameche just proved to his pals that his interests don't include just radio and the screen. He's a sharpshooter from 'way back. Just to show what he could do, he recently won a national contest sponsored by the leading shooting gallery owners throughout the country.

■ Just to be sure that their boss' son will never be a band leader, Ozzie Nelson's gang sent the little tyke a full set of miniature golf clubs with hand books by the expert as to how the game is played. As you know, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie recently purchased Charlie Farrell's old home which borders the Lakeside Golf Club's links.

■ The program hasn't any sponsor yet, but Warner Brothers are looking to General Motors to pay the bills on their new talent hunt radio idea which will give all listeners a chance at being in pictures through their efforts on the air. The idea is an outcome of a local program here in Hollywood called, "Do You Want to Be an Actor?" Sounds a lot like another Major Bowes idea. Those who win a studio tryout will be given round trip tickets home in case they don't make the grade in Hollywood.

■ When we met Tyrone Power at the station in Pasadena after his quite hectic trip to New York, Ty was full of news of the big city and showed all the earmarks of taking his recent radio success in stride. He was lucky enough to obtain permission to sit on the players bench at a recent Fordham football game. His old pal, Jack Mulcahy was the "fixer" who arranged the deal. It was his first trip east since his screen successes, so Ty visited the old barn he once lived in while struggling to the top. From all reports, he had little time to spend with his pals, so intrigued he was with Janet Gaynor. Understand he and Janet hit all the night spots while they were there. Power tells me that it was almost like being in California, though, with so many screen personalities in New York now. "Retakes" was the excuse for his rush trip home, so you'll be hearing Tyrone from Hollywood from now on.

■ Rudy Vallee caused quite a ripple out here in Hollywood with his appearance at the Cocoanut Grove. All his old screen friends packed the place so that standing room was all that could be had. However, Hedy Lamarr had no trouble in getting a table. Rudy was understood



The candid camera presents Jack Oakie, caught right in the middle of mid-term exams for "Oakie College."

to have told friends that she reminded him of the late Fay Webb.

■ Wendy Barrie is still thanking Mischa Auer, Kent Taylor and Frank Jenks for consenting to work late for many nights on the set at Universal Pictures Studios. Wendy, in the same picture with them, could not have appeared in rehearsals for Jack Haley's *Log Cabin Jamboree* for two weeks had it not been for their cooperative spirit . . . Warren Hull, also on the Jamboree program has three very enthusiastic supporters every Saturday night. They are Paul, George and John Warren Hull, Jr., 4, 5, and 7 years of age, respectively. Dressed in their Eaton suits, they quickly take seats down front and never crack a smile except when their famous father appears.

■ Close on the heels of his radio successes comes another enterprise for Bob Burns and his far famed bazooka. Bob has decided to put the bazooka on the market in great lots. Probably by now you have seen hundreds of them on sale at leading department stores and toy shops. Bob has made such a great thing out of the bazooka that he is impressed by it himself. For instance, he has the original bazooka in his front room in a glass case on display. Just recently, he received his first check on royalties. It was for over seven thousand dollars.



It's the spirit that counts, as well as music, so Bob Burns fixes an hypnotic glare on the microphone when he and Bing Crosby join in a little close harmony on the NBC Kraft Music Hall program

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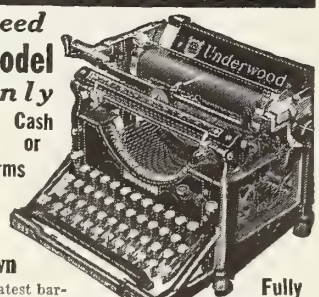
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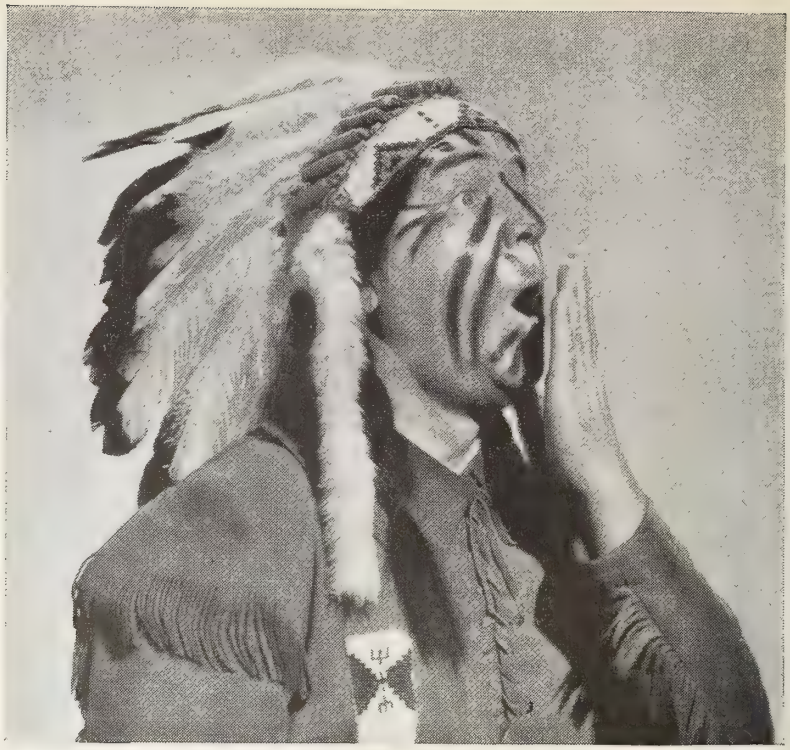
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Here is the comedian, all done up in war paint to illustrate how he has felt on more than one occasion during the Santa Anita racing season

FRAWLEY'S ON THE WAR-PATH

Bill Frawley, ordinarily a mild mannered man, can be made to see red by one innocent little question

By SCOOP CONLON

"Who do you like?"

Ordinarily, this is a fair question. It might mean blondes or brunettes, Carole Lombard or Claudette Colbert, day or night, opera or jazz, Notre Dame or Southern California, champagne or beer.

But, when we innocently popped the query to the amiable comedian, Bill Frawley, during a round of golf at the Lakeside Golf Club with Bing Crosby, he gave us one of his famous "double-takes" telling plainly that only a long friendship kept him from tearing us limb from limb.

What's wrong with asking "who do you like?" we demanded.

"Because," he shouted, "everywhere I go, day and night, everybody I meet, makes the same silly crack.

"Who do you like?" means only one thing in Hollywood today.

Horses! horses! horses!

Mr. Frawley continued, warming to the subject, in his righteous wrath.

"The blonde who manicures my nails, the barber who cuts my hair and the boy who shines my shoes; the studio gateman, the supervisor and the props; the milkman, the mailman and the iceman; the nurse in the dentist's office, the dentist and the elevator boy; the waiter in the Brown Derby, the corner traffic cop and the bartender in the Knickerbocker; they all lean over my shoulder to whisper in my ear: 'who do you like?' "

"You know what's the matter with Bill?" volunteered Bing.

"He is one of the best form handicappers I know, but he has had so many funny things happen to him lately that he's getting a wee bit touchy on the subject of horse racing."

It seems that the redoubtable Mr. Frawley hied out to Santa Anita one day with some sure things and a pocket full of money. He hit the first three races right on the nose, including a long-shot sleeper that he happened to know about. Bill really figured HIS day was due. He had just raked in a bundle of greenbacks at the pay-off window, when one of those pests—the stranger who only knows you by sight—stepped up, slapped him familiarly on the back and said confidentially, "'Atta boy, Bill, y o u ' r e sure knockin' 'em over today. Say, who do you like?"

Naturally, the comedian burned. So, he picked out three anteaters whose owners had to hunt for them with lanterns their last time out, and gave them to the pest as sure things.

Horses like Bad Luck, No Chance and Humpty Dumpty!

Bill rightly figured the pest would lose his shirt betting on those jallopies. You can guess what happened. Bill's star specials ran out of the money, and the three zebras he gave the nuisance came galloping home like Rosemont's nephews.

To add insult to injury, the pest hunts up Bill to slap him on the back again and shout: "Can you pick 'em, ol' boy, ol' boy? You give me three winners. I'm $119.20 ahead. Who do you like tomorrow?"

Bill took the guy aside and gave him a number to call that night. The number was the warden at San Quentin.

According to Bing, Bill has never been the same since.

■ "O. K. Crooner," retorted Bill, "but I don't own race horses and forget to bet on them when they come busting home first."

Bing owns a sweet, two-year-old called "Fight On" that won a race to pay $162.60 for a two-dollar ticket, and the Crooner neglected to bet on the pony.

"Tell the boys the story about your Filipino houseboy, Bill," retorted the Crooner.

The comedian looked at Bing reproachfully, then chuckled.

"Well, that was funny. And, it's on me. I'm talking to a pal on the phone about how Bing was a sure thing to win the Lakeside Golf Championship, and when I'm through the Filipino starts serving my breakfast with a grin on his pan from here to Albuquerque.

"Hurro, Mista Flawley, big suplise today. Big suplise. Jo-jo bet on gees-gees you like."

"What's this?" I growl, reaching for the black coffee and the aspirin.

"Sure, Mista Flawley, Jo-jo remember you say gee-gee run like water buffalo. Filipino boy he ride buffalo. Run good in mud. Jo-jo he bet two dolla Water Buffalo, he win sixty-seven dolla."

With a roar of laughter, the gang sympathized with the comedian. "But that isn't the topper," he continued, "get this.

"Sure, Mista Flawley, Jo-jo bet all time he hear you talk on telephone. Yes-day he hear you say you sure like Bing, he can't miss. Jo-jo he look in paper, Mr. Bing in last race, he bet two-dolla, win seventy-nine dolla.

"Jo-jo no bet chicken fight no more. He bet gees-gees. Make Filipino boy very happy.

"Who you like today, Mista Flawley?"

The comedian grinned ruefully as we yelled, and confessed, "and I guess that is as good a way to pick 'em as any."

■ It appears that Bill Frawley is a great fellow to pick "sleepers," but unfortunately, fails to back his hunches. Like many smart horse players, he likes favorites. But, the less well-informed bettors, particularly the fair sex, often clean up on Bill's handicapping. Dixie Crosby, Irene Dunne and Carole Lombard swear by him.

"As long as you're poison to the bookies —for somebody else—" we asked, "how about picking a few nags for me?"

"Say, when the Crooner opens his Del Mar track this summer," said Bill, "I'll give you so many winners we'll take everything at his layout but the judges' stand."

As Bill counted out $15 to pay off Mr. Crosby for the latter's proficiency at golf, much to his disgust, he added:

"Call me up any time, Gladstone 3813, and I'll pick 'em for you. It may change my luck."

We took the comedian at his word a few days later, rang him on the phone, but a Filipino voice answered:

"Hurro," it said, "Mista Flawley he no feel so good. He very mad. He say man who bet on horse race is big sucker. Just —a minute, pliss! Mista Flawley, he say if this Mista Conlon speaking, give him message. Mista Flawley, he say ask 'WHO DO YOU LIKE?'"

Bill Boyd — Hopalong Cassidy — and his wife, Grace Bradley, have just purchased a ranch at the foot of Mt. Whitney. These newlyweds have land-fever, it would appear, for this marks their third ranch since their marriage only a few months ago. They plan to commute between the ranch and Hollywood—pshaw, it's only a little matter of two hundred and twenty miles.

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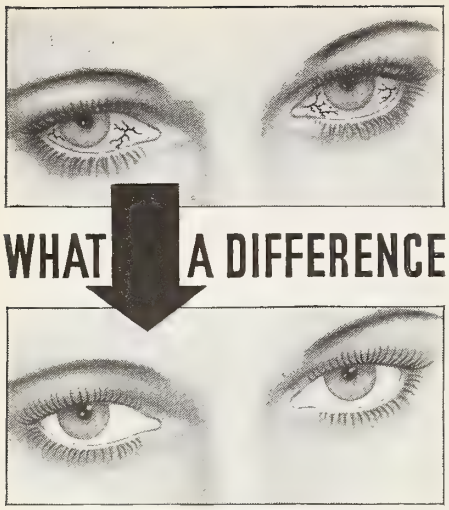
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Address

City..... State.....

Age..... Dress Size.....



IN EYE MAKE-UP

DULL, "tired-looking" eyes ruin the most perfect "eye make-up." You can't hide them with arched brows or mascara. But when eyes become red, veined, tired-looking due to late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure —a few drops of Eye-Gene can make them clearer, whiter, in seconds! Eyes look larger, sparkling, refreshed. Utterly different in action from boric acid or old-style lotions. A new formula of two noted eye specialists. Especially soothing to those who wear glasses. Fastest selling eye lotion of its kind. Get the large economy bottle at any drug or department store—money refunded if not satisfied. Or get purse size at any 10c store.

EYE-GENE Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Spats and Divorces!

At Reno so many women are getting divorces because they have been in misery for years! Many women, too, have found new independence and happiness after taking an old physician's prescription called "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," which stimulates the appetite and this in turn increases the intake of food, helping to build up the body.

Then, too, there is the dreaded "change of life" period, called by physicians "menopause." Women of any age who suffer from periodic pains, headache, pains in back, associated with functional disturbances, would do well to try that vegetable tonic, made without alcohol, and favorably known for seventy years as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

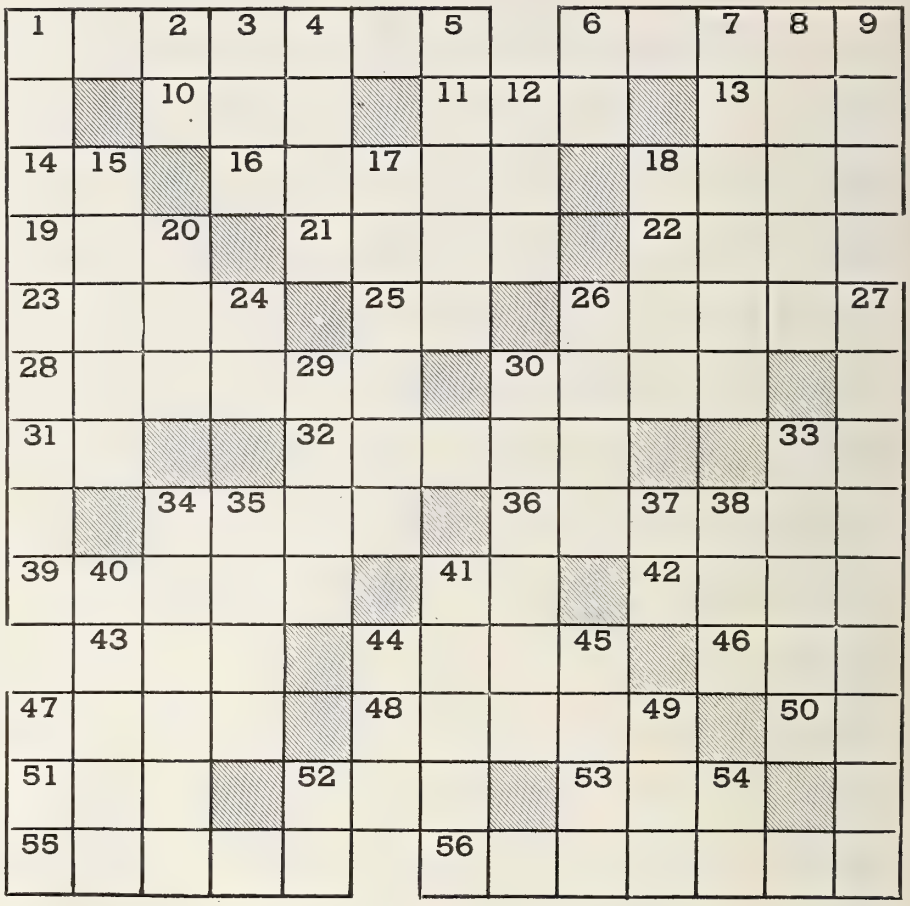
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Star of *First Lady.*
6. *A Girl With* ———.
10. Wallace Ford portrayed one in *Swing It, Sailor.*
11. The reel McCoy.
13. Jack La ———.
14. *She Asked for* ———.
16. *Attwater* in *Ebb Tide.*
18. First name of star of *Two Who Dared.*
19. Color often used in Silly Symphonies.
21. Middle name of the famous David Griffith.
22. ——— *Them Live.*
23. The Ritz ——— (abbr.).
25. *Give* ——— *This Night.*
26. What cowboy stars use to rope steers.
28. First name of one who was the butler in *Heidi.*
30. *Thoroughbreds* ——— *Cry.*
31. Edward Arnold's birthplace (abbr.).
32. Judith Barrett's native state.
33. *Sing and* ——— *Happy.*
34. Feminine lead in *The Buccaneer.*
36. *Miss Hogan* in *The Westland Case.*
39. He was Shirley's grandfather in *Wee Willie Winkie.*
41. Initials of one co-starred with Joan Blondell in *Stand In.*
42. ———, *Love and Learn.*
43. Wallace Beery celebrates birth on this April date.
44. Robert Young's screen wife in *I Met Him in Paris.*
46. *She Had To* ———.
47. Pluto, Corky and Tuffy.
48. Zeppo Mark left screen to become one.
50. Initials of Norma Talmadge.
51. *Some Blondes* ——— *Dangerous.*
52. First name of Mr. Bowman.
53. *You're in the Army* ———.
55. Her last name is Engels (poss.).
56. Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine.

DOWN

1. Featured actor in *The Prisoner of Zenda.*
2. *Dinner* ——— *the Ritz.*
3. Mrs. Walter Huston.
4. To make a sound like the Pathe rooster.
5. Players such as Paul Muni or Edward G. Robinson.
6. *It's Love* ——— *After.*
7. Shirley Deane's screen brother in Jones Family series.
8. Misses McWade and Seddon portray these relatives in *Danger, Love At Work.*
9. ——— *Racketeers.*
12. Stars autograph photos with this.
15. Hero of *Paid To Dance.*
17. That funny "cry-baby" comedian.
18. *Captain D'Ornano* in *Conquest.*
20. Nickname of Miss Mackaill.
24. ———! *the Octopus.*
26. Heroes seldom do this in film fights.
27. Movies such as *The Firefly.*
29. Loretta Young was born here.
30. First name of Miss Pollard, comedienne.
33. *McLean* in *The Wrong Road.*
34. A star of *Stage Door.*
35. He talks like th-th-th-this.
37. Initials of Mr. Lukas.
38. It is thrown instead of eaten in comedies.
40. Star of *I'll Take Romance.*
41. Boxes or stalls in movie theatres.
44. Remember ——— Busch?
45. First name of heroine in *She Loved a Fireman* (abbr.).
47. You saw her in *Something To Sing About.*
49. Juanita Quigley is one.
52. Mr. Stander's initials.
54. *Shall* ——— *Dance?*

(Solution on page 57)

THE RAGE OF PARIS



Danielle Darrieux, just arrived from France to make her first American picture for Universal, is drawing wide attention for her work in an imported film, *Meyerling*, now being shown

Here are some of the reasons the little French star has been brought across an ocean and a continent to make pictures in another language

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ The big guns back of the lines were booming along a 200-mile front when war baby Danielle Darrieux was ushered into the world in the spring of 1917 and things have been booming ever since for the sensational stage and screen star who recently moved into Universal Studios with her delightful accent, her 47 trunks and her husband, Henry Decoin, to begin work on *The Rage of Paris*, the first of a series of ten pictures for which she is to be paid a reputed $1,000,000 over a course of five years.

For her age, which is twenty; for her figure, which is dainty; for her appearance, which is demure and unaffected, this beauty from Bordeaux gives no indication of the intense, driving ambition that has carried her so quickly to the top on the Continent. An opportunist of the first degree, it's always off with the old and on with the new the moment her keen mind has decided that such a move means another definite step forward in the advancement of her career. She drives a hard bargain does this slim, brown-eyed French girl. That she knows the business as well as the artistic side of movie making is attested by the contract she signed with Universal.

■ Danielle comes from a musical family, her Algerian mother being a singer of great renown throughout Europe. Her father, a physician, was as well versed in musical knowledge as he was in medical. Danielle, herself, was good enough at the piano when only four to play compositions of the great French and German composers. She hoped, as did her parents, that some day she would be able to enter





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the Paris Conservatory of Music and become a concert artist. Music was to be her career. Until she was fourteen years old, her life was planned and charted so that nothing could interfere with her studies.

It was at fourteen that, in addition to the piano she took lessons on the cello.

"If I couldn't get into the Conservatory," Danielle says, "with one instrument, I would with two. Like killing one bird with two stones."

■ But it was at fourteen that she suddenly covered up her piano, hung up her big fiddle and her bow, and, in answer to an ad in a French fan magazine, moved from music into movies without so much as a tiny stumble.

According to the ad, production of the screen version of the popular novel, *La Bal*, was to be started at the Vandal and Delac studio. The noted German director, Thiele, was looking for a young girl of about fourteen to play the leading role. No previous screen experience was necessary.

"I read the notice the second time," Danielle says, "then I went to my room, washed my face and hands, put on a bright new dress, came out without my parents seeing me, got on a bus, got off at the Champs Elysees studio entrance, walked into the plush-carpeted office of Monsieur Vandal and asked for a screen test. Just like that. And I got it—and the job. Just like that."

■ The film was a hit—and so was the fourteen-year-old Danielle. A contract was quickly signed with the producers. Just as quickly they put their pretty young find into one film after another.

"And they turned out to be what you call in Hollywood the 'quickies'," smiled the French star, "and so I decided to do something about it. I told the producers that I wanted to play serious, tragic parts, that I was tired of comedy and that the people would soon tire of me; but the producers would only shake their heads, smile a little sadly and ask if I was going what you call in this country 'highbrow' on them. And I would smile a little sadly, too, shake my head, and say 'no,' and then walk away. Over and over that would happen and then I began to worry."

She not only began to worry, but likewise began to lose weight until, finally, she became so ill while playing opposite Jan Kiepura in a picture in Berlin that she was carted off to a hospital to undergo a serious throat operation. It wasn't until the operation was over and pronounced a success that she sent word to her parents —and take Danielle's word for it, Papa and Mama Darrieux "blew up high!"

"It was a crisis I wanted to meet alone," was the only explanation Daughter Danielle gave them and, since by now they were somewhat accustomed to her meeting crises alone, they let it go at that.

Fully recovered, Danielle finished the Kiepura film, the film that had almost finished her. And then good pictures came along, some of them written ex-

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Also—A Complete Book-length Novel
THE HUSBAND WE SHARED
IN FEBRUARY



True Confessions

pressly for her. All of them, as we like to say it here, smash hits.

■ And then, almost before she was prepared for it, the French idol of the screen was brought face to face with another crisis that she had to meet alone. Maybe that isn't exactly true. At any rate she was brought face to face with Henry Decoin, co-author with Henry Koster of *L'or Dans La Rue* in which Danielle was to play the leading feminine role. One meeting led to another and another until it finally occurred to Writer Decoin that the best way to meet the romantic crisis was to get married. Which is precisely what happened—to the great happiness of each.

After months of honeymooning throughout Europe, Danielle returned to the screen to play opposite Charles Boyer in *Mayerling,* a tragic film that marked her first definite departure from the comedies and frothy romances she had heretofore played. After *Mayerling,* in which she literally took Europe by storm, came another serious role in *Un Mauvais Garcon* in which she played the part of a woman lawyer. Then came *Fort Arthur* in which she was cast as a Japanese girl, then the French stage upon which her histrionic arts and talents gained additional prestige.

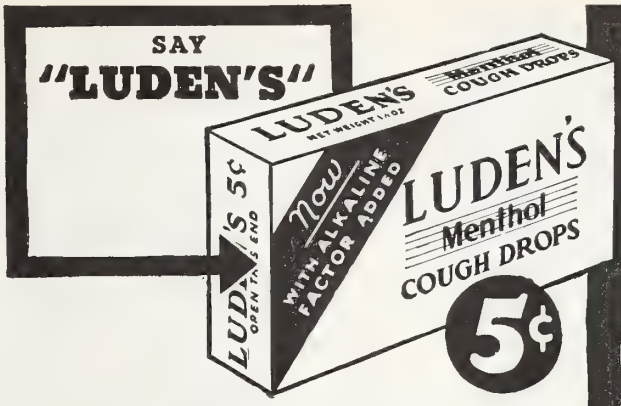
■ During all this foreign fanfare, Universal Studios was setting the machinery in motion to bring La Darrieux to Hollywood. The wheels really got into high speed when the million dollar contract was signed, sealed and delivered. And whether you think so or not, a million dollars is big money whether you count it in liras, centimes, marks, or buffalo nickles.

Danielle's first picture in Hollywood is to be *The Rage of Paris* and according to the men who receive big money for recognizing talent when they see it, by the time her second picture is finished Danielle is going to be the rage of America.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

F	R	A	N	C	I	S		I	D	E	A	S		
A		T	A	R		T	I	M		R	U	E		
I	T		N	O	L	A	N		A	N	N	A		
R	E	D		W	A	R	K		L	E	T			
B	R	O	S		U	S		L	A	S	S	O		
A	R	T	H	U	R		D	O	N	T		P		
N	Y			T	E	X	A	S			B	E		
K		G	A	A	L		P	E	P	P	E	R		
S	M	I	T	H		L	H		L	I	V	E		
	O	N	E		M	O	N	A		E	A	T		
D	O	G	S		A	G	E	N	T		N	T		
A	R	E		L	E	E		N	O	W		A		
W	E	R	A	S		S	I	S	T	E	R	S		

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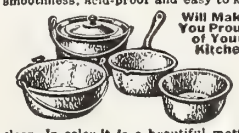
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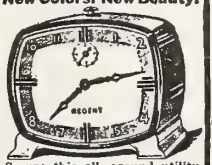
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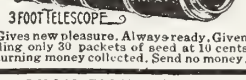
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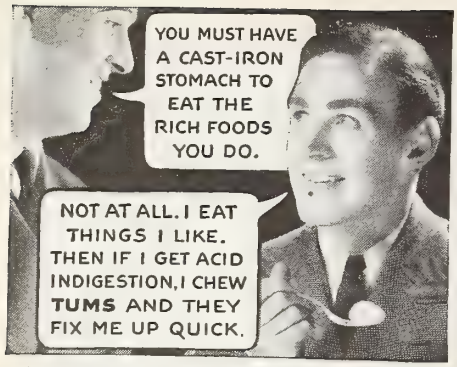
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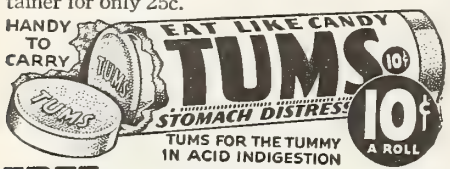
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Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 12*]

a play titled, *Spanish Lady*. The remark he had noted read . . . "William Powell. Newcomer to Broadway. Looks good. Should go over."

Yes, that William Powell was our Bill Powell of the screen today.

JUVENILE FOLLIES

Bonita Granville is president of the Chocolate Nut Sundae Club . . . to qualify, a person must be able to down SIX sundaes, without blinking . . . Darla Hood, leading lady of Our Gang, is very perturbed . . . she's been left by the wayside . . . reason for this base desertion of the male members of the Gang is a certain new charmer in the Gang, Annabelle Logan, Ella's niece, who's a honey . . . Buckwheat, the little negro lad, however, still remains faithful . . . he follows Darla about the lot with dog-like devotion . . . Spanky wears a tailor-made dress suit; with tails, no less, in *Our Gang Follies of 1938* . . . he and Oliver Hardy were being measured side by side, when this roamer chanced to look in the tailor shop, one of Hollywood's most exclusive . . . life never palls at one of Jane Withers' parties . . . she held an animal washing contest most recently, supplying all the animals from her own menagerie . . . Shirley Temple displaying for all to see an autographed photograph from Joan Crawford . . . it read, "To Shirley from her devoted fan. Love. Joan Crawford" . . . Alfalfa tests the new members of the Roach studio by borrowing nickels . . . the Mauch twins own Tuxedos, and whenever they go out of an evening always wear them.

Here's one of the nicest gestures we've encountered in many a day. . . .

Hidden inside a bouquet of flowers, which Walter Connolly presented his wife on their fifteenth wedding anniversary, was a small white box. Within the box rested a beautiful engagement ring.

"I wasn't able to give my wife an engagement ring when I first met her in New York," Connolly explains, "but I decided that when I did buy her one it would be the best." Now, after all these years, Mrs. Connolly, the former Nedda Harrington, of Broadway stage fame, wears a diamond solitaire on her finger . . . and it's a beauty, too.

Marriages may be made in Heaven, but studio romances, all too often, are made in the publicity offices. It's a harmless way of keeping players before the public eye. The odd part of it is that these made-to-order romances often develop into the real thing. As witness that of Joy Hodges, leading lady of *Merry-Go-Round of 1938*, and Robert Wilcox. Their names were linked for studio purposes, and now they're really engaged to be married.

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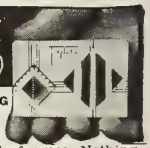
By the scores are fads started in Hollywood, but probably none of the season can compare with the one Dorothy Peterson initiated at a recent dinner party.

When she entertained, she used egg plant and purple grapes as a centerpiece! Can you beat it? Not to be outdone . . . Fay Wray, one of Dorothy's guests, later chose red apples, brightly scrubbed carrots and green squashes in a bed of autumn leaves to take the place of the usual floral decoration.

Readers, if you MUST go Hollywood, be sure to rub your vegetables and fruit with oil, so that they'll shine, before arranging them.

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Grace Bradley, beginner in the cooking school, caught right in the middle of a promising batch of biscuits

THE BRIDE'S FIRST BISCUITS

This story may put an end to all of those old jokes about the bride, the biscuits and the disillusioned husband, because here is a secret of success

By BETTY CROCKER

■ When a husband teaches his bride to cook, that's news!

Bill Boyd, the western star, was used to batching it at his "Hopalong Rancho" in the Malibu Mountains, so when he brought his bride, the lovely Grace Bradley, to his ranch he was prepared to do the cooking.

The dish that made a hit with Grace, she told me, was Bill's spaghetti with a sauce of meat and fresh mushrooms.

Not to be outdone, when they returned to their Hollywood apartment, Grace determined to cook Bill's favorite food—hot biscuits.

"I had to try something that was failure-proof," she laughed, "because I'd never tried to cook a thing before we were married. I bought a box of prepared biscuit flour and was really surprised at the many dishes I could make. I could turn out shortcakes, dumplings, scones and all sorts of yummy food, with just a little mixing and baking."

Of course, Grace Bradley isn't the first bride to make this happy discovery. I've had letters from hundreds of enthusiastic newly-weds, and talked with as many more. I just wish you could hear the

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Each Fated for 2 COLDS THIS YEAR!

ACCORDING to eminent medical authority, 60% of all the people in the United States suffer from at least *two* colds every year.

The best time to prevent trouble is right at the start. If you're nursing a cold—*see a doctor!* Curing a cold is the doctor's business.

But the doctor, himself, will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Moreover, it will do much to make you *less susceptible* to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help . . . use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

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way they all sing the praises of prepared biscuit flour—and tell how it's turned their first cooking ventures into one long procession of triumphs. It isn't any wonder that they call it "the answer to a bride's prayer."

Like Grace Bradley, they've all been amazed at the many *other* delicious foods they can make with it besides biscuits. The little free booklet of prepared biscuit flour recipes put out by the millers showed them how this new product fits itself into the meal all the way from appetizers and soup to the dessert—and all so easily that the rankest amateur of a cook can score the sort of triumphs with her first effort that used to be the reward only of months —even years—of practice. Grace Bradley says that Hot Pimento Cheese Biscuits are one of Bill Boyd's favorites. They sound complicated, I know, but really they're very simple.

First you make your biscuits—by merely adding ¾ cup milk to 2 cups of the prepared biscuit flour, and beating it vigorously for 30 seconds. Then gather up the dough and lay it in a mound on a cloth-covered mixing board. Roll or pat it out and cut it into the size biscuits you want with a biscuit cutter. Now they're ready to lay on a pan and pop into the oven. Yes, really, it's as easy as that!

Now then—for these Hot Pimento Cheese Biscuits that "Bill" likes so well—lay your biscuits in a heavy loaf pan, and pour over them a package of soft spreading pimento cheese that you've melted with 2 tbsp. of butter. Bake these biscuits in a hot oven, 450 degrees. This is not quite as hot an oven as you need for the plain biscuits, but we don't want the cheese to be scorched.

This trick of adding new ingredients to ordinary biscuits can be carried on almost endlessly. There are Cheese Biscuits—all flaked with yellow cheese. They are so appetizing with salads. Then there are Orange Biscuits with the pungent refreshing orange right in them and all encrusted with sugar. There are pink Tomato Biscuits, Poppy Seed Biscuits.

Dumplings used to be one of the supreme tests of a woman's cooking skill. But now, any bride can garnish a stew with tender, fleecy-as-a-cloud dumplings that may well be the envy of older and more experienced cooks. It's simply a matter of stirring 1 cup of milk (or ⅞ cup of water) into 2 cups of prepared biscuit flour and beating for the usual 30 seconds. Then dropping this batter by spoonfuls on top of the stew. Cover tightly and let the dumpling steam (without lifting the cover) for 15 minutes.

So it's no wonder that Grace is confident she can match her husband's prowess at the ranch cookstove when they return to their mountain retreat after she finishes in *The Big Broadcast of 1938* at Paramount. Bill Boyd is starring in the *Hopalong Cassidy* series.

FOR NEXT MONTH

Betty Crocker has interviewed another bride, Anne Shirley, who tells how to beat the eggs as well as the hazards of that first cake.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

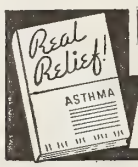
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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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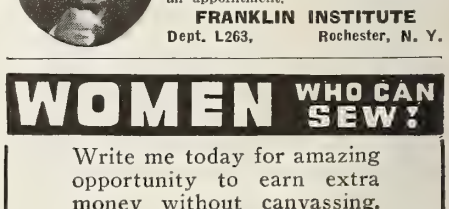
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Gag Salesman

He started as a phonograph salesman, but the customers laughed so hard at his jokes they had no strength left to sign on the dotted line

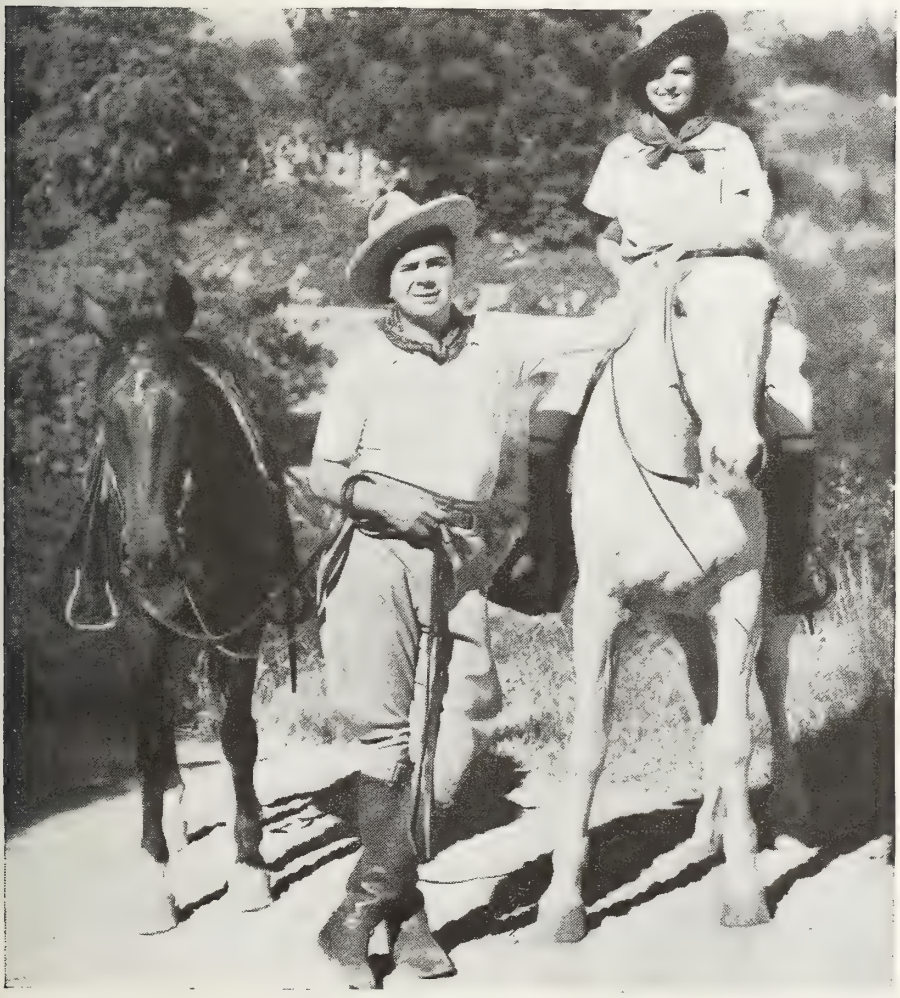
By MARVEL SLEUGAIR

■ You can say this about Ken Murray, the radio comedian. It didn't take him long to get wise to the fact that there was more money in selling gags than in telling them.

"This wising-up process," claims Ken, "occurred shortly after I had started out in life as a phonograph salesman. I was traveling under my own moniker, then, which happens to be Kenneth Abner Doncourt—better known at present, I hope, as plain, old-fashioned Ken Murray.

"Well, I didn't break any records selling talking machines and I can prove it by what the boss said. It seems that I was a great hand to jolly prospective customers into a sales mood by telling stories. Buyers would laugh their heads off at my yarns, invite me to parties, private clubs and whatnot, but rarely would they invite themselves to sign on the dotted line. And to be fair to both sides, I'd seldom invited *them*, either, so when the boss said something one day that sounded like 'If you want to tell funny stories why don't you get into vaudeville; I took him at his word and 'got'."

■ In vaudeville it was different. All Ken had to do was to sell gags and he had a knack of doing that so well that he



Ken Murray and his fiance, Miss Florence Heller, snapped on one of their rides through the Hollywood hills



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Mrs. S. E. P., Chicago, started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! H. S. not necessary. Equipment included. Thousands of graduates. 39th year. Men and women 18-60.

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traveled along the show road at a fast and profitable pace.

In 1923 he made his stage debut at the Folly Theatre in Brooklyn. In 1929 he switched over to the movies and made his screen debut in *Half Marriage* with Olive Borden. In 1935 he made his Broadway debut in Earl Carroll's *Sketchbook*. Since then he has appeared in such stage shows as *Louder Please, Hi, There,* and the *Vanities*. His films include *The Crooner, Ladies of the Jury,* and *You're a Sweetheart*. His radio debut dates back to 1933 when he appeared as a guest star on the Rudy Vallee program. Right now he is one of the country's ether raves as topman of a weekly program that keeps the dial twisters in an uproar.

Aside from the screen and radio, Ken's current business activities include writing a syndicated humor column and making records.

■ According to his own confession, he got into the habit of smoking cigars to overcome the pangs of stage fright when he made his first appearance in front of the footlights.

"I added the hat to my act," he says, "because I didn't want to be mistaken for that other cigar-smoking witster, Ben Bernie. You don't have to mention this, but I used to play the sax and clarinet and occasionally I indulge in a jam session with Oswald who can pump an accordion like nobody's business."

Murray has been a pal of Edgar Bergen for fifteen years, and proudly boasts of the fact that he was the godfather of Charlie McCarthy, Bergen's saucy little partner, when that character was first hacked out of wood. And here's one for the book. Although he always has had a blonde girl in his act, he has yet to go out with one. At present he's engaged to Miss Florence Heller, a dark-haired society beauty of New York City.

■ Ken owns two cars, is deeply interested in politics and considers long distance phone calls his pet extravagance. Spends his week-ends on fishing trips and his free moments while making a picture at reading and bridge. He avoids night clubs, enjoys his fan mail, likes sun baths, holidays, personal appearances—and Hollywood. His pet peeves include silk underwear, modern architecture, airplanes, premieres, and traveling alone. His earliest ambition was to be a comedian. His present ambition is to be a comedian.

"And don't forget to add," he says, "that I'm a good cook. In fact I believe I can throw as mean a skillet as Leo Carrillo."

■ That national love commuter, Ann Sothern, swears she'll see more of her husband this coming year than during the last. They've been married, she and Roger Pryor, for more than fourteen months now, and during all that time has been with him less than three months. But this year she'll spend at least SIX months with him, come hell and high water. She hasn't quite worked out the details as yet . . . but she's resolved.

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

HURRICANE (Goldwyn)

■ Admittedly, Hollywood is a town of miracles. If you want to see it proved, once more, be sure to see *Hurricane*. Better see it anyway, because it is a production that will be mentioned whenever mammoth undertakings in the movies are under discussion.

The story, itself, is a love tale of the South Seas with the handsome young Jon Hall giving great vitality to the part of the simple savage at war with the white man's law, Raymond Massey as the fanatic governor of the islands, Mary Astor as his wife, C. Aubrey Smith as the understanding priest, Thomas Mitchell as the drunken but humane doctor and Dorothy Lamour as the native heroine.

There are brilliant performances in this film, but beyond argument the hurricane, itself, is the star. When that tropic storm combers crash upon the shallow beach, giant trees, grown huge in decades of placid sun, are swept aside like matches in the flood. The supple coconut palms bend and wave but even they go at last, leaving only the heavy masonry of the little church as refuge for the frantic natives. Then its hewn blocks begin to split and tumble, until the island is nothing but a troubled shoal in the violent ocean.

THE LAST GANGSTER (M-G-M)

■ Some years ago, Edward G. Robinson startled an already pretty well astonished picture-going public by his portrayal of *Little Caesar*. Off the screen, Mr. Robinson is a gentle fellow who collects paintings and pays his taxes regularly. But on the screen, the public thinks of him fondly as the poisonous and unhealthy little monster who died without dignity behind the bill-board in *Little Caesar*.

Mr. Robinson may play financeers and gamblers with hearts of gold for years on end, and do very well indeed with them, but it is as the bad-all-the-way-through gangster that his fans like him best.

For that reason *The Last Gangster* should be most appealing. In it Robinson misses no opportunity to be a living example of how to lose friends. He snarls at all his henchmen. He is extraordinarily rude to the innocent peasant girl he imported from the old country to be the mother of his little ones. He is insufferably swollen with cocky pride. His wicked deeds catch up with him in the end, but it is rather astonishing that they take so long, considering how extremely unpleasant he makes himself to such a large number of people.

When his girl-bride (Rose Stradner) realizes what he is and what he plans for their son, she runs away. Eventually she marries an understanding reporter (James Stewart). Between them they raise the gangster's boy to have a British accent, which is peculiar, since Miss Stradner's accent is tinged with Viennese and Mr. Stewart speaks fine American.

Young Douglas Scott does nicely with the boy's part, when his father, greyed and just a touch mad from years in prison, returns to claim him.

Lionel Stander, John Carradine, Sidney Blackmer, Grant Mitchell, Edward S. Brophy, Alan Baxter, Frank Conroy and Lucille Beavers enter spiritedly into the rough doings, such as kidnaping, torture, prison riots and several kinds of mayhem. This time Edward G. Robinson dies in the gutter on a black night with the rain pouring down, and everyone leaves the theatre feeling fine about it, and looking forward to his next gangster part.

TRUE CONFESSION (Paramount)

■ She didn't try very hard, but even when she did put forth an effort, Helen (Carole Lombard) just couldn't manage to tell the truth.

Her devoted husband (Fred MacMurray) didn't mind so much when she told the collector that he was a homicidal maniac. And he could stand it when she told the butcher that he couldn't pay the bill because he was dead. But he did object when she said that she didn't kill her employer (John T. Murray).

After all, he was in a very uncomfortable position, indeed, for a young attorney. He had forbidden his wife to seek a job. In spite of the cynical warnings of her friend Daisy (Una Merkel), Helen had accepted a job as secretary for three hours a day at fifty dollars a week. Daisy's gloomiest predictions were fulfilled, and Helen rushed out of the place forgetting hat and purse in her panic to escape her amorous if generous employer. An hour later when she returned timidly for her belongings, she ran into the arms of the police, and promptly was booked for murder.

One of the funniest scenes in the quite uproarious film is when Helen draws upon her vivid imagination to aid Edgar Kennedy in giving her the third degree. One thing leads to another. Before she quite knows how it happened, she has pleaded guilty, and her husband is fighting for her life before a suspicious jury. But so convincing is her recountal of her entirely imaginary slaying that she is acquitted, and all would have been well had not another vivid imagination entered the plot in the person of Charley (John Barrymore). Jealous of all her undeserved publicity, Charley lays claim to her crime, and Miss Lombard does a fine lot of screaming and kicking and running around in the hoydenish manner so dear to her fans before she makes a "true confession" to her husband and, once more, makes him believe it.



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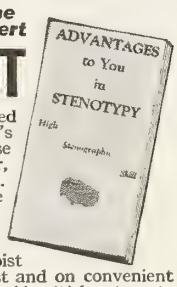
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Barrymore Makes A True Confession

[*Continued from page 28*]

remark about the weather! That's the trouble with you newspaper guys—you have no finer feelings."

He grinned defensively. Then, suddenly, he slapped his knee, with:

"So *that's* what he meant! Who? Gene Fowler. Not long ago he said to me, out of a clear sky, 'Jack, you'd be surprised if you knew what a good friend you've got in Carole Lombard.' And now you come along and spring this thing on me. I seem to be the only one who hasn't been let in on it."

Incredibly, Mr. Barrymore had been kept in the dark about his bright prospect. But one thing stood out clearly—the respect and admiration that others have for his brilliant talent. Something that Spencer Tracy once said to me now crossed my mind: "My greatest hope is that some day I'll be able to play one scene in a picture as well as John Barrymore plays all his scenes." Not that I believe the First Actor of the Screen is deserving of the slightest credit for his acting. He just can't help it. He is a born actor. Acting is in his blood, and he couldn't get it out even if he tried. Now he was trying to figure out what had happened to him.

"Strange," he marveled, "that Miss Lombard should do this for me when all I did for her in *Twentieth Century* was to bawl her out and drag her around by the hair of her head. But it's exactly like her. I have played with an uncommon number of charming ladies, but never with one more regular, lovable and gifted than Carole Lombard. But this more than generous action of hers is quite another matter and, for my part, I don't know just what it means."

Obviously, it means a star is reborn. It means he has again come into his birthright. It means his return to his former high estate. What, then, had pulled him down from it? With whom did the responsibility rest?

"With my dear friend, Irving Thalberg, heaven rest his fine soul," was Mr. Barrymore's unexpected answer. "I had a great affection for him, and he was unweariedly kind to me. It was simply that Mr. Thalberg asked me to play the actor in *Dinner at Eight*, a part I was delighted to play. Indeed, I was proud to be only one of many in that picture. Since then I have been very happy in similar parts. But now, apparently, I am again to be a star, and I can't imagine how I'll feel."

Mr. Barrymore might, it occurred to me, feel that Paramount had at last "discovered" him.

"Possibly," he admitted. "For that matter, I may not be wholly unlike an abandoned island in the broad Pacific, let us say. For a time this island had served its purpose as a fueling place for ships, then someone moved the coaling station. But later an itinerant skipper, sailing those lonely waters, sights the island, dis-

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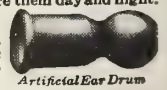
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covers there is still some coal left, and so the station is restored."

Having conjured up this maritime allegory with the literary ease of a Joseph Conrad, he dropped anchor in the harbor of fact.

"I've never cared a damn whether I was a star or not. From long experience I know how little it means. I've had my name in big letters outside a theatre, then found eight people inside it—probably the electricians who put up the sign. When I went on the stage I never even thought of ever becoming a star. My one and only concern was a black mustache of the stroking variety. I felt terribly wicked because my character was naively described in the program as that of 'a young seducer.' Unfortunately, I more than realized the youthfulness of the part, for I was only sixteen. It happened that my father had written a short play entitled *A Man of the World* and was producing it with my dubious yet inexpensive assistance. The place of this memorable event was Coytsville, New Jersey, the occasion a firemen's benefit. Needless to add, I did not rise to the occasion in a blaze of glory. Somehow, it didn't mean anything to me. Neither then nor since have I been stage-struck.

"Of course," he replied, "I realize there may be a star whose personal popularity is so great with the public that he justifies that celestial dimension. Clark Gable is one example. But there have been lots of stars who, unhappily, turned out to be merely comets, and so had their poor tails cut off. I've often marveled that this inglorious fate was not mine when I 'essayed' motion pictures. For by some strange turn of fortune I was starred in my very first one, made by Famous Players in a little studio on Fourth Avenue in New York. Knowing nothing whatever about it, I was led around like a trained bear.

"One day Douglas Fairbanks, then playing on Broadway with W. H. Crane in *The Henrietta*, came over to see me perform. 'Doug,' I said to him, 'you're a very active young man. Why don't you get into this racket?' He said he was sure he wouldn't be any good at it. Yet he almost instantly gained such tremendous popularity that he became a star by sheer right to that distinction. His was purely a personal triumph. With another actor, there may be something about the part he plays which raises him to stardom, for it's pretty nearly a cinch that a star part has to have a streak of nobility in it. I presume *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* would be considered co-star parts. But in that case one would be picked out in preference to the other for the star part because he was so noble and wore prettier clothes. And that certainly ought to give *Mr. Hyde* a big laugh."

In that parable it was by no means impossible to identify Mr. Barrymore with the less righteous and ornate of the two, likewise to sense his withering scorn of the actor who achieves stardom through no virtue of his own.

"For some two years now, by the grace of God," he fervently uttered "I have been playing so-called character parts. But I defy anyone to tell me of any part ever written that isn't a character part. Even *Hamlet* comes under this head. When I was playing him I wasn't interested in whether I was starring or not. What interested me was the reaction of the critics and"—he paused almost imperceptibly for a subtle distinction—"the opinion of people whose intelligence I respected—and oh, yes, the gross receipts. After the first New York performance Lionel came to my dressing-room and, naturally, I was dying to hear what he would say about it. But he talked about everything else until, just as he was leaving, he slapped me on the back and said, 'Good boy, Jake!' I said, 'Thanks, Mike,' and that was that. It made me sympathize with Richard Mansfield when Sir Henry Irving went back to see him after he had worked himself into a lather playing *Richard Third*. Sir Henry chatted amiably on various topics, all politely remote from anything that had happened on the premises. Finally, unable to bear the suspense any longer, Mansfield desperately asked: 'Tell me, Sir Henry, what do you think of me as *Richard?*' 'M-mm,' rumbled Irving, 'you sweat, Mansfield, don't you?'"

A mine of episodes, Mr. Barrymore waited for me to quiet down, then graciously vouchsafed the information.

"In a star part I perspire mentally. This is due to the burden of carrying, or being expected to carry, the entire picture. Worse still, its very hard on my dream pants."

"Your pan—?"

"Not my pan, my pants," he explained. "As a Hollywood star I have ruined countless pairs. You see, or maybe you don't, a star part gives me nightmare. Night after night I dream the same dream. I am walking past a movie house in front of which is the electric announcement, *John Barrymore in Phantom of the Income Tax*. Innate modesty forbids my glancing up at it, but suddenly I see an angry man with a savage dog coming out of the theatre. No sooner does the irate patron of the cinema clap eyes on me than he yells, 'Sic him, Tige!' Alarmingly obedient, the snarling beast makes straight for me, while I, with singular alacrity, beat it across the street to a board fence. I am balanced precariously and horizontally on top of it when I hear a tearing and rending of textile material, then become painfully aware that an animal with an evident appetite for ham is biting me *à derrière*. At this harrowing moment I come shriekingly awake to find myself hanging head downward over the foot-rail of my bed."

Mr. Barrymore obligingly illustrated his story by dangling limply over the back of his chair.

"When I'm not a star I sleep like a blue-eyed, golden-haired child," he pointed out. "But now that my rest is apparently to be broken again, I wish to thank you for telling me about myself. I cannot thank Miss Lombard at present, as she is out of town. But upon her return I shall greet her with a bouquet in one hand and a California orange in the other."



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Awwwww . . . it's a pushover!



This is the way I like to see a game played!



Yeeeeeeeeeeeah!



Ouch! That's Coach Spaulding beside Joe



What goes on?

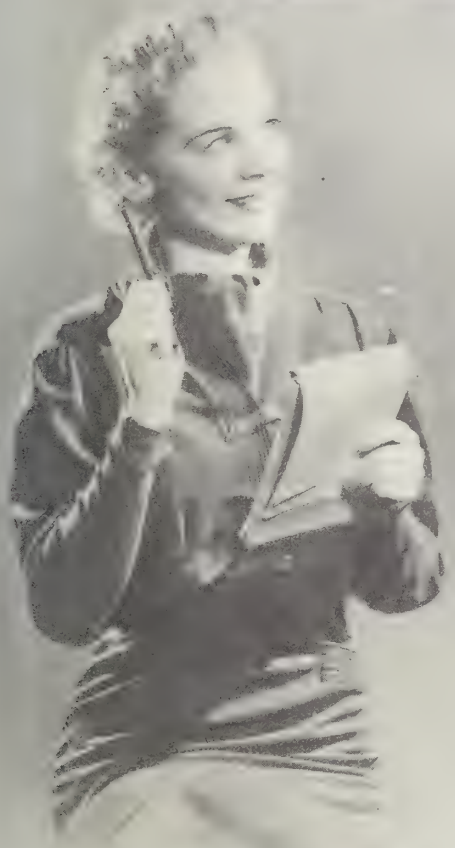


I don't believe it!



Cheer up, Joe, someone has to lose

"College Graduate? Not Me!"





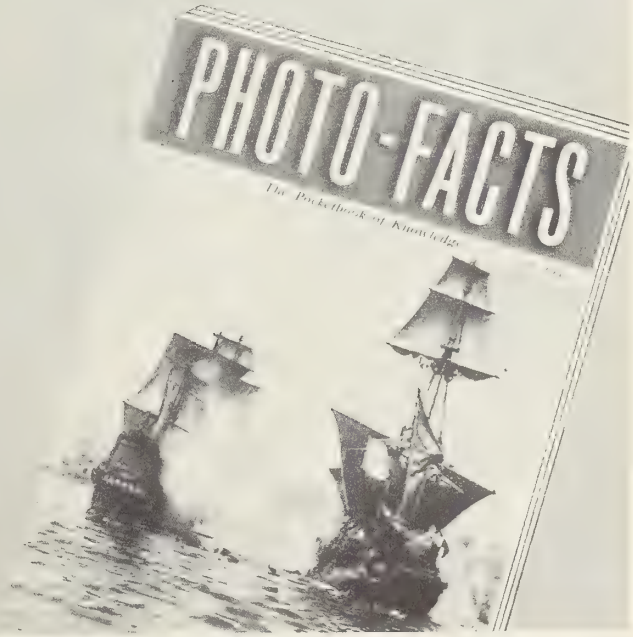
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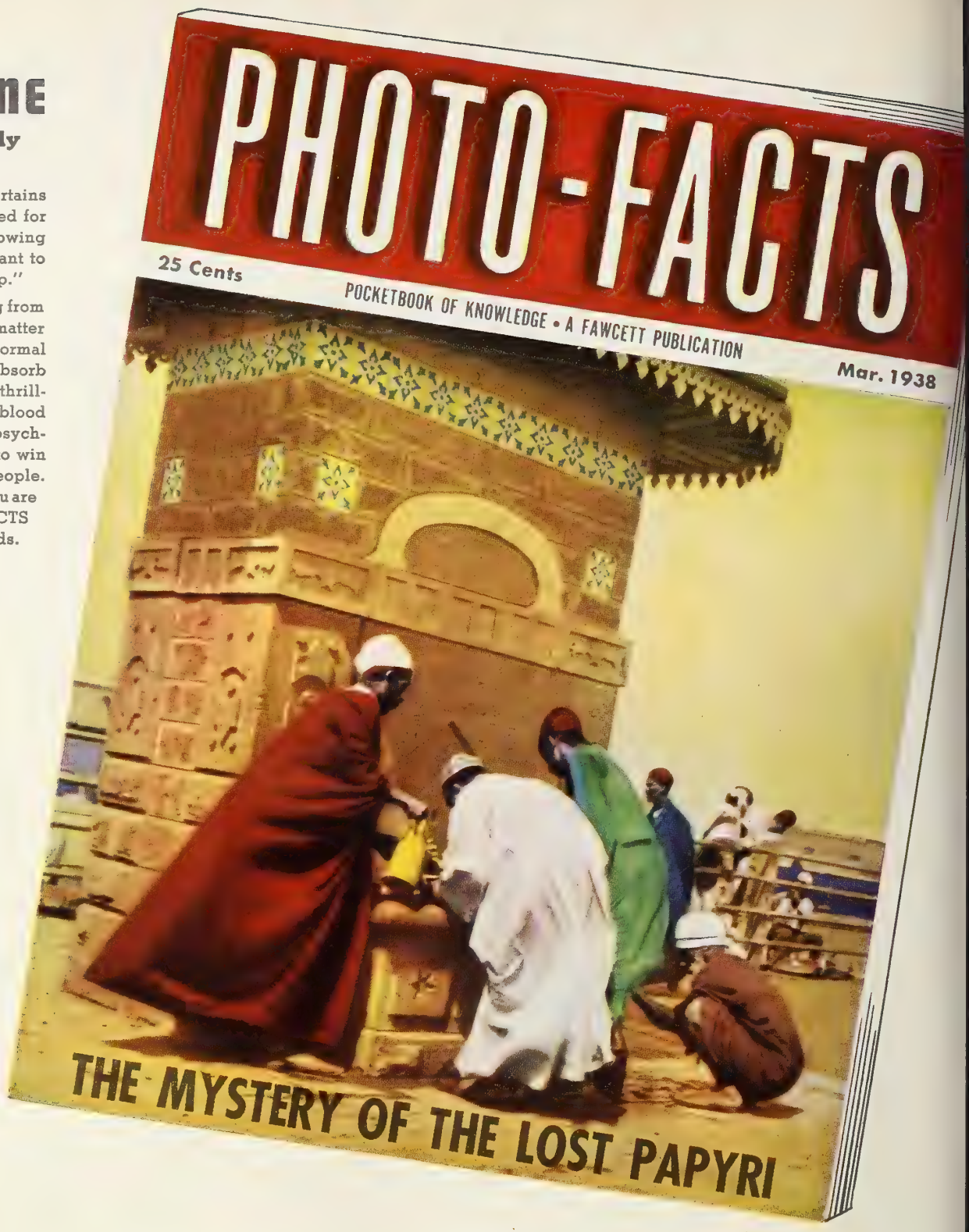
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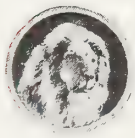
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Hollywood

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

FLASH: Alfalfa, crooner de luxe of Our Gang, isn't THAT way about Constance Bennett any more. She allowed him to sing for her in her dressing room for nearly an hour . . . and rewarded him with only two dishes of ice cream. SIX always has been Alfalfa's price.

Annabella, the new French star, hasn't been long of Hollywood . . . but already she's firmly implanted in the affections of the hamlet.

Learning that her English stand-in, the one she employed in London, wanted to come to Hollywood, Annabella arranged for her to be brought to America, all ex-

So it's fun to be a star! Consider the case, then, of Norma Shearer.

For her new picture, *Marie Antoinette,* Norma must wear thirty-four different costumes and eighteen wigs. You may have read this before. But here's something you probably never heard before...

For the past four months, the star has spent from four to five hours daily three or four times a week for fittings! And the end is not yet in sight. Still convinced that a star's life is a merry one?

Funniest sight of the month was a tough-looking egg holding a pastel-colored lady's umbrella over him outside the Republic studios, while the skies unbosomed themselves . . . he looked surprisingly like Bull Montana . . . remember him? . . . Maureen O'Sullivan sent all her friends in Hollywood English plum puddings, while in London on location for *A Yank at Oxford* . . . Joan Blondell's brother, Ed, has a daughter the perfect image of Joan . . . and speaking of likenesses, Gloria Somborn is a dead-ringer for her famous ma, Gloria Swanson . . . she's about sixteen, now . . . Jane Wyman, for all her doll-like face, throws a poker game every Saturday night, and whips up a mess of Spanish dishes herself . . . she and her husband live in a white modernistic flat . . . how's this for luck—Melvyn Douglas appears with THREE leading ladies in *There's Always a Woman,* for Columbia . . . Joan Blondell, Mary Astor and Frances Drake . . . mebbe THAT will erase that cold calm of his . . . Stuart Erwin, who once thought himself quite a tenor, has named his new Doberman Pinscher "Elsa of Lohengrin," because of her deep "contralto" voice . . . George Raft is building a new house, near Kay Francis . . . there's nothing niggardly about Fernand Gravet . . . he's already talked to his mama in Paris to the tune of more than $2,500 telephone toll, and his picture isn't half finished . . . if you know of a six-footer who can plunk the banjo melodiously and can talk like Andy Devine (the s-f, NOT the banjo), get in touch with Nat Pendleton . . . he wants him for a stooge . . . ADD GOOFY BET —Leo Carrillo and Victor Fleming, the director, have wagered an Arab steed on who can raise the highest oats in the shortest time on their ranches south of Hollywood . . . believe it or not, but 'tis said that at Palm Springs during a Santa Claus parade all the town kids followed Shirley Temple—instead of Santa—when Shirley's parents decided it was time for her to return to her hotel and marched her home . . . Francis Lederer defies superstition by walking under ladders, throwing his hat on the bed and whistling in his dressing room . . . honest! . . . you'll be seeing him as "The Lone Wolf" . . . Bert Lytell originally was seen in this character years ago . . . and now it's Gene Raymond who has gone cowboy in a beeg way . . . the blond debs' favorite week-ends occasionally at the B-Bar-B Ranch near Palm Springs, and appears resplendent in loud plaid shirt, chaps and wide sombrero . . . whoopee! . . . wot luck—Claudette Colbert must drink at least five glasses of milk and cream daily to keep up her weight . . . Bert Lahr hosted a ragamuffin party, and winner of the first prize was no less than nobility . . . the Earl of Warwick . . . you'll see him in *The Buccaneer* under the name of Michael Brooke . . . George Brent is a full-fledged American now . . . he recently obtained his final citizenship papers.

Stars garner colossal salaries, but not all of it goes into the banks. Within a few days of each other, Ginger Rogers acted as hostess to five hundred orphans at a matinee of *Hansel and Gretel* at the



The opening of *Snow White* at the Carthay Circle in Hollywood was the outstanding event of the show season. When Shirley Temple arrived to see the faery tale, the seven dwarfs were waiting to help her find her seat



Walt Disney and his wife, happy over the brilliant gathering of stars on opening night, had a hard time getting past eager cameramen, even with the aid of one of the loyal little dwarfs



Minnie, Mickey and Donald Duck gamboled in the fore-court and helped to emphasize the party spirit that marked the evening when all of Hollywood turned out to pay tribute to the magic of Walt Disney's pen

A gallant with the ladies... beloved by every belle in all of New Orleans ... feared by those rats of the Seven Seas... his bold, bad buccaneers... Jean Lafitte...the gayest lad who ever sailed beneath the Skull and Crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across the screen...Cecil B. DeMille's flaming adventure-epic . . . "THE BUCCANEER." In the thrilling role of the dashing gentleman pirate, who took time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British ... Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag . . . Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting team-mate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.



Adolph Zukor presents

a Cecil B. DeMille

PRODUCTION

FREDRIC MARCH

"THE BUCCANEER"

with Franciska Gaal

Akim Tamiroff • Margot Grahame

Walter Brennan

Ian Keith • Anthony Quinn

Douglass Dumbrille • Beulah Bondi

Robert Barrat • Hugh Sothern

Louise Campbell • Evelyn Keyes

Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

A Paramount Picture

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan • Based on an Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson of "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon



Men are attracted—by natural loveliness, so why risk a painted look? Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your own natural coloring—never coats your lips with ugly red grease...nor leaves red smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

Tangee looks orange in the stick. But it magically changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee magic color-change principle.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. See coupon below.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ [Please Print]

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ F38

Hollywood Playhouse; Joe Penner sent an equal number of crippled kiddies to the Los Angeles Federal Theatre production of *Pinocchio* and Leo Carrillo invited more than a hundred other crippled children to his ranch for a combination barbecue and rodeo. Not to be outdone, although not in the spirit of contesting with those other kind acts, John Boles established a trust fund of ten thousand dollars for the orphaned son of an old school friend, in Houston, Texas.

Milo Anderson, stylist at Warners-First National, finds that tastes in women's clothes are more revealing than you might imagine. From his experience with Hollywood stars—and he's dressed plenty—he can tell what sort of a person you are from a single glance at your wardrobe. For instance . . .

Long, dangling ear-rings indicate a talkative woman.

High-spike heels . . . coquettishness.

Tightly-fitted clothes . . . attempt to conceal the gaining of weight.

Low-cut gowns . . . little depth of character.

Amusing or "dizzy" hats . . . easily deluded.

Low-heeled shoes . . . SURPRISE! . . . IMPRACTICAL nature.

Large picture hats . . . extravagance and vanity.

All right, DON'T believe it . . . but Milo has had long years of experience in such matters.

HARD LUCK NOTE: Gary Cooper couldn't kiss Claudette Colbert a single time in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, due to her sore throat. The director was taking no chance of Gary coming down with a similar ailment.

It happened the night of a Jack Benny broadcast. Mary Livingstone, in a gorgeous silver fox jacket, stood against the stage and, facing the audience, quietly conversed with friends in the front row.

Spoke up Jack . . . oh, he's a cut-up, that one:

"All right, Mary, they've all seen your new coat. You can sit down, now."

And was Mary's face red!

CUPIDATINGS:

Martha Raye calls her new boy friend WIGGIE . . . he's Dr. Harold Wiggins, resident physician at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles . . . there are those who think that Katharine Hepburn now is Mrs. Howard Hughes . . . but secretly . . . pert Glenda Farrell making insurance-man Harvey Priester a happier one by Troc-ing with him several times a week . . . J. Walter Ruben presented Virginia Bruce with a very swelegant new car instead of the customary solitaire . . . Robert Paige blew in a full week's pay check for that gold necklace he gave Hazel Forbes . . . he says she's worth TWO pay checks, any old time . . . Al Hall still sending Lucille Ball corsages . . . and spending her every evening . . . when you read this, Joy Hodges (remember her in *Merry-Go-Round of 1938*?) and Robert Wilcox probably will be one . . . Gertrude Niesen made up with Craig Reynolds . . . David Niven seems to be the beau of the town . . . he may be waiting for Merle Oberon, but while he's waiting her return



Between shots on the *Food for Scandal* set at Warner Brothers, the camera caught Carole Lombard reading the fictionization of her starring film *True Confession* in Movie Story. Fernand Gravet seems quite absorbed in the new magazine, Photo-Facts. What! No copy of Hollywood magazine?

A DREAM *Walking*



FOOLISH words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her *man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person.* Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that *sureness of yourself,* that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide,* active under practical conditions . . . effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Penetration . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for Feminine Hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept uncorked.

TUNE IN on Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 4:45 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network.

Lysol
Disinfectant

For your cleansing douche



What Every Woman Should Know . . .

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 3-H.
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me your free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



"I RAN AWAY WITH MY HUSBAND"

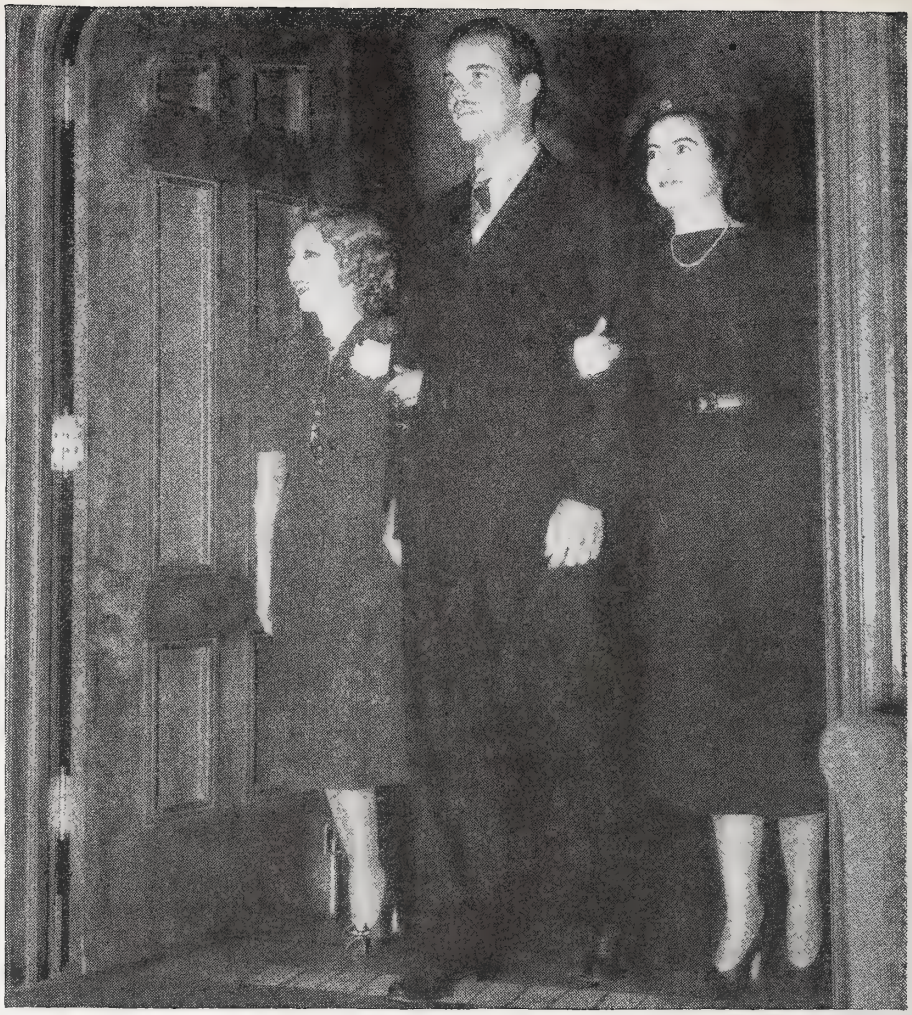
BETTE DAVIS

A dramatic star reveals a dramatic episode from her private life for MOTION PICTURE readers in the March issue. Other stories in this issue about Hollywood's great are:

"TEMPTATIONS I'VE FACED IN HOLLYWOOD"
CLARK GABLE
WHO'S WHOSE IN HOLLYWOOD
"DON'T BE AFRAID OF A BROKEN HEART"
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Plus stories on William Powell, Barbara Stanwyck, Basil Rathbone, et al.





Here is Mary Pickford with the first two pupils to enroll in El Capitan College of the Theatre which she has started with Henry Duffy, brilliant stage producer. The young man is Robert F. Oxman, son of Bishop G. Bromley Oxman of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The young lady is Audrey Smith, daughter of Albert Smith, pioneer motion picture producer

from England he's making excellent use of his time . . . Norma Shearer is a favored companion . . . so, too, is Simone Simon . . . and he's been seen with Zorina, the dancer, as well . . . June Lang's exdoing all right by himself, too . . . he's Vic Orsatti, as you know . . . out with both Sonja Henie and beauteous Ilona Massey . . . but not together . . . June still confining herself mostly with A. C. Blumenthal . . . the new honey, Marjorie Weaver, holding hands with newspaperman Homer McCoy . . . atta gal . . . you'll usually find Marlene Dietrich with either Fritz Lang, the director, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., or Willis Goldbeck, the writer . . . there's a producing company, right THERE . . . don't believe all you hear about Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane . . . Priscilla declares they're altar-bound (according to the studio), but Wayne's real heart interest is Nan Grey . . . both lovelies . . . Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power together again.

Some weeks prior to George Gershwin's tragic death, the composer and Ginger Rogers met at a party and drew cartoons of themselves for each other. Later, Ginger sent Gershwin's sketch of himself back to the musician, for his autograph. He told her he would have it framed, too.

In the confusion following his death, the cartoon was forgotten. That is, until very recently. One day, a package arrived for Ginger. Inside was the framed and autographed cartoon of Gershwin. A note from the framer disclosed that only a day or so before his death, Gershwin had left the picture.

'Tis the day of the young leading man. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays opposite Irene Dunne in *The Joy of Loving*, and Norma Shearer is attempting to win Tyrone Power for her leading man in *Marie Antoinette*. Both actors are some years the actresses' junior.

Ilona Massey, Metro's new Hungarian star, is the rave of Hollywood. Almost to a man, Hollywood is declaring she is the most beautiful creature ever to reach the citadels of Cinemania.

Some idea of her beauty may be gleaned from the following incident. The first time she put in an appearance at the Trocadero, everybody—men, women, waiters and cigarette girl—stopped and gaped as she

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!



LOOK YOUR BEST IN *ANY* LIGHT

You Can If You Use *light-proof* Powder

● Does your make-up flatter you at certain times—and betray you at others? *You can now get powder that is light-proof.*

Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. The use of this powder solves the old problem of "shine." Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck. Those unbecoming highlights of cheekbones, chin and nose are all subdued—in *any* light.

An important discovery

More important than matching your complexion, is powder that is a match for any light!

Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most carefully selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light. It will keep that lovely softness under lights that would otherwise make your face shine like an apple.

Don't buy any powder

until you have made this convincing test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free, for demonstration. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then stand at a glaring window; or under the strongest electric light; in cross-lights. See if you can find *any* light that this remarkable powder does not soften and subdue!

Get a large box at any drug or department store for 55c. Or a 10c box at the five-and-ten. Or—here is coupon which brings trial box free.

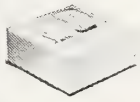
LUXOR *LIGHT PROOF* FACE POWDER



THIS is what happens when make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof — modifies light rays.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago FAW-3-38

Please send trial box of Luxor light-proof face powder free and prepaid.

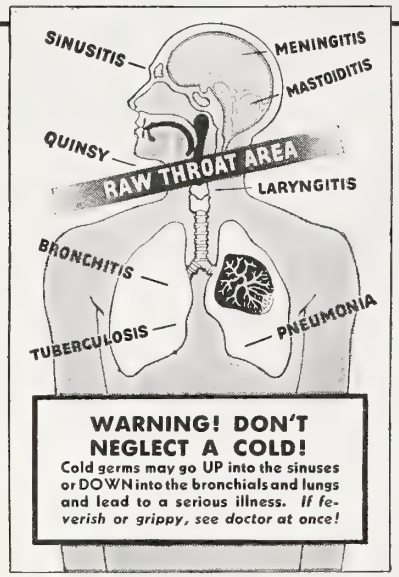
☐ Flesh ☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Feverish? Grippy?
SEE DOCTOR AT ONCE



WARNING! DON'T NEGLECT A COLD!
Cold germs may go UP into the sinuses or DOWN into the bronchials and lungs and lead to a serious illness. *If feverish or grippy, see doctor at once!*

FOR "RAW" THROAT USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness—to ear and sinus infection, and even pneumonia. So don't take a chance. Treat the symptoms of a coming cold effectively and without delay! *If you feel feverish or grippy see your doctor at once!*

TAKE THIS SIMPLE PRECAUTION

For the most effective "first aid," kill the cold germs that cause raw, dry throat. At the first sign of a raw throat cold, gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 3 jobs for you: (1) Cleanses mucous membranes. (2) Increases normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. (3) Kills cold germs present in the throat as soon as it comes in actual contact with them

In a test to find out the germ-killing powers of the nine most popular, non-poisonous antiseptics on the market, Zonite proved to be actually 9.3 *times more active* (by standard laboratory tests) than the *next best* antiseptic compared! This means economy because you use Zonite diluted! Zonite goes farther—saves you money.

Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is. Soon your throat feels better.

DON'T DELAY—BE PREPARED

Get Zonite at your druggist now. And at the first sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. But remember: If you are feverish, consult your doctor! Don't risk a serious illness.

ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE ACTIVE THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR *non-poisonous* ANTISEPTIC *by standard laboratory tests*



GARGLE WITH ZONITE AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD!

Gargle with Zonite

walked into the place. For the remainder of the evening, she was the center of every eye. And THAT, in a rendezvous where glamour is the order of the day, is sumpin.

■ Nearly everybody of consequence acting before the camera has a stand-in. Leah Ray, however, at 20th Century-Fox, is the only actress whose stand-in is . . . her mother! So closely do the two resemble each other that the studio took one look at Mrs. Ray and shouted, "Sold."

■ Errol Flynn suffers acutely whenever he must meet strangers, despite all his savoir faire. It amounts almost to a mania with him. Ginger Rogers is another who fears meeting those she does not know. It's not "put on," when she enters theatres by the side door, and leaves the same way.

■ During the holidays, Tommy Kelly, who enacts the title role in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,* received a petition signed by more than 3,500 school children from his particular section in Brooklyn, N. Y., asking that he be present at the New York premiere of the picture.

■ The "Big Apple" craze has hit Hollywood. This, as you probably know, is the latest dance . . . or was, at this writing. Dignified stars of the screen may be seen doing it everywhere, and no less a personage than Marlene Dietrich performed for the guests at Dolores Del Rio's party. On the night that Ozzie Nelson—Harriet Hilliard's hubby—opened with his orchestra at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills, half the colony participated. Try it yourself sometime.

■ Rumors already are afloat that Alice Faye and Tony Martin will break up housekeeping. Put these down as so much waw-waw. The newlyweds couldn't be happier, and only scandal-mongers are to blame for these unfounded reports. There may be some truth, however, in the word that everything is not well with Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, although both deny it. As for Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller splitting . . . that's been said so often that type-setters keep that item always on hand. They recently celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary, and they're fighting more merrily than ever. If all Hollywood marriages were as firm as this one, there would be fewer divorces.

■ A new set of twins is responsible for one of the amusing stories of the month. Aged five, and blonde, they're appearing in *The Joy of Loving,* and their names are Dorothy and Estelle Steiner.

The first scene one morning required that they be shown in bed. Everything was just dandy, until it was time to bundle the twins into bed. Then . . . it was no go.

They hadn't been naughty, they declared in no uncertain terms, and they didn't want to go to bed. Why, they had just got up only a little while before. They couldn't see or understand why they should have to go to bed, and resisted the idea both strenuously and vocally.

Not until Tay Garnett, the director, and half the cast and crew on the picture spent more than an hour trying to convince them that it was just another part of the game, their going to bed, would they consent to the sudden change in the order of their day. Then, they were so intrigued with the idea that more valuable time had to be consumed in talking them into getting up.



The guests at restaurant Waikiki are as entertaining as the floor show. Here Grace Durkin and her husband, Bill Henry, James Ellison and Gertrude Durkin are fixing Anita Louise up with a necklace of flowers so that she will be appropriately decorated for the background



Virginia Bruce became Mrs. Walter Ruben in a quiet home ceremony before a few close friends. The romance started when Director Ruben and actress Bruce were assigned to *The Bad Man of Brimstone* at M-G-M

HOLLYWOODOINGS:

Blonde Kitty Kelly has started a new fad in Hollywood, extremely long finger nails polished on both sides . . . Constance Bennett is so expert a Russian Bank player that she's taking on all comers on the Hal Roach lot . . . at parties, too . . . when Maureen O'Sullivan returned to Hollywood from Europe, she brought back the lace bedspread that had been on her bed when she was born . . . it's been in the family for generations . . . nine men were knocked cold during a fight sequence in Gene Autry's *The Old Barn Dance* . . . even the star was socked square on the nose . . . that eccentric comedienne of olden days, Gale Henry, is wed to Henry East, whose dogs you see so often on the screen . . . Mr. and Mrs. Asta, of *Thin Man* fame, belong to him . . . are Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson married? . . . odds are they are . . . at a large party, some would-be wit commented loudly that he was so glad Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond were in the same picture . . . then he could miss 'em both at the same time . . . Frances Drake wears a replica of the Russian Czarina's crown in a scene for *The Lone Wolf* . . . it's valued at $25,000 . . . whenever Barbara Stanwyck goes shopping, she generally wears dark glasses and a black wig . . . one of the penalties of stardom, she's mobbed whenever she enters a store . . . Charles Starrett dons moleskins in *College Follies of 1938* for the first time since he played football at Dartmouth . . . something of a promoter is Judy Garland . . . she sold her studio on the idea of using her pet cocker spaniel in a picture . . . and Robert Montgomery was almost as surprised when James Hilton, author of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* presented

[*Continued on page 58*]

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE . . .



No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job — or with men . . .

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S— were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a *bath alone* could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted —the job that *might* have led to love.

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's *past* —but Mum prevents odor *to come!*

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you *all-day-long* protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop *every trace of odor.* Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

This magnificent sweep of rugged mountains will be seen by the Movieland Tourists as they pass through the Beartooth Rockies

Mrs. James Gleason, Boris Karloff, his wife and Russell Gleason snapped with some of last year's Tourists at the cocktail party given at the Gleason's Hollywood home

JOIN OUR "MOVIELAND TOUR"

Two of the most exciting weeks in a lifetime are being planned for vacationers who come to visit Hollywood this year

■ Holiday time is drawing near, and once more Fawcett Publications makes it possible for you to make every minute of your vacation count. Because of the enthusiastic response to last year's Movieland Tours, three will be given this year, instead of two, so decide on your tour, and send in your application right away because already places are going quickly to those who spent exciting days in Hollywood last year.

Tours start from Chicago on July 3, July 24 and August 14. On the way to Hollywood, you will see the evergreen forests, the rugged mountains and the great rivers of the Pacific Northwest. After crossing The Great Divide, and winding through the towering Rockies, you reach the immense natural harbor of Puget Sound where you leave the train for a cruise in the blue waters which lie close to the base of Mount Rainier, "America's Noblest Peak."

By train you continue South, through the green grandeur of Oregon, and northern California to the sunny days and cool nights of Hollywood. The first tour arrives in Los Angeles on July 10, the second one on July 31, the third on August 21. A famous movie star will meet each group at the station and accompany it to the comfortable hotel which will be headquarters throughout the visit.

■ A brilliant series of entertainments has been planned for your stay in the cinema capital. Among the outstanding events will be luncheon at Clara Bow's famous "It" cafe, a motor tour of Beverly Hills, Hollywood and the beaches to see homes of stars, a performance at Grauman's Chinese theatre, most famous showhouse in the Southland; a tour of Max Factor's Make-up Studios, tickets for one of the big radio broadcasts; and a dinner dance at the Wilshire Bowl with stars as honor guests.

On each tour, a famous star will be host to the Movieland Tourists at a cocktail party in his home. Warren William entertains the first group, Harold Lloyd the second, and Bob Burns the third.

Before leaving for home, sight-seers will have opportunity to visit Catalina

Island, Lake Arrowhead, San Diego and the resort beaches, if they wish.

■ But the event which is of unique interest is the tour through one of the major studios, with opportunity to see where the stars work and how films are made. This is a rare treat which many life-time residents of Hollywood never have known.

Special sight-seeing features, arranged for the return trip, include a tour of Salt Lake City with a special organ recital, a stop at Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs, an auto tour through the Garden of the Gods, and dinner on top of Cheyenne Mountain.

■ This is an opportunity to spend two of the most fascinating and instructive weeks of a lifetime.

If you have special preference for any one tour, you will be wise to make your reservation now. Further details will be printed in the April issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, but, in the meantime, write to Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., for a booklet containing complete details of the tours and for information concerning the surprisingly low cost.

USE THIS COUPON

Fawcett's Movieland Tours,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Please enter my reservation for

..... persons to insure a place

for us on Tour No.

(Please specify whether you prefer Tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 3; Tour No. 2, leaving Chicago July 24, or Tour No. 3, leaving Chicago August 14.)

Name

Address

.....

Make a *FRESH* start

and swing over to a *FRESH* cigarette



A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star

Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges made a fresh start. Landed in the movies! Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"! Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be Right"! Joy's fresh start made a new star who brought fresh joy to millions.

YOU'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a FRESH start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to FRESH, Double-Mellow Old Golds... the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality ... brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

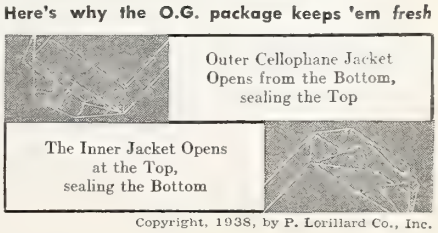
That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that *double*-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a FRESH start with those always FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em *fresh*



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Fashion Frocks for this new Spring Season are more exquisite than ever. They are last minute styles direct from Paris and Hollywood, and are worn and approved by many Movie Stars. Fashion Frocks are guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping and other women's magazines and are endorsed by leading Fashion Editors. They are never sold in stores, but by authorized representatives only.

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Get details of our Special Plan that enables you to get started easily and quickly, without canvassing house-to-house. We will help you build a successful, permanent dress business—working full or spare time—that pays you a good regular income. Mail coupon at once for this marvelous free opportunity. Get the whole story how you can make up to $23 or more in a week and get your own dresses free of any cost. No obligation and no money necessary. Mail coupon today.

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Hard at work, wearing their elbows to the bone, are Lew Pollack, left, and Sidney Mitchell, one of the best known song-writing teams in Hollywood

TWO TIN PAN ALLIES OF SONG

It usually takes two to make a popular song, and here is a short history of one successful team

By E. J. SMITHSON

That there is plenty of doremi to be made in providing the do, re, mi, fa, sol, la musical backgrounds to "dove" when it rhymes with "love," "above," and "of;" or to "June" when it rhymes with "croon," "moon," and "soon," is attested by the records of Lew Pollack and Sidney Mitchell, two Tin Pan allies of song who have produced more song hits out at 20th Century-Fox than even a Stokowski can shake a baton at.

A little music, Professor, while we arrange a few facts about these famous songsmiths.

Lew Pollack, who creates the music, is a composer of more than a thousand songs —gay, haunting, melodious tunes that have been sung for years by stars of the stage and screen. He has never taken a music lesson in his life—which proves again that you don't have to lay an egg to make a good omelette.

A dark-haired modest, quiet chap, with his foot always on the soft pedal when the talk turns upon himself and his achievements, Pollack admits that even when he was a small boy running up and down the sidewalks of New York he dreamed of writing music although then he couldn't tell the difference between an arpeggio and a pianissimo, a sharp and a flat.

"My first job," he says, "was dusting off the desks in an insurance office for four bucks a week. When I didn't have anything else to do, I played tunes on the time clock, and that played on the manager's nerves. He threatened to fire me—and did—a few weeks later when the cashier of an "honor system" eating place complained to him that I had gobbled up eighty cents worth of lunch for which I had only paid fifteen."

That was a heck of a note—and not musical, either, but it had its compensation leading as it did a few days later to a job at Kid McCoy's famous cafe at the corner of Fortieth and Broadway.

"It was here," confesses Lew, "that I managed to master the "slap-stick bass" or, as it was called in politer musical circles, "the wandering left hand."

The cafe job didn't last long, however, for Lew got into an argument with a lady who wanted to warble "Only A Girl In A Gilded Cage." She said she could sing it only in B flat, Lew said he could play it only in the key of C and the manager said: "You're fired! I don't wanna guy around this jernt who don't know how to transfuse!"

"Getting the grand bounce was good for me," Lew says, "because I immediately started in to learn how to transpose music."

By the time the "slap-stick" bass slapper was fifteen he not only could play the piano but the saxaphone and violin and play them well. Not only that, but he was writing songs and selling them. New Yorkers began to clamor for a sight of the youngster who composed them, and he began a series of personal appearances at New York night spots. After graduating from the DeWitt Clinton High School he was traveling over the major vaudeville circuits and doing very well for himself.

"Success in full measure came," says Lew, "when I was booked in the famous Palace Theatre of New York, which was

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

the top toward which every vaudeville artist struggled and prayed as he climbed. One of my engagements there lasted seven weeks, one of the longest runs in the history of this theatre."

■ During this period of development he was writing many songs the lyrics to which were provided by a young ex-surveyor and newspaper man by the name of Sidney Mitchell who was keeping himself busy and the wolf from the door by staging shows at the Tokio, a nightspot featuring, among other entertainers, the snake-hipped Gilda Gray then at the height of her fame as a torso-twister.

"I acted on a hunch when I decided to head Hollywoodward. The future here seemed more promising than on the New York musical stage—that is, if Hollywood wanted me."

Hollywood did, most emphatically, and with the number "Charmaine" from *What Price Glory,* Pollack made his debut into the movie world. Then followed such unforgettable songs as "Two Cigarettes in the Dark," "I'm Facing the Music," "Some Sweet Day," "Miss Annabelle Lee," and a score of others which became world favorites.

■ A lot of musical notes had flowed under the musical bridge by this time. The Pollack-Mitchell combination, formed and flowered before either had much more than a hint of fuzz on their cheeks, had been dissolved. And, strange as it may seem, since both had solidly identified themselves with the show business, it was fully eighteen years before their paths crossed; before they ever saw each other again.

"I came out to Hollywood in 1928," reveals Mitchell, "to do the *Fox Movietone Follies,* the first musical, by the way, this studio had ever attempted. With that job out of the way there came a terrible bear movement in this type of picture and Mitchell Senior's boy, Sidney, getting more hysterical and less lyrical as the gloomy days went by, found himself trying to rhyme 'fish' with 'dish,' 'bake' with 'cake,' and 'veal' with 'meal' instead of 'June' with 'croon,' 'love' with 'dove,' and 'kiss' with 'miss.' I drew the line on being a surveyor again, and I ran a blue pencil through any idea of working a newspaper beat despite my reportorial training on the Baltimore *Sun,* so I went into the clothing business. When Lew came out and discovered what I was doing he almost had a fit! Now we're together again—say, that's not a bad title for a song. Hey, Lew—"

■ They've been together ever since they collaborated on "The Codfish Ball" for Shirley Temple in *Captain January,* the songs in *Pigskin Parade, One In a Million,* and *Thin Ice,* just to list a few, and will no doubt be together for a long time to come. At any rate you can bet your last musical case-note that they won't be separated for another eighteen-year stretch.

We asked Lew what he thought about "swing" music and he muttered something about "I was waiting for that" and pulled a check out of his pocket. It was made out for $460 and came from a sheet music publishing house.

"That's a royalty check," explained Lew, "for 'That's A-Plenty,' an instrumental number I wrote twenty-four years ago. I must have been a little ahead of my time for the swing bands are playing it now as one of their favorites. I've been getting royalty checks on it all these years, but they're getting bigger and better. Why shouldn't I like swing music?"

And that's a-plenty for that.

■ According to Mitchell, "Charmaine," "Dianne," and "Two Cigarettes in the Dark" are the best three songs his partner ever wrote.

According to Pollack, the lyrics in "Twilight on the Trail," "All My Life," and "You Turned the Tables on Me" are the best HIS partner ever wrote.

Golf, handball and swimming comprise the sports that this song-team enjoys. For real recreation, however, they take a busman's holiday twice a week to attend the motion picture theatres in order to keep up with the musical trends in the movie song world. When they're not doing this they're reading their fan mail which, according to no less an authority than 20th Century-Fox itself, amounts monthly to more than what the top stars receive.

For the past two months they haven't found time for outside interests what with preparing words and music for songs in half a dozen pictures, supervising the recording of songs already completed, and reading scripts to see where they can spot songs in future pictures.

■ As a sample of how far ahead they have to work, here's the Mitchell lyrics for a special song that will be sung by Joan Davis in a picture tentatively titled *Moonshine Over Kentucky* which will be released some months from now.

OH, WHAT A MAN!

Verse

I've got a date with my beau;
The sweetest fellow I know
Is meeting me tonight
I hope I look all right.

1st Chorus

I'm so in love I don't know what I'm doin';
I never have a dream I don't see you in,
You've got me hypnotized
Look at those eyes—oh, what a man!
I'm all a-flutter when his kisses smack me;
He's got a kisser that just drives me wacky.

His lips are soft as "moosh"
Look at that puss—oh, what a man!
That head—that chest—oh, what a physique;

You're everything I seek;
One look at you and I get weak
My heart is like a pot of tea that's brewin'
The love bug isn't bitin' me—it's chewin'
At last I've found romance.
Look at that stance—oh, what a man!

2nd Chorus

He rides a bronco no one else can straddle;
He doesn't even have to use a saddle
My man can make him pace.
Look at that grace—oh, what a man!
He won the hurdles in the coliseum
He'll show his trophies if you want to see 'em
His medals are his pride.
Look at that stride—oh, what a man!
Those feet—those legs—those dimpled knees;
I can love him with the greatest of ease;
He's my man without the flying trapeze.
He always looks so debonair and dashin'
He dresses in the very height of fashion
He always looks so cute.
Look at that suit—oh, oh, oh, oh, what a man!



Director Stanley Logan looks a little apprehensive as he rehearses Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris in the big battle scene for *Everybody Was Very Nice,* now in production at Warners. Perhaps he has heard the stories of what happens to the innocent bystander


Happy Tidings
A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEET-HEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!
SONJA HENIE
DON AMECHE
A show aglow with joy-laden wonder . . . winging from gay Norseland festivals to New York's wintertime spectacles! And Sonja breathlessly in love ...breath-taking on the ice... the radiant queen of a world of dreams come true!
HAPPY LANDING
with
JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO
BILLY GILBERT
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
WALLY VERNON · LEAH RAY
Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer David Hempstead
Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling and Boris Ingster
SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!
"Hot and Happy","A Gypsy Told Me" "You Are The Music To The Words In My Heart", "Yonny And His Oompah" by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen
20th CENTURY FOX
It comes to you, of course, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN—WONDERFUL TIME

Ginger Rogers loves to act and enjoys dancing. She is fond of Hollywood and its people. She has a lovely home and beautiful clothes. Just the same she asks the question above with fervor

By JAMES REID

■ The life of a glamour girl? It's a synonym for "the life of Riley!" It's silks all day, satins at night, and soft living all the time. She cuddles in the lap of luxury, cosily sheltered from hunger and cold forever.

She may have to work, even as you and I—but only once in a while, and then under ideal conditions. And *her* work is like play. All she ever has to do, really, is to look beautiful, show a little personality, and say a few lines with appropriate gestures. And there are always hundreds of people around to help her do all that. It must be a lot of fun, being a glamour girl.

That's what *you* think. And then you bump into a girl like Ginger Rogers, looking more glamorous than ever, and are tempted to ask her about it. And she tells you, confidentially, "I wouldn't know about that."

She smiles when she says it. (Ginger would.) That makes you wonder if she's being too, too modest, or kidding you, or something. You ask her what she means by such a remark.

"Nothing at all," she says. "I just happen to be making a picture entitled *Having Wonderful Time.*"

Thereby, it seems, hangs a story. An unorthodox, unexpected story about what a movie star, feminine gender, sometimes has to do.



Here she is, thinking over all of the delights she experienced while making *Having Wonderful Time*

■ Don't let the picture's title fool you. The picture isn't romantic drama about the glamorous exploits of a glamour girl. It's hilarious comedy with a love story interwoven. About a summer camp in the Berkshires, where no villains, but a script-full of misadventures, pursue our heroine.

"She is," says Ginger, "a stenographer who lives in the Bronx, New York. She goes to work on the subway and is eternally being pushed around in the crowds and clatter. She lives in a crowded flat, with a family that's constantly bickering. She aches for peace and quiet. A girl-friend of hers is at this summer camp—Camp Kare-Free. She gets a post card from the girl-friend: 'Having wonderful time.' She decides to go there for her vacation. There, in the woods, she can have peace and quiet. Little does she know!"

■ Ginger asks if you collect Life's Little Ironies as they concern movie stars. She has one for you.

"The same things that happen to Bronx stenographers can also happen to movie actresses. The same identical situation happened to me—and not so long ago, either.

"I was driving to San Francisco, over a week-end. I had just finished a picture, and I wanted to get away somewhere, anywhere. I picked out San Francisco. I never should have started, as tired as I was, but I did. About the middle of the afternoon, I pulled into a little hamlet a hundred miles or so this side of San Francisco. I felt as if I couldn't budge an inch farther. I was going to have to stop somewhere, and get some rest.

"I asked if there was a good hotel anywhere near there. The natives looked at me in pity for my ignorance. They told me about a place 'just t'other side of those hills.' I asked how to get there. It seemed there were two possible ways to go. If I went around on the paved road, it would be thirty miles. If I went over the hills, I'd have dirt road, but it would be only eighteen miles. So I decided to take the short-cut.

"Well, I started out. I climbed and climbed. The road kept getting narrower and narrower. Finally it was a single-lane. I wish you could have seen those hills. They were mountains, not hills. And this narrow road twisted all over them, around blind curves, right on the brink of precipices. And here I was, with no place to turn around, forced to go on. Hanging onto the wheel for dear life, afraid of falling asleep.

"After hours and hours—or at least one hour later—I finally arrived. The place didn't look so bad. Very peaceful, in fact. I had visions of staying out the week-end there, never going on to San Francisco. But this was Memorial Day week-end, and the place was packed. They didn't have another room. Finally, as a great concession, they said they *could* fix up a place for me to stay. They led me to it. It was about the size of a respectable clothes-closet. It had a bed and a chair in it, and not another thing. I didn't see anything but [*Continued on page* 62]



Something's wrong with this picture



Stuart's getting worried. Somebody's missing



It takes a little time to discover who is AWOL

History of a Runaway

FAWCETT PHOTOS BY RHODES

Poor Stuart Erwin. After working hard all day in *I'll Take Romance*, the new Grace Moore picture, he has never a quiet moment at home . . . not with nine prize puppies



Aha! It's Stormy Weather, out for adventure and maybe a little fun with the Cochin chickens



Stormy Weather is fast, but not enough to escape the agile Stu, who always gets his dog



The stern disciplinarian gets into action



And Stormy finds himself in the dog house



Oh, woe! Oh, misery! Crime doesn't pay!

"THE KID COMES BACK"





The laughing, larruping hero of **"Kid Galahad"!**



The heart-breaking, chin-busting gob of **"Submarine D-1"!**

Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

•

with

WAYNE MORRIS

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

Shooting another love punch straight to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!

HOW GARBO WAS "NAGGED" OUT OF TWO HOLLYWOOD HOMES



Here is an hilarious tale of what happens when stars are neighbors and when temperaments live side by side

By SONIA LEE

■ It was one of those exuberant days on which California weather-fame rests! The sun was brittle with brightness. Not a single fog wisp, or a suggestion of a wind, disturbed the perfect harmony.

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, individually and *in toto,* was making the usual casual remark—"Our days are always perfect here. Bad weather is most *unusual!*"

But a lady world-famed for her loneliness was considering the day, and the particular hour, slightly marred. In fact, a complete wash-out! For her peace was being disturbed by her next-door neighbor.

Not in unseemly fashion, to be sure. The sounds were such that a great many thousands had paid a great many thousands to hear.

Mr. Allan Jones, of opera, concert, stage and screen fame was practicing! The notes soared and vibrated. Tum-tum-tum! A-a-a-ah! Scales. One phrase over and over again. For Allan is primarily a perfectionist.

Miss Greta Garbo, the lady next door, let a tiny worry-wrinkle mar the renowned placid brow. First she closed one shutter of her house, then another. Not that she isn't musical! But practice-noises, are something else again.

There was silence for a brief time. The shutters were sturdy. Then a din broke out—penetrating brick and mortar and wood. Such a din of delighted horsey neighings and welcomings that Garbo must have thought with regret of her unfulfilled threat "I tank I go home."

Only she didn't have another place to go. She lived there. This was her home—right next door to a guy whose horses went completely mad with joy when their master came out to curry them and water them.

Sometimes of evenings it was even worse. It sounded like a national convention—what with strange nickerings and hee-hawings going on when Allan went to bed his mounts down for the night.

Garbo wished that Allan's horses weren't quite so devoted to their master. How could a lady contemplate in peace her great loneliness when the very heavens reverberated to high A's? And equine conversations? And oh yes, cocker-spaniel squeals. The doggy, a long-eared, sad-eyed morsel belonged to Allan's little daughter, and under the general influence, he too raised his voice in so-called song.

■ Now Allan is probably one of the most considerate mortals in Hollywood. He is conscientious about all the little niceties. How to be neighborly, for example. In the town in which he had his beginnings, being a good neighbor was a virtue next to godliness. He had learned that precept at his mother's knee. In kindergarten the teacher discussed the virtue of being a good neighbor.

Allan's credo sharply divided people into two classes: the kind that would be good neighbors—and the rest.

Inevitably the time came when he began to notice those drawn shutters. What's more, he realized with a shock, that the minute he opened his mouth, those shutters came to. It wouldn't have been so bad if they were closed before the practice hour—but to have them invariably close, right in his mouth, so to speak, became an increasing worry. Was he a bad neighbor—the wrong kind of person?

Who, he wondered privately, could be occupying that house next door? Irene Hervey, his wife, was completely in the dark. "For all the sight we have of them," she commented, "it might just as well be Garbo."

■ Allan practiced, and the horses neighed each evening as was their wont. He was working in *The Firefly,* and now his practice hours were long and arduous. Hour after hour he worked on musical interludes which required whole-hearted ardor. The shutters of the house next door remained closed.

There came the fateful day when the mysterious neighbor was identified. "My tired shoes," cried Allan. "It couldn't be, but it *is,* it *is* Garbo!"

Who could mistake that sculptured brow, those tragic, deep-sunken eyes, that fluid mouth? Garbo, by all the sacred cows, it was. The lady who walked alone. Who yearned for solitude gnawingly—if two hundred writers and thirty million words were to be believed.

■ And here, Allan thought in shame and dejection, I've been going on practicing pieces without concern for a lady's tender soul!

What was more—and Mr. Jones had momentarily forgotten that angle—he, and he alone had been encouraging his horses to take their vocal daily dozen. *He*—the man who had such high ideals about neighborliness.

■ The Jones family went house-hunting. What other choice had they? Allan couldn't go on day in and day out, cracking his fondest precept. And one thing was sure—singing was on his program, come weal, come woe!

Allan and Irene had vaguely considered the advisability of buying a house with plenty of room for stables, and maybe a swimming pool. Now they acted with amazing speed.

They found the house—modest, pleasant, precisely what these two young-marrieds wanted.

The horses neighed. The cocker-spaniel romped. And Mr. Jones practiced to his heart's content. All the windows in the neighborhood were promptly opened when Allan's mellifluous voice started reverberating to the [*Continued on page* 60]





Above, can it be that the lovely heroine of *Conquest*, who went through all of those battle scenes without flinching is holding her brow in smiling but none the less definite distress?

By any wild stretch of the imagination could it be possible that Allan Jones thought his voice, which thousands of people pay handsomely to hear, made him an undesirable neighbor?



Rage. The unbridled fury of a man who has missed a street car by inches



Passion. For this you take off the hat gallantly and extend the cigar at least two inches from the mouth



Terror. That involuntary convulsion of the features following a major shock

HOW TO ACT WITHOUT MOVING A MUSCLE

Emotional Ned Sparks took time off from his part in the new Bobby Breen picture, *Hawaii Calls*, to give aspiring actors some hints on how to be a successful actor and still save wear and tear



Joy. A useful expression for those unexpected callers who arrive just in time for that dinner on the maid's night out

Defiance. Should be attempted by advance students only since it involves the use of the eyebrows





Gratification. Employed here by Sparks to express pleasure at being hung with some hand-painted flowers



Here is the way the more energetic fan appears to the frightened star as he bears down determined to snip a lock of hair, pull off a button or demand an autograph

Open Season On Stars

With fountain pen and pencil, with shears and even with trucks the rabid hunt for souvenirs of the stars goes on, and here are the 1938 by-laws of the chase by one who has made a careful study of the sport

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

ILLUSTRATION BY McGOWAN MILLER

■ Most of America's wild life has a closed season. You have, let us say, from October first until November fifteenth to wreak damage, and then you have to stop. The only fauna unprotected during the entire twelve months is the motion picture player. He or she can be found roaming in his or her native habitat, Hollywood, at any time. You just fire away when you see the whites of the eyes. You don't even have to wait until half an hour after sunrise.

We have the weight of numbers, we fans. We have the advantage of being customers who must be pleased, whether we're Hollywood natives or hunters from out of town. And the out-of-town group doesn't even need a non-resident license.

In recent months we've been given an added boon by the men with the maps. You have to stalk most game. But not the stars. The men with the maps will sell you one for fifty cents, and in ten minutes you can end up in anybody's back yard. Once upon a time the stars had privacy, at least at home.

But no more.

I think we ought to see what we can get away with. Let's go into a little huddle.

■ A wide-open approach is the "I'm from the old home town" angle. For instance, there's Bob Cobb, owner of the famous Brown Derby restaurants, husband of glamorous Gail Patrick, native of Birmingham, Alabama. Assume your best southern accent, march in, demand Mr. Cobb and announce:

"Mistuh Cobb, I'm an old school chum of Margaret's. (Tip: That's her right name.) Ah just thought Ah'd pass th' time of day, suh."

Now, Bob Cobb doesn't know whether you're really a friend of Gail's, and Gail may be working. So, when you've finished eating, just leave the check. You think it won't work, or you think you haven't the nerve? I don't blame you. But this happens several times each month. Of course, Bob just laughs about it. All he has on his hands is three restaurants, the regular customers who write on the table cloths, and the rising food prices.

■ Or you might drop in on an old pal. That is, you don't know him, but you do know somebody who knew him in high school. Just ring the doorbell, move in, insist that you're acquainted. The other day an entire family representing themselves as from Milwaukee, Pat O'Brien's home town, had a merry time from breakfast until midnight, in the O'Brien home.

■ Then there's the souvenir angle. This is comparatively easy. Perhaps you'd like a mail box, part of a gate, a door handle, or some other little trinket. You'll have no trouble at all. Helen Broderick, the comedienne, moved out into the San Fernando Valley and made the mistake of putting her name on her mail box. Someone took her f r o n t gate. Someone else collected her mail box. Helen began to worry about the roof, finally moved back to a Hollywood apartment.

[*Continued on page* 52]



This is the house at 508 Sharp Ave., Spokane, Washington, where Bing grew up



Working on the way to Gonzaga University in Spokane to receive his honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Music



This is where Bing made his professional debut, singing and playing the drums

Dr. Crosby Takes a Bow

Bing was not a shining light in school, but he has the right to put Ph. D. after his name and to insist upon being called "Doctor" if he likes

By CHARLES DARNTON

Neither is he wrapped in stately robes of learning nor solemnized in scholastic frock coat and plug hat. Indeed, he swings freely into view sporting a gray sack suit, a blue shirt unbuttoned at the collar, and a rakish cap cocked jauntily over one ear—possibly his ear for music.

This is oddly fitting, since Dr. Harry Lillis Crosby, accompanied by the degree of doctor of philosophy conferred upon him by Gonzaga University, is taking the air in Central Park, or rather a Hollywood replica of that portion of it allocated to the resounding zoo.

Now Dr. Crosby pauses and leans contemplatively over the rail of a huge tank wherein a trained seal is diving for small pieces of fish and a necessarily large piece of Andy Devine. The good doctor's grave air, as well it may be, is that of a man who presently is to go and take a jump in the lake.

For the occasion, be it known, is dedicated to a scene in *Dr. Rhythm*. The moment is devoted to the water cure of a lamentable hang-over suffered, or stimulated, by the rashly immersed Mr. Devine.

As he weighs the consequences, roughly estimated at three hundred pounds, Dr. Crosby shakes his head deploringly, then turns briskly to pace the cage-walk, monkeys chattering, lions roaring into his sensitive ears.

Noting his abrupt action, you put it down to the Bing in him, lightly balanced nerves quickening the restiveness of genius. Your problem is to get him to hold still long enough to be interviewed. You despair at the prospect, all the more as his glinting steel-blue eyes sight you from afar and something in them plainly says, "So that's the guy who's come to give me the works."

But, after further deliberation and long-distance scrutiny, the resigned phi-



When Bing left Spokane all he had was an extra shirt and some drums. But he came back with a water wagon for the team



At brother Ted's home, Ted, Bing and Douglas Dyckman. Seated, Bing's mother, Mrs. Ted, her children, and Bing's father



Bob Burns and Bing are initiated as members of The Round Table, breakfast club of Spokane's prominent business men



This brewery formerly was the pickle factory in which Bing washed bottles and sorted cucumbers after school hours



Bing couldn't miss accepting the honor paid him by his university. So he took his whole radio troupe to Spokane with him



Mayor Frank Sutherlin handed over the key to the city, made Bing Mayor for the day, and let Bob Burns be Chief-of-Police

losopher genially approaches and generously gives you, with his good right hand, a nice dry set-chair, while he sits down with Spartan hardihood on a wooden bench still wet with the plumpish outline of the performing seal who all too recently has been sunning himself there.

Repressing your first eager impulse to ask Dr. Crosby to sing something, you respectfully inquire regarding his feelings as to his eminent doctorate.

"I feel it to be a great honor," is his simple reply.

Instantly you like him for it. In it is the sincerity of the man himself, the honesty which is part of him. Light as is the banter he so inimitably brings to his radio broadcasts, here is something not to be taken lightly. It is a big and an honorable reward come to him unforeseen and unsought, an accolade bestowed for meritorious service and character, a gift received with grateful appreciation of and loyalty to his university and its learned heads. He, in turn, has made himself a credit to it and to them not merely as a crooner of songs, but as actor, wit and Irish minstrel.

Irish? Yes. And this tells more than half of the story as you hear: "My mother's name was Harrigan, and dad's mother was Irish."

There's where his wit comes from, you confidently assume.

He smiles the best way, with his eyes. "I question whether I have wit of any appreciable dimension. But there has always been music in the family. My father and mother and grandparents all sang and played, though not professionally. But when there was a local performance of *The Mikado* or another of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in Tacoma or Spokane my people were sure to be in it. And there was music in our home from morning to night."

His innate modesty is evidenced in the absence of anything about himself, and when you attempt to bring him back to the effect upon him of his lofty degree he says no more than:

"I got a great boot out of it."

No doubt he now is getting the same "kick," but he casually side-steps this suggestion with:

"It was so unexpected that I am still trying to get used to it. I can hardly believe it, and I'm sure this is the case with everybody who knows me." You are set to wondering how his neighbors have taken it.

"They have, individually and collectively, been most congratulatory," he is grateful to say. "There has not been much talk about it, but I should say the best minds of Toluca Lake are of the opinion that I'm just a lucky guy."

Caught in the suburban spirit, you ask how his newly-won high estate has affected his golf game.

"I am afraid," he grins, "that being weighted down with honors has made me a little ponderous on the course. Although I manage to swing the old club clear of mental profundities, my stance is a bit on the heavy side."

Like the true golfer, Hollywood's crack player brings out his briar pipe and fills it. This is well, for smoking is prone to put him in the proper mood for setting forth his own philosophy, the philosophy of his great success.

"It has all been just luck," he insists. "This is the shameless truth. I never even thought of a career. Perhaps the only reason I hung around school till I was fifteen was that I [*Continued on page* 63]



This is part of the crowd that overflowed the Armory when Bing staged a show and gave the proceeds to his alma mater



Here is Bing making a new friend on his tour of inspection through the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children



Receiving his honorary degree from Mon. Condon. Left, Father Perrault and Gonzaga's president, Father Leo J. Robinson

CLEOPATRA WASN'T PRETTY

But just look at what she did to history, points out Madeleine Carroll, who believes that beauty is a mixed blessing at best

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ "Cleopatra wasn't pretty—but look what happened! By which I mean," murmured Madeleine Carroll, perhaps the most beauteous beauty on the screen today, "not only that beauty isn't everything: it isn't *any*thing!

"In an age when a woman simply had to be either blonde or brunette, Cleopatra was a redhead with, they say, a big nose. So?" Miss Carroll dabbed fresh powder on her own nose, a small, straight one. "So she wrecked a couple of empires and a couple of emperors and goes down in history as the world's greatest siren.

"Know why? One reason. She had charm. Don't ask me what's that, because I don't know and neither did Cleopatra. All I know is you've got to have it to get anywhere in this world. My mother told me."

Just at the moment anyone but Madeleine Carroll would have looked anything but beautiful. Under concentrated hot lights in the studio portrait gallery she was having her picture taken. A photographic portrait "sitting" is always a pesky ordeal, and with the temperature around 100 directly beneath the lights it was peskier than usual. Yet Miss Carroll posed with urns and flowers and smothery sables and never grew snappish nor lost that radiant smile, which you will see in Walter Wanger's *The River is Blue.*

■ It was a bright experience, watching Madeleine pose. A French mother and an Irish father had endowed her with shining golden hair, vivacious deep blue eyes and a rose-petal skin—Helen of Troy couldn't have been lovelier. And betcha Helen of Troy didn't have a B. A. degree from Birmingham University in England, either.

Yes, the girl has brains as well as looks. At the age of twelve, tutored by her parents—her father was a professor of modern languages—Madeleine entered the University while other children the same age were still in the grammar grades. It was at college that she first became interested in dramatics.

Somehow, although she hung up a brilliant scholastic record—proving that yellow hair and gray matter are not necessarily antagonistic—a career as instructress in a seminary for girls held less appeal than a career on the stage. Madeleine began to strive and starve in London theatrical circles till suddenly a movie producer gave her the leading role in *The Guns of Loos,* and she's played leading roles ever since. The latest were Princess Flavia in Selznicks' *The Prisoner of Zenda* and the American heroine in Columbia's *It's All Yours,* with Francis Lederer as the foreigner-hero.

■ It was at the time Madeleine entered Birmingham University that her mother said what she did. About charm.

Now, Madeleine has charm. She wouldn't admit that fact if you put it right up to her, but she has charm of such a rare quality that you remember it more even than you remember her beauty, and this goes to prove what she was saying in regard to Cleopatra. Madeleine *would* admit, however, that she tried awfully hard to acquire charm because she considers it one of the most important things in life. Especially to a woman—though it certainly doesn't hurt a man to have a little, too.

"Mother talked seriously to me one day," Madeleine said, dabbing at her nose again between "stills"—it surely was hot under those lights—"she said in the first place I had to give up being awkward. I was forever falling over things and knocking books off tables and dropping cups. Of course I was at the awkward age, but I imagine French children grow up gracefully, so no doubt mother wondered what kind of a strange creature she'd brought into existence. Fantastique, alors!"

If you've happened to notice, one of Madeleine's chief points on the screen is her grace of movement. She walks with rhythm, uses her hands unobtrusively. All this is a knack that had to be acquired.

■ "'Charm,' mother said to me," Madeleine went on, "'is probably all you have on which to make your way in the future. You do not have wealth nor great influence, but you or anybody else can have charm. And it's all you need. On charm you can carry out any campaign successfully.'

"Naturally, mother supposed at the time that I would campaign to become a successful teacher," Madeleine explained, "and I don't know any career in which charm is more of an asset—though in what career isn't it, if it comes to that? And I very soon learned how ceasing to fall over rockers and to drop cups isn't all there is to charm as mother defined it. To her, you couldn't have charm without a fair amount of brains.

"And yet, brains weren't the whole of it. Do you know her prime requisite?" Madeleine's blue eyes were serious. "A pleasant expression! Yes, really. A pleasant expression, she said, was the first consideration in making a woman attractive."

Glorious in floating tulle, faintly green, with a band of aquamarines sparkling across the bodice where it met the luscious curve of a bare shoulder, Madeleine looked very pleasant indeed as she spoke. You can acquire the habit of looking pleasant, she said, so why scowl? Not, understand, that there's anything artificial about Madeleine; she's one of the most natural beauties in pictures—practically no make-up, absolutely no fits of temperament. Hers is a disposition naturally pleasant. With a profile like that, whose wouldn't be?

■ She's pleasant, but not wishywashy. Another point to remember about charm.

"'Be yourself,' mother used to say as if it were a motto, 'but be yourself at your best.' And when you look at the subject frankly, who are the people that to you seem charming? Why, the people that show an interest in you! They're the people with good taste! At your best, then, you train yourself to be interested—well, at least to appear interested—in other people.

"Not that it's always easy. I used to practice. Make myself drink in the words of certain people I didn't find entertaining—and, you know, I discovered they weren't so dull as I'd supposed. The real trouble was that I'd been wrapped up in myself. You can't be self-centered if you want to have charm, and I'm sorry if that sounds like Pollyanna because, anyway, it's a fact."

Oh, there were secondary things, she admitted, such as ordinary courtesy, giving company the best chair, not talking too much nor loudly monopolizing the conversation. But the first principle was just to be considerate of other folks.

"H'm. Like Cleopatra," I suggested.

"Like Cleopatra," Madeleine retorted firmly, "I know she hadn't a reputation for unselfishness, but you'd better believe she went out of her way to be considerate of people with whom she wanted to make a hit! Why, she took Marc Antony fishing for crocodiles, and got up lavish banquets for him, and played jokes on him when he was blue . . . that little Egyptian had consideration down to a fine art. All sirens do, I suppose. Cleopatra possessed as much charm as any woman could have: brains, also. Quick wit gave her that 'infinite variety.'"

■ It is diversity, Madeleine added, which stands as first aid to this charm business. She herself, still swift to disclaim that she's charming, has a healthy aversion toward boredom. Determined to avoid it, she takes ballet dancing, studies music, reads all the good books she can lay hands upon. This variety of pursuits acts two ways; keeps her from being bored and gives her so many interests that she doesn't bore other people. No one-track mind for Madeleine!

■ She confessed, further, that long ago she drew up in her mind a set of rules about charm and its developments.

"One of them, [*Continued on page* 45]



Madeleine Carroll

Portrait by Hurrell



1. He also does a fine gorilla



2. They kept him in gangster parts for years



3. He speaks with an accent



4. We'll give you a hint: She's a blonde

HAVEN'T WE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

Come on, you detectives, get out the magnifying glasses and see how good you are. Every picture on this page is of a well known picture player. True, the make-up is rather thick in some cases, but if you are any kind of a Sherlock at all, you should be able to guess identities of at least ten. **Answers are on page 57**



5. She won fame in vampire roles



6. You see her in a lot of musical films



7. Considered one of the town's greatest beauties



8. Noted for brilliant character parts



9. Quite at home on those Arab mounts



10. Usually seen in comedy roles



11. Usually called "gloriously beautiful"



12. He plays saints as well as sinners



13. Most romantic of a distinguished stage and screen family



This is the way Jackie Cooper looked in 1930 when he made *Skippy*. Mitzi Green and Jackie Searle are looking in at him

And this is the way Jackie looked in 1933, when he made a big hit in *The Bowery*, still very much a very small boy



Skippy Grows Up

Many child stars grow out of their careers when they grow up, but not our young Mr. Jackie Cooper

By EDGAR SOUTHPAUGH

■ Jackie Cooper was whanging the daylights out of a set of trap drums when we visited him in the basement of his Beverly Hills home the other day.

Swing music, issuing from an enormous radio nearby, was filling the air, and Jackie was pounding away at the traps, the bass drum, and the fifteen other musical gadgets that surrounded him. He saw us coming down the stairs, looked up long enough to yell "Hi, there!", and went back to his drumming. We yelled back a loud "Hi, there!", found a comfortable chair, and waited until the performance was over.

And it was a three-star, three-bell performance, too, if you care to ask us. Critics, with ears attuned to the finer musical nuances and shadings, might possibly object to it on the ground that it was a trifle noisy and they might be correct, but we still insist it was a three-star, three-bell performance.

"My two dogs ran away again, I had a flat tire, and I didn't do so well in my studies this week," Jackie informed us when the last reverberation had died down, "and I was doing this to relax, sort of."

■ It developed that Jackie had been whanging away at the drums for a good many years and, although he can't read one drum note from another, he has acquired the master's touch. He is pretty proud of the fact that he has played in every name band that has visited Los Angeles. That is, with the exception of Benny Goodman's orches- [*Continued on page* 46]



Here is Jackie today, 15 years old and well on his way up to six feet

Hollywood's Star Styles







Deanna Durbin's next Universal film is *Mad About Music*, but all little girls of fifteen or there-about should be mad about the clothes she wears in that picture. Above is a brown wool dress made striking with yellow saddle-stitching and accessories. Right, the perfect bicycle dress has a wide split skirt that hangs straight, and a kerchief that ties around the throat and waist, completely covering the back

Above, a charming afternoon costume is the hand-made crepe dress in a dusty rose shade. The suede belt is rust-colored and fastens with a big buckle in back







Jezebel is the story of a fatally fascinating belle of the deep south during Civil War days, and Bette Davis' slim blonde beauty is shown to great advantage in the tight bodices and billowing skirts of the period. Her gowns have particular interest this year because of the returning attention to off-the-shoulder necklines and skirts with yards and yards of material. Above, left, is a combination of taffeta and net which should give you some ideas for that new dinner dress. Directly above, the soft banding of velvet is a perfect trimming for the rich design of brocade. Left, heavy starched lace makes the most graceful of little sleeves, and with such a gown you pin a double bow of lace above shoulder length curls

In this New Cream the "Skin-Vitamin" the substance which helps to make Skin Beautiful

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?





(ABOVE) *Mrs. Goelet at an informal musicale.*

(LOWER LEFT) *In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."*

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet

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Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

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BOTH CONTAIN THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN"

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Story of a Touchdown

His part in *Rosalie* is no bed of roses for Nelson Eddy as proved by the fast action camera which caught him hard at work at his spring training



That is what reaching for high notes can do!



Take that!



Ooomph! And that!





Ah! For the carefree life of ease and comfort enjoyed by a star. Here is Nelson Eddy resting the hard way



B-13



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Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett— beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production—modeling Double Mint dress... designed by Elizabeth Hawes

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This is the wide smile which Sophie Tucker turns on for the benefit of her many fans in her latest film, *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*

EGGS TAKE A LOT OF CRACKING

Sophie Tucker points out that situations and people have to be treated in much the same way as she handled the eggs in the theatrical boarding house long ago

By SERENA BRADFORD

■ "Eggs take a lot of cracking," said Sophie Tucker, who used to cook in a restaurant at New Haven, Conn., "and so do situations. I mean, the spots where life puts you. Cracking an egg takes plenty of technique. Cracking a situation takes more."

She sat at a table in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary, just finished with a scene in *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry;* a large, smartly dressed woman with a rather motherly smile and the tongue of a sophisticated poet-crusader. All the sympathy in the world but no nonsense; a woman who had fought every inch of the way to the peak of her profession but acquired no hardness of heart through the thirty years' battle. She learned in the restaurant kitchen that while eggs take a lot of cracking, they're worth it.

"You know how eggs re-act," she said, "a timid tap on the side of the pan, and you get a half-dented shell; no good to itself or humanity. The over-hand wallop smears it clear across the kitchen. Get nervous and grip your egg too tight—sbrlp!

"And you have to know what you're handling. If it's an egg that's been cooked three minutes, you can snip off the top

with a knife, if you're quick enough, and scoop out the meat. But if it's hard-boiled, you may need to smack it more than once before you've got it under control.

"It was hard-boiled, sure enough, the situation I tried to crack one time in vaudeville. I was paid $750 a week on that circuit, but I'd always wanted to be in a show with the top-liners and I argued and went back and argued again till they took me on. On trial, I mean," said Sophie, her wide eyes as good-humored as her deep voice, "so I quit my vaudeville job and went with them for nothing."

That was like her. Even when as a girl she worked in that kitchen, she decided the best was none too high to aim at; the best paid the biggest dividends in the end. She never stopped till the best was what she won.

"I *had* to make good in Milwaukee!" she proceeded, forehead wrinkled at the recollection, "my first try-out was there. If I didn't make good in Milwaukee—Well, they took me on for three weeks. I stayed with them three years."

That's like her, too.

■ The theatrical career began when somebody in her father's theatrical boarding house at New Haven said she had a powerful voice—the times she served as waitress, she used to call the orders so the other cook could hear them 'way back in the kitchen—and she left home determined to snaffle a theatrical singing job in New York. The first job she landed brought $15 a week.

"Of which I sent $5 home, and kept the rest for board, room, clothes and carfare. That $10 went a long way, though never quite far enough."

Kind of tough, eh? Those early struggles?

"*Everything's* tough," Sophie replied immediately, "that's why life is interesting."

Her own life reads like the most impossible melodrama. Tough going nearly all the way; nothing handed to her as a gift, she had to work for all she gained. Yet—though, while she cracked eggs and hung over the steaming stove in the New Haven kitchen, Sophie became the friend of kings.

All this was a long distance in the future, however, when a squirming red infant was born in a farm wagon that jolted hastily onward, somewhere outside Odessa in Russia, en route to the border. Sophie's father was escaping from Russia; if the authorities had caught him, he would have been compelled to enter the army, and he was a peace-loving man.

Even the name of the fugitive family was not its own—another element of the melodrama that seems persistently to hover over Sophie's life. An Italian, ill and friendless, had been given shelter in the Russian home of Sophie's father just before Sophie's birth. The man died, and in order to get out of Russia the family took the stranger's name: Abuza. As Abuza they are known in private life today.

At sixteen, then, Sophie was rising in New Haven, Conn., at four A. M. to

"I DON'T CARE HOW PRETTY SHE IS —SHE'LL SPOIL THE SHOW!"



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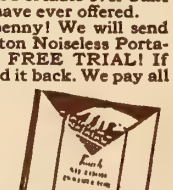
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cook food in her father's restaurant kitchen, sweep floors, set the tables, before she darted off to school where often she fell asleep across her desk. Quick always to snatch at a crumb of encouragement however adverse the circumstances, Sophie was pleased when one of the Howard Brothers of vaudeville fame said: "Stop yelling in my ear!" as she clarioned an order for noodle soup on her way past his chair. It showed she had a noticeable voice, anyhow. Four years later she played on the same bill with the Howards, featured as a singer of plantation songs.

For Sophie's rise was rapid, even though it meant constant struggle on her part. Within three years after she had her first job at $15 a week as a "coon-shouter" in a New York cafe, she had been in and out of the Ziegfeld Follies and was doing nicely in vaudeville, singing "Casey Jones" and "Some of These Days" at $500 a week with an international reputation as the "Queen of Ragtime."

■ Her first engagement with the Follies indicates the typical Sophie. Because she stole the show, the Big Names pouted and Florenz Ziegfeld decided that to keep the peace Sophie had better leave. Sophie was enraged. Though only a beginner, she didn't hesitate to tell the great Ziegfeld exactly what she though about the matter. But she can't hold a grudge whether she's right or wrong. When she met Ziegfeld again in Paris some years later they became firm friends.

By then, Sophie had made a hundred songs famous. Because she sang them—never was anyone better at "putting over" a melody—people hummed and whistled them throughout the world. "You're in the Right Church But the Wrong Pew;" "That Old Home Town of Mine;" "America, I Love You"—the War had just started then; "Get Out and Get Under;" "Where Was Moses When the Lights Went Out?"; "Who Paid the Rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle?"; "This Is the Life;" "In My Harem;" "Everybody Shimmies Now;" "Down on the Farm;' "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along"

London heard her and called her "Jazz Artist." Paris heard her; Dublin, Venice, Geneva, Vienna, Berlin, Budapest, Prague. Long ago her pay had risen to $5000 a week. It would later soar to $8500. She had her own night club in New York, opened by ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker. By and bye she thought about retirement. She would devote her time to those charities; Sophie Tucker has a hand in supporting more orphanages, old peoples' homes, hospitals, than you could shake a stick at; she employs one secretary merely to keep track of correspondence with these institutions.

But when she thought about abandoning her public career, up popped the movies, waving contracts. She couldn't resist the lure of a new venture. She couldn't ignore a new challenge. With her customary zest she threw herself into this fresh undertaking. That unflagging energy which has kept her on her toes for thirty years.

■ Arrived in Hollywood, she found something very strange. She found herself in a house with a patio and a swimming pool and a niece. She found people dropping in—and reluctant to go. She found the house behind the palm trees a rallying place for the notables of the screen.

One day she solved the riddle of this strangeness. "At last I've got a home!" said Sophie astonished. At last she wasn't living in a trunk, leaping from city to city, or keeping a flat just to sleep in at night. "It's the first time in my life that I've had a real home," she said wonderingly, and liking it fine. In the entire span of her restless years since her birth in the jolting farm wagon, this was the first occasion on which she had settled down anywhere.

"The bitterest disappointment I've ever known," she said, looking thoughtfully about the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer eatery as though to stack it beside others less sumptuous which she had once frequented in the meagre era, "was when I got on the bill at Tony Pastor's. To be a performer at Tony Pastor's was something in those days!

"I'd worked hard to get there. It wasn't so long since I'd been singing at the Old German Village on Broadway for my $15 per and the pennies the customers would throw. Then there'd been entertainments at clubs where I'd be one of the singers—'coon-shouting'—and perhaps this would land me away up in the Bronx, begrudging the carfare downtown again to get to my boarding-house room.

"But those thin times were bright and happy, just the same. People were helpful. There'd be a girl who lived up toward the Bronx and she'd say: 'Spend the night with me and you'll be here ready for tomorrow night's performance' —that is, when we had engagements for more than one night at clubs or small vaudeville or burlesque houses uptown. Or perhaps somebody would take three or four of us to supper, and we'd save on a meal. Oh, people helped each other. Anyone that had good clothes would lend, and so on.

"Well, when I got on the bill at Tony Pastor's I felt that my troubles were practically over. I was finally launched on my career. Remember, I'd been singing also, in small time vaudeville from Perth Amboy, N. J., to Cohoes, N. Y., and in public parks from Erie, Pa., to Youngstown, Ohio, at from $12.50 to $30 a week. And now here I was, a member of the Tony Pastor troupe — on the Bowery—at a smacking $35.

"I was crazy with joy when I shoved into the crowded dressing room and began to get ready. I could see my eyes, blazing with excitement, in the long mirror. Somebody had a copy of the theatre program. After a while I got a look at it and ran down the list for my name. There it was! I'd finally made the grade! 'Miss Sophie . . . *Taylor.*' The printer had bungled! It was all I could do to keep back my tears and go on the stage and sing. I'll never know such black, bleak disappointment again; never."

■ Snatches of her career come shining forth as you talk with Sophie. Not in their correct order, usually, but always illuminating, always pointing to the one great fact: that she was driven continually by her determination to reach the top.

It was four years after her start in the theatre that she changed her vocal methods. "Put the soft pedal on," she related, "no more shouting. I saw that subtler kinds of singing were more effective."

She went, with the times and their tunes, from "coon shouter" to syncopation interpreter, to "hot tunes," sophisticated songs and, finally, swing music. For years they called her "Jazz Baby" and "Hot Mama," but she said a surprising thing about sex, both in songs and in films.

"Sex isn't so important," she remarked, "sex doesn't *sing*. You want to hang on, in life, to the things that *sing*." She wasn't talking about music this time, either. "It's the heart interest that's important, in a verse or a plot—or a life. It's the heart interest that never grows threadbare. . . ."

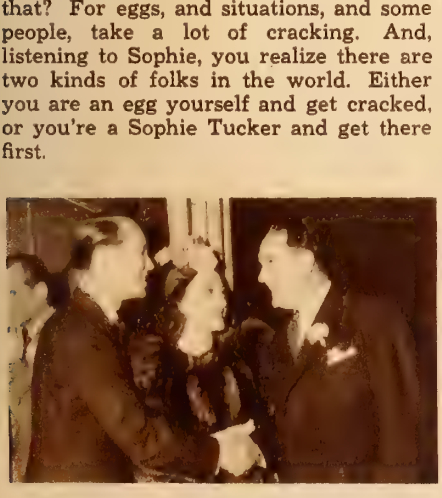
■ "Well, I've sung on the same program, at charity benefits, with Caruso and Lillian Russell," she said; "I introduced the first hobble-skirt — that was in St. Joseph, Missouri; and I introduced Gilda Gray—that was at Reisenweber's in New York. I introduced the first woman's trousers-suit to America—a Paul Poiret model, blue wool and gray caracul—that was at New York, in 1931.

"I've sung 'Weep No More, My Mammy' and 'I'm No One's Fool' for the King and Queen of England, and they seemed to like it, they didn't say different. And I've sung 'Happy Days Are Here Again' at a Paris theatre, in French, of all things. It's been," she added with that warm smile, "quite a life, come to think of it."

And quite a hard life, everything considered?

"And quite a hard one," Sophie conceded happily, "and I'd hate to have it otherwise."

Why should she want it otherwise, at that? For eggs, and situations, and some people, take a lot of cracking. And, listening to Sophie, you realize there are two kinds of folks in the world. Either you are an egg yourself and get cracked, or you're a Sophie Tucker and get there first.



Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford were among the many who congratulated director Frank Borzage at his party celebrating his twentieth year in the film industry

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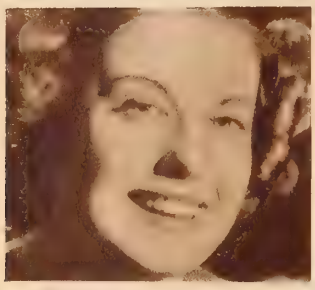
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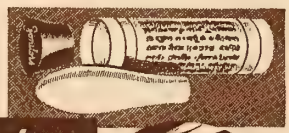
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A Lady Grows Older



Here is an interesting word picture of the little star of *Little Miss Roughneck*, who, at thirteen, is wise in the ways of Hollywood

By TED MAGEE

■ "Please remember," Edith Fellows said suddenly, "that you are speaking to a lady."

Bingo—just like that. Could one somehow have slipped so badly as to have offended this little Columbia star while talking of mundane things like playing dolls? One had. One made the mistake of presuming Edith was still but a little girl, and that, friends, is an error in any language.

As a matter of fact, lest the problem puzzle you, Edith Fellows is thirteen years of age. She is in the ninth grade, and is a whizz at Arithmetic.

A girl of thirteen has at least one peculiarity. You mustn't forget she is a child, but you must also treat her as a young lady who knows her way around. Most of all, you must have some idea which role she chooses to play—youngster or grown-up.

With Edith Fellows it is nip and tuck. Her moods vary as fast as the winds, and in the San Fernando Ranch of Columbia Studios, the breezes have all the vagaries that mountain tops can give them.

■ We caught up with Edith at the Ranch where she was assuming her first role as a full-fledged star. The title is *Little Miss Roughneck*. "And that," Edith said positively, "is a perfect description of myself."

Edith hands out a remark like that with a look in her eyes that should be far beyond her years—a sweetly sincere look, like she is trying to impress you, oh, so hard. But then, that's the unusual thing about her. She has the mind of a girl of seventeen, the graceful figure of a girl of fifteen, and an adult attitude of twenty—when she wants to. It is definitely safer to assume that Edith wants to be grown up most of the time.

Start asking her questions and she will outwit you. She asks them back faster than you can leap. You get nowhere. If you don't look out you will be mumbling something about an artful, precocious child—and go wandering home without any answers.

But after all, you are dealing with a woman even if she is but a child. So you sneak up with a deft compliment, get past

her guard, and start her in with gentle reminiscing. After that the conversation flows freely.

■ At thirteen Edith has a swell memory. She will sit out on the lawn looking for four leaf clovers, and tell you things she remembers clear back to her fourth birthday. There was the time, for instance, when she had the measles. Her grandmother—the only mother she has ever known—gave her castor oil. Yes, indeed, Edith remembers well!

When she got over the measles the fun began. One day she pinned a big sign to the door. It read: "DANGER—MEASLES. KEEP AWAY." Horrified over this loud display, grandmother came home from market and hurried inside. Could Edith be having a recurrence so soon? All the books indicated otherwise.

"Mother" Fellows quickly discovered the truth. Edith's favorite doll, Charlotte, had contracted the disease and was gravely ill.

The doll made an amazing recovery. Within a very few hours she was well enough for the sign to be taken down. By nightfall she had completely recovered. Grandma had brought out that castor oil again, and the very sight of the bottle convinced Edith that measles must stay away from her door.

■ Edith is Bostonian by birth, Californian by choice. The fact that she is a descendant of Charles Lamb impresses her not at all. Fact is, nothing about fame impresses Edith except a dawning concern over how she will get along with non-theatrical boys and girls as she grows up. Because she is wise—and smart—beyond her years, she suspects trouble along this line.

"I'd like to go to senior high school next year," Edith said, still picking four leaf clovers. "But I'm scared to death to face it. No matter how nice and common-folks you try to be, some snippety person is going to use broad a's on you and tell everyone how superior you feel over them. It's a problem."

Remarkable thinking for a girl just entering her teens, isn't it? But then, Edith is quite remarkable anyway. Stardom came to her after a lot of hard work and training. No overnight Cinderella stuff. And now that she has stardom, she can't help but see how she is a Little Lord Fauntleroy herself.

In Edith's case, she is within a big studio looking out. She has few child playmates. The directors and prop men and juicers play games with her when they aren't busy, but Edith honestly admits she misses not having kids of her own age to play with. Her one close friend is Mary Ann Jackson, but they live too far apart to see much of each other. She likes Bonita Granville, too, and a lot of children of older stars.

■ "I had a terrible tragedy a month ago," Edith pouted while working on an ice cream cone. "Billy Burrud called up and wanted to take me to the circus. It was the last chance of the season, and I wanted to go so badly. But I had a cold and

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mother knew best. So I stayed home."

But she did get to attend a Hallowe'en party with the Marx children and some others. They dressed up in typical "scarey" costumes and went from door to door in an exclusive Beverly Hills neighborhood. It was a swell racket.

First they would ring the doorbell and then, someone answered, they would say simply, "Tricks or treats?" If the puzzled citizen did not immediately comprehend the neat nature of this little racket, they would repeat until he did.

At one house a blustering man met them at the door and thundered back, "Why don't you children stay at home. The idea of bothering people. Which one of you is the oldest?"

Meekly, Edith admitted such guilt. "Well then, why don't you use your head. You've no right to bother people."

"But this is Hallowe'en," Edith said humbly, a bit terrorized over their predicament.

The man looked surprised. "Well, bless my soul, it is," he said. "I haven't any thing in the ice box. So here. You kids go treat yourselves." He handed Edith a half dollar and closed the door. Five minutes later she timidly rang the bell again and returned the money. "We aren't blackmailers or — or — intimidators," she managed to stutter out. "So you'll have to keep the money."

■ Each passing day is beginning to reveal more and more the complexities of growing up to this child star. Just recently she realized that a certain other little star, a girl who is neither the most important nor the least in the scale of Hollywood ratings, has been deliberately snubbing her when they meet around Hollywood.

"I don't understand it," Edith said, obviously mystified. "I have never done anything to make her feel that way toward me. Neither one of us is the greatest star in Hollywood. We work at different studios. Why should she feel that way?"

Well, one could tell Edith a lot about that, but it's just as well one doesn't. Why, only the other day a beautiful, glamorous woman star told me almost the very same story—only that in her case three very popular adult stars always ignored her no matter what the occasion. This beautiful blonde woman was just as mystified as Edith. Just as unable to explain the cause of the snubs, and just as baffled when it came to deciding what to do about it. That's Hollywood and that's life—what more can you say to explain such things?

■ Edith's schoolwork to date has been under the tutelage of a certified teacher who devotes her entire time to this one star. The teacher is a psychologist as well as an instructor in book things, and works hand in hand with the little star's grandmother toward keeping Edith a normal, unspoiled girl.

When Edith isn't working she is taking operatic training. Her voice has developed marvelously. When you hear her sing numbers from three operas in *Little Miss Roughneck* you will understand how much time and effort she has put into the work—and how very much she is getting in results.

Edith takes herself seriously, but the sparkle of fun is in her eyes and you know that when she puts on airs, she is having great sport just pretending. It is when she is in this mood that you stand puzzled, and wonder whether this person before you isn't more a little, mature woman than a large child.

And then you suddenly realize that this is more than just fun for Edith. She is reaching out timidly but surely, cloaking her seriousness in fun, but always groping toward adulthood and maturity.

There is no apparent danger of a "gangling age." One of these days studio officals, looking at her through the cold lens of a camera, will suddenly discover that a radiant young woman is standing there instead of a child star, and Edith will have turned the corner and found herself facing ever-widening vistas which she never before knew had existed.

■ Standing there before me, dressed in a Juliet gown, she looked graceful, years older than she was. And then a strange thing happened. She reached down and touched the velvet of the costume and said, "I want awfully bad to have this costume. But it belongs to the United Costume Company and the studio only rents it.

"Why don't you buy it?" I suggested.

She shook her head. "It costs fifty dollars," she replied, "and that's a lot of money. I would much rather give a party for the boys (the crew) when this picture is over."

She said that totally unconscious of the generosity the words proved. I'll swear to that. It was just a natural statement uttered without a second's thought. I passed it up without comment, but the incident is a real tribute to a child who rose above poverty to become a star, and then so wisely demonstrated she would rather invest money in gratitude than in personal gratification.

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Cleopatra Wasn't Pretty

[*Continued from page* 28]

she said, was 'Don't bite your nails.' I mean it literally, but figuratively, too. Don't act nervous; don't fidget. It isn't advisable to have a cow-like calm, but nothing is less charming than a case of the jitters. Don't be self-conscious; it's a kind of conceit."

As a little girl, she was self-conscious. Most little girls are. But even if the stage had not cured her of this failing, her present social position in England would have done so. Captain Philip Astley, the British Army officer to whom she is so happily married, is an intimate friend of King George VI.

"Except for the general rules like taking an interest in something beside yourself and letting other people get a word in edgewise now and then," she was saying, "charm is a pretty hard item to pin down. What appeals to me might not appeal to you. But I can tell you the only sort of individual who's charming from my own point of view.

"Somebody that's loyal, doesn't fly into tempers, doesn't throw money recklessly around. Somebody that doesn't show off, that's fond of dogs, that's a good sport and tolerant and can talk amusingly about Africa or India or Siam—or Hollywood!—and appreciates Welsh rabbit and Van Gogh paintings and doesn't say, 'Oh, no!' if you want to go for a walk on a stormy day.

"But we had charm under consideration, didn't we? Well, still looking at charm from my own viewpoint, I'd say the chief thing is not to try too hard. Don't set your jaw and say, 'I'll be charming though the heavens fall.' Don't be grim about charm. Though grimness would be preferable to glamour."

"Wh-what?" I asked.

"I don't want to be g l a m o r o u s," Madeleine announced tranquilly, "glamorous is of all things on earth what I don't want to be."

"But you *are*," I said.

She almost frowned. "Not at all," she responded, "when you go glamorous, you have to work at it the entire time. You can't forget your allure one minute. You heighten your personality, which means you hide it behind something it isn't. You're always on parade. What a life!"

She waved small, pretty hands on which the nails—it was noticeable in this era of giddy tints—were palest shell pink. The camera man switched on more hot lights and said would Miss Carroll kindly turn her head a trifle to the left—there! Still looking pleasant—pleasant? She looked utterly bewitching—Miss Carroll obeyed. But while the man got his camera ready she had a last word.

"No," she remarked, "not glamorous, thank you! I'd rather be natural. Mother told me—" her smile flashed forth—"that the best way to avoid charm is to take on artificiality."

Well, perhaps sincerity is the underlying reason. Anyhow, she *is* charming. Even her mother would have to admit it now!

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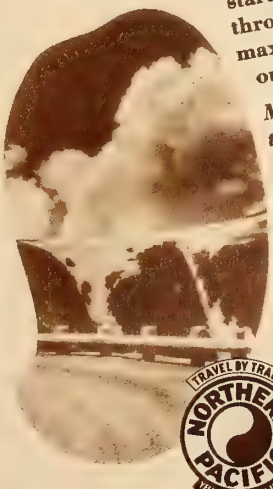


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Skippy Grows Up

[*Continued from page* 32]

tra—and he's going to play in that one, too, before he's through.

He thinks that Jean Krupa, the trapper for Goodman, and Bill Hardy, who traps for Noble, are the best in the business. They think that Jackie is pretty hot, too.

Jackie reached his 15th birthday on the 15th of last September. You'd never think, to look at him now, that the doctor never expected him to live the first three days of his life. He was a pretty sickly baby for a long time. But he's a big boy, now, weighing 140 pounds and standing 5 feet, 8½ inches in his bare feet.

■ What with keeping up his studies at Beverly Hills High School, from which he will graduate a year from next June, and his work in *Boys of the Streets*, a picture he has just finished for Monogram Studios, Jackie has been a very busy youngster with little time for fun.

"They won't let me play football," he says, "because if I should get hurt it would hold up production. I can't play basketball, either. And for the same reason. Once in a while I go roller-skating, but they don't like me to do that for fear I might fall and get hurt. I like to ride horses but can't find time to do much of it."

What he really likes to do is to box and according to those who have watched him he has a "one-two" that's just about perfect. Despite his proficiency in the gentle art of fisticuffs, he doesn't like to fight and has never, save for two occasions, ever engaged in a boyish brawl.

"When I first entered Beverly High," Jackie explains it, "they thought I was highhat, being an actor and all, and yellow. Sometimes a girl would ask for my autograph and, while I was signing my name, a guy would come up and say, 'what's th' big idea?' and I would walk away. Shucks, I didn't want to start an argument. Finally, though, it got so bad I had to do something about it; so, when a guy came up and said, 'hey, what's th' big idea?' I hauled off and poked him a couple of good ones. After that there wasn't any trouble."

■ Jackie had to poke another guy a couple of good ones on the Santa Monica beach one summer and he did it in such a slick, professional manner that it compelled "other guys to get wise" as Jackie puts it, and there was no more beach battling after that. He's so good at boxing right now that he can't find anyone of his own age and weight to spar with him and when he squares off to older boys he finds the going plenty rough. But, as he says, it's lots of fun and he can take a punch as well as give one.

Lately he has been getting a lot of exercise chasing his dogs. On three different occasions last week he came home to find his pets running around Beverly Hills and he thinks maybe his mother turned them loose so that he could get a



A dialogue director has to be an agile man. Here is Colin Campbell, dancing on the greensward with Olivia de Havilland as he rehearses a speech for one of the scenes in *Robin Hood*

little leg work chasing them. But he's going to fool her from now on, he thinks.

"You see, I know all the cops in the Beverly Hills police station and if I just phone 'em when I find the doggone dogs gone they'll help me track 'em down. Maybe I'll get a chance to ride in a squad car. Boy!"

■ Jackie got a car on his last birthday and with it his mother upped his weekly allowance to $10. Out of that he has to pay for his gas, oil, and repairs on the car, his lunches, and whatever expense he incurs on his one night a week out.

"Usually," he states, "I go out on a Friday night and see as many pictures as I can. I have to be home by eleven so I go early and sometimes see as many as three pictures. I get a lot of pointers on how to improve my own acting so I study each picture very carefully."

Jackie hasn't any desire to become a leading man when he gets older. And he has a reason for it.

"Leading men," he says, wisely, "don't last long. Fans get tired of 'em after a while. But it's different with a character actor. He can stay in pictures all his life. So that's what I'm studying hard to be."

And talking about study, the young star has quite a problem on his mind. While attending Beverly Hills High School it's been easy for him to stay in pictures. Provided with a tutor whenever he goes into a picture, he's been able to keep up his good grades without any trouble. But once in college he won't be able to leave his class-work for the camera. "Once you're in, you're in," he says, "and they won't let me take a month or two off to make a picture. And I'd sure hate to be away from a studio for four years. Movie fans would forget all about me in that length of time."

■ Jackie has been in pictures ever since he was six, the age at which he made his initial appearance on celluloid in The Fox *Movietone Follies*. That was at the Fox Studios. From there he went to Hal Roach Studios to appear in a number of Our Gang comedies. Then to Paramount where his uncle, Norman Taurog, directed him in *Skippy*, the part that sped him to stardom. After *Donovan's Kid*, *Sooky*, and a few others he appeared in *The Champ*, co-starring with Wallace Beery. And after this film he really was a star in capital letters. He received five dollars for his initial screen appearance and $1500 a week when he became a star, at the age of ten. And that's a lot of dough for a little feller.

After *The Champ* came other pictures with Beery, all of them good, all of them money-makers. Last year Jackie starred with Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew in *The Devil Is a Sissy*.

■ Jackie worships as heroes three men —Wallace Beery, Richard Dix, and Clark Gable, each of whom have exerted a powerful influence on the youngster's life. "They're grand guys, great pals," he says, his eyes shining when he speaks of them. "Everything about 'em is fine! I wouldn't trade 'em off for all the men in the world!"

Beery, he admits was a tough one to work with before the cameras because he never paid any attention to his lines.

"He'd give a look at the script," Jackie reveals, "and then throw it away and say what he thought was right, what sounded natural. I had a hard time picking out my cues but I got on to it after a while and I'd forget what was in my script, too, and say what I thought was okeh. The funny part of it all was, the director would usually let it go as Wallace and I made it up."

From six to almost sixteen has been the life span of Jackie's screen career thus far. He hopes, by diligent study to extend it from sixteen to sixty—and we do, too. He's a swell kid, this 15-year-old Jackie Cooper, as boyish and as unaffected as they come. Smart as a whip, too, with both feet on the ground and both eyes on the future.

And while we're wishing him all the luck in the world we're also wishing him all the luck he needs in his quest to find a seat in Benny Goodman's orchestra where he can whang the daylights out of the trap drums.





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HOLLYWOOD RADIO BEAM

By GORDON W. FAWCETT

■ The rumpus room of Chester Lauck's new Beverly Hills home has its walls decorated with character sketches of Lum & Abner—and done by Lauck himself, who portrays Lum. Incidentally, Lauck can always go back to cartooning, he's that good.

■ Andy Devine travels back and forth from the NBC Hollywood studios to his Valley rancho in a station wagon upon which is inscribed The Ando Rancho, Gravel Flats, California.

■ Florence George, the NBC singing star, who has temporarily deserted the airlanes for the movies, has added a parrot to her menagerie which already consists of a monkey, a black Chow and a police dog.

■ Ruby Mercer has all the clothes-minded gals of the cinema and radio city glancing enviously in her direction. Recently she attended a celebrity gathering in an evening coat of gold and chartreuse brocade, and lined with gold satin. But it can't be copied because the NBC prima donna received the material from a friend in Egypt and had the coat made.

■ Jack Benny and his celebrated wife, Mary Livingstone, will move into their new Georgian home in Beverly Hills about May 1st. Jack gave Mary for Christmas all her silverware for the new home carried out in the Georgian design.

■ One of Marion Talley's most prized possessions is a small blue porcelain Buddah which was presented to her by the Metropolitan impresario, Gatti Cazazza, the night she made her operatic debut in the Metropolitan.

■ Marion Talley is devoting the room in her new Beverly Hills home to Chinese furnishing and art pieces. For the past ten years the NBC diva has collected articles for a Chinese room.

■ Kenny Baker, the tenor of Jack Benny's Jello show over NBC, was the recipient of a novel gift from one of the radio city's song pluggers, Eddie Marks, when he was presented with a leather zipper brief case in which were the songs Marks wanted Baker to consider.

■ Mrs. Phil Harris, who is known to the picture-going public as Marcia Ralston, has one of the most unusual charm bracelets in Hollywood. It is silver with each charm a small square piece of silver film upon which is engraved the name of a picture in which she has appeared. She has seven charms to date. The donor is her NBC maestro husband, Phil Harris.

■ Irene Rich's daughter, Frances, who gave up a promising screen career to pursue the art of sculpturing, is busy working on a 10-foot monument in stone which she was commissioned to do for the Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D. C., honoring the Army and Navy Nurses of the World War.

■ Sam Hearn who is better known as "Schlepperman" of Jack Benny's Jello show over NBC, is an accomplished violinist. Among his most prized possessions are two rare violins one a 1729 Ballistriri and the other an 1834 Urtl.



It was at the big party at the Trocadero to celebrate the new Lucky Strike program that Jack Warner had the happy thought of selling guest Eddie Cantor some Lucky Strikes. Dick Powell seems to think the joke is funny, but Eddie Cantor seems to be reaching for a sweet, instead



Surely it can't be Marlene Dietrich's new pancake hat that is causing all of the laughter. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and the blonde star were caught by the candid camera during rehearsal for a Lux Radio Theatre program

■ When Lanny Ross and his wife have a free evening they make movies. Mrs. Ross writes the scenarios, their friends are the actors and Lanny focuses his new color camera on home-made movie sets. Then they show movies in their projection room.

■ Of course everyone knows about Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen's appearance at the Paramount theatre here in town in 1935 and of their receiving only $250 for their part of the show . . . Now, strange as it may seem, Bergen runs the whole show with his take running over $17,000 . . . He has to pay out about $7,000 for talent on the show with him, but that still leaves him $10,000 . . . The whole point of this story is by way of getting around to Robin Burns and his famed Bazooka. . . . Two years ago Bob shared $25 with two other people for appearing at a local Chamber of Commerce luncheon. . . . Now no one knows how much he gets what with his broadcast, his column and his movie contract . . . it all goes to show that all you have to have is something a little off the beaten path, whether it be a wooden dummy or a tin horn, to gain fame in this here town.

■ Not this year, but next will Buck Benny be entered in the Santa Anita race meet. So says Jack Benny, the NBC comedian who recently purchased the yearling which will carry the Jello king's color across the line . . . we hope.

■ A very critical audience watches the Jack Haley Log Cabin rehearsals on Saturday afternoons in the NBC Hollywood Studios. And believe it or not, their reaction does mean something to the star. They are Jackie Haley, Jr., little Teddy Fio Rito, Jr., and Warren Hull's three youngsters George, John and Warren, Jr. Already the boys are fighting over the affection of Wendy Barrie and Virginia Verrill.



Judy Garland, young singing star, likes to rehearse in slacks. Here she is going over the script of the Maxwell House "Good News of 1938" program with director Bill Bacher who also likes informal costumes when not working before an audience

■ Kenny Baker, who will celebrate his fifth wedding anniversary in May is already planning for it. Never once since they've been married have they celebrated. The date always fell on a day when Kenny was broadcasting.

■ Minetta Ellen, the mother of "One Man's Family" over NBC, is working on her seventh afghan for the Seeing Eye Institute. These covers are raffled for the benefit of the institute.

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Anita Louise, eyelids brushed lightly with gold, is as exotic in appearance as the orchid she holds



Ginger Rogers' lips are touched with the faint gold glitter of metallic lipstick



Join the Gold Rush

Glinting hair, gleaming eyelids, shining lips—the Lacquered Look of this Orchid Age

By ANN VERNON

■ Glamour, Glitter and Gold! The Three G's are replacing the Three R's from New York to Hollywood, and south to New Orleans. And if you'll add to these a four-letter word beginning with G and meaning a youngish female (Girl if you haven't guessed) you'll have a quartet that can't be beat! For Glamour Girls everywhere are going in for Glitter and discovering that the U. S. Mint hasn't a monopoly on all the Gold in the country.

It's been creeping up on us for quite a time, this orchid age. Maybe you'll want to explain it with high sounding phrases about reaction from the bogey depression. Or as an influence of the court life now in progress in England. But what's the use of phrases and explanations? Luxury is with us again—let's you and me make the most of it.

■ Lovely Ladies Look Lacquered. That's not just a lot of L's stuck together because they look nice. It's a statement of fact. We're being poured into our clothes these days, and then, to make us look still more moulded, the dresses themselves may turn out to be cloth of gold, glittering paillettes and sequins, or bright beads that shimmer and shine and show off the fine modelling of our torsos when we move. Faces give the impression of Benda masks, so carefully is make-up applied to eyes and cheeks and lips. Lipstick, by the way, is quite frankly lipstick again. You've surely noticed the very dark lips on lovely girls in the Technicolored motion pictures. That isn't a trick of the film—our lips really are a deep color to contrast with the smooth pallor of our faces, and what's more they're bright and shiny. In fact, you'll say they glitter.

■ Probably you're thinking that I'm forgetting the one thing that best gives a girl that lacquered look. But I haven't forgotten my lady's tresses! And I quite agree with you that hair is important. For the proper hair arrangement will make or break any impression you may want to give. And if you want to look lacquered, then it's up to your hair to do half the trick for you.

First, a very smooth hairstyle, with every hair in place. Curls, if you have them, set and sculptured-looking. And of course it goes without saying that your hair will have a sheen that will outshine your dress or your bracelet of rhinestones. If your hair looks

drab and dull even after a fresh shampoo, you'll want to try a grand rinse that has been used by countless women. It's not new—but it will *make news* when your gleaming hair attracts a greater rush from the stagline than that given the erstwhile belle of the ball! Simple is the word for the operations involved in using this magic rinse. You just dissolve a tiny envelope of powder in the amount of water specified for your type of hair, swish it around with your hand so no particle of powder remains in solid state, and then pour it over your wet hair after your shampoo. Magic potions come cheap, these days, for a thin dime will assure you of glistening hair. Want the name?

If you want to make your hair still more glamorous and glinting, accent the sculptured effect by posing a feathery plume on the very tip-top of your head. Or carry out the gold tones by pinning a cluster of gold kid leaves among your curls. If you're the romantic type, try wearing a Juliet sequin cap with glinting veil falling softly about your face—or perhaps you'll want to wear only a veil that is studded with brilliants to match your bracelet.

■ Never let it be said that our lips let themselves be outdone by our locks. They know well enough how to accent their beauty with some brightly colored lipstick, but here's something they probably haven't heard about yet. I learned about it only the other day. It's a lipstick that is really gold in color, and it will make your lips as luminous and luscious as ever you could wish them to look. This lipstick has a creamy base so that it can be used alone on the lips, or it may be smoothed on top of your bright evening lip make-up, for an overtone of gold. It's just the thing to add glitter to a gay evening. If you'd like to lacquer your lips for glamorous gaiety, let me know and I'll send you the name. Two dollars buys the large black and silver de-luxe-in-every-way lipstick.

If of an evening you're not quite in the mood for golden lips, but want to be a bit capricious in your make-up, take a second look at those eyes in your mirror. With eye make-up so much in vogue and accepted everywhere, it's much too prosaic to wear the same color of eyeshadow for daytime and evening too. Why not let your eyelids rival the brightness of your eyes themselves? It's done in the best of families.

Send your beauty problems to Ann Vernon. She will be glad to help you with them. Address her at HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget the stamped return envelope.

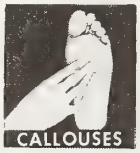
■ This is a case of "All that glisters is not gold"—no indeed, it's sometimes silver. And it can be either gold or silver when it's the eyelids that are doing that glistering. A well-known manufacturer with whose gadgets for easier eye allure you're undoubtedly familiar has the grandest eyeshadows in colors that rival the rainbow's—and are more varied than the rainbow's! And, in addition to these hues, his eyeshadow comes in both gold and silver. The shadow is really thick enough to be worn by and for itself alone, but you don't know what eye make-up can be until you've tried combining a glittering eyeshadow with some luscious color. The maker suggests that you combine his mahogany shadow (putting that on first, of course) with the gold. The dark rich color will make your eyes seem immense, and will serve nicely as background for the gold flecks of the glitter shadow. These two together look magnificent on brunettes or girls with dark red hair. For blondes, there's a royal blue which, coupled with silver, will make even a strong man's heart thump alarmingly. They cost $1 each.

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your lashes just that extra fillip, try tipping them with gold or silver. After you've applied your mascara, allow it to dry thoroughly, and then brush on the tiniest bit of shadow in gold or silver, as the case may be, at the tips of your swooping lashes. Elegant is the word for *that*, and you needn't be worried for your pocketbook's sake. The shadows sell for the amazingly low price (for such glamour cosmetics) of $1. The name is yours for the asking.

■ All of us have seen girls who were all tricked out like plush horses—and not Mrs. Astor's Horse at that—with a tight and brilliant necklace, long droopy earrings, rhinestone tiara in hair, and chunky bracelets on the arms. Everything, in fact, but nose rings, and I sometimes wonder why they haven't taken those over from the savage. Now the point is, don't make that mistake with glitter make-up. Too much of anything is just too much—and that holds just as true of gold as of spinach. If you're going in for golden lips, please, my lady, don't fiddle around with gold eyelids and lashes too—but instead, set off your gold lips by wearing a deep shadow on your lids. It will make your eyes large—and what gold you are wearing will count for something, instead of just fading into a yellow fog. And vice-versa, if you've decided on gold lids for an evening of glister, paint your lips a violent red of some hue or other—and let them go at that. After all, your face is only so big, and enough is enough.

■ That last sentence doesn't mean that you shouldn't go in for glittering nails when you're wearing bright eyeshadows or lipsticks. Your hands are a whole arm's length away from your face which gives you plenty of room before you start repeating the gold. Besides, the glistening nail polish I found is too lavishly luxurious to be left off any hands that are party-bound.

The nail polish looks rather like gold or silver paint—but it has an advantage over paint. It can't dry out your nails and make them brittle. Like paint, it can be used alone to make your nails gleam as bright as a new dime—or a gold piece. Or instead, it can be painted on over a pale rose or deeper shade of polish giving an effect rather like that of spangles on a pink dress. For a still more exotic effect, try painting the silver polish over the gold—King Midas of the Golden Touch can have nothing on you. And if you're wearing evening sandals, don't forget to touch your toes with this lustrous polish so that your dancing feet will twinkle as brightly as your fluttering fingers. If this polish had been made in her day, Cinderella on her way to the ball with her pumpkin coach could have afforded to have her glass slippers show off her gleaming toe nails. A dollar buys a bottle. I'll be glad to play fairy godmother and send you the name if you want to shimmer and shine of an evening.

Open Season on Stars

[*Continued from page* 25]

■ Ginger Rogers got a lot of publicity when she built her new home in Coldwater Canyon. People wanted things. Little remembrances, such as two-by-fours, bundles of shingles, bricks. Ginger laughed and laughed until somebody with a quaint sense of property values lifted ten sacks of cement for his or her memory book. Personally, I think this is going too far, and that we should hold ourselves down to floor joists, at least.

■ If you are a really good fan, don't forget to get those maps I mentioned. You can have a great deal of fun with them. For instance, Claudette Colbert has a very complicated back yard out in Holmby Hills. She has a hard time getting into it from the front, herself. But, with the aid of the map, an entire family was able to beat her into the yard and greet her when she came out in shorts for her sun bath.

Fred MacMurray's new home is also indicated. Fred has found this out. He has a new swimming pool. He dropped out the other day for his dip and found three ardent fans already in. This gave the whole thing a homey touch. But the fans went too far again. They resented Fred invading their privacy.

I could go on about the maps. There was that morning Fred Astaire had a hurry call to the studio and found several admiring friends in his front yard. They were taking pictures of their car, which was parked in his driveway.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and the fans took it in good grace. They didn't even get sore at him. So he just waited around at a safe distance until they picked some flowers and went away.

■ One of the real thrills of being a fan is to get a star away from the home grounds. Here, nothing is barred. For instance, there was that time in New York City when Clark Gable was trapped in a theatre by an admiring mob. He had his meals sent in to him after trying to get out. When he tried to go away the people took the buttons off his clothes. And who can forget the fun we all had when Robert Taylor got off the reservation? Oh, boy! Oh, boy!

Another time when the hunting is pretty good is during the preview hour, and this deserves considerable space. We have reason to be very, very proud of ourselves. Consider Barbara Stanwyck, and the time we mauled her at the preview of *Stella Dallas*. That was real fun, and she was so black and blue the next morning when she showed up for work in short sleeves for a scene in *Breakfast for Two* that they had to re-write the entire scene and design a new costume!

■ At previews is a grand time to get autographs, and tact should be used here. When I say tact, I think of those who at a recent preview asked a slipping star to sign her name three times.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," someone said, "we can trade three of yours for one of Claudette Colbert."

The woman went home feeling very happy about this.

Previews are good spots for getting souvenirs, too. There was that time when Martha Raye laid aside her pocketbook for a moment to autograph an album. The pocketbook had a valuable diamond clasp on it. When Martha went to get it, it had been taken. Whoever got that got a real prize! And then, too, I'll bet somebody gets a great kick out of having those silver fox tails. The two that Carole Lombard wore to the preview of *Nothing Sacred* with Clark Gable. Of course, Carole's furs aren't much good any more. But we've got the tails!

■ Now, about autograph hunting. I personally favor the surprise approach. So does Bing Crosby. The other night, when he left the National Broadcasting Studios on Melrose avenue, he climbed into his cabriolet, drove toward home. He had not got very far when a voice seemed to come from nowhere.

"Hey, you!" it said. "Gimmie your autograph!"

Bing very nearly crashed his car into the one ahead, he was that surprised. In fact, he might have climbed a telegraph pole with his car, been charged with kidnaping or, in the case of a serious accident, negligent homicide.

I don't know what it is that makes us feel so friendly toward the stars. I guess it's because we see them on the screen and feel we know them. In turn, we feel that they ought to know us. Of course, there are millions of us, but who cares?

Now, here's another angle. The star's party. We just walk right in, maybe bringing a few friends to liven things a bit. The most recent case of this was a garden party given by Gracie Allen and George Burns. We were so successful that we actually broke up the party. No kidding. George and Gracie and the guests—that is, the poor saps who were really invited—fled into the house.

■ Nothing is more open than the open season in a restaurant. Here we come into our full glory. We ask for autographs, stand and chat, perhaps seat ourselves at the table and pick a few morsels off our favorite's plate. But the woman who takes the prize is the one who took Jean Parker's hat. This was a case of perfect technique. The hat was actually on Jean's head at the time. I'll bet this woman could teach me a few things I don't know and here I am giving you a few lovely little ideas on how to make the stars happy.

Yes, hunting in Hollywood is great sport. Among the other things you must remember is to stand up for your rights. There was that bunch in front of the Paramount studios the other day who mobbed Gracie Allen as she hurried in to work, right on time. There's a rule, sort of unwritten, that no one is to ask a star for autographs when she is going in the Paramount gate. But we just laugh at things like that.

■ There are some records that will be hard to top. Consider the woman who got a lock of Shirley Temple's hair, right from the spot where it would show most. And then there was the woman at the *Parnell* preview who ought to get a testimonial for originality. She showed up with a box of mixed cement, and did she have Clark Gable over a barrel when she asked him to put his foot in it!

Well, he didn't want to offend her. So he put his foot in the cement, and wrecked his shoes, and his socks, and was darned uncomfortable for the rest of the evening.

Now you've got your rules for Hollywood etiquette. Maybe I've missed a few interesting angles. Maybe I've skipped a few tips. The stars aren't very big about talking these things over. They're afraid somebody might think they were getting high hat if they didn't take it and like it. But I've done the best I can.

So, when you get a chance, come out and have some good, clean fun.

GIRL ON OATH TELLS HER SECRET OF GAINING WEIGHT

Many report gains of 5 to 15 pounds after taking new Ironized Yeast tablets

NO longer need thousands of girls remain skinny and unattractive, unable to win friends and popularity. For, with these amazing new Ironized Yeast tablets, thousands who never could gain before have put on 5 to 15 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—gained new pep and charm—*often in just a few weeks!*

It sounds almost unbelievable. Yet listen to what Miss Anne Johnston, who is just one of many users, swears to before a Notary Public:

"Under the strain of working in several pictures in Hollywood, I became terribly rundown. I lost weight, my skin looked terrible, I suffered with headaches and my nerves were simply on edge. Of course I knew I couldn't stay in the pictures, looking so skinny and wornout. I was in despair until a friend recommended Ironized Yeast tablets and I bought a bottle. Almost at once I felt lots peppier and stronger. My skin cleared beautifully. All my headaches and nervousness disappeared, and in 2 months I gained 8 pounds. With my new pep and new figure I've gained loads of new friends, and the hard work of pictures never bothers me."

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Sworn to before me
Donald M. McCready, Notary Public

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Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

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Miss Anne Johnston swears before Notary Public McCready

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By Llewellyn Miller

MANNEQUIN (M-G-M)

When Jessie Cassidy (Joan Crawford) left the factory at the end of a hot day, she was desperate with weariness. As she climbed the miserable flights of stairs to her family's dirty and disorderly flat in Hester street, she was desperate with distaste. The sight of her lazy father (Oscar O'Shea) her worthless little street-rat of a brother (Leo Gorcey) and her worn, hopeless mother (Elizabeth Risdon) made her desperate with rebellion.

By contrast the four-flushing Eddie (Alan Curtis) seemed to stand for all that she wanted in life. And, too, she was in love with him because he was young and boastful and flashy. She stayed in love with him even when she discovered that he had lied about many things and was unreliable about nearly everything. She pretended not to understand when he asked her to encourage the attentions of ship-owner Hennessey (Spencer Tracy) who also had hated his slum background, but who had made his own way out.

Alan Curtis deserves close attention for his portrayal of the chiselling Eddie who feels that he has a fine thing when his ex-wife marries again, and lays careful lines of blackmail. The story is a little hard to follow at this point, because all that Jessie had to do to put an end to the trouble was to say a few words of explanation to Hennessey, who had proved time and again that he was a fine noble understanding fellow. But no. She takes the hard way out, and decides to leave everyone, without explanation, which seems pretty careless of a good man's feelings.

While Miss Crawford spends very little of the picture working as a mannequin, there is a small fashion show, with striking gowns designed by Adrian, and in the latter half of the film, the star wears some very telling clothes.

Spencer Tracy again does one of those tough-but-tender roles which endear him so to audiences, and Miss Crawford has a satisfactory lot of disaster before the happy finale.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE (Columbia)

Even without the generous number of songs, the new Grace Moore picture would be charming. With them, it is a delightful combination of polite gay comedy and ingeniously placed music.

Miss Moore plays a world-famous diva who is bossed and bored by her aunt (Helen Westley) into making quite a number of extravagant gestures. One of them was ignoring her contract to sing in South America because she had a much better offer in Paris for the same date. Another was falling in love with a most enterprising chance acquaintance (Melvyn Douglas), who presented a series of arguments why she should accompany him on his return to South America.

What she did not know was that he had been sent to lure her within reach of the law in Buenos Aires, and to fulfill her engagement, willing or not.

She thought it was uncomplicated love, and she was enchanted when she found herself kidnaped by the simple expedient of being put on the wrong boat. Then she refused to believe it was love until two more kidnapings had convinced her.

The plot is light and gay and takes its chief charm from the splendid resourceful dialogue, the telling comedy of Stuart Erwin and the smooth support of Melvyn Douglas.

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS (Radio)

Evidently executives at Radio Studios were somewhat alarmed at possible consequences of the splitting of the team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, because the brilliance of the supporting cast in Astaire's solo starring, *A Damsel in Distress,* is quite dazzling.

Life is complicated for the American dancer, Jerry (Fred Astaire) by his ruthless press agent (George Burns) and a placidly nit-wit secretary (Gracie Allen).

Love is complicated for Lady Alyce (Joan Fontaine) by a martinet of an aunt (Constance Collier) who is in entire disagreement with Lady Alyce's browbeaten but resourceful father (Montague Love). The situation is further complicated by the house staff headed by a major-domo (Reginald Gardiner) which is backing various suitors with heavy money.

The film is packed with funny scenes. You'll have to cast your own vote for the most comic moment, but among those you'll enjoy mightily are Reginald Gardiner's struggle to resist an almost animal impulse to howl his own version of opera; Astaire's routine with a fencing foil when he fears he may become a duelist; Ray Noble's wooing of Gracie Allen; the dance that Astaire, Burns and Allen do in the fun house on the turn-table, through the barrel, down the slides; Astaire's dances with the trap drums; in the street; through a misty garden . . . and those are only a few of the many funny sequences in an exceptionally well done musical.

Miss Rogers is missed in dance sequences, but Miss Fontaine makes a charming heroine, and proves, again, that she is one of the most engaging of the younger actresses.

HITTING A NEW HIGH (Radio)

Certainly it is not the fault of the casting director that this musical is not the best that Lily Pons has turned out for the screen because the cast is brilliant.

Edward Everett Horton, as a rather flustered big game hunter and opera patron, Jack Oakie as his press-agent, John Howard as a dance orchestra leader,

Eric Blore as a member of the band, Eduardo Ciannelli as an impresario could not avoid being a funny combination. Then you add the wild circumstance of Lily Pons posing as a "bird-girl" and allowing herself to be "discovered" in the depths of the African jungle as she chirps and twitters to her feathered friends, and you have more fun. There are some clever song and dance routines, and of course several operatic numbers. So hard does the cast work with the absurd story, however, that there is an effect of slight strain which is not the happiest background for a great opera star.

BOY OF THE STREETS (Monogram)

■ Jackie Cooper, remembered as one of the most remarkable of child stars who ever shook a Dutch bob, thrust out an under lip and turned on great floods of tears, has grown up. He now is a towering young man, giving a very fine performance indeed in a story of a boy who falls among evil companions but who sees the error of his ways and joins the navy.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH (Globe-Grand National)

■ Because Joe Louis is one of the most important figures in the sports world today, his feature length picture has high entertainment value. The entertainment lies more in seeing the champ in action, it is true, than in the drama, for not even the most ardent of his admirers will claim that Louis is an actor.

The big boy moves his powerful bulk from one side of the set to the other with about as much enthusiasm as an embarrassed pupil displays in crossing the schoolroom to stand in the corner. News clips already have familiarized his fans with his remarkable ability to maintain one expression under all circumstances, and he does not abandon this notable restraint, even when the script calls for passion, despair, or hilarious triumph.

Make no mistake about it, though . . . the picture is thoroughly interesting. Louis did not gain his fame as an actor, after all, and it is interesting to see him . . . not as an actor but as the heavyweight champion . . . walking through 65 minutes of screen story.

The all-negro cast makes a fairly good showing, particularly in scenes where less experienced players are helped by Cleo Desmond, formerly with the LaFayette Players, and Clarence Muse, sterling actor in anybody's cast.

TOVARICH (Warners)

■ They had 40 billion francs in the bank, but the Grand Duchess (Claudette Colbert) was stealing the dinner, and her husband, the Prince (Charles Boyer), was spending the day in bed because there was no fire in the miserable apartment under the eaves of the Paris pension.

That is the beginning of the gay, charming tale of the two proud exiles from Russia who defend a sacred trust against all comers. The trust is the fortune, confided to them for safe-keeping by the Tzar in the parlous days when his throne was beginning to totter. And, though the Tzar was dead, they have defended his property with fanatic honor. They will not use the millions for themselves. And they are disdainfully amused at all suggestions from selfish parties who bring pressure upon them for its release.

Things look pretty black when Her Imperial Highness is detected filching artichokes and caviar for dinner, but hope comes in the form of an advertisement. They apply for positions as maid and butler in the home of a banker (Melville Cooper). There they so enchant the daughter (Anita Louise), and the son (Maurice Murphy), and are in turn so delighted with the warmth, the food, the freedom of Thursdays off, that their problems seem solved until a Soviet Commissar (Basil Rathbone) is invited to dinner.

There is delightful dialogue in this photographed play, sturdy drama, and enough gay comedy to make it one of the outstanding attractions. You'll like it for the surprise ending, as well as for the plot which keeps you guessing from the start.

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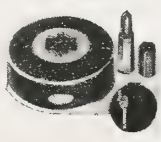
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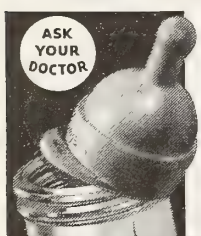
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We wouldn't be surprised if that lace apron didn't exert some kind of obscure influence over the batter that Miss Shirley is beating, but nothing is said about lace aprons in the recipe

THE BRIDE'S FIRST CAKE

Making a cake isn't hard if you know all of the answers so Anne Shirley got an expert to show her how

By BETTY CROCKER

■ "How can a bride bake a cake," wailed Anne Shirley, "when she scarcely knows how to boil water?" Anne had sent out an S-O-S from her spic and span apartment kitchen, where she is keeping house for a brand new husband.

Anne wanted to bake a cake that would be a triumphant surprise for John Howard Payne, handsome young screen and radio actor, whom she recently married. Anne, let me explain, has been in pictures since she was a child, and is in such constant demand at her studio, RKO-Radio, that she can hardly be blamed for never having learned to bake a cake.

"I want to make a chocolate layer cake for John," she said. "But I don't even know how to begin."

"The first thing you need," I told Anne, "is a perfect recipe. I mean one that has been so carefully tested—that there's no question but that it will turn out right if

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you follow it exactly, using the ingredients it specifies."

But Anne still looked doubtful.

"You see, I don't even know what it means when it says 'cream the sugar and shortening,'" she declared. "People expect girls to know too much, I think. And I'm not the only one—other girls have tried to bake cakes and had the most terrible results. One of my friends greased a pan with bacon grease when the instructions said 'grease the pan.' At least I don't think I'd make that mistake!"

"No, I'm sure you wouldn't do that," I told her. "But while we're on this subject of greasing the pans, perhaps I'd better explain that the shortening used should be sweet and unsalted. A salted shortening would make the cakes stick to the pan. And, if you want a nice tender golden crust on the bottom of your cakes, grease your cake pans *generously* and then dust them with flour. That is, put a little flour into the greased pan, shake it around until the flour has coated the grease, then shake out the excess flour."

To answer her question about creaming the sugar and shortening, I explained that the shortening (which is butter or any sweet hard shortening) and the sugar should be rubbed against the side of the mixing bowl until a fluffy mass is formed. Don't put the mixture in the oven to melt, by the way, as I saw one bride try to do.

Then one other point that I cautioned Anne about—measuring the flour correctly. This means to sift it lightly into a standard measuring cup, never shaking it down or striking the cup. All my recipes are kitchen tested and measurements must be level. The only way to get a correct measure is to sift the flour first.

I assured Anne that with a good reliable recipe there was no reason why any girl—even though she hadn't baked before, couldn't produce a cake she'd be proud of—and have lots of fun making it, too!

This is the recipe I gave her:

CHOCOLATE JOY CAKE

3	squares chocolate (3 oz.)
½	cup hot water
½	cup shortening
1⅔	cups sugar
3	eggs
2¼	cups cake flour
or 2	cups all-purpose flour
3	tsp. baking powder
¼	tsp. soda
½	tsp. salt
1	cup sour milk or buttermilk

Mix shaved chocolate with hot water and cook to a thick paste, stirring constantly—about 3 to 5 minutes. Set aside to cool. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream well. Beat eggs well and blend into the creamed mixture. Add the chocolate mixture and blend well. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour milk. Pour into well greased and floured layer pans and bake 30 to 35 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. SIZE OF PANS: Two 9-inch round layer pans.

"In placing the mixture in the pan, spread it evenly," I cautioned her, "or else one corner may cook before the other."

I'd already told her to heat her oven so that when the cake was ready to bake, the oven would be at the exact temperature specified in the recipe, that is 350° F. (moderate oven).

The cake was no sooner in the oven than Anne wanted to peek and see how it was coming along. There's a very positive rule against peeking too soon, for the penalty may be a fallen cake.

"But how can you tell when it's done?" asked Anne.

"When the baking time given on the recipe is almost up, you can touch the top of the cake *lightly* with your finger —if it springs back, it's done. If it shows the imprint, it needs a little longer baking. For loaf cakes, or for a double check, run a straw into the center, and if it comes out clean the loaf is done."

Anne was well pleased with her work when the cake was finished, and quickly set about making the icing. Here is the recipe:

CHOCOLATE ICING

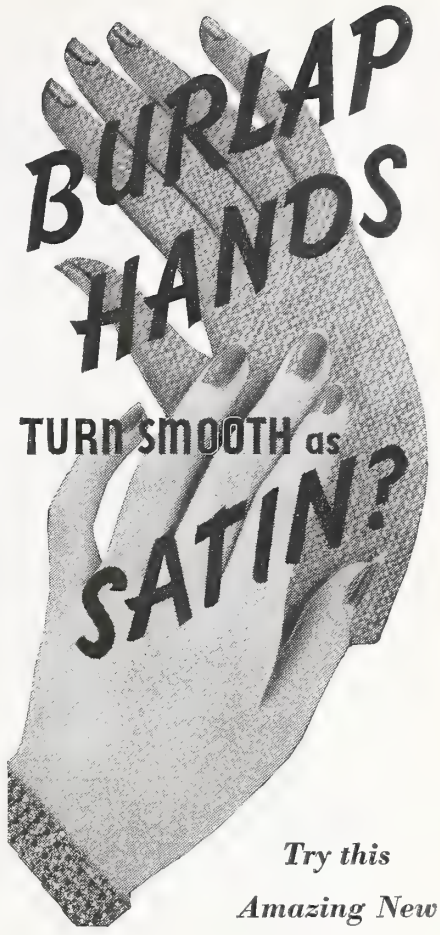
6	tbsp. shortening
1	egg yolk
3	cups confectioners' sugar
4	tbsp. cocoa
4½	tbsp. hot water

Cream shortening and blend in the egg yolk. Sift sugar and cocoa together and add alternately with the hot water. Beat until smooth and then spread between layers and over top and sides of Chocolate Joy Cake.

There, the cake is done!

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6. Shirley Temple in *The Littlest Rebel*
7. Barbara Stanwyck in *So Big*
8. Lionel Barrymore in *The Devil-Doll*
9. Gary Cooper in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*
10. George E. Stone in *Anthony Adverse*
11. Gloria Stuart in *Beloved*
12. Ralph Bellamy in *The Man Who Lived Twice*
13. John Barrymore in *Bulldog Drummond Comes Back*



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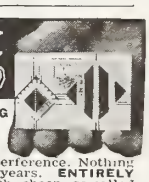
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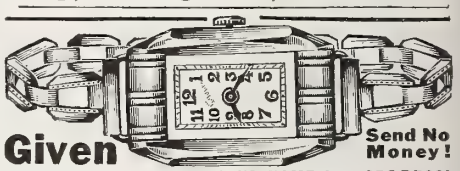
Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 13]

him with the original manuscript of this popular work . . . Neil Hamilton endeavoring to interest others in the blind . . . the actor devotes two afternoons a week reading to the blind veterans at Sawtelle . . . Fred Stone says "it's easier to raise a laugh than a loan" . . . Marie Wilson now is first in feminine fan mail on the Warner lot, believe it or not . . . she overshadows such top-rank stars as Kay Francis and Bette Davis . . . THERE'S an oddity in the news, certainly . . . there's a clause in George Brent's contract saying he doesn't have to make personal appearances . . . they scare the daylights out of him . . . Marjorie Gateson buys her driving gloves in little boys' size . . . her hands are too small for regular-size utility mitts . . . difficult to believe, Fred Keating has never had a music lesson in his life but plays the piano expertly . . . Joan Crawford and Della Lind taking up polo together . . . GOOD NEWS, in ANY language . . . small wonder Fernand Gravet is so highly in demand at parties given by members of the film colony . . . he turns out a swell dish of crepes suzettes . . . it's not ALL a lark, this picture business . . . Big Boy Williams took a horrific spill off a motorcycle during one of the scenes in Harold Lloyd's *Professor Beware* . . . Patric Knowles still maintains that the report of his death was not a little exaggerated . . . if the fillums pass by Clark Gable, he needn't care . . . he'll have his pilot's license soon . . . the Dick Forans are fixing up a nursery in their home for an expected heir in late spring . . . the Claude Rains probably will be proud parents by the time you read this . . . and now it's the portable dance floor . . . Wendy Barrie owns one and takes it with her whenever she goes out of town for a day or so . . . she's taken up tap dancing with a vengeance . . . the contraption is a special hard-wood collapsible affair . . . probably the least movie-ish individual in all the Hollywoods is Clark Gable . . . when he lived at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel he occupied a single small room . . . now, on his ranch, the only servant is a housekeeper . . . Nelson Eddy is going a-touring concert-bent in February . . . hope he'll hit YOUR town . . . BREAK OF BREAKS—immediately she arrived back from England, Maureen O'Sullivan was cast in the title role of the important *Madelon* . . . Luise Rainer had been scheduled for the role but ill health necessitated her withdrawal in favor of a long rest . . . FLASH—Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor exchanged radio messages when their ships passed in mid-ocean . . . despite Ronald Sinclair's very fine work in *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*, Freddie Bartholomew still is the fair-haired boy on the Metro-Goldwyn lot . . . that report, though, that his voice is changing and he will make no more pictures is TOO ridiculous . . . Gail Patrick couldn't decide which of two hats to wear to the Trocadero, so she up and wore 'em both! . . . THAT'S HOLLYWOOD!!

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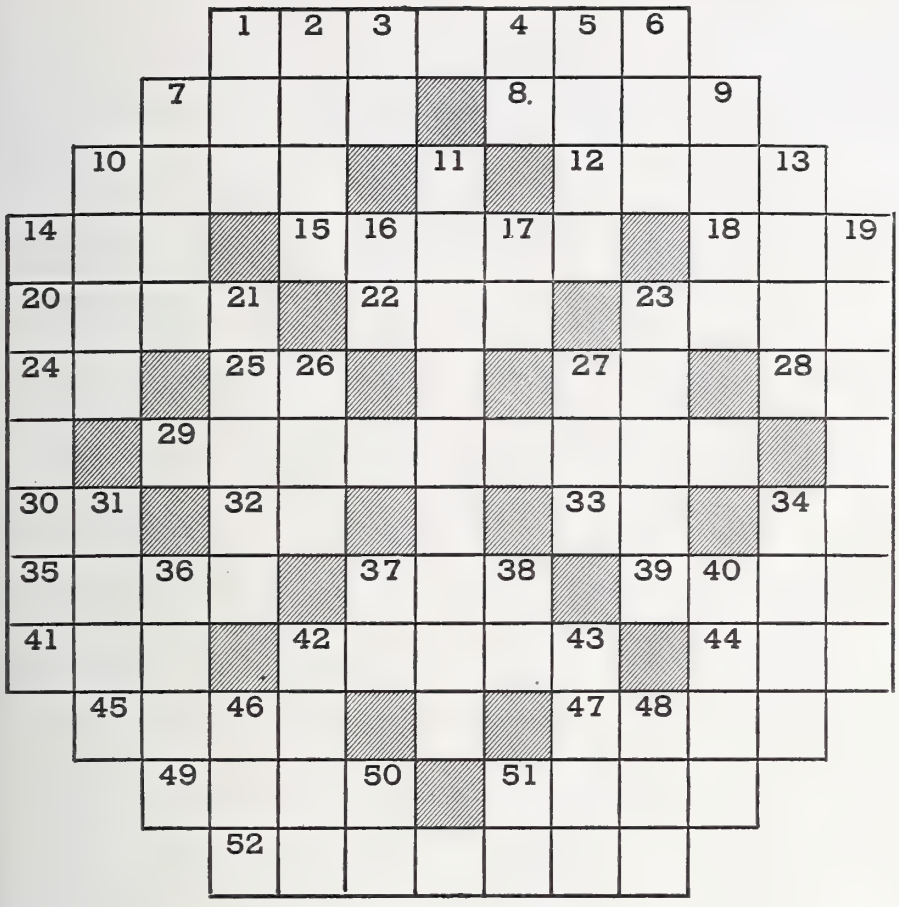
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Film starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy.
7. Hero of *The Hurricane.*
8. Biblical character in *Green Pastures.*
10. What Corky likes to gnaw.
12. His last name is Harlan.
14. Master of ceremonies in *Nothing Sacred.*
15. What actors do to register displeasure.
18. M-G-M's Leo grew up from one.
20. Has a role in a screen play.
22. ——— *Hundred Men and a Girl.*
23. Gloria's surname.
24. Initials of Tom Kennedy.
25. Spring Byington portrays this member of the Jones Family.
27. State in which Miriam Hopkins was born (abbr.).
28. Mr. Rumann's initials.
29. He was a comedian in *True Confession.*
30. *Hold* ——— *Navy.*
32. Edward ——— Saint.
33. Initials of one who portrayed *The Great Garrick.*
34. Joan Davis is wife of ——— Wills.
35. Film measure.
37. Screen brother of Florence Rice in *Navy Blue And Gold.*
39. Villains inspire this emotion.
41. Short for Mr. Hinds.
42. *Clarabelle* in *The Perfect Specimen.*
44. *Lancer Spy* is a World ——— tale.
45. Star for *Music For Madame.*
47. *Acey Kile* in *The Last Gangster.*
49. Part of a movie camera.
51. One of feminine players in 1 Across.
52. *A* ——— *In Distress* (plural).

DOWN

1. What Two Little Pigs did when Big, Bad Wolf called.
2. His last name is Olsen (possessive).
3. Initials of Director Lanfield.
4. Jack ——— Rue.
5. ——— *of the Crowds.*
6. What patrons of Hollywood's Brown Derby do.
7. *Beamish* in *The Wrong Road.*
9. Robert Armstrong's native state (abbr.).
10. *Duke Comes* ———.
11. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power were paired in *Second* ———.
13. Former wife of Nick Stuart (possessive).
14. Jane Withers starred in *45* ———.
16. Garbo and Boyer were ——— starred in *Conquest.*
17. *Shall* ——— *Dance?*
19. Jean Parker was heroine of *The* ———.
21. Stuart Erwin had title role in ——— *Town Boy.*
23. First name of one who was *Mrs. Hinkle* in *It's Love I'm After.*
26. *Some Blondes* ——— *Dangerous.*
27. Member of crew of *Submarine D-1* (Slang).
31. Descriptive of the villain.
34. Oliver Hardy's screen pal.
36. First name of a famous German actor.
37. *Ali Baba Goes* ——— *Town.*
38. *Thank You,* ——— *Moto.*
40. *Fly* ——— *Baby.*
42. She was *Stephanie* in *Something To Sing About.*
43. The newspaper editor in *Trouble at Midnight.*
46. He was the publicity agent in *This Way Please.*
48. Short for Mr. Fenton, Ann Dvorak's husband.
50. Initials of little Miss Martin.
51. Juvenile member of the Jones Family (initials).

(Solution on page 61)

"My SKIN now invites a close-up"



"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

A SKIN that glows *naturally* bespeaks radiant health *beneath* . . . it is alive . . . stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple . . . skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow . . . to bring color to your cheeks . . . to build resistance to germ attacks.

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You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

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How Garbo was "Nagged" out of Two Hollywood Homes

[*Continued from page* 22]

near-by hills. It gave him a nice, pleasant feeling—not to have to face closed shutters.

■ To be sure, his dreams were slightly disturbed. Garbo haunted them. A haughty Garbo. A distracted Garbo, with her hands tight over her ears—pleading with him not to do *that* song again. Were those tears of entreaty on her face? Were her lips really trembling? Allan would wake up in a veritable terror of apprehension.

But the days continued serene. He and Irene made plans. They purchased the plot of ground adjoining their house. In the near future they would move the stables there—and build a swimming pool on their present site.

It gave a man an elegant and content feeling to be completely untrammeled. The studio was making big plans for him. *The Firefly* was a big success.

He walked on air! Almost at any moment—whether walking to the stage, or to his dressing-room, or to the commissary, he was likely to burst into song.

Now ordinarily, he is a fairly restrained person. He has a fine dignity about him. But these were unusual times—a man could be forgiven for bursts of exuberance when a turning-point in life and career had been reached. Enthusiasm can be restrained just so much and no more!

■ Even though Allan and the elusive Swede had been fellow-players on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot for many, many months, he had never even caught a peek at her on the sacred precincts. He had always hoped that some-day he would come face-to-face with her. What a thrill that would be! But now, it was a dread, not a hope!

Once or twice he thought he saw her venerable car—coming towards him. He'd duck into the first convenient doorway, and heave a deep sigh of relief when he found it a mistake.

There came a fateful afternoon—and wouldn't you know it would happen—when he was walking along, just minding his own business, but whistling shrilly while he was concentrating, and bump! he rounded a corner, and almost knocked the breath out of her. The Jones luck! Garbo seldom walked; he had been around for months, and never seen her. As a matter of fact, there were hundreds of people who'd been on the lot for years and years and had never come face to face with her.

And here he was—practically demolishing the lady! And making an awful noise, to boot.

"You know, Irene," he told his wife that evening, deep, deep in dejection, "there must be a curse on me. First, we annoy Neighbor Garbo with my singing. And the first time I see her, I am whistling, and I hit her like a tackle on a Saturday afternoon."

Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

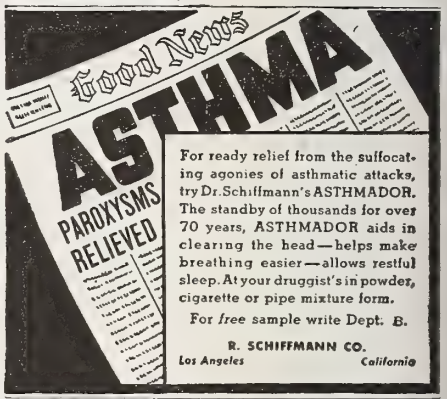
LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER



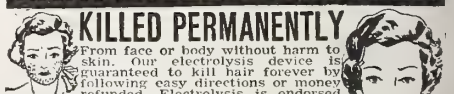
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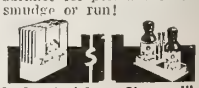


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Allan went around silently on studio streets after that encounter. And he approached corners most cautiously. Who could tell when Garbo might pop up?

Allan was getting a well-deserved rest before he went into his next picture—*Everybody Sing*. He spent a lot of time puttering around the grounds and the stables. Gee, it was swell to be free—to raise your voice in song right out in the open, if you felt like it. Even to carry on long-distance conversations with the horses way, way down at the stables.

And no shutters to dread!

It was the stable-hand who smashed the peace and serenity of his life—shattered completely his feeling of well-being.

"Who do you think's our neighbor, Mr. Jones?" he asked one morning, with the light of a great and glorious and thrilling secret in his eyes. Allan's heart sank; he had a premonition. And the stable-hand wanted to play guessing games at a time like this!

"Garbo!" exclaimed the 'hand'. "Aint that wonderful!"

"I might have known it!' His soul cried out. He was a bruised and bleeding shadow of his own blithe self at that moment.

"Now don't take it so hard, dear," Irene chided with wifely tenderness. "It'll all work out all right.'

His role in *Everybody Sing* was a singing-actor's dream. He had a lot of music to learn. But the excuses he invented for not practicing at home were masterpieces of imagination. And as for the horses—their currying and their bedding-down was now on the stable-hand's routine. They simply couldn't be made to keep quiet when Allan came around.

And *silence* was now the watchword for the Allan Jones menage—for man—but not for beast!

Now I have it on the best authority—from one of the most reliable stable-hands in Hollywood—that this is the story going the rounds of the most exclusive stables.

It seems, the horses didn't like this state of affairs even a little bit. And one night, they passed up some beauty sleep to discuss the grave situation.

"The boss doesn't come around to take care of us any more," the horses agreed with what the mare said. "Do you think he's gone Hollywood—do you think his success in *The Firefly* has gone to his head?"

The horses were woe-begone! They couldn't, they wouldn't believe this—the worst—of their beloved master.

"Something tells me," said the sage mare, "that the lady next door is responsible. Have you noticed the stricken look in Allan's eyes everytime he catches a glimpse of that house down the street? And if you'll remember she used to live next door when we were in the other house. I'll bet you a lump of sugar against an apple that I'm right."

"It was really the little colt who found a solution," the gentleman wise in horse-vocabulary revealed to me. "He said, says he—'I'll bet she doesn't like noise—and we Joneses certainly are hard on the ear-drums. In a nice way, of course. But there's singing, and *our* conversations aren't of the quietest."

" 'That's it—I'm sure of it,' interposed his mother. 'There's only one thing to do!'

"And what do you think they did—those blessed horses," my informant told me. "They made a plan.

"Mr. Jones didn't quite know what had happened to his horses. He calls the vet in—and that good man says, 'there ain't nothin' wrong with your horses, Mr. Jones. A little on the loud side—but then they're high-strung, as all good horses are, and I wouldn't be worryin' too much about it. A little skittish, that's all.' "

The gentleman warms to his subject: "In the next few days you'd never heard such a clatter. Those horses, had the most unseemly laughter. You could hear it for blocks. And, let me tell you, when a horse sets out to have a good, husky belly-laugh, you might better be buyin' cotton for your ears."

All these days Mr. Jones was going about with a concerned look. He sensed something about to happen—but couldn't quite figure out what it was going to be!

Then one evening there were no lights in the house next door. And it remained dark until a neighbor with six dogs, one horse, and nineteen canary birds moved in.

Well now, you may not believe it, and then again you might—but those in the know generally agree, that Garbo left because the noise got on her nerves. And the Jones horses—those night-owls in horses' flesh—were responsible.

In any event, Allan is now learning new songs every day, right at home. And all the shutters in the neighborhood are wide open to the lazy and soothing breezes—and to the Jones voice!

HOW DO YOU RATE?

Of course you are popular. Your family likes you and you have a lot of friends. But do you know how you rate according to Hollywood standards? You can find out by getting next month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine, and reading "Tyrone Power's Popularity Test."

Crossword Puzzle Solution

			R	O	S	A	L	I	E			
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GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAST!



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LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy as penciling your eyebrows in your own home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35 for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE. State original hair color
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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR









What Do You Mean—Wonderful Time?

[*Continued from page* 19]

the bed. I flopped on that, clothes and all.

"I must have slept about two hours when I was awakened by all the other guests trooping in to dinner, singing 'Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag.' I listened, thunder-struck. So that was the kind of place I had climbed mountains to get to! I *didn't* stay. I lit out pronto.

■ Now, in Camp Kare-Free, I'm finding out what I missed. That's the kind of place Camp Kare-Free is. Only Camp Kare-Free, being in the Berkshires, is in the rain belt. That adds to the fun . . .

"Did I say fun? It would have been a lark, if we could have made the picture in the summer—the time the story supposedly takes place. We started the picture after the summer was *well* over, And the first thing we did was to go on location. To Bartlett Lake, fifty-five hundred feet up, in the San Bernardino Mountains. They have eighteen feet of snow there in the winter. We didn't see any snow—we got out just ahead of it. But, every morning, we did see a thin film of ice on the lake, and even at noon the temperature of the water went no higher than 40 degrees. The temperature of the air went down to 20 at night.

"We were there three weeks. During that time, we worked eight nights—in manufactured rain. Two days, I had to swim in that lake."

Not being able to suffer even the thought of a cold shower in your own home of a morning, your blood congeals as Ginger continues:

"Those little dips were really something." (A genius for under-statement, this Ginger!) "I averaged about ten of them a day during those two days, for shots from various angles.

"It would make a better pun to say I got into the water gingerly. But if you've ever had to get into cold water, you know that the only way to do it is in a hurry. I'd shed all my wraps, and blankets, and things, take a deep breath, say to myself, 'Well, here goes!'—and dive in. Melted ice couldn't have been any colder. It's lucky the film wasn't Technicolor. I'd have photographed blue.

"I probably wasn't in the water at any one time longer than fifteen or twenty minutes." (What does she mean—longer?) "Then I'd come out of the water and they'd wrap heated towels around me, and I'd rush to a little cabin they had set up, where they had stoves. I'd get my bathing suit off and they'd start drying it out under electric driers, while I was thawing out, with stoves in front of me and behind me, blankets around me, and hot tea in my hand. It would take about a half-hour to dry out the suit. Then we'd be all set to go again.

■ "They say misery loves company. I believe it. I had company, the first day—and I was certainly happier than I was the next day. Douglas Fairbanks,

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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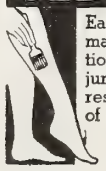
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Jr., was in the same boat, that first day. Or, rather, he was out of the same boat. We were supposed to be having a high old time, cavorting in the water, laughing, enjoying this good old summertime sport —enjoying it so much that the audience would wish it was right in there with us. Did you," she asks, curiously, "ever try to smile naturally when your teeth were chattering? That's what *I* call a test of acting!

"The second day—this was for another sequence—I didn't have an orthodox bathing suit. Our heroine has unintentionally, but innocently, spent the night in the cabin of a man. She knows that if she is seen walking back to her cabin from his, early in the morning, her reputation won't have even a shred left to it. So she dives off the veranda of his cabin, to swim across the lake and approach her own from the woods.

"She doesn't have a bathing suit with her, so she makes one in a hurry—out of a pair of his undershorts and a big bandana fashioned into a halter. And if you think *that's* a swimming costume for an autumn morning in the mountains . . .! It feels a bit like one of those wet, stuffed rubber gloves they pass around at Hallowe'en parties in the dark. Only more so, and all over you. Some fun! And when I come out of the water, as you'll see in the picture, I look like something that has come through the wringer. . . .

"When we worked nights, we didn't work days. That was one break. But getting soaked at night is infinitely worse than getting soaked in the daytime. It's colder. I speak from experience. That mountain air at night is the coldest thing this side of the Arctic Circle, anyway. And when you mix it with water—well, you feel like nothing so much as a two-legged icicle.

■ "Camp Kare-Free has a carnival. In the midst of the carnival, a thunder storm comes up. *And* down. It's a deluge. Before we can get to shelter, we are drenched. With the girls all dressed in flimsy silk pajamas. It was thoughtful of the script-writers to inject that touch. Really. I mean it. You see, we could wear long undies—woolen ones, I don't mind telling you. And over the undies we could, and did, wear cellophane union suits. But all that didn't keep us from getting our feet wet, or didn't keep water from running down our necks, not to mention stringing our hair.

"I've played rain scenes before. And rather enjoyed them—in the studio. The water's heated there, you know, before it's sent through the 'rain' pipes. But this water was pumped right out of the lake. There *was* a difference.

"And that water was a torment in more ways than one. It so happens that one of the unwritten laws of this glamour business is: You must have your hair shampooed every working day. No matter what situation the script calls for, your hair must look soft and lustrous. And trying to shampoo my hair with that lake water was equivalent to shampooing it with liquid carborundum. The water was that hard. They finally had to send to Hollywood, a hundred miles away, for some rain water. Which was hoarded like water from Jordan.

"Getting my hair clean, getting enough to eat (I had a fiendish appetite!), and keeping warm—those were really problems. But don't think I suffered all the time, or even most of the time. The cabin where my maid and I stayed had every modern convenience, except one. It didn't have a telephone. The peace—it was wonderful.

"In fact, I'd even go so far as to say I had a good time."

What does she mean—a good time?

Dr. Crosby Takes a Bow

[*Continued from page 27*]

lived across the street. It was easy to go to. I never had gumption enough to go out after anything. It was pleasant, too, at the university. I didn't study for anything in particular. It just happened I was pretty good at languages" (note his flair for French in his radio *causerie*) "and that just about lets me out. Studying music was something that never even occurred to me, and if it had I'd probably have been too lazy to do anything about it. I'd sung around the house, as every kid does, but never dreamed of making singing mean more to me than fun. When I joined the band at school as drummer I was given an occasional song to sing simply because I was the only one in it who didn't have a mouthful of saxophone. It was wholly unconscious training. Later I thought I'd like to go into show business, but doing so was purely a matter of luck. I didn't think I could really sing, and I don't think so now. You could shut me up in a room over there," flinging out a hand, "with ten other fellows who could make a noise and, standing outside, you wouldn't be able to tell which one was me."

When you protest, he promptly challenges:

"Want to bet? I'll bet you anything you like. You can announce the contest now and let readers know how it came out in next month's magazine. Don't believe it? All right, I'll tell something that actually took place. After I'd been singing professionally for a long time I was in Boston and entered a blind contest. At the start there were twenty or thirty of us in it, but in the finals the number had been cut down to five. I was one of the five—and finished fifth. Floppo!"

■ Now what are you going to do with a man like that, a man famous the world over, a man whose home town has proudly found him out, yet a man who seemingly glories in earlier defeat? He is even more astonishing when he reveals:

"I can't play the piano. I can't even



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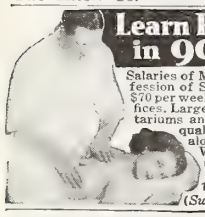
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read music. With me it's all by ear. I have an ear for music—without which nobody could get anywhere. But it's a heritage. For generations it has been in the family, and finally it has come down to me. That's all there is to it. If you want the low-down on me, I've never worked for anything."

But you argue he must at some time have worked at something.

"Yes," he is bound to admit, "I once worked in a pickle factory. I worked there for two years. What doing? Sorting cucumbers. The place had changed when I went to see it on my recent visit to Spokane after the ceremony at Gonzaga. Yet it worked its old spell over me. With it was a new sense, a realization that it was there I had, unconsciously, first become aware of something beyond me, glimpsed a dawning vision of a vague though true art form. At last it broke in upon me that as a green youth I had not merely been sorting cucumbers, but choosing them for their symmetry and stringing them into an endless chain of emeralds full of pure beauty and potential indigestion."

■ As youth speaks in the melodic voice of this poet-philosopher, you press him for advice to the young. His mood changes to the practical with the regret:

"I wish I had studied music, built a better musical foundation. I just kidded around with it. But all that kids today have to do to get a musical education is listen to the radio, hear the finest orchestras and the greatest symphonies. Free of cost, they are given every opportunity to develop any gift for music they may have. I appreciate the benefit this may be to my three boys. At present the songs they like best are 'Sweet Leilani' and 'Buckaroo.' But as the twins are only three years old and the other boy four, it is still too early to judge of their possible lyric quality. There is no means of knowing whether they are ever to be singers. But already they have developed such tonal volume as to encourage me in the belief they may all one day become famous auctioneers."

Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, Dr. Crosby reminiscently adds:

"As a kid, my favorite song was 'When I Leave the World Behind.' What is it now? This is hard to say, as there are several songs I like very much, among them 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.' My chief interest is in singing. As an actor, I think I'm pretty bad. But in spite of this, Hollywood has been very good to me in the twelve years, on and off, I've been here. It is a vigorous, vital locality, with something for everyone who has anything to give it. Its outstanding characteristic is its sense of humor. It kids anybody who is too impressed with himself. But it pays him what he is worth—sometimes more. From the material point of view, considering the emolument of cinematic endeavor, it is not too much to say that the Hollywood honorarium ofttime approximates a fancy hunk of dough."

True enough. Yet you cannot believe that Dr. Crosby, kneading his own con-

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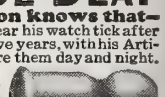
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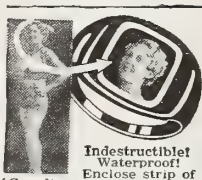


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siderable lump, values money as the most precious thing in Hollywood life.

"By no means," is his emphatic reply. "Most valuable of all in Hollywood is its leisure. A man, and for that matter a woman, may enjoy it in the open. I myself like a good time. I'd rather make less money and have more fun. I can't see the benefit of working all the time. Not that I'm thinking of retiring. I can't retire because the government has got me by the tail. But if you keep everlastingly at it you're sure to regret it when you grow older. Maybe this is a selfish way of looking at it, but there are so many things to see, and I like travel. I've never missed anything I wanted to see, and I believe I would have seen the same things even if I hadn't got a break. Then there are so many things right at home. Circumstances permitting, I should say the perfect man is the one who loves home, family, work, and sport."

■ "I like horses and golf," he assures you. "Of my twenty-five horses twelve are racers. I get a lot of kick out of them and a little money—one has won nine thousand dollars. I wouldn't part with any of them for any price. But the other day out at my ranch I bet a racer to a work-horse owned by my friend and neighbor, the General. Now this would seem a foolish thing to do. But my horse always comes home—except in a race. This time the General and I were betting on a 'fixed' race, though he was not aware of the fact. To understand the somewhat unusual situation, you must know we are both enthusiastic gopher fanciers. His Mercury and my Pegasus are the two fleetest gophers in Southern California. We were betting horses on a hole-to-hole race. It was a cinch for Peg to win, as I had trained him on Waldorf salad, whereas Merc had been trained on new-mown alfalfa. I didn't want the General to lose his horse, and it was perfectly safe to let him win because I knew my horse would be sure to gallop back to his own stable the moment he found himself on a strange ranch. That was the set-up. But something had to be done about it to protect the General. So I took along a small portion of the Waldorfian provender in a perforated container, knowing a mere whiff of it would give Peg pause, thus getting him off to a poor start and causing him to lose the race. All I had to do was palm the salad and whisk it under Peg's nose as the starter—my hired man—yelled, 'One, two, three—go!' Taking a three-second smell of his favorite chow, Peg gave Merc such a big lead that he himself didn't have a chance. My horse? Oh, yes, he kept coming back home till the General got sick and tired of going after him and finally let him stay there. And as for a race of any nature, it has always been my philosophy . . . Excuse me, please, I've got to go and fall in the water."

A moment later, Dr. Crosby, rendered perilously helpless by the Gargantuan clumsiness of Mr. Devine, is toppled over into the yawning tank. You watch his head disappear, yet do not stand affrighted, content to know it will rise triumphant to wear its new laurels.



Lack of sleep frequently etches needless lines into beautiful faces. Needless, because sleeplessness is often caused by constipation, as are also loss of appetite, mental dullness, nervousness, the aggravation of skin blemishes.

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Where are you spending your vacation? Why not take a "Movieland Tour" this year, and spend an exciting holiday in Hollywood? You'll find details of the planned tour of filmland on page 14.

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Your employer judges you not only by *what* you say, but by *how* you say it. Perhaps lack of power to express yourself properly is holding you back. Many men know their jobs but fail to do themselves justice when they talk. A knowledge of Business English protects you against hazily expressed ideas—misused words—keeps you from being judged by what you say instead of what you know and do. Business English training teaches you at home—to speak and write clearly—with force and power. Study English for business purposes—it will help you socially, too. Send the coupon for complete details of this short, practical, low cost training. Our attractive 32 page book—"Effective Business English"—free on request and well worth sending for.



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THE SHOW GOES ON

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

"Once upon a time. . . ."

Surely all of the best stories start that way. Surely in those words are the concentrated promise of all impossible adventure, the realization of all of the extravagant wishes of an imagining world.

But not the least fascinating thing about the improbable adventures of make-believe heroes is that the swift years of this century are making so many of them come true—

"The king pressed a button, and the whole room was flooded with light. . . ." That was sheer incredible magic not so long ago. Today, it is just the electric light switch in the nursery. "The prince waved his magic wand, and the whole forest was filled with beautiful music. . . ." That was a wild flight of fancy a few years ago. Today, it is only the radio, and if the little ones choose to listen to Gang Busters instead of beautiful music, the parallel still isn't spoiled. "The princess looked through her far-seeing window, and saw the prince a thousand miles away. . . ." A few years ago that magic window was a tempting gadget, but no architect in his right mind could be persuaded to put it on his blueprints. Today it's just television, and you can order it up by picking up your magic horn . . . sorry, the telephone . . . and sending your voice through the air so that "no one but a man a hundred miles away can hear you."

Today the queen steps on her flying carpet, and takes the Southern Transcontinental Route to California in 15 hours . . . the king goes down into a cavern, drops in a nickel, and is whisked in a magic room from one end of the city to the other . . . the princess enters the newsreel theatre and sees what is happening on the other side of the world.

All of the dear fantastic absurdities which played such glamorous parts in the fairy tales of yesterday are becoming accepted commonplaces to children of today. For, no sooner does one man dream of an impossibility than another makes it a reality. And so swiftly does one modern miracle follow another that even the most credulous of us is tempted to say, "All magic is over"—tempted until we walk into a theatre where Walt Disney's *Snow White* is showing.

Unlike most heroes of the tales of magic, Disney did not have an enchanted pen, or a wishing ring or a magic wand or any of the other so very useful short cuts to success. He could not wave his hand and "Whoosh! Zing! No sooner said than done! The picture came to life!" No, Disney had to perform his magic the hard way. He had to



invent the magic pen before he could tell it what to do. And he had to keep polishing that wishing ring for two and a half years before the first feature-length cartoon picture was ready.

But, now that *Snow White* is to be seen, no one can deny that magic went into its making and that it is symbolic of all of the incredible achievements of this dramatic and enterprising century. For, no matter how carefully it is explained that an animated cartoon is a simple matter of thousands of drawings, careful attention to detail and plenty of hard work, the total effect still is magical—the promise of more wonders to come.

From the moment little Snow White begins to move with the pretty grace of all true heroines through her painted background, enchantment falls upon the audience. And it is an enchantment that grows.

At the very first of the film, attention is held by the mechanical and technical achievements. But most people will be absorbed in what goes on rather than how effects were managed after the black-avised huntsman approaches unsuspecting Snow White with the sun glinting in a blazing splash of threatening light from his upraised dagger.

Before there is time to think, the first chase begins. Panic sends Snow White flying into the forest, deeper, deeper into the black shadows which are her only refuge against the evil plans of her wicked step-mother. But even her refuge is a place of nightmare. The forest itself is an enemy. Trailing vines snatch at her with greedy gnarled fingers. Roots turn into grasping claws. Trees bend to catch and cling. The wind rises into the howl of a pack of beasts in full pursuit, and from all sides evil green eyes of lurking monsters glare—a good thing it is that the little ones of today have been brought up on gangster films, for so realistic is the horrid hysteria of fright in this sequence that it takes sophisticated nerves to remain calm to the end of it!

But how reassuring is the following sequence. As Snow White lies, shaken with exhausted sobs in a little glade, the glaring green eyes in the black forest blink sympathetically, move, and out ventures a timid crowd of little animals, all filled with the good-will and gaiety typical of Disney's four-footed characters.

It is they who lead her to the home of the dwarfs. It is they who turn their tails into rotary whisk-brooms in a blithe ballet of house-cleaning. And later, it is they who hurry for help when Snow White is taking that fatal bite from the poisoned apple.

Ah, yes, there is magic abroad wherever *Snow White* is showing.

Who can deny that something more than calculated production value went into the scene where the coldly handsome queen goes at the dead of night into the dungeon vaults of her castle to mix the perilous potion that will change her into the hag of hags, complete with warted nose, black cloak and cackling voice? Who can deny that something of the supernatural chill of unexplainable mysteries is not caught in that scene where she squirts the black-of-night out of one siphon, a scream-of-fright out of another and mixes the whole unwholesome brew with a streak of lightning?

Who can deny that there is magic in the very realism of the seven little dwarfs as their crabbed natures expand so gratefully under the spell of Snow White's kindliness and cooking?

And who can fail to fall under the spell of the frantic alarm that sends the dwarfs and the little animals pell-mell through the forest, over the little streams through the glades after the fleeing figure of the wicked queen when she has accomplished her evil purpose. Certainly there is magic abroad when a whole theatre full of adults holds breaths while a rout of little deer, chipmunks, skunks, squirrels, sparrows and pictured dwarfs scrambles up a blue-black mountain of jagged rocks to catch the malevolent queen.

Who can deny that there is still enchantment when a respectful silence falls over a theatre as Snow White's flower-decked bier, surrounded by mourning forest creatures and grieving dwarfs fades into full focus?

The magic of making pictures move may be explained away by a lecture on methods of coloring celluloid sheets and photographing single frames at a time. And if you pay close attention to the text books, you can find out how the dizzy dream of making pictures talk is now just a matter of vibrating cells and amplifying units and electro-magnets. But the magic of imagination, itself, still remains, reassuring in a work-a-day world. And the enchantment still remains in the words, "And so they lived happily ever after."

Surely all the best tales end so.



Beautiful Eyes HELP "MISS TYPICAL AMERICA" WIN HOLLYWOOD CAREER

Eleanor Fisher
"Miss Typical America"
appearing in
Paramount's
"True Confession"

Radiant Eleanor Fisher—chosen from thousands of America's most dazzling beauties in a great magazine's nationwide search for "Miss Typical America!" —Her crowning reward now a chance at Hollywood heaven in Paramount's new romantic achievement, "True Confessions!"

Of supreme importance in helping her to win, were Miss Fisher's beautiful eyes, framed with the glamour of long, romantic lashes. The charm of beautiful eyes, with natural-appearing long, dark, luxuriant lashes can be yours too, instantly, with but a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, in either Solid or Cream-form. Both forms are harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

Do as America's loveliest women do—form graceful, expressive eyebrows with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Frame your eyes with glamour—accent their color and sparkle with a faint, misty tint of harmonizing Maybelline Eye Shadow, blended lightly on upper lids.

Guard against crows-feet, laugh-lines and wrinkles around the eyes—keep this sensative skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Special Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in *your* appearance.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau



Maybelline famous, economical Solid-form Mascara in brilliant gold metal vanity. . . Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. . . Refills, 35c.

Maybelline popular Cream-form Mascara with Brush, in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. . . 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. . . Colors to match your Mascara. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline creamy, harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline Eye Cream—to soften, protect and smooth the tender skin around your eyes.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Her Throat Insured For $50,000.

DOLORES DEL RIO* tells why it's good business for her to smoke Luckies...

"That $50,000 insurance is a studio precaution against my holding up a picture," says Miss Del Rio. "So I take no chances on an irritated throat. No matter how much I use my voice in acting, I always find Luckies gentle."

They will be gentle on *your* throat, too. Here's why... Luckies' exclusive "Toasting" process expels certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. This makes Luckies' fine tobaccos even finer... a *light* smoke.

Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—men who know tobacco and its qualities—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST IT'S LUCKIES—2 TO 1

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company



*DOLORES DEL RIO STARRING IN THE 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE, "SHANGHAI DEADLINE"

Hollywood

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

APRIL
NSC

5¢



Jeanette MacDonald

TRY
TYRONE POWER'S
POPULARITY TEST

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?



Imagine our surprise! We knew the world needed a magazine for men only —that the women had all the best of it with hundreds of magazines all their own, while the poor males were practically destitute for reading matter. So we published such a magazine—a sprightly, smart and entertaining magazine for men only. We called it just that: FOR MEN ONLY.

Our surprise came, not because men everywhere acclaimed the magazine, but because women too insist that FOR MEN ONLY is the most interesting, entertaining magazine they have ever read. They often buy it for their boy friends.

Your newsdealer has copies of the current issue. Twenty-two entertaining, robust articles, including a hilarious discussion of "The Age of Consent," by Ted Cooper, plus more than twenty full-page cartoons in color. 25c at all newsstands.



Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"

A GAY, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so *appealing*. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their *own good looks!*

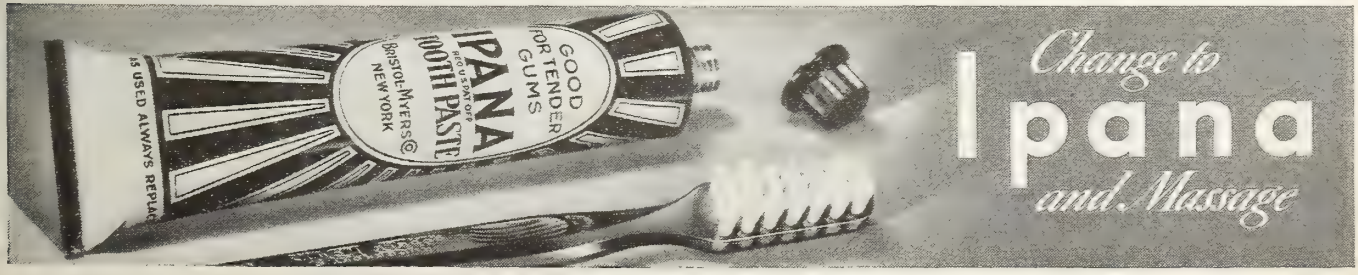
If *you've* seen a tinge of "pink," *see your dentist.* It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases, gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.



"Raw" Throat? Here's Quick Action!



Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs *at contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold



HOLLYWOOD RADIO BEAM

By GORDON W. FAWCETT

■ It was the success of the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud which prompted the Phil Baker-Beetle hocus-pocus, which had the same anger content—less than one-half of one per cent . . . Edward G. Robinson was so taken by his CBS radio role of a crusading managing editor in "Bigtown" that he went for a night ride in a police radio car to get a first hand look at crime . . . Jack Oakie likes that patched professorial gown for broadcasting because he doesn't have to dress up when he wears it. Slacks and a sweater look the same as a dinner jacket under the Oakie College gown of office . . . Paul Whiteman will put on a ten-gallon cowboy hat at the drop of a topper, but not at a race track. He thinks it unlucky there.

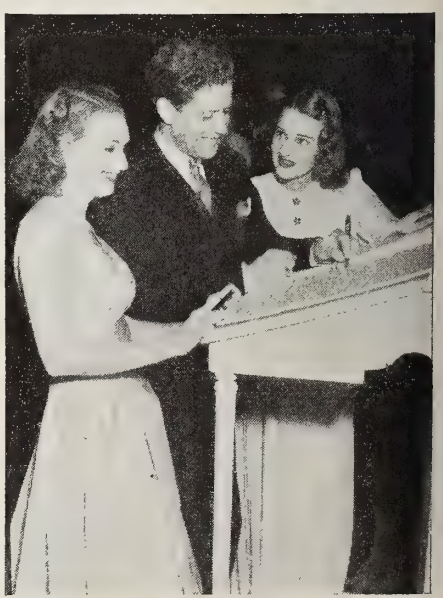
■ Delmar Edmondson, who last year was a network star as "editor" of the "Magazine of the Air," now is helping build larger Pacific coast audiences on a new dramatic show, "What Would You Have Done." He returned to his Hollywood home because he couldn't extend his leave of absence from the faculty of Glendale Junior College, where he teaches journalism, of all things . . . Anne Jamison, who sings those concert numbers on "Hollywood Hotel," has a different dress which is sympathetic, she says, with each of her several types of songs. That classic drape goes with torchy numbers, if classic music may be torchy, and the crinoline thing matches ballads in Anne's soul, if I know what I mean.

■ Lud Gluskin, radio maestro, has 70 dozen shirts. So rich? Well, not broke, but his brother manufactures them . . . Gluskin, incidentally, is the fellow who sold Marlene Dietrich that rakish Mercedes she drives around Hollywood . . . To put over the point of a story he was telling Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson dropped flat on his back in front of the Vine Street Radio Theatre, and stopped traffic.

■ A new high in gestures . . . George McCall, the radio gossiper, also owns a lion farm near Hollywood . . . CBS is importing New York stars to add to the Hollywood contingent to a gigantic program to dedicate its new Hollywood building sometime in March . . . Joe Penner is still looking for the member of his troupe who switched cigars on him, leaving in place of the one he had just started smoking a similar cigar which was loaded. He suspects Jimmie Grier, but Grier has an alibi. He is vouched for by Hal Raynor, the Glendora parson who writes Penner's funny songs . . . Martha Raye takes her charity personally. Instead of doing it with money, she acts as nurse at Cedars of Lebanon hospital in the charity ward one day a week. And besides doing a weekly radio show and making picture after picture!

■ Jean Hersholt always carries three or more pipes to his CBS "Dr. Christian" rehearsals because he dislikes smoking a warm pipe . . . Jeanette MacDonald is always so appreciative of the way Josef Pasternak directs the Open House orchestra, that at the end of each broadcast she rushes up to the fatherly maestro and gives him a great big thank-you hug . . . George McCall carries a good luck cigarette case with him everywhere he goes. During his Screenscoops program he places the case on the table at his elbow and during the broadcast he smokes half-a-dozen cigarettes, lighting one during each dramatic interlude . . . Betty Grable (Mrs. Jackie Coogan to you) always gets a good luck kiss from her new spouse before she goes on the air . . . Deanna Durbin always takes a cat-nap a half hour before the Texaco Town broadcasts.

■ Jacques Renard, orchestra leader, actually loses an average of nine pounds a broadcast. He can stand it though as he tips the beams at around 300 . . . Wayne Morris on a recent appearance drank a glass of water with three or four drops of iodine in it to relieve him of a terrific case of "mike fright" . . . George Burns and Jack Benny are never without their cigars when in front of the transmitter . . . Murphy McHenry, the clever writer doing Screenscopes for George McCall, is another radio personality who loses weight while his stuff is being put on the air. Also like Renard, McHenry can stand it as he is much heavier than Jacques . . . Tony Martin hurries away from his broadcast to the bowling alleys where he is averaging 195 for his Twentieth Century-Fox bowling team.



Rosemary and Lola Lane discover that Rudy Vallee is left-handed when they add their names to the brilliant list of guests at the 35th anniversary of the famous old Hollywood Hotel

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau,
But Gary's in the Doghouse now...
YOU BET..." Claudette



Adolph Zukor presents

CLAUDETTE COLBERT · GARY COOPER

"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · DAVID NIVEN · ELIZABETH PATTERSON · HERMAN BING

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · A Paramount Picture

Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir · English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews

Produced and Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH



You'll Attract Men

—with the natural glow that Tangee gives! Men detest painted lips...but thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips. Tangee contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies individual coloring.

Tangee looks orange in the stick...but changes on your lips to warm blush-rose—exactly your shade. Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10. For a natural matched appearance, use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched— Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips— Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

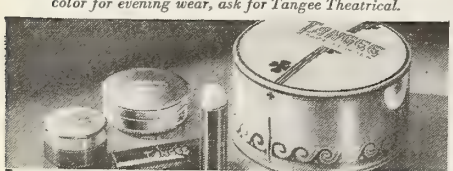
Tangee lovable lips— Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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(Please Print)

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS



White feathers on a blue background decorate Mary Brodel's spring swimming suit. She is a Universal player and has a featured role in Deanna Durbin's new film, *Mad About Music*

20th Century-Fox is going to supervise the presents which Mrs. Temple gives her blonde-curled darling, if it has anything to say about the matter. No less!

Shirley recently received a small electric stove. Delighted, she took it to the studio, and proceeded to whip up soda biscuits on the set. Everything went just dandy until a wind machine suddenly started and the flour began to fly. Result . . . half the set practically covered with flour.

Old-timers of the screen turned out in colorful array recently, when the famous old Hollywood Hotel celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary. William Farnum officiated as master of ceremonies, and such former favorites as Charlie Murray, Shirley Mason, Creighton Hale, Viola Dana, Dorothy Mackaill, Jean Acker, Pauline Garon, Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers were much in evidence, to mention the names of but a few. The affair was strictly invitational, and the guests were provided with a look-see at many whom they hadn't viewed on the screen in years, but who, in their day, were the Robert Taylors and Claudette Colberts of the era.

Jackie Coogan took a tall ribbing when he appeared at the studio minus two front teeth. To a man, the studio shouted . . . "So YOU'RE the happy bridegroom, eh!" Betty Grable came in for her share of the kidding, too.

Of course, you don't have to believe it if you care to think otherwise, but the truth of the matter is that the teeth were knocked out in an amateur football game, and Jackie was on his way to the dentist, after picking up Betty at the studio.

An outlander is beating Hollywood's time. Young Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, of money and horse-racing fame, is taking the young ladies of the colony by storm. Among others whom he has escorted to night spots and such, are Ginger Rogers, Mary Maguire, Florence Rice, Gertrude Niesen, Phyllis Brooks and Kay Sutton.

PAGING DR. STORK . . . Bob Burns, Claude Rains, Patric Knowles, Rex Bell, Mervyn LeRoy, Arthur Lake and Dick Foran. They'll all be pacing the hospital corridors very shortly, even as their less celebrated brothers all over the land. Chances are, some will be proud fathers before you read this. Courage, men!

You have to hand it to Marie Wilson . . . she's one in a million. A friend asked her, "When did you get the new car, Marie?" indicating the car which the blonde actress was driving.

"Why," quoth Marie, "this is my old one."

"Looks new to me," returned her inquisitor.

Sure enough, it WAS new . . . but it wasn't Marie's.

"Whose is it, then?" wailed our heroine . . . "I drove it off a parking lot, thinking it was mine. Mebbe," she offered, brightly, "it belongs to someone else."

IT DID!

When you catch *Sally, Irene and Mary,* be sure to watch for the wedding scene, that of Alice Faye and Tony Martin. It's an elaborate ceremony, the kind that Alice always dreamed of for herself . . . the kind that didn't mark her own wedding to Tony, when they eloped to Yuma some months ago. That's why it will be so interesting to watch in the picture.

Glenda Farrell finally has persuaded Drew Eberson, the boy friend, to desert assistant directing and return to New York, there to enter his father's architect office.

Drew was trained for this craft, but turned, instead, to picture work. For several years now, Glenda has endeavored to convince him he would make a better architect than assistant director. When she consented to marry him, if he would make the change, he departed for the east. Glenda will fly east between pictures, and eventually retire from the screen, upon her marriage.

Anita Louise has just turned twenty-one. In celebration, she will take over all her affairs, run her own household, make her own investments . . . with the advice, of course, of her business manager. Her mother presented her with a beautiful star sapphire. On top of everything else, she has been cast in one of the most prominent roles with Norma Shearer in *Marie Antoinette.*

Another film lovely, June Lang, was selected by Dr. Benjamin Gayelord Hauser, famous beauty dietitian, as Hollywood's most beautiful girl. This is quite a statement, and the good doctor probably is in for some rough weather when he meets other beauties of the colony, but he declares he'll stick to his guns. Anyway, June IS beautiful, no one can ever say him nay.

TWO-SOMING:

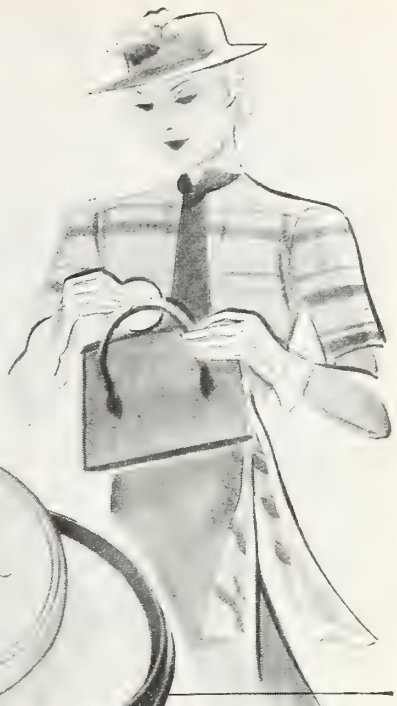
Adrienne Ames hitting the high spots with Townsend Netcher . . . Johnny Downs devoting ALL his time to Katherine (Sugar) Kane . . . and is she cute . . . solemn-faced Charlie Butterworth dancing with Lona Andre . . . Cecilia Parker still the favorite of Dick Baldwin . . . and vice versa . . . Craig Reynolds has switched his affections from Gertrude Niesen over to the attractive Barbara Pepper . . . while Gertie reads stories and stories of Arthur Arthur, who isn't any relation to Simone Simon . . . Andrea Leeds and Ken Murray constant . . . neither is seen out with any other . . . study in contrasts is Toby Wing and Don Alvarado . . . Toby so blonde and Don so brunette . . . Pat Wing a favorite, too . . . it's love at last for Frances Drake and Tom Rutherford.

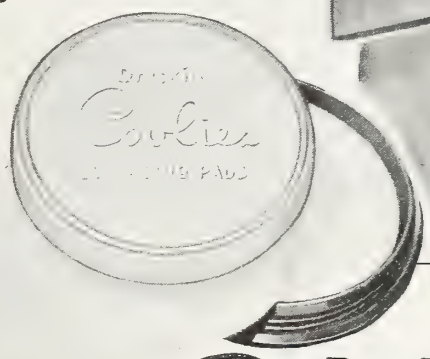
RIOT NOTE . . . When that story appeared about Fay Wray's cook attacking her, the actress' home was besieged by hundreds of women seeking the position left vacant. They became so insistent that special guards had to be posted about the estate to maintain order.

[*Continued on page* 12]

Easy to use as your powder puff

..... TWICE AS IMPORTANT







Dreskin

Coolies

by CAMPANA

FACIAL CLEANSING PADS
FOR PURSE AND DRESSING TABLE

• New—and what a welcome they're getting! . . . Soft, wafer-thin pads scientifically treated with DRESKIN — in a smart green and ivory compact for your purse and a black and green "humidor" jar for your dressing table . . . It's a new thrill to enjoy DRESKIN's deeper cleansing wherever you are — in the midst of shopping, after a restaurant dinner, or before leaving a movie. . . . Coolies are the first compact-size facial pads to give you a cleanser which women everywhere have found safe for every type of skin — and the only pads treated with genuine DRESKIN. Feel their refreshing invigoration. Use them any time and anywhere — and always before powdering. Insist on DRESKIN Coolies by Campana — at drug and department stores *now.*



NOW YOU CAN TAKE CAMPANA'S
FAMOUS SKIN CLEANSER
EVERYWHERE YOU GO

Introductory Offer

Large Jar Pads	$1.00
Compact	.25
	$1.25

SPECIAL 98¢

Dreskin COOLIES — by The Makers of Italian Balm and Dreskin

IT'S EASY TO GET MARRIED

All you have to do is get into the movies, and the proposals start to pour in



Eleanore Whitney can be a ranger's bride even though she never has met the gentleman



Glenda Farrell turned a deaf ear to a proposal which included paying off a mortgage



Here is Martha Raye in character as fatal woman thinking over her marriage proposals

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

The sun never sets upon a day in Hollywood that marriage proposals by the score from far-off and unknown admirers aren't received by the Glamour-Girls. As regularly as clock-work, these matrimonial offers and entreaties arrive in the daily mail for all the unmarried girls of the screen . . . and many of the wedded ones reap a rich harvest, as well.

The majority, of course, are strictly of the "Will you marry me" variety . . . but occasionally one turns up extraordinary in content.

One of the strangest proposals of marriage was contained in a letter to Alice Faye, from a wealthy South American cattle baron. This man offered her a 500,000-acre cattle ranch down on the pampas of the Argentine, if she would be his bride. All she had to do, her aspiring bridegroom declared, was give up the screen and settle down with him in his huge hacienda in the eastern shadows of the Andes.

Another billet-doux came from a Frenchman who promised her his castle in the Swiss Alps and a fortune in family jewels. Alice was most sympathetic, however, with the Royal Canadian Mounted policeman who offered her marriage with nothing but an opportunity to share his loneliness at an outpost in Northern Canada.

It's a far cry from Canada to the French Foreign Legion, but mention of that latter missive to Alice recalls another received by Ann Sothern shortly before her marriage to Roger Pryor.

The writer of this epistle was a Legionnaire, stationed near Tunis, in North Africa. He demanded her hand when his term of enlistment was ended, in two years' time. He said he hadn't much hope of her accepting him, but making the proposal amused him—time hung heavy on his hands, it seemed—and he enjoyed writing to her, anyway. Ann compromised by sending him a large photograph of herself.

All Glenda Farrell had to do to get married—according to a long letter she received from a farmer in Iowa—was send $1500 to pay off a farm mortgage, and an additional $200 to pay the fare of this gentleman to Hollywood, where he would propose to her on bended knee.

"It is high time," he wrote, "that you should marry some good man and settle down. I have a good ranch, and I know you'd like that sort of thing. I am a good, religious man and could love you as a good wife should be [*Continued on page* 62]



In spite of the fact that she is married, Jeanette MacDonald still gets proposals from strangers



A detective wants to make Claire Trevor his bride, even though they never have met



It's an East Indian Rajah who offered to share considerable worldly goods with Ginger Rogers

DARLING OF DIXIE! . . . "Meanest when she's lovin' most!"



HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter

RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O'NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

Screen Play by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel and John Huston

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner

Everything was Lovely...



Can Your Complexion Stand Life's Little Close-ups? It Can if You Use Luxor Powder . . . It's Light-proof!

● Every change of light is a challenge to a woman's complexion. Does *your* make-up flatter you one minute—and betray you the next? Then give thanks for this discovery!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night.

Seeing is believing

Look at the photographs below. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder.

You can trust this powder under all conditions. It is light-proof, and moisture-proof. Note the complete absence of shine, with that same lovely softness at all times.

We invite all women who think they have a "shiny skin" to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

Large size box of Luxor light-proof powder 55c at drug and department stores; 10c size at the five-and-ten stores. Or, clip coupon for a complimentary box free and postpaid.

THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every light ray.



SEE the difference using light-proof powder that modifies the rays of light.



LUXOR *LIGHT PROOF* FACE POWDER



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago FAW.4-38

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

☐ Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Flesh ☐ Brunette

Name _____

Address _____

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 9*]



The Lone Ranger has audiences as well as himself all up in the air. Not until the last reel of the Republic serial will you know his identity, for he wears a mask throughout his adventures. Don't you recognize those glittering eyes? Haven't you seen that hat somewhere before?

■ TIPS FROM SANTA ANITA . . . Mischa Auer has given up betting on the horses, forever . . . seems the comic, who rarely wagers, placed a two dollar bet across the board on two horses . . . and both horses that day fell and had to be destroyed . . . honest! . . . so enthusiastic a racing fan is Charles Winninger that he rises before dawn, so that he may dash out to the track and clock the horses as they take their workout at DAWN . . . some fun . . . you'd never think it, but Jane Darwell, the character actress, is a racing addict . . . when her two dollars brought her fifty-six in exchange, she used the profits to paint the fence of her new valley home . . . another on the verge of abandoning the science of picking winners is Humphrey Bogart . . . he gave his Filipino houseboy the day off, and five dollars . . . houseboy returned that night with nearly five hundred dollars in his jeans . . . and Humphrey, who really knows something about horses, was loser of more than two hundred . . . 'tis a funny world.

■ One of the nicest gestures we've encountered is Gene Raymond never forgetting the birthday of a secretary who once was instrumental in getting him a lot of publicity. This woman is sick, now, and no longer useful to him in a business way, but nevertheless, with every birthday dawning, a handsome gift awaits her on her doorstep.

■ Bette Davis seems to be jinxed . . . at least, insofar as her latest picture, *Jezebel*, is concerned. During the course of production she picked up a bad cold; fell and twisted her ankle; patted her cheeks so vigorously with the bristles of a make-up brush that infection set in and she was forced out of the picture for a full week; caught influenza while engaged in filming swamp scenes, which ended in a bad attack of neuritis. And they say a star's life is a merry one!

CUPIDATINGS:

■ Looks as though Virginia Field will be the next Mrs. Vic Orsatti . . . and the ex-, June Lang, will wed the millionaire A. C. Blumenthal . . . pretty well set, too, that Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane will merge, in the near future . . . you can never bet even money on these weddings in the offing, though . . . Wayne was engaged to Nan Grey last month . . . Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel may be one before this reaches the printer . . . so, too, June Clayworth and Sid Rogell . . . Jon Hall's current fiery flame is Vicki Lester, cutest of the cute . . . Junior Laemmle finding Constance Worth sooo receptive to his phone calls . . . now it's harmonica-playing Leon La Fell who is taking up all Martha Raye's time . . . and the former Mister Raye, Buddy Westmore, dividing his time between Lana Turner and Rita Lee, a dancer in a Hollywood night spot . . . begins to look pretty serious, this Norma Shearer-David Niven friendship . . . they're seen everywhere together . . . both awfully nice folk . . . Beverly Roberts and Director William Keighley seem to be making up . . . what's this, between Aileen Pringle and B. P. Schulberg? . . . Lucille Ball and Al Hall still teaming . . . Jerry Wald, the writer, making things heavy for Gordon Oliver . . . they're both dating Helen Mack . . . Janet Gaynor now devotes most of her time to Tyrone Power . . . Hollywood is watching with interest . . . Ronald Reagan thinks Rosemary Lane just TOO cute . . . but who doesn't? . . . Loretta Young allowing the New York publisher, Stanley Kahn, to bask in her smiles . . . Ivan Lebedeff picking the rich Geraldine Spreckels as his "steady" . . . nice work . . . Noah Beery, Jr., and Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck, still that way . . . Cupid reports it's the busiest season he's ever known.

■ There is a clause in Fernand Gravet's contract with Warner Bros. that he treasures above all others. It's the one that says he may return to Paris the moment he completes a picture. He insisted that this clause be added by explaining, "I have to go back to kiss my mama." An unusually strong bond exists between the two.

■ Frequently you read of stars visiting stores and newspaper offices and even courts of law, when they are about to undertake a characterization dealing with any of these locales. It remained for Sally Eilers, however, to actually spend a day in jail, to study for her role in *Condemned Women.* Sally enacts a woman prisoner in this Radio film, and her husband, Harry Joe Brown, a producer at Fox, made the suggestion that she might benefit by the visit, to experience the full routine to which convicts are subjected.

■ Funniest item of the month concerns Joan Crawford. When the star returned home from New York, and the chauffeur deposited her at the front door and drove off to town on an errand, the police dog that Franchot had given her a few days prior to her departure refused to permit her on the porch. Joan had to shriek for the servants before she could enter her own house.

LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOODS:

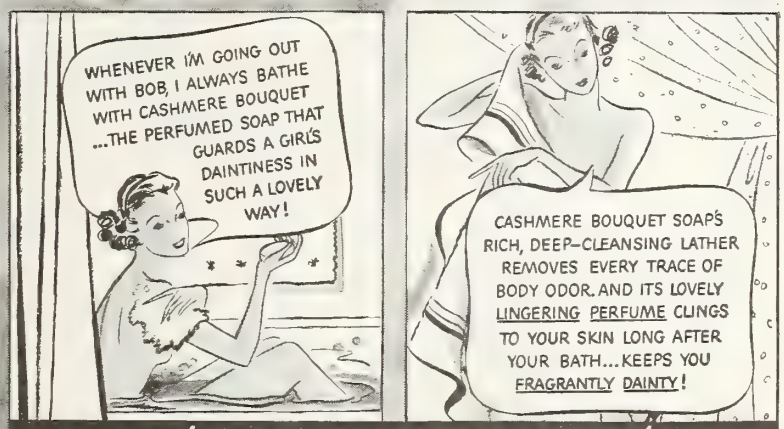
■ Alan Hale is well on his way to a million . . . he recently perfected a theatre seat which will net him that amount within a few years . . . Milton Berle sends his mother an orchid every day, wherever he might be . . . he's done it for years . . . Spring must be in the air . . . Jimmy Cagney already has had his yacht scraped and reconditioned for warm weather cruising . . . Mary Maguire bites her finger-nails . . . if you know any cure, send it on to her care of First National . . . now you can know—Wendy Barrie's cigarettes have red tips to match her lipstick and nail enamel . . . Wendy says she doesn't like to see smeared red cigarette butts, hence the innovation . . . pretty slick idea, wot? . . . Richard Arlen and his spouse, Jobyna, were caught in a



Johnny Mack Brown and the Tom Browns (no relation) found a quiet corner during Anita Louise's twenty-first birthday party, got their backs to the wall and settled down for a discussion of football scores, past, present and future

I'M "STEPPING OUT" TONIGHT!
SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!





NOW LET'S SEE HER THROUGH BOB'S EYES



PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics . . . leaves your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!



NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Body So Skinny-Girl Was Ashamed To Undress!

But Family Doesn't Laugh Any More Since She Gained 7 Lbs. on 1st Bottle of KELPAMALT — Now Looks Fine and Feels Great!



Posed by Professional Model

All Skinny Men and Women Should Read This Actual Letter From our Files

"Kelpamalt Company.
Dear Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun-back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me, laughed and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to Spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt. The best beauty product on the market.—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me."

Kelpamalt has proven itself so effective as a weight and energy builder because it helps supply the iron, iodine and vitamins that are vitally necessary for you to get the real good out of your food. Your own doctor will approve this way. Costs but little to use and is sold at all good drug stores. And remember—your money back if you are not completely satisfied.

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How Thousands Have Built Strength, Energy and Added Lbs. Quickly. Mineral and Vitamin contents of food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co. (Dept. 1407), Borden Ave. and 21st St., L. I. City, N. Y.



When a fan sent Preston Foster a six weeks old lamb, the actor did not know what to do with it until it demonstrated its ability to care for itself by making a light lunch on one of his shoe strings. Then he commissioned two RKO messenger boys, shown here, as shepherds

fog returning from Catalina Island to the mainland on their yacht, and instead of landing at San Pedro, where Dick had headed, they found themselves in Balboa, some twenty-five miles south of their destination . . . and Dick an old salt, too . . . tsch, tsch . . . Myrna Loy moved into Greta Garbo's dressing room while her own was being redecorated . . . when she found all the closets were filled with the Silent One's clothes, she stored her own frocks in a broom closet across the hall . . . THERE'S a sport for you . . . believe it or not, but Judy Garland has ordered a manufacturing company to make a set of ear-phones for her deaf pup, Smiley . . . Judy's devotion for her dog would warm the heart of even a dog-hater . . . here's luck—Akim Tamiroff was ordered by his studio to put on fifteen pounds weight . . . and how the Russian loves rich food . . . Lois Wilson is touring the country in the road show company of *The Women* . . . and garnering new acting honors for herself . . . nobody can ever accuse Bob Burns of being a movie fiend . . . during the past year he has glimpsed only three films, none of them his own . . . one of the strangest requests ever made to a movie star was received by Gary Cooper . . . a woman wanted one of Gary's shirts, so that she might make the shirt-tail into an apron . . . Sylvia Sidney has purchased a thirteen-room farmhouse near Huntington, N. J. . . . Leon Errol, the rubber-legged comic, will fly to New York for a single hour . . . his friends never know whether he's at home in Hollywood, in the eastern metropolis, San Francisco—a favorite city —or Miami, which he occasionally visits . . . here's a novel stunt . . . Madge Evans has papered a screen in her home with non-paying mutuel tickets to make other unlucky horse-racing bettors feel more kindly toward the world . . . the crew on the *Merrily We Live* set, at Hal Roach, presented Constance Bennett, who stars in the fillum, an elaborate silver cigarette case, upon the picture's close . . . they likewise presented a scroll carrying their good wishes . . . fifteen-year-old Bonita Granville is picked up every evening at the studio by John Torrence, an up and coming youngster . . . Gail Patrick receives the largest orchid in town every Tuesday, from husband Bob Cobb . . . it's in the nature of a weekly celebration of the day they met . . . and their romance began . . . working in a railroad-car set for one of the sequences in *Vivacious Lady*, Jimmy Stewart murmured, "I've been on this train so long I'm getting car sick" . . . Jack Mulhall, Jr., son of the one-time favorite, has taken a screen test and studio officials declare he exerts the same likable appeal of his father . . . it's not generally known, but Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres frequently step out of an evening . . . swell if they'd make up.

■ Here's one for the book . . . whenever Ray Milland is missing at the studio, he generally may be found in the Paramount research department READING ENGLISH FUNNY PAPERS! Milland has a passion for English comic sections, and invariably heads for them whenever he is to be free for an hour or so.

■ Lanny Ross, soon to be seen in Columbia's *Paris On Broadway*, is going to invent another name for future song-writing purposes. Having composed several popular songs, Lanny discovered his singing competitors either neglected to give proper credit or, in many instances, would not sing the numbers at all. The last musical composition to bear the name

of Lanny Ross is the hit tune, "Visions of Love," for which he composed both music and lyrics.

■ This coming summer will be a banner one for Mrs. de Havilland, mother of Olivia and Joan Fontaine. Olivia is sending her on a visit to England, to see an aunt whom she hasn't set eyes upon in more than twenty-five years. There's a bare possibility that the mother may be joined by at least one of her daughters ere the English sojourn is ended. Both girls have always wanted to see the land of their parents' birth, although they themselves first saw the light of day in Japan.

■ Irene Dunne tells this one about her young daughter, Mary Frances. The child is just at the stage where she is beginning to use words in sentence form. She dashed up to her mother, excitedly, and exclaimed, pointing skyward to the Goodyear blimp flying overhead... "Oh, Mommy, look at the bump." Anyway, she meant well.

■ Pity poor Andy Devine. While he was signing an autograph book outside the radio broadcasting station, someone yelled, "Here comes Jack Benny" . . . and straightway Andy was left holding a torn page, ripped from the book when its owner snatched it from Andy to pursue the radio comedian. Andy glares every time he passes Jack, now . . . but it's all in fun. He delights in telling the story on himself. It WAS embarrassing, though.



Hugh Herbert is modeling the appropriate costume for the gentleman-sharpshooter in the trail of the savage gopher. The gopher is at bay in its hole, but both Herbert and his trusty hunting dog are ready for its last desperate attack



O.G. spends Fortunes to give you
FRESH CIGARETTES

FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. *When a star goes stale, his light goes out!*

But when a cigarette goes stale, *it should never be lit at all!* For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Cellophane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it . . . but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will . . . in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made . . . and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!



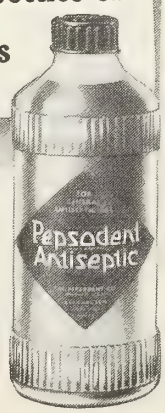
TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast



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COLDS
and Bad Breath

Use
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
. . . the 10-Second Germ-Killer!

In Germ-Killing Power . . . One bottle Pepsodent Antiseptic *equals* three bottles of ordinary kinds



Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!





Above, Warren William, caught in the act of unlocking his front door which will be wide open to the Movieland Tourists when he entertains for them at a cocktail party

Right, Robert Taylor seems to be enjoying himself as much as the surrounding Movieland Tourists. This picture was taken during last year's party at the Wilshire Bowl

THE BEST VACATION
A Movieland Tour

Here is a chance to see stars at work and at play during your summer vacation

■ Again Hollywood is opening its doors to you! And once more it is Fawcett Publications' Movieland Tours which make it possible for you to enter studio gates and spend two of the most exciting weeks in a lifetime. If you "want to get away from it all" this summer, here is the opportunity you are seeking. The coupon on the opposite page, filled in with your name and address, will bring you a complete illustrated booklet describing this opportunity.

Tours will start from Chicago on July 3, July 24, and August 14. Each tour will follow the same route . . . through the cool northern woods of Minnesota, past the famous ten-thousand lake district to the great national park regions . . . over The Great Divide, winding through the rugged Rockies to Puget Sound.

After a delightful cruise in the blue waters of Puget Sound, the tour takes you next to the picturesque hills of San Francisco.

■ Sunday morning is the day of your arrival in Hollywood where you will be handed the "golden key to the city" by a movie celebrity, representing the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce. A tour of the residential districts of Beverly Hills and Hollywood where the movie stars live is on the program for your first day in Hollywood. In the afternoon you will be guests for cocktails in a famous movie star's home. Warren William will entertain the first Movieland Tourists, Harold Lloyd will give the cocktail party at his Beverly Hills estate for members of the second tour, and Bob Burns will be the host for the third tour. Many Hollywood celebrities also will be guests, and you may take as many snapshots and get as many autographs as you wish.

Among other outstanding entertainments that have been planned for the Movieland Tourists are a top-ranking radio broadcast; an extensive tour through one of the major motion picture studios where each interesting process of picture-making will be shown; a tour of Max Factor's Make-Up Studios; and a luncheon at Clara Bow's "It" Cafe.

A special feature added for the enjoyment of Movieland Tourists this year is the acquisition of George McCall, brilliant radio columnist, as Master of Ceremonies for the three tours. Mr. McCall, who is heard from coast to coast on the Old Gold program, is thoroughly acquainted with the Hollywood scene and is on intimate terms with its most glittering personalities. Hollywood and its people are his specialty, and he will increase your enjoyment of the glamorous movie capital with his comments and observations on the stars.

■ Plenty of time has been allotted to side trips from Hollywood, where you will have the opportunity to shop where the stars shop on famous Hollywood Boulevard, or to take excursions to Catalina Island or to Lake Arrowhead, playgrounds of the stars.

A gala farewell party at the Wilshire Bowl where you will mingle with motion picture celebrities brings to an end your exciting days on the west coast.

Further information will be printed in the May issue of HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE. Watch for them. And in the meantime a booklet describing complete details is yours for the asking. Just fill in the coupon below:

Movieland Tours,
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
360 North Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name

Address

City..... State.....



John King, Anita Louise and Basil Rathbone enjoy autographing books for Movieland Tourists. This picture was taken last summer when Rathbone entertained the tourists at his home

A QUEEN OF HEARTS ...since she bid goodbye to Misfit Makeup



"Twenty-eight tonight...and not a boy friend in sight!"



Dot's sister guessed—"Do something about your misfit makeup."



...And now..."You're the only girl in the world for me!"

TO END MISFIT MAKEUP



Sally Eilers

star of "Lady Behave"
a Republic Picture

SUGGESTS

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

HOW CAN YOU be sure your makeup *matches?* Sure it's right for you? There's never any doubt when you wear Marvelous Matched Makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and lipstick...the eye makeup, too...are in complete color harmony. And this makeup *matches you* ...for it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

BEAUTY EDITORS, fashion experts, artists and colorists agree this new matched makeup is right with your skin tones, your hair, your type. Stage and screen stars, lovely women everywhere, have changed to Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup because they find it brings them immediate new beauty.

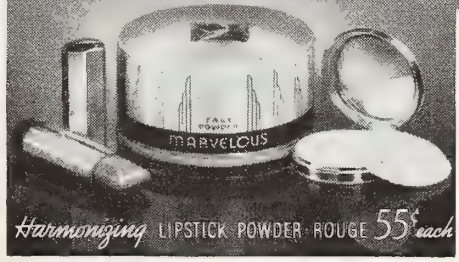
THE PRICE IS LOW . . . start to build your matched set now. Buy that lipstick you need... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow or mascara ...in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are
BLUE *wear Dresden type*
BROWN . . . *wear Parisian type*
HAZEL *wear Continental type*
GRAY. *wear Patrician type*

TONIGHT...you, too, can be a queen of hearts, —try this *matched* makeup that matches *you!*

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MARVELOUS EYE MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hudnut



Try it! Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to *your* eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches . . . and matches you.

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I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send *my* Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup . . . harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

√ *My eyes are*
☐ Blue ☐ Brown
☐ Gray ☐ Hazel

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Address_____
City_____State_____



ALL THESE STARS!
ALL THESE LAUGHS!

and Oh-h-h so much romance!

It's your top-hit musical (but TOP!)...with all the zing and extra sparkle you expect *and get* in a Darryl F. Zanuck show!

ALICE FAYE · TONY MARTIN

in

SALLY, IRENE and MARY



Three sirens of swing in search of Social Security!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

JIMMY DURANTE
GREGORY RATOFF
JOAN DAVIS
MARJORIE WEAVER
LOUISE HOVICK
J EDWARD BROMBERG
BARNETT PARKER
AND
the leading comedian of screen and radio
FRED ALLEN





and
ALL THESE SONGS!

"Half Moon On The Hudson"
"I Could Use A Dream"
by Bullock and Spina

•

"Got My Mind On Music"
"Sweet As A Song"
by Gordon and Revel

and four more!

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen
Original Story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger • Suggested by the stage play by Edward Dowling and Cyrus Wood

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F Zanuck
In Charge of Production

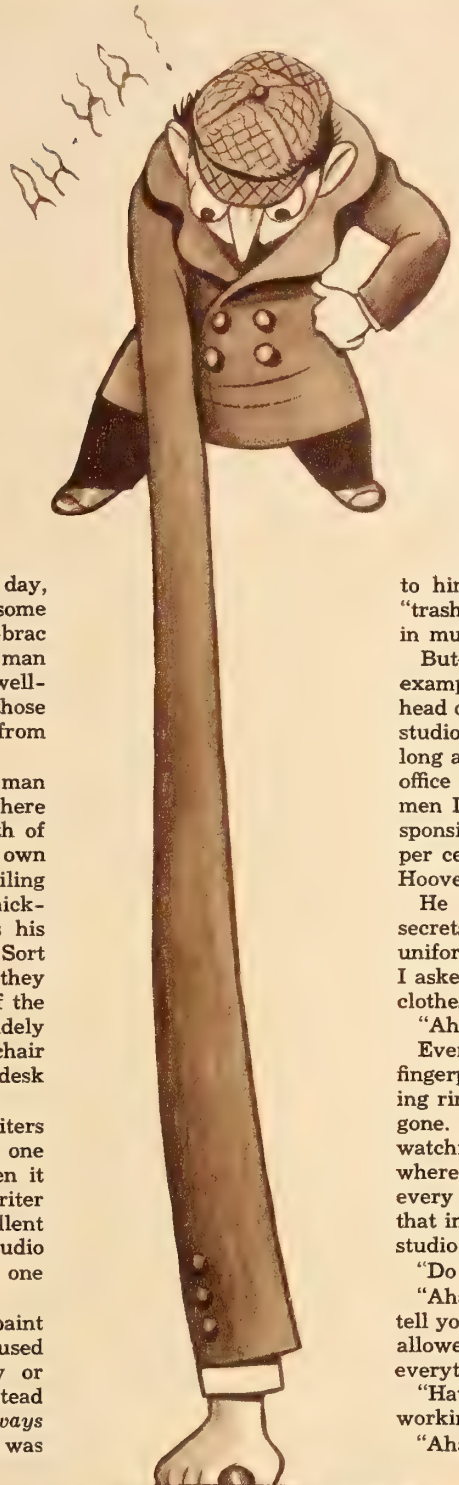




ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—NOW

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE



■ It is a very big, very attractive house, and lavishly furnished. People who have heard the story are always amazed (1) that it has *such* dignity, (2) that there could be so much of it and (3) that it cost only the price of some silly old bathroom fixtures! It stands in two-storied glory upon a lush green lawn within two miles of the Hollywood motion picture studio *from where it was all "borrowed."* Every stick of furniture, every sliver of lumber. Everything—but the bathroom fixtures. It's hard to spirit a bathtub out of a studio.

In the lax old days, when studios were run with little attention to details, nothing more than an innocent expression and lots of patience was needed to set up housekeeping on a grand scale. A bit of cement taken away one day, a keg of nails another day, here and there a dash of gorgeous brocade, some lumber, a few paintings and pieces of bric-a-brac—and what did a hard-working, methodical man have? Correct! A house complete. It's a well-known fact that many a Hollywood house in those days was furnished with props "borrowed" from the studios where the borrowers worked.

The story is still tossed about how one man found it possible to breeze out of the studio where he got his pay check with some $8,000 worth of candelabra. Some of them he used for his own home, and when he could find no more ceiling space he swapped the rest for such home knick-knacks as divans and Florentine chests as his co-workers happened to have "borrowed." Sort of a Round Robin of loot. Among them all, they managed to have comfortable homes, even if the furniture and decorations were of such widely mixed periods that a gay Louis Quinze chair could stare boldly at a sedate old Colonial desk across the room.

For a long time, an average of two typewriters a month disappeared from one studio. No one seemed to know how it happened. But then it certainly must have been simpler for a typewriter to saunter off the lot than a load of excellent lumber, which disappeared before the studio carpenters could get around to drive even one nail in it.

One chap got away with $1,000 worth of paint before he was caught. Another fellow aroused suspicion only because he had no variety or method in his madness. He took paper. Instead of a little of this and a chunk of that, it was *always* paper. Now such persistent singleness of mind was bound to be noticed sooner or later and, consequently, his home was searched and in one of the rooms was found enough company stationery to start a shop. Of course, as it all carried the studio's letterhead, he never attempted to sell it, and there was more paper than a large family could use in a lifetime. Why the hoarding? "Well, he just *liked* paper!"

It all used to be so simple. The man who wanted the candelabra simply drove them out—a few every day—in his truck right past the watchman at the gate. It was covered with rubbish, leaves and dead branches of trees. The watchman merely took it for granted that old debris was being cleared out of the back lot and never bothered to inspect the truck. "It's about time they cleaned up back there," he said to himself and casually passed $8,000 worth of "trash" out. The typewriters were conducted out in much the same way.

But—aha!—*that* was in the old days. Now, for example, there is Blayney Matthews. He is the head of the police department at Warner Brothers studio and thoroughly qualified for the job by a long and brilliant record in the district attorney's office of Los Angeles. He is one of the jolliest men I ever met, with an extremely un-jolly responsibility at Warners, where there is now ninety per cent less theft since he became the J. Edgar Hoover of the outfit.

He knows (and *keeps*, too, I found) a lot of secrets. When he told me he had eighty-five uniformed men working for him, night and day, I asked him how many worked for him in plain-clothes.

"Aha!" he says, "that's a secret."

Every man on his force is photographed and fingerprinted, and his history known since teething ring days. The old careless times are indeed gone. Eighty-five uniformed men. Organized watchfulness. Eyes that know how to look and where to look. Eyes that scrutinize every stage, every set, every hour of the day and night; eyes that inspect every truck that enters or leaves the studio.

"Do you check private cars, too?" I asked.

"Aha!" he said. "That's one of the things I can't tell you. But I can say that no private car is ever allowed on the lot unless we know just about everything there is to know about the driver."

"Have you any women police or detectives working for you?"

"Aha!" he grinned. [*Continued on page* 58]



How Popular Are You?

Would you like to know exactly how you rate according to the standards of one young actor? Then answer the questions and add up the answers. Maybe they'll give you a surprise

By JERRY LANE

Springtime is check-up time! A girl has to know where she stands! Many a Winter Wallflower has bloomed into a May Belle—and a June Bride—by boning up on her technique. By finding out what gentlemen *really* prefer.

And here are the frank preferences of one gentleman—Tyrone Power. His "Perfect Date" is no dazzling glitter girl. "Most of them are a manufactured product!" he tells you with that sudden swift grin of his. "I like them minus the fussy trimmings. I think the majority of men do. Take the girl, for instance, in my next picture, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*—she'd be a smooth date in any language! She has everything it takes."

And what it takes is all summed up in this test—drawn from Tyrone's own conclusions.

Maybe you're a pulse raiser with the wrong system . . . Maybe you have all the makings of a popular girl and didn't know how to make them click! Now is the time to find out.

Jot down "YES" or "NO" after each query—then check and double check.

For what gentlemen do (and don't) prefer is all revealed!

Ready? On your mark—GO!

YOUR "PRIVATE LINE"

1. Do you give your Grade A smiles to the jittery Jims and horn-rimmed Homers as well as to the Big Time fellows? ———

2. Would you (be honest now!) break a date if a better one came along? ———

3. Have you shown a real interest in four of the last five people you've spoken to? (Asked about themselves or their work as if you actually wanted to know?) ———

4. Can you put a man at ease—by putting yourself in his place? ———

5. Do you let him do nine-tenths of the chasing? ———

6. Do you call every other person "darling?" (How's a man ever going to believe 'em if they call *everybody* that?) ———

7. When you're out with the girls do you turn on the charm only when a male-of-the-species turns up? ———

8. In a crowd, if you wanted cocoa instead of a cocktail (or a cocktail instead of cocoa!) would you up and say so? ———

9. Are you a lapel-twister or tie-straightener? ———

10. Do you think of men as friends—instead of so many scalps to go after? ———

YOUR "PARTY LINE!"

1. Do you make a point of being friendly with everybody present—rather than being cliquey with a few? ———

2. Are you a smooth dancer? ———

3. Do you try to make each partner feel he's a Special Attraction? ———

4. Do you concentrate on *him* without casting come-hither glances at all the visiting firemen? ———

5. Do you carry your own purse at dances? (Pity the poor male with bulging pockets!) ———

6. Are you apt to go in for loud-speaker effects around twelve o'clock? ———

7. When you swoop past the band leader do you pretend he's an old buddy of yours? ———

8. Do you believe that General Circulation is good for the System—instead of sticking to one man? ———

9. If a game is suggested, do you rally enthusiastically around the idea? ———

10. Supposing you get a run in your stocking (or some other girl has a dress like yours!) do you let it spoil your fun? ———



Tyrone Power is responsible for this good-natured cross-examination of your personality and how it affects your popularity. You'll see him next in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*

PERSONAL "REFLECTIONS!"

1. Can you fool a man about make-up? (That's the one thing they like to be fooled about!) ———

2. Do you pluck your eyebrows to shadows? ———

3. Do you wear drooly chiffon to the movies—and slacks for a date at home? ———

4. Are your nails a deep-dyed scarlet? ———

5. When you're in public, do you go in for elaborate "repairs" every little while? ———

6. Do you think crooked stocking seams and run-down heels the Capital Sin against smartness? ———

7. *Are you a hitcher-upper?* (Do you pull at shoulder straps, etc., etc.?) ———

8. Is your hair usually neat and shining? (That's No. 1 on the "hit" parade!) ———

9. Do you try to look your best *every* day—instead of just for big moments? ———

10. Can you put that "last touch" on at home—and then forget your looks? ———

THE HOSTESS TAKES THE CAKE!

1. Do you make each guest feel you've laid a special welcome mat for her—or him? ———

2. Can you get folks to perform (like doing imitations, singing, and so on) without putting on too much pressure? ———

3. Are your parties small enough so that people don't feel they've stumbled into the subway at rush hour? ———

4. Do you see that everybody knows everybody else? (A fast disappearing art among hostesses!) ———

5. Can you keep the ball rolling by giving them something to do—anything from scrambling eggs to playing bingo? ———

6. There's nothing a man fears so much as juggling a plate of food and a cup of coffee—*do you, oh, do you provide tables?* ———

7. Is the food made to appease as well as to tease? (Dainty snacks may be all right for the girls but a fellow likes nourishment!) ———

8. Do you *like* to entertain? ———

9. Have people ever mentioned how hospitable you were? ———

10. Do you see that everybody has a good time?—— [*Continued on page* 31]

Danger! Here Comes Kitty!





Above, Nissa, who plays a most important role in *Bringing Up Baby*, and below, Katharine Hepburn, who is starring in the new comedy

Our intrepid interviewer braved the dangers of a closed set to bring back the tale of how a leopard did not change its spots but a cast changed to many spots

By TED MAGEE

■ Well, maybe we're a bit balmy. Most people, according to the Hollywood tradition, get locked OFF and OUT OF a Katharine Hepburn set, where there is more secrecy than you will find among a kavern full of Ku Kluxers. Modestly, we suspect we are the only outsiders in history who not only got ON the Hepburn set, but who got LOCKED ON as well. To be explicit, locked up in jail on the set.

The sheriff in charge of the jail was Walter Catlett. The only unusual thing was that he, too, was locked up in our cell. Along with six or seven extras and May Robson, the grand old lady herself.

It will probably be the only time in our life when being jailed seems a pleasure. You see, outside those bars was one of those cunning cuties of the jungle—a full grown leopard which ostensibly would obey the commands of his trainer.

Incidentally, at the start of this picture, a wild comedy called *Bringing Up Baby*, Katie Hepburn was billed as the star. And although it may be a touch catty for us to say so, another kitty seems to have grabbed the limelight. Because, pal, when they say, "Danger—here comes Kitty!" they are *not* talking about Hepburn.

But if it's at all possible, let's start at the beginning. Wherever that may be. Getting past the doorman is one thing, and even then you haven't gotten anywhere. For all the properties within the sound stage are surrounded by a high and strong steel wire fence. A stranger would presume that the fence was there to protect the onlookers from the leopard. But strangers have no idea of the strange things that go on here. Hence, we had to believe it when we were assured this fence was not to protect our wobbly legs from the vicious swipes of a leopard's paw, but rather to protect the cute little kitty (jungle variety) from the public. But as we were saying, we were locked in jail. Oh, yes, there was a jail on this set, too. A very strong one, with bars that reach to the ceiling. The bastile is not there to intimidate visitors. It is a part of the picture. We hinted to you, didn't we, that everything was goofy?

Katie Hepburn was sitting there waiting for her scene. They turned Nissa, one of the two leopards used in the film, loose in the front room of the jail, just outside our cage. And we must shamefacedly admit that Hepburn herself sat there in a chair watching it all, unprotected by anything more than the thin network of her sheer hose and the bit of clothing that she wore.

Of course, Katie had had no less than six weeks' exposure to these beasts, which should be sufficient time to find out whether they are as mean as their snarls crack them up to be. And they do say that Katie, the first day on the set, took one look at the leopard then present and said, "I'll allow just one bite, and after that Hepburn says to heck with all this and moves back to Connecticut."

But as we were saying, Nissa, the tamer cat, was [*Continued on page* 64]



Robert Young chooses sports clothes for his first appearance of the day on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot



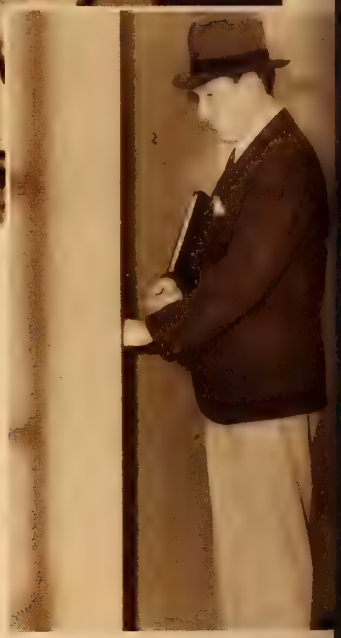
Virginia Bruce drives her own roadster and steps out for work in silk slacks and a light weight top-coat

"Good Morning"

Alarm clocks sound off in Hollywood, too. Even if they *are* diamond studded they still must be obeyed promptly



Rosalind Russell is driven to work, so she wears a tailored dressing gown to the studio



Spencer Tracy is pretty formal in the morning . . . hat, tie, briefcase and everything



Walter Pidgeon arrives all dressed and made up for his part in *Manproof*



Robert Montgomery is a dashing figure in more ways than one. He'll shave later in his dressing room



White wool slacks and coat, blue wool shirt is Joan Crawford's choice for early morning arrival



James Stewart likes to be ready for anything so he wears scarf and raincoat with sports shoes

HOW TO LIVE ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING

She had a mink coat, a Packard car, a longing to be a movie actress, but no cash, and there were five hungry people waiting for food in her beautiful but rented home

By JOE DI EDDYE

The real story about Marie Wilson isn't the one about the $12,000 she inherited from her father when she was sixteen and spent before she was seventeen in a vain and frantic effort to crash Hollywood.

It's as true as gospel that the day after she received the money she moved her family from the little town of Anaheim, California, to a home high in the Hollywood hills; that she paid a year's rent in advance and that she stocked her pantry shelves with case after case of canned goods.

It's true, too, that she bought an expensive mink coat and a big Packard car; that she used to sit behind the wheel, all dressed up in her Sunday best, while she drove up and down Hollywood Boulevard with the car in low gear so that some observant movie mogul or talent scout could dash out into the street, jump on the running board without danger to life or limb, hand her a contract to sign while he shouted, "You ought to be in pictures!"

All this is as true as it is interesting, but by no manner of means is it the inside story about this sixteen-year-old, small-town girl who had willingly accepted the burden of becoming the sole provider of her family, providing she could get into pictures—a task that seemed as simple as her A, B, C's until she discovered that her $12,000 had dwindled to a handful of small change and that so far as she was concerned, the town called Hollywood was as bare of movie moguls and talent scouts as her pantry was of canned goods!

If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences ever decides to give awards for outstanding examples of sustained and cheerful courage in the face of adversity, Marie Wilson should be first on the list.

Any sixteen-year-old girl, stunned by the realization that she had dropped from wealth to poverty in less time than it takes to cry about it; confronted by the heart-breaking knowledge that all her efforts to crash the gates of moviedom had been in vain; burdened by the task of providing food and care for a family of five—any sixteen-year-old girl who is faced by these hard and harsh realities—and then faces the future with a smile deserves an accolade of some sort.

Those who know Marie best say that she is the Hollywood girl who opened the door, invited the wolf inside, and then made a fur robe of its hide! She's the girl, they proudly add, who taught herself and her family how to be practical while living on practically nothing a year.

The story of how she did it is the real one and should be of interest to any girl who comes to Hollywood unheralded and unsung, and with nothing more in her heart than a hope that somehow, sometime, she'll be a movie star.

It's funny to hear Marie tell about it, but if you're smart you won't smile because you'll notice that while her dark eyes are sparkling, her voice is very low and there's no sign of a smile on her lips. All you have to do is to listen and read between the lines to discover the pathos and tragedy that's etched so deeply there.

"When I woke up to the fact that I was down to my last nickel," says Marie, soberly, "I didn't know where to turn, what to do, or where to go. I wasn't an inch closer to a screen career than I had been in Anaheim. I had my mink coat, the Packard car, and a closetful of beautiful clothes. I couldn't eat them, of course, and, since I was still determined to become a movie actress whether I starved or not, I decided to use them to keep up the 'front' I still believed necessary for success. All my friends thought I was rich and I continued to let them think so even when the Wilson depression was at its worst. I made my family promise not to tell anyone how poor we were and we all agreed not to ask anyone for help—not even our friends in Anaheim. There were times, though, when it took a lot of will power not to send out an S. O. S., but I'm proud to say that we didn't."

They didn't, because, when Marie's cupboard and pocketbook were bare, she drove her big car back to the agency from which she bought it and sold, at bargain prices, the gadgets and accessories with which the car was adorned.

"The horn went first," Marie says, "then the windshield wiper, the cigarette lighter, the ash tray, and finally, the spare tire. The money didn't last long, but it helped. [*Continued on page* 52]



"Even the fish don't cooperate when you're really hungry," notes Marie Wilson as she poses with heart-felt gloom in memory of the days when she worried about the next meal. You'll see her next in *Fools For Scandal and Boy Meets Girl*



In her first film, *Bright Eyes*, Jane Withers made a lasting impression on movie audiences with her vigorous portrayal of a violently spoiled child. That was before Shirley Temple was a star. Now both girls are among the ten best box-office attractions

Jane's Remembering Day

Once a year Jane Withers and her mother take one of the strangest pilgrimages and go through one of the most remarkable rituals Hollywood has known

By SONIA LEE



This is the way Jane and her mother looked when they returned to Hollywood recently from a trip . . . very different from the people who stepped off the train from Georgia a few short years ago

■ The Tenth of March is "rememb'rin' day" for Jane Withers and her mother!

At the first suggestion of dawn Jane is awake and alert! For this is a fateful date, and worth considerable celebration, as well as remembering. It is the high spot on Jane's calendar of every year!

For on the Tenth of March, Jane Withers, with the help of her mother, puts aside all the trappings of Fame to become again little Miss Nobody. After all, what good is it to be important and rich if you've forgotten how it feels to be obscure and relatively poor?

"Rememb'rin'," Jane with childish wisdom points out, "is awful good for people." All the glamour gals and boys might learn a thing or two from this youngster who doesn't fail to remember that on the Tenth of March, she arrived in Hollywood, unknown and unsung, to court a little attention. By the way, this game of "rememb'rin'" may be well recommended as a special medicine for that disease known as "Going Hollywood." Peculiarly enough, it attacks only those who've become stars overnight and suffer a strange lapse of memory about their humble beginnings.

■ This March day is a day of pilgrimage for Jane and her mother. The routine is well established. This is the one morning on which she is permitted to forget her fruit juice and her cereal, if she is so minded. Jane can wear anything she chooses. She can even show marked signs of impatience, like wiggling in her seat at the table and tapping her foot, which Mrs. Withers as the well-bred mother of a well-bred little girl never permits on other days. [*Continued on page* 60]

Extra!

Extra!



Above is one of the scenes from *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* in which Gary Cooper battled with an imported bath-tub while the director had his troubles with the talented author of this tale

By E. J. SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

■ When you suggested that I might be able to give you a first-hand, inside production story on *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* by working in the picture as an extra, I thought that you really had something. I still do, for that matter. Believe me, working alongside Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert even as a lowly and insignificant extra was an honor and a pleasure I wouldn't have missed—even for a date with Garbo.

Your request, at first glance, looked like one of those "no sooner said than done" assignments, but it didn't take me long to discover that there was more to it than met the eye, and under the head of new and important business I am compelled to call your attention to a few financial items.

Financial item No. 1 totals up to $25—an amount I paid to become a member of the Screen Actors' Guild. Item No. 2 takes into account the sum of $1.25 which I laid on the line for a pair of lunches at the Paramount commissary. Item No. 3—a mere $7—was incurred, I am sorry to say, during a crap game into which I was lured by a couple of very pretty and extremely nifty-fingered blondes who not only worked in the picture as extras, but worked me as well.

Now, if I know my figures (and I don't mean blondes) these expenses come to $33.25 from which we deduct $17 (my pay for two days work in the picture—which, in turn, leaves me holding the bag for $16.25—no paltry sum.

It's too bad for both of us that I failed to obtain a speaking part since extras earn $25 a day if they speak more than two words of script. For that "extra" money I would have spoken the whole script. I did manage to sneeze a couple of times during the morning's shooting, but all I got for that was a couple of dirty looks from Director Ernst Lubitsch who likewise wanted to know "who vas dot guy who vent and spoiled de takes?" Gary could have told him for he was standing not three feet from me when I went on a "toot," but he was too nice a guy to let on he'd even heard me.

■ The company was to shoot on a huge outdoor set built to represent a part of the French Riviera the morning I reported for work. I arrived around seven along with a score of other extras and the weather was colder than an old maid's kiss than which there is nothing colder on a seven o'clock California morning. Rather than shiver right out of my new store clothes, I joined up with a crew that was placing reflectors, props, and lights in their proper locations—and that is where I made my first mistake. It wasn't until Director Lubitsch was within fifteen minutes of shouting "Camera" that I discovered I had forgotten to put on make-up, and I can thank "Slim" Talbot, Gary's stand-in and make-up man, for reminding me. It was "Slim," finally, who slicked up my face with yellow grease paint and who "allowed, considering what he had to work with," that I was as ready as I'd ever be when the cameras started to roll.

■ Director Lubitsch arrived on the set at eight-thirty, and Gary and Claudette about five minutes later. Joe Le Fer and Bill Faralla, first and second assistant directors, respectively, went to work on us extras, showing where, when, and how to sit—if we had to sit—and where, when, and how to walk—if we had to walk. "You," Joe said, pointing right at me, "you sit at this table with Miss—Miss Whatshername—and both look as though you're enjoying yourselves. When Miss Colbert starts walking down the street and gets [*Continued on page* 40]

Protection Wanted

Rattlesnakes, alligators and chimpanzees are only a few of the things that make a movie career a mixed blessing for Dorothy Lamour

By TERRY KELLY

■ Her thick black hair sparkled down her back almost to her hips. She moved around in her bare feet, her brown legs flashing in the sunlight. A piece of flimsy cloth weighing barely four ounces was the only thing between Dorothy Lamour and a nudist colony. She was in perfect shape to stage a protest—and you may take that figuratively.

"I wish they'd stop undressing me," said Dorothy, speaking half seriously of her plight. Indeed, "plight" is just the word, for she is completing her third major role, and each time it has been in an outdoor picture where a bit of cloth and a breath of autumn air is about all she wears. "I'd like to do a role in which I can wear clothes. And believe me, I've got my reasons. I need protection!

"Right now I am doing a picture in which the action takes place, at least theoretically, in a tropical jungle. So what do we do? We go to Palm Springs out in the desert. Oh, yes—that's the jungle. You know the spot—south of the resort in the canyon with all the palms. Well, work of that sort does have its problems. Like getting stabbed every day."

Stabbed? Well, we did hear that Dorothy lost her balance when she was about to toss a knife, and it ended up in the director's arm. But we hadn't heard that she herself had been stabbed. What about it, Dorothy?

"I said stabbed, and it happened every day. By cactii. Have you ever been stuck with the point of a cactus bush? You should try it on yourself sometime. It stings for hours. And it goes deep when you're as thoroughly undressed as I am in this costume. It seems to me that I was backing up into a sticker every half hour. It's a great art, pulling cactus points out of yourself. And then there were the snakes."

Snakes? Really, this is getting complicated. Maybe you had better tell us about that, too, Dorothy.

"Well, don't get me wrong. I had nothing to do with the snakes. Ray Milland comes into the story at this point. He was supposed to climb a rock, poise for a moment, and then dive into a pool where I was swimming. The camera started grinding, and when he got to the top of the rock he didn't pause—he jumped in. It spoiled the take. I was freezing in the water and started to chide him. He didn't stop to argue. Climbing out of the pool, he grabbed a stick and started climbing the rock again. When he got to the top, he began hitting wildly with the stick. A moment later he exhibited a personally-slain diamond back rattlesnake. That was close enough for me, thank you. Anyway, I had my hands full with a big chimpanzee and a baby lion. Did you ever have a chimp for a companion?"

Now that you mention it, Dorothy, no. We've seen a lot of people make monkeys of themselves. But that's been the extent of our experience. Do go on.

"Our chimp was a little fellow named Jiggs. Little, did I say? Well, if he had wanted to, he could have overpowered almost any man on the set. Thank goodness, Jiggs wasn't that way. We got along very well with him, I might add. Except on one or two occasions. For instance, the night he ran everyone out of the hotel in Palm Springs. It looked for awhile like he might have the entire place to himself, let alone one room."

Monkeyshines in a hotel room, Dorothy? You don't mean that Jiggs himself occupied a room at ten dollars per day?

"Well, he did—as long as he could get away with it. Don't get me wrong—Jiggs was a very well-behaved fellow, and your HOLLYWOOD readers should know him as a gentleman. Of course, they had to sneak him to his room by a rear entrance. Everything went well for awhile. He had been working all day. When he got to his room, Jiggs took off his make-up with cold



Courtly Jiggs stops for greetings



And is deep in discussion of camera angles


When bystanders gather to see what goes on

cream just as nicely as any of us. Some photographers came up and filmed Jiggs as he ate supper and went to bed. Yes, he actually went to sleep. So that was that, and everyone went down the street to bowl.

"It must have been about nine o'clock when some guests decided to go swimming in the pool outside his window. They turned on the flood lights and started shouting and splashing. It scared poor Jiggs to death. Have you, by chance, ever heard a chimpanzee hollering? Neither had those guests. So when he really got going, he had them running down the main drag of sleepy Palm Springs in their swimming suits, along with several other hotel guests in evening clothes or night gowns. Or so they tell me—you see, we weren't near enough to know about the excitement. Finally Jiggs' trainer rushed to the room, with a squadron of cops who were glad to let him lead the way, and opened the door. It took only a couple of minutes to calm Jiggs down, and less time than that to throw the poor fellow out of the hotel.

But actually it was a wild deer that bounded up and through the main part of the set, as startled a poor thing as you ever saw. Spanky brought up in the rear, barking his head off. And Jiggs? Well, I think he was more frightened than the deer itself. He sat there and chattered for an hour. The deer, of course, was just passing through, and disappeared around the bend in a few seconds, but Jiggs made funny crying sounds all afternoon. You see, I was fond of Jiggs, but when it came to alligators, that made just one more reason for wanting to do something beside jungle epics."

Come, come now, Dorothy. You aren't going to tell us you got mixed up with alligators, too?

"Well, I almost did. But the gang decided to pull the gag on Lynne Overman instead. They all came down from the set late one day and it was just growing dark as they pulled into Palm Springs. Lynne said he would dress hastily for dinner, stopping only to take a quick bath. Somebody was one step ahead of him. When Lynne reached his room everything had time, and horse back riding. Swimming and bowling, too. Then one day Martha Raye came up and we went riding. Martha didn't have such luck. She got tossed off her beast five times. The next day she was telling everyone I had spent the day climbing mountains and she had spent the day climbing horses. Yes, there's fun appearing in jungle pictures, but there's a lot of grief, too. Did you ever try getting dressed on the public highways while traveling at top speed?"

Search our memory as we will, that is something new in the line of diversions for us. Go ahead, Dorothy, the floor is yours.

"Well, we finished shooting one day just exactly at noon. It was Sunday, and I had to be in the NBC studio for the Bergen broadcast at three o'clock. That meant 110 miles along a heavily-traveled highway and through Los Angeles to Hollywood. I didn't even stop to remove the oil make-up which covers most of my body.

"We got in the car and pulled the curtains down. While the machine roared



Annoyed by the eager fans



Jiggs refuses to continue



And now they're both pouting

"He slept in a trailer after that, with a special guard each night.

"You see, Jiggs is such a civilized fellow that all this uproar really frightened him. Why, the poor dear was almost scared to death by a wild deer one day. In fact, I was a little upset myself," she admitted.

Snakes, monkeys, now deer? Wild deer, too. What next?

"You see, Jiggs was sitting there sunning himself one day when his old pal, Spanky, a collie dog, began prowling around. And when I say old pal, I mean that Spanky has known Jiggs for several years, and can completely bluff the big fellow. Well, as I was saying, Spanky had disappeared, but suddenly we could hear him barking excitedly from somewhere in Palm Canyon.

"Presently there was a terrific uproar. A couple of the girls let out terrific squeals. They thought it was a bear coming at us. seemed in order. He took off his costume quickly and darted into the bathroom. When he turned on the light, you could hear him yell on the other side of the mountain. Fortunately he remembered to put on a bathrobe after yelling.

"What surprised him was enough to make anyone scream. It was a matter of seconds before Lynne had us all crowding into the room. You see, the word had been passed around that something was going to happen. We rushed to the scene, and found Lynne still quaking over the sight. In the tub was a baby alligator, looking at us with startled eyes. And that ought to be enough to frighten anyone."

Well, to be sure, this might be upsetting. But on the other hand, surely there must be certain diversions, Dorothy, which help to make up for this hodge-podge of animal land?

"Certainly. There was tennis when we toward Hollywood, my two girl-assistants helped me out of my costume and went to work removing the make-up. After that they had to set my hair and otherwise fix me up for the radio show. We just made it. One of the biggest reasons why I wish they'd stop undressing me for jungle pictures, is that these films require such a sheen in my hair that I must spend two hours every night having it shampooed. But then, there are lots of other reasons, too. For instance, the time when I am captured by the wild natives and taken to the sacrificial temple."

There's something that sounds interesting. What about that?

"Well, the script called for me to be picked up by a mass of natives and to be carried over their heads up the winding steps in the temple—and by torch light, too. I was literally suspended on fingertips, from the [*Continued on page* 63]

How to Win Enemies

Glenda Farrell, hard at work on the problem of how to influence practically no one, relates her struggles with some of the social hazards of Hollywood

By RUTH RANKIN

■ Anybody can make friends—but a woman is known by her enemies. . . .

That, my friends, is one of the chief irks in Glenda Farrell's life—she is known by her enemies, and they keep right on knowing her.

She does her darndest, but just as she feels she has promoted a good one and is getting quite smug about it, why the enemy rushes up and begins the old palsy-walsy again—and Glenda is right back where she started. She gives a party for twenty-five, and fifty-eight show up.

Even so, in full justice one cannot call it an intentional campaign on Glenda's part. She doesn't really try very hard, except occasionally. Saying the wrong thing at the psychological moment just seems to come natural to her—it's a talent she was born with, the importance of which should not be under-rated in the life of a busy picture star.

Ever so often something drastic has to be done about the mobs of impulsive dropper-inners, as you know yourself even if you're not an actress. If you are, then multiply something drastic by sixteen, add on every automobile and real estate salesman in town, shake well, and repeat every twenty-four hours. Life is apt to be a series of explosions this way, but Glenda thrives on explosions. Lay your cards on the table and get it over, she says, in substance. Clear the atmosphere. No hangovers. In any given day, Glenda can violate every rule in Dale Carnegie's "How to W. F. and I. P.," and have an awfully good time doing it.

■ You take Rule 1, for instance. Take it far, far away from Glenda; Rule 1, says "The only way to get the best of an argument is to avoid it." One shudders to think what an observance of that rule would do to Glenda's joy of living.

When there is nobody handy to argue with and things are rather dull for, say, five minutes at a stretch, Glenda has a business associate whom she calls up and fires. She fires him regularly about every two weeks, and forgets all about it an hour later. He knows perfectly well that things are dull and Glenda needs an argument—so he gives her a good one. He knows also that things have reached the point where Glenda has to fire somebody, and naturally she can't fire anyone she should fire, who needs firing—she's too chicken-hearted to do that. So they are the best of friends and get along famously. The din is terrific, but that's included in his salary. Glenda would simply curl up and pine away in too much peace and quiet.

■ Some of the best ways to diminish your social obligations are the good old reliable Farrell methods: have at least ten clocks in the house which conscientiously tell the wrong time, or else stopped running two years ago. Never under any circumstances keep a date book or an address or a telephone number. You can't miss.

This method invariably brings Glenda to Friday's luncheon on the following Tuesday evening, which is the time her unintentional hostess has decided to go to bed early and has just done herself up in cold cream. The buffet dinner scheduled for Tuesday will crash her in somebody's tennis party Sunday morning, and in this way she has worked up quite a reputation for spontaneous personal appearances. Without even trying.

Not long ago she showed up at an engagement party, on time, in the right house, even with a present under her arm. The hostess nearly swooned with astonishment. When the presents were opened, everybody swooned. Glenda got it mixed up with the baby shower for somebody else and brought the loveliest little pink blanket.

■ A good way to be loved for yourself alone is to have a cat—a Siamese cat named Taki, with an eye like a Bengal tiger on a diet. And a voice—boy, when Taki starts talking the Farrell house clears like magic. Glenda adores Taki. He has an ingratiating way of leaping in laps and settling down innocently—then suddenly sinking in an inch of cast-iron claws. He has nice cream colored fur, too, which shows up well on dark blue suits.

One of Glenda's most successful cocktail parties took place while she was out in the garage de-fleaing Taki. She was wearing her oldest slacks and her hair in a wad. The flea powder made her sneeze, and [*Continued on page* 57]



She doesn't look like a very alarming enemy here, but wait until you read the story. You'll see her next in Warners *Blondes at Work*, and after that as the heroine in Paramount's *Stolen Heaven*

Brings new aid to Women's Skin!

this new Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"





"A cleansing cream that also nourishes the skin is a great achievement"

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"

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Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Essential to Skin Health

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!



(ABOVE) *Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.* (CENTER) *Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.*

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now *nourishes* your skin.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 6-CR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Tuesdays, 8:00 P. M., E.S.T., N.B.C. Blue Network

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Star Styles

Constance Bennett is noted for distinguished clothes and her wardrobe for *Merrily We Live* is no exception. Right, heavy black crepe, intricately draped up the front carries weighty gold embroidery on the bodice. Below and left is another black crepe dinner gown. The bodice is made distinctive with a pattern of black sequins. Right, bands of gold emphasize the panel down the front of the third dinner gown





How Popular are You?

[*Continued from page* 20]

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP!

1. Are your funny stories aimed at yourself instead of someone else? ———
2. Can you smile bravely when the well-meaning partner spills punch on the new gown? ———
3. Do you start out on a hike in high heels and then play clinging vine at the halfway stage?———
4. Can you take it if the joke's on you? ———
5. Are you among the first to try a new game—even if they *do* laugh? ———
6. Do you do your share of the entertaining when you're out with the crowd? Or on a two-some? ———
7. Can you keep office worries and home troubles to yourself? ———
8. Are you strong and silent when you find he's taken you to the movie you saw last Friday? ———
9. Do you laugh at your own mistakes?———
10. If it's raining and the clock says 1 A. M. and you're three miles from home when the tire goes flat—do you sulk? ———

See how your answers compare with the following—and then score yourself *ten* for each one you have correct.

Your "Private Line"	Your "Party Line"	Personal "Reflections"
1. Yes	1. Yes	1. Yes
2. No	2. Yes	2. No
3. Yes	3. Yes	3. No
4. Yes	4. Yes	4. No
5. Yes	5. Yes	5. No
6. No	6. No	6. Yes
7. No	7. No	7. No
8. Yes	8. Yes	8. Yes
9. No	9. Yes	9. Yes
10. Yes	10. No	10. Yes

The Hostess Takes the Cake!	Good Sportsmanship
1. Yes	1. Yes
2. Yes	2. Yes
3. Yes	3. No
4. Yes	4. Yes
5. Yes	5. Yes
6. Yes	6. Yes
7. Yes	7. Yes
8. Yes	8. Yes
9. Yes	9. Yes
10. Yes	10. No

Between 460 and 500: YOU ARE THE PERFECT DATE!

Between 400 and 460: Smooth, plenty smooth—but second choice.

Between 350 and 400: All the makings but they don't quite click.

Between 275 and 350: Your "line" is out of order!

Between 150 and 275: You need a new "line" altogether!

Between 75 and 150: A dud.

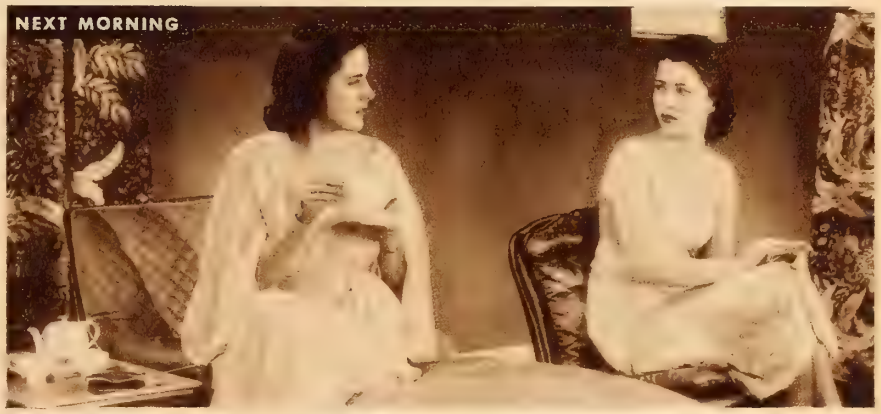
Between 0 and 75: A double dud.

SHE SAW A GHOST IN THE BED...





It rattled no chains and shook no bones—but there was an unwelcome ghost in Mary's guest room! It hid in the sheets, the curtains, the linens. Guests saw it with horror but didn't dare mention it—until Cousin Flo saw the ghost in the bed.





The very next morning, Cousin Flo told Mary—"It's tattle-tale gray that's haunting your clothes. Your weak-kneed soap doesn't wash things perfectly clean. If you want to chase out that mean dingy shadow—to banish tattle-tale gray—change to Fels-Naptha Soap."





And that was the end of the ghost in the guest room. Thanks to Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha,* Mary now gets *all* the dirt out of clothes. The sheets shine so white—and everything smells so fresh and sweet—friends say it's a thrill to sleep at her house! . . . Why don't *you* play safe, too? See how easy it is to . . .

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

NEW! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

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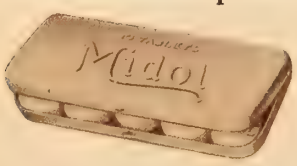


The Calendar said:
"be quiet"
MIDOL
said: "be yourself"

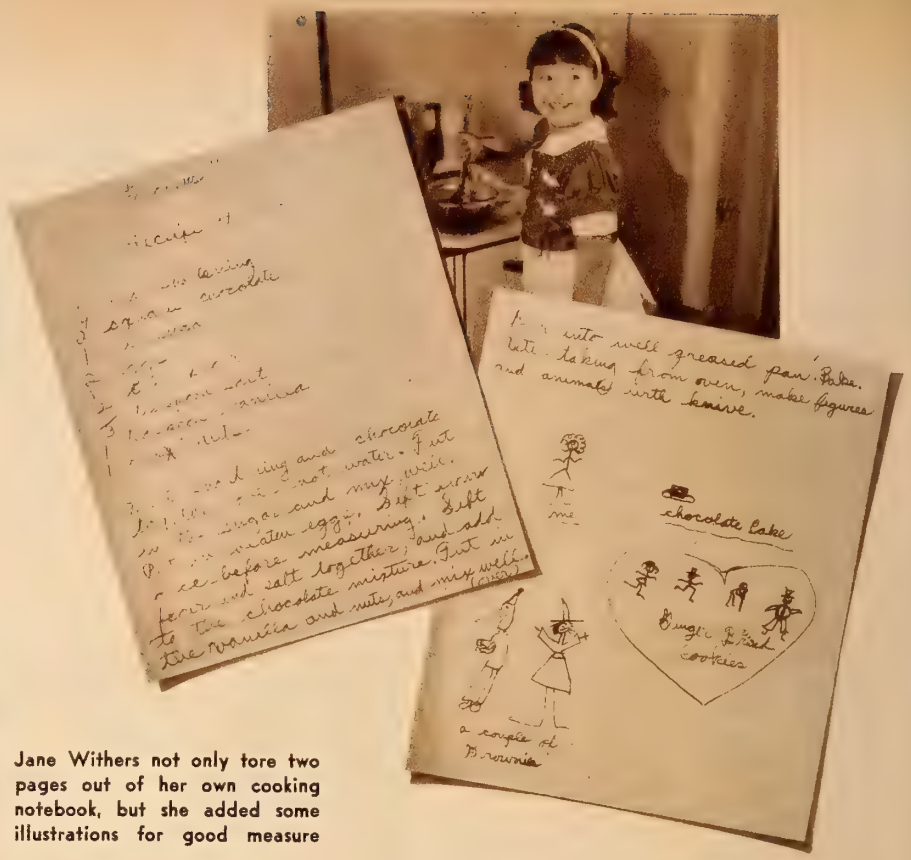


DOCTORS know that severe periodic functional pain is not natural to most women. For thousands more, science has found a way to make it *unnecessary.* Yet many women still go on letting the calendar regulate their lives, setting aside certain days each month to miserable inactivity.

If you are one of them, you should know about Midol. Unless you have some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other. It is offered for this special purpose—acts quickly, and in all but unusual instances brings definite relief. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Your druggist has Midol in convenient purse-size tins.



ON THE COUNTER AT DRUGSTORES



Jane Withers not only tore two pages out of her own cooking notebook, but she added some illustrations for good measure

JANE WITHERS' COOK BOOK

By BETTY CROCKER

■ Just to prove that age has nothing to do with learning the fine art of cookery, Jane Withers joins our Hollywood Cooking School this month with her favorite recipes, and tells in her own way how to prepare them.

Jane, you see, is as clever in the kitchen as she is before a movie camera, because Mrs. Withers has not neglected her daughter's home education. So, if you have a young daughter, invite her in to our meeting right now.

Jane not only likes to cook, but she has a good idea of what makes a well balanced meal as you can see from this dinner menu:

Pineapple and Cottage Cheese Salad
Filet of Sole
Mashed Potatoes and Gravy
Spinach Hot Rolls
Apple Pie a la Mode Buttermilk

"I can bake the hot rolls myself," Jane told me. "If we're in a hurry, I make them with biscuit flour. Willie—that's our cook, makes the other things."

The director called her for a scene for *Checkers,* so Jane left her cook book with me and dashed off.

"Some of her recipes," Mrs. Withers told me, "she got from the colored woman who has been with us since Janey's birth in Atlanta, Georgia. But she loves to get down on the floor and browse through newspapers and magazines, looking for new recipes she'd like to try. She clips them out—I've noticed many of yours, Miss Crocker—and files them in a box. After she has tried them, she'll write them into her cook book, using her own words to describe the method of cooking.

"We've made cooking so much fun that it's hard to keep her out of the kitchen. I think this interest also helps in teaching her proper diets. She drinks milk or buttermilk with gusto, and never turns down a plate of spinach. She's a plump little thing, but she burns up lots of energy at play and at work."

First in Jane's private cook book, in her round, childish writing, was:

My Favorite Ginger Bread Cookies

2 cups flour
⅓ cup brown sugar
⅔ cup molasses
⅓ cup melted shortening
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger

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"First you beat egg, put in brown sugar, molasses, and melted shortening. Sift the flour, soda, salt, cinnamon, ginger together and stir in the molasses. Chill for 1 hour. Roll dough ¼-inch thick and cut into animals and figures."

Turning the page, we came upon a recipe for chocolate cake.

"Jane baked that for Mr. Withers, on 'Father's Day,'" Mrs. Withers said.

Chocolate Cake

3 squares chocolate
½ cup hot water
½ cup shortening
About 2 cups sugar
3 eggs
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sweet milk

Jane had returned from filming a scene. "I think that if things are fixed up sort of fancy," she told me, "they taste better. That goes for decorations on cake frosting and nice looking salads and everything. Look—here's southern corn bread. Willie taught me how to make that. It's easy to make."

Southern Corn Bread

1 pint corn meal
1 pint flour
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon melted shortening
2 eggs
1½ pints milk

"Sift the corn meal, flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Then add the eggs, milk and shortening. Beat enough to mix well. Pour into baking pan and bake 30 minutes."

Jane is a happy child, filled with varied interests which keep her exceedingly busy. She pays little attention to the fact that she is famous, and would rather snip out recipes than movie reviews or pictures of herself. If any scrap book of Jane's picture career is to be kept, Mrs. Withers has to keep it. Jane would rather compile a cook book!

FREE RECIPES

Fill in this coupon and send it to BETTY CROCKER, *Hollywood Magazine*, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and she will send you her own tested recipes for cakes and cookies for your kitchen scrapbook.

Name

Address

City State

Cleanliness
IS PART OF LOVELINESS



THE charm of attractive womanhood is made up of many things. Above all, that quality of fresh, sweetly fragrant daintiness, which is the most compelling charm of a lovely young girl, and of truly happy wives. For no husband fails to notice, and resent, any neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. Too many women never realize that the freshness so *natural* in youth, requires constant care as maturity advances. A cleansing douche with "Lysol" disinfectant, in proper solution of water, is the frequent and regular feminine hygiene habit of fastidious modern women. They know that "Lysol" in solution cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes—dependably. Many hospitals use "Lysol"; many doctors recommend it for feminine hygiene. Complete directions are given on every bottle . . . at any drug store.

•

TUNE IN on Dr. Dafoe every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 4:45 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Network

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.



For your cleansing douche

Lysol Disinfectant

What Every Woman Should Know

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Dept. 4-H., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

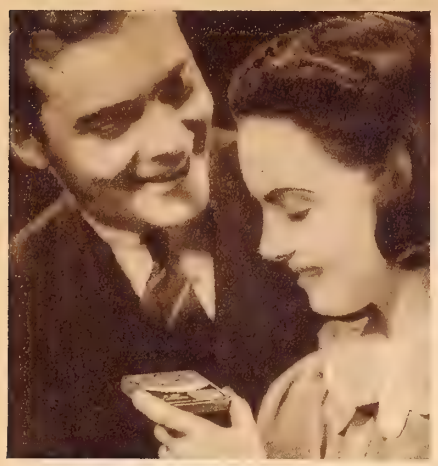
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*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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WIVES TELL HUSBANDS—



Now millions know it's a *better* laxative in every way!

EX-LAX now SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

It's getting around . . . flashing from family to family . . . from wife to husband . . . from friend to friend. Ex-Lax, the laxative they said could not be improved, now is *better than ever!* Regardless of your experience with other laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. You'll be in for a pleasant surprise!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it *even better* than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even *more* effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

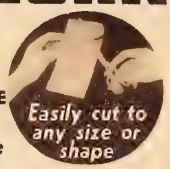
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All druggists now have the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The famous little blue box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Try it!

STOPS CORN PAIN

CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES, TENDER SPOTS

Same As Chiropodists Use



It's Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, cushioning foot plaster. Instantly relieves corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, tender spots on feet and toes caused by new or tight shoes. Prevents blisters, sore spots. Most economical. Cut it to any desired size or shape and apply it. At all drug, shoe, dept. and 10¢ Stores. Sample and Dr. Scholl's FOOT Booklet free. Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago.



Dr Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER

Five Year Plan

Already a successful actor and bandleader, Mickey Rooney has bigger and better plans for the next five years of his career in Hollywood

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Mickey Rooney has his next five years figured out to the well-known "T."

"By the time I reach my twenty-first birthday," he says without batting an eye, "I intend to become a motion picture director. By that time you're going to see my name in the list of screen credits—or else."

That's what Mickey says and it's more than likely that it's true, for whatever this youngster has set his heart on, he has gone after and gotten. And, take it from him, he doesn't intend to let his latest ambition be any exception. The fact that he'll probably be the youngest director in the industry, or in the history of motion pictures, doesn't seem to worry him in the least. He's going to be a motion picture director—or else.

The idea really took tangible shape when Mickey was teamed up with Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper in M-G-M's *The Devil Is a Sissy.* Between scenes one day, the three were sitting around discussing what they intended to do when they grew up.

Freddie, the youngest of the trio, thought maybe, he'd like to be either a writer or a lawyer. He wasn't quite sure which, but it was either one of the two professions. Young Jackie Cooper thought he'd like to follow in the footsteps of his uncle, Director Norman Taurog. Rooney pricked up his ears at that and said something about the idea sounding swell to him and he guessed he'd be a director, too.

Bernard Hyman, producer, happened to be standing nearby, overheard Mickey's long and earnest line of reasoning, and he broke into the boyish argument with:



Now 16, Mickey can look back with justifiable pride at a lifetime in the movies. You'll see him swaggering through *Love is a Headache* next

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

"If you're really serious about that, Mickey, you can come in and sit on story conferences with me as soon as you're ready. I'll be glad to give you a chance to learn the business."

Mickey's twinkling eyes grew as round and as large as saucers. Here was the first step toward his goal and scarcely before his words had stopped echoing through the set.

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Hyman," he managed to stammer, "You see, I've been around quite a bit and I've been in this business ever since I was born. I think I know something about acting and if I can get to know something about stories it sure will help. I think I've got some ideas." It sounded pretty self-assured, but this young mick, Mickey, is a pretty self-assured guy. Not offensively so, mind you, but he knows what the score is at all times.

As soon as the picture was completed he reported to Producer Hyman and his course of instruction began. The only difficulty since then has been that Mickey has been in such demand for pictures that he hasn't had much time to start his second career.

"But," he says seriously, "I still mean what I said. I'm learning everything I can about writing. One of the first things I've got to understand is how film stories are created and worked out. As for the technical end, I've got quite a few friends among the camera men, sound men, and cutters from whom I pick up things."

For Mickey's interest in things technical W. S. Van Dyke can take a large share of the credit. Those three youngsters, Freddie, Jackie, and Mickey, were such a boisterous handful on the set that Van Dyke conceived the idea of having the crew give them some technical instruction just to keep them from tearing the props to pieces.

As he himself pointed out, his background gives him a head start on almost any other youngster imbued with directorial ambitions. Born in Brooklyn, the son of vaudeville parents, he made his own stage debut at the age of eleven months. He played his first film role when four years old, taking the part of a midget in *Not To Be Trusted*. Since then he has appeared in more pictures than he can remember.

"The very busiest I ever was," he states, "occurred when I took part in forty different films within a period of eighteen months, in addition to the Hollywood Bowl presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*." His latest picture, and by far the best, was *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*.

As for the type of picture he'd like to direct, Mickey has no particular preference—comedy, melodrama, or musical, it's all the same to him. Besides, he's got five years to worry about that. The fact that his third song, *Mr. Heartbreak*, was accepted for publication by Irving Berlin, and that he has been taking lessons in orchestration, would seem to point to a chance at still another career, if he wants to take it.

ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S *Lucky in love?*



Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion...win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited...I know, because I've seen it happen....Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise and a more radiant personality?

But to do all this, *and more,* you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades...so you *will* find the one that can "do things" for you.

For *one certain color* can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin...give it flattering freshness . . . make it vibrant, alive! Another color that *looks* almost the same in the box, may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the *only color* that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes . . . the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (41)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

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JOAN PERRY in Columbia's "START CHEERING"

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These are but a few of the many thousands of books we want. DON'T SEND BOOKS until you have checked our latest list giving full information. Don't delay—a single old school book, story book, bible, poetry, history, travel, almanacs, newspapers, letters, etc., may bring you $25, $50, $100, $500 or even $5,000 cash for certain books. Better investigate NOW. Send 10c to the American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 475, Chicago, and we will send you latest list of old books we want to buy and cash prices we will pay.

Beery Faces Some Facts

They never call him "gorgeous Wally" but at least they never forget that face

By WILLIAM K. GIBBS

Many persons, born with faces only a mother could love, go through life feeling cheated. A wise few know that lack of beauty can be an asset.

Hollywood, long a leader in making up and making over, has found a few who are quite content to carry on unbeautiful.

Under the skilful fingers of plastic surgeons some of filmland's beaks have become noses; some ears that flapped in the wind now set snugly against owners' heads. Nearly every homely man and woman who faces the movie cameras has been importuned, at one time or another, to borrow a little beauty, even if it's synthetic. A few succumbed to such advice, but not Wallace Beery.

"Can you imagine a plastic surgeon trying to make over my face?" Wally asked as we sat in the M-G-M commissary discussing the advantages and disadvantages of being homely. "Any surgeon would be a fool to start work on my face. There'd be no place to stop. It would be easier for him to start from scratch and make me an entirely new one."

Plastic surgeons have reaped a golden harvest in Hollywood. High-powered salesmen have gone out seeking homely faces whose owners have money. There have been big fees and fat commissions. The poor men or women whom beauty passed by never are sought by plastic experts as clients, because publicity doesn't thrive if the remodeled face happens to belong to a nobody. When the "beauty-brigade" was mopping up in the film colony they got around to Wally but he couldn't be sold on the idea.

"I shudder to think what might have happened to me if I'd ever gone messin' around with the face God gave me," Wally grinned. "Besides, I've had it so long I'm kind of used to it."

"When you are living off a homely pan like mine," the *Bad Man of Brimstone* confided, "it's best to forget about being a pretty boy. Why try to fool the public? It can't be done. Lincoln knew that. He wasn't such a good-looking guy either, but they still find use for his picture."

Beery never tires of telling a bit of truth that was laid in his lap while he was on a personal appearance tour in New York. As Wally was going into the Empire State Building, a nervy urchin tugged at his coat. Wally stopped and the street gamin asked:

"Are you Wally Beery?"

"I guess I am," Wally answered.

"Let me get a good look at yuh," the kid said.

"Why do you want to look at me?" Beery asked as the youngster kept staring.

"I just wanted to make sure you're as homely off the screen as on."





Wallace Beery poses as "Sunlight and Shadow" as he brings his magnificent mug into action for his rousing role as *The Bad Man of Brimstone*



Anita Louise looked very gay in her peasant costume at the "Cruise to All Nations" party at the Hawaiian Paradise. That's Jack Smart all ready for safari into the African jungle

"Now that you've sized me up, what's the verdict?"

"You're homelier," said the kid with frank admiration.

"They must doll you up for your pitcher parts."

■ "Sometimes I think too much good looks is a handicap," Wally continues. "Some might say I am biased because I haven't any. Will Rogers never was accused of being handsome, but he got by. Abraham Lincoln is rated in history as America's homeliest President, but his deeds and his name are better known to the world than those of any other man who occupied the White House in the last century.

"Picture producers demanded youth and beauty for a long time. But check up on the outstanding leading men and women of today and you'll find most of them are thirty or more and a lot of them can lay little claim to more than ordinary looks. It all goes back to the fellow who said 'beauty is only skin deep.' Beauty is a fragile thing. It's easily marred. A small scar on a woman's face has been known to have brought the victim thousands of dollars. A gash in my face likely wouldn't bring me a nickel. But, on the other hand, it won't hurt my career either.

"So you can see that I really have the edge on the Beauty Boys, after all."



Jack Oakie seems to have his climates a little mixed at the same party. Surely that's a cowboy belt and hat, so why the necklace of South Sea flowers? But Dorothy Lamour likes it





KAY HUGHES, popular young screen actress

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JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS
DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion



Fay Bainter, recently signed to a long term contract, will be seen shortly in that drama of Civil War excitements, *Jezebel*, as part of the big cast headed by Bette Davis

Home to Hollywood

After a brilliant career on the stage, a native daughter once more calls Hollywood "home" for a while

By SCOOP CONLON

■ Fay Bainter has finally capitulated to the blandishments of Hollywood. When producers waved contracts in her face and proffered featured roles in such outstanding pictures as *Jezebel* and *White Banners*, she signed a term contract with the astute Warner Brothers, and said "goodbye" to her beloved Broadway for awhile.

For many years the name of Fay Bainter has been synonymous with success and electric lights along Broadway. Her performances were usually brilliant and always distinctive; her plays were uniformly successful, thus gaining her the appellation "Two-Year Bainter" in the parlance of Broadway, due to the long runs of shows graced with her presence.

■ What manner of personality is Fay Bainter?

For a beginning, we may say that any person who was born in Los Angeles, works in Hollywood and prefers to live in New York is certainly an anomaly.

She started early in life being "different."

Fay was the Shirley Temple of the "stock companies" and "tent shows" when she was four years old. Much of her ability as an actress can be traced to the long, hard years of training and experience playing anything and everything in the theatre from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to Shakespeare, and a song and dance in the olio.

In fact, one of this remarkable woman's most outstanding performances in the American theatre was that of Topsy in an all-star revival of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in New York several years ago, when she was at the peak of her stage career.

■ Yes, La Bainter was startling even in the more sedate days of the theatre.

She doesn't look particularly exotic, yet she became famous overnight by Oriental roles.

She portrayed Ming Toy in *East Is West* and the Princess Image in *The Willow Tree* so realistically that enthusiastic press agents and managers had to be suppressed in their efforts to support the growing be-

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lief that she was either part Chinese or Japanese.

Bainter eyebrows and slanting eyes became the rage among the debutante devotees of the theatre.

Only recently Fay gave the screen a fitting demonstration of her peculiar talents when she portrayed a Tartar woman in *Michael Strogoff*.

■ Temperamental? Yes, we would say that Miss Bainter has her share of temperament, but she has the rare gift of being able to "temper" her temperament, if you know what we mean.

As that astute director, Gregory La Cava, says: "I wouldn't give a plugged nickel for an actress who wasn't full of fireworks. I like 'em with red-hot inflammable temperaments."

As a person, the erstwhile exotic actress is the best dog-goned chicken raiser, egg gatherer and vegetable grower in New York state, at least, according to her enthusiastic description of her own bucolic pursuits. Believe it or not, the aristocratic lady of the theatre actually markets her farm produce.

She is generous to a fault and extravagant as the devil at times, but how she can barter and bargain in the matter of eggs and vegetables!

Her greatest infatuations are her husband and son, Reginald Venable, and Reginald Venable, Jr.

Reginald, Senior, is a retired United States Naval officer and looks after the farm while Fay is in Hollywood. Reginald, Junior, is fourteen and a student in an Eastern prep school.

She isn't much of a party girl, so this is one side of Hollywood that won't know her. Like all good farmers, she is strictly an "early to bed, early to rise" person when she can get away with it.

Her cooking is famous. She doesn't play tennis, golf or badminton; she does ride horseback, swims and she can sail a boat.

■ In appearance she is fashionably slender, medium-height, chic in dress, distinguished in bearing. She is undeniably attractive, yet more striking than beautiful. Hers is a most complex face, because of its mobility. Thoroughly American in features, yet there are fleeting expressions, moods in which a keen observer may detect that odd quality that enables La Bainter to essay exotic roles so convincingly.

No linguist, yet she can speak any dialect whether it be a Southern honey drawl, a harsh Cockney jargon or a Chinese sing-song with convincing realism.

Hollywood is predicting stardom for her in 1938, but any laurels she wins in pictures will rest very easily on her proud head. After all, she has worn her many successes well for years.



Remember William Haines? He is a very successful interior decorator in Hollywood, though this picture was taken while on a vacation in Miami at the Roney-Plaza Cabana Sun Club



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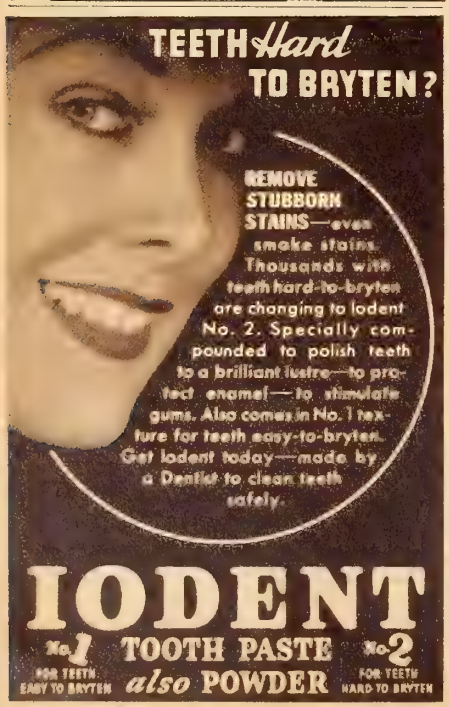
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[*Continued from page 25*]

about here (Joe marked a place on the sidewalk) get up and walk past her. Don't hurry—make it a sort of promenade, see."

We nodded to let him know we saw, and then he went on to the other tables and explained what the other extras were to do. It all sounded very simple and it looked like an easy way to make eight bucks plus a day. I said as much to Miss Whatshername and she sort of grunted and told me "to shut up; the whistle was going to blow." Which it did, a long, piercing shriek, and believe me, it was "the minute before shooting, and all over the shops, not a creature was stirring—not even the props."

Claudette, clad in a white dress, and looking prettier than ever, takes up a position at the farther end of the street. Under her arm is a brown paper package containing the lower half of a pajama suit which, but a moment before (in the story), she has purchased in a department store and over which she has had a violent argument with Gary. In this scene all she has to do is to walk around a tiny park, pass our tables, and then pause for a moment or two in front of an open-air newsstand. All I have to do, according to very definite instructions from Joe Le Fer, is to leave my table when she goes by and walk out of camera range.

■ The whistle blows again, a shrill, ear-splitting blast and Director Lubitsch yells, "Quiet, pleese! Turn 'em! Action!" Claudette, as jaunty as you please, comes tripping lightly past my table and when she reaches the chalk mark I arise with Miss Whatshername and as jaunty as you please we start on our thirty-foot trek out of the picture.

Mr. Editor, you can argue with me until my dying day and still fail to convince me that Miss Whatshername didn't trip me! One second I was tripping along as lightly as Claudette and the next second I was tripped—and if you don't think there's a world of difference in those two words, ask Lubitsch! There I was, as flat on my face as a pancake in a skillet, with roars of laughter rolling over me like waves on a beach. Not only my ears, but my whole body was red. Miss Whatshername whispered "ham" in my ear as she helped me to my feet and Lubitsch yelled, "Whoa! Whoa! Vot iss dis? Vill somebody tell dot dumb guy how he should valk? Okay. Ve take it again. Quiet, pleese!"

The second "take" didn't take because Claudette failed to keep within the side-line markers. The third one missed an okay because the waiters, hovering about the tables "acted," declared the director, "as though dey were lazy." The fifth trial got his "Okay! Checks!" however, and in honor of the occasion he lit one of those long, black cigars that he smokes one after the other.

■ In the next shot, a semi-close-up, Claudette walks away from the newsstand, passes the Hotel Duval and crosses a street intersection. Director Lubitsch, nervous as a cat with ten kittens, and puffing on his cigar like a freight engine going up a mountain grade, walks back and forth, hands clasped tightly behind his back, while keeping those sharp, intense eyes of his on everything that's going on. "Now," he says, suddenly, "diss iss important, and ven Miss Colbert leaves de newsstand, you people go from heah to heah, and from heah to heah—like diss." He acts it all out. Then he looks at me, smiles genially and adds, "and no tripping, pleese, my friend."

I feel like an old trouper when he shouts "Okay! Checks!" on the first take. It's eleven-thirty by now and I'm hot and hungry and when Joe Farnalla yells, "One hour for lunch!" I'm the first one in the commissary. Miss Whatshername is second. She straddles the stool next to me and I'm stuck for the lunch which was all right except for her suggestion that I order a "ham" sandwich. She apologized between the first and second bite saying that she'd been out the night before with a guy who must have been drinking rubbing alcohol judging from the way he kept trying to paw her and her temper was still at the boiling point. She said I might do better during the afternoon if I knew something about the plot of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. I said "Okay! Checks!" just like Lubitsch.

■ So here is Miss Whatshername's birdseye view of the story:

"The seven-times married Michael Brandon (Gary Cooper), American multi-millionaire, finds himself in one heck of a fix in a department store on the French Riviera (that's where we've been working, you dope) and gets out only when Nicole De Loiselle (Claudette Colbert) comes to his rescue. Michael has tried to buy only the coat of a pajama suit but it's no dice with the store manager until Nicole barges in and agrees to buy the trousers. Why? Because the man she's shopping for never wears tops, that's why. Brandon gives her the once-over and falls for her right away. At the same time he's all in a dither about the guy she's shopping for—whether or no he's husband, father, or sweetie. He discovers the next day that the man is none other than Nicole's papa, a sly, improvident old rascal (Edward Everett Horton) who agrees to arrange a meeting between his daughter and Brandon. Nicole has learned about Brandon's marrying habits and doesn't like it. Later, however, she agrees to marry him, but only on her own terms. Before the preacher makes them one, she says, she wants 100,000 bucks a year income—and in advance! Smart girl. She gets it. But all Brandon gets is a scad of poison pen letters. Then he gets a detective to find out the name of the writer. Nicole, the real author, wins the dick over to her side of the fence—are you listening?"

I said I was and Miss Whatshername went on after shoving the lunch check toward me.

"Brandon decides to pull a fast one by announcing he is to leave for Brussels, his idea being to hurry back and surprise Nicole, but Nicole hires an ex-pug to act as her lover and to beat up on Brandon the first chance he gets. Things go haywire. An old family friend calls and the ex-pug bops him for the full count thinking he is Brandon. Nicole holds the old family friend in her bedroom and when hubby finally appears and sees him, he gives up.

"Nicole, like a lot of other dames who suffer from husband trouble, finds she has won all the battles but has lost the war—which is no feather in her matrimonial cap if you ask me. Well, to make a short synopsis shorter, Brandon enters a sanatorium, to get away from it all, but Papa De Loiselle, on a spending spree with Nicole's dough, buys the joint and personally sees to it that the estranged couple meet and go into a happy, all's well that ends well ending. Now let's go back on the set, dope."

■ Right here, Mr. Editor, is where the crap game came in and my seven bucks went out. Miss Whatshername led me over to a bunch of the boys who were whooping it up with the galloping dominoes, busted into the game with two-bits, made seven straight (?) passes and walked away with her sock full of folding money. It's a painful story, Mr. Editor, and I don't care to dwell on it—but believe me, the memory lingers on!

It's Gary's turn to take a walk when Director Lubitsch yells "Action! Camera!" promptly at one o'clock. Gary has put on a little weight since I saw him perform in *Marco Polo* and looks fine. He takes the same journey that Claudette did in the morning, but, since he's supposed to be following her, Lubitsch urges him to walk as fast as "any young man would who iss trying to catch up vit de girl he has just fallen in love vit." And Gary does just that, stepping out in those long strides of his, eyes straight ahead, a determined look on his lean, tanned face. Everything would have been just fine and dandy if I hadn't sneezed when he passed me. Gary stopped as though shot when I started my nasal serenade. I can't say as much for Lubitsch who jumped three feet in the air and came down running toward me. He was angrier than a pocketful of hornets for a minute, but he managed a grin. "Young man," he warned me in a mock-serious tone of voice, "dot vas de most expensive sneeze I bet you ever took. Look! Ven you feel another coming, rub de side of your nose like diss. Dot takes de tickle avay. So. Now ve try it again. Action! Camera!"

Lubitsch called it a day at four-thirty, called me a "pretty fair" extra and smiled his "Okay! Checks!" when I said I'd be around the next morning.

Well, it's all over and done with now, as I write this and I'm in full agreement with Miss Whatshername (I wish I'd gotten her telephone number!) who frankly said that as an actor I'd be a better ditch-digger. At that it was a great experience and if you ever come to Hollywood and are pestered to death by a guy who keeps saying over and over that he worked in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* with Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert, you'll know it's me.

"Okay! Checks!"



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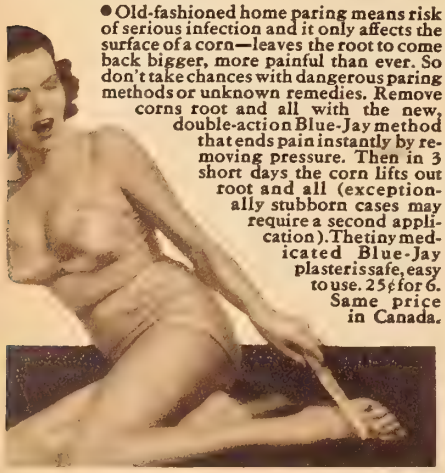
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Don Terry, now making *American Legion* at Columbia, thinks it is easy to break into Hollywood. All you have to do is not try, if his experience is an example

Actor by Accident

He wanted to be a heavy-weight fighter, but chance took a hand

By EDGAR SOUTHPAUGH

■ Into the discard, so far as Don Terry, Columbia contract player, is concerned, goes that old and often proved Hollywood saying: They Never Come Back. For, after eight years spent on Broadway in such shows as *The Front Page, Holiday, Please Do Not Disturb,* and at various "barn theatres"—among them the famous Locust Valley Playhouse—this capable, handsome and husky actor is back in Hollywood.

Therefore you can credit Old Man Fate with another swift kick in the vestibule of his trousers since Actor Terry was so certain he'd be here for only one picture that he bought a round-trip ticket when he shoved off from New York. So pleased was Columbia with his work in *Dangerous Adventure,* his talking debut, that the studio grabbed the second half of his round-tripper and exchanged it for a long-term contract.

Terry's real name is Donald Prescott Loker. The actor's family tree has sprouted numerous branches that have contributed outstanding personalities to American history. There's the Colonel Prescott, for instance, who commanded the Revolutionary troops at Bunker Hill. Another is Henry Loker, slave trader, who was mentioned by name in Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

■ Actor Terry was educated at Phillips Andover Academy and Harvard University, graduating from the latter in 1929. He took part in several Hasty Pudding shows during his collegiate years but displayed little, if any, leanings toward the stage as a career. Outside of his studies his chief interest was in the ungentle art of fisticuffs and he learned how to swing leather well enough not only to become the heavyweight boxing champion of his school, but to be declared the winner of three intercollegiate boxing tournaments.

■ "I was headed for 'down under' in 1929," explained Terry when we asked him to tell how he got into the acting business, "to appear in amateur bouts under the patronage of a wealthy friend of mine. The idea that I'd ever be an actor never entered my mind. One night, Charles Francis Coe, the author, saw me in a Hollywood restaurant and introduced himself. Coe, in his time, could swing a mean pair of dukes and our talk, mostly,

was devoted to boxing. I went on to San Francisco and was just checking out of my hotel when I received a wire from Coe asking me to appear in a film version of *Me, Gangster*, a novel of the prize ring then running in a national magazine. I took a boat as I had planned, but it was a coastwise one bound for Los Angeles. I made two other pictures before I called it quits."

Turning his back on a promising screen career, Terry, with adventure stirring his blood, went on a long South Seas cruise with F. W. Murnau during which the German director sought location setting for his picture, *Tabu*.

■ "I returned to New York after that trip," Terry says, "and wound up on Broadway as a leading man playing in a great number of shows between 1930 and 1937. My summer vacations were spent on the barn theatre circuit. I had no intention of ever coming to Hollywood until the day I walked out of the cast of a play I considered unsuitable for me. Friends finally persuaded me to come here for just one picture. Next thing I knew I had my name to a long-term contract with Columbia, cast in *American Legion*. I guess I'm here to stay."

There seems to be a pretty well established rumor that Terry is going to knock 'em as cold in Hollywood as he did when he was the master boxer of Harvard. In other words, they're betting he's a winner.



Charlie McCarthy was so affected by the enthusiastic response to his acting in *The Goldwyn Follies* that he had to be carried out of the theatre after the preview. Edgar Bergen looks pleased, too, but who wouldn't with Andrea Leeds along?

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

IN OLD CHICAGO (Twentieth Century-Fox)

■ There is something terrible and fascinating about fire. And it is sluggish blood, indeed, that does not race faster when the sirens wail past, hurrying to quench a one alarm brush blaze in a back lot.

For that reason, *In Old Chicago* is assured of special attention on the part of audiences, for it contains a holocaust beyond the wildest hopes of a modern fire-bug.

In 1870, Chicago was a sprawling city built of wood. In 1937, three acres on top of a windy little hill near Twentieth Century-Fox studios were covered by full-sized replicas of certain portions of the city. Once it was set alight by orders of Producer Kenneth MacGowan, it burned for three days—three notable days for the picture.

Against the background of defiant flames, thousands of extras enact the confusion, the despair, the terror of an entire city caught in a great catastrophe and helpless against it. There is a shocking uproar of crashing timbers, collapsing walls, screams of hysterical refugees, hoarse voices shouting conflicting commands, the bellow of frenzied cattle and the combat of flames and water from the inadequate pumps, as the camera moves for what seems like hours from one portion of the conflagration to another.

The first part of the picture is lavish, elaborate, long and rather routine except for the telling introduction in which Alice Brady, as a pioneer woman, sees her husband killed on the vast empty plains of the middle west. Miss Brady has tossed aside that frenetic over-emphasis and the exaggerated gesturing which marks so many of her screen roles, and plays Mrs. O'Leary straight to great effect. One of the O'Leary sons (Don Ameche) is very very good and gets to be mayor. One of the sons (Tyrone Power) is slick and filled with charm, and he gets to be boss of the underworld. So they fight it out during the fire with the assistance of a huge cast of good supporting players and Alice Faye, who plays the darling of the dance halls with a heart of gold.

BUCCANEER (Paramount)

■ Romantic in the best tradition of pirate tales, *Buccaneer* contains far more than a reasonable quota of plank-walkings, hangings, sudden deaths and innocent merriment among the brutal sea-dogs of Lafitte's fleet.

Fredric March makes a colorful figure as Lafitte and swaggers tirelessly through dangers on land and hazards on sea.

The story deals with Revolutionary days when the trained British troops were pushing the hard-pressed back-woods volunteers under Andrew Jackson perilously close to New Orleans. A little advantage, one way or the other, meant the failure or the success of the Revolution.

And Lafitte had that little advantage. At his command were a thousand men. They were outcasts, cut-throats and refugees from every part of the world whose mis-deeds had driven them to the dubious security of his pirate flag. Lafitte, himself, was brazen about his calling. Openly, he sold loot from scuttled vessels. He had but one rule, and that he enforced strictly. No vessel flying the American flag must be molested.

The plot hinges on the sinking of an American ship through disobedience of one of his lieutenants. All aboard her are drowned, with the exception of a little Dutch maiden (Franciska Gaal) who is saved to introduce touches of cuteness and coquetry so simple that one fears for the little girl's good sense. The part is none too credible, but it does show Miss Gaal to distinct advantage. Akim Tamiroff scores with his interpretation of the sentimental pirate who is impelled by the trusting ways of the little waif to neglect a good deal of the slaughtering expected of a pirate. Margot Grahame looks very handsome in picturesque costumes of a southern belle. Walter Brennan as an uncouth orderly and Hugh Sothern as General Jackson contribute the most convincing characterizations though you'll enjoy the work of the enormous cast as it re-enacts the exciting incidents of the struggle for independence.

There is plenty of furious fighting, of swash-buckling romance and dangerous adventure, so you'll do very well to see this latest Hollywood interpretation of history.

I MET MY LOVE AGAIN (United Artists)

■ The girl (Joan Bennett) and the boy (Henry Fonda) were whole-heartedly in young idealistic love. But they could not be married until he had completed his college course and had started on his career.

In a moment of rebellion against her comfortable but monotonous life with her aunt (Dame May Whitty), the girl impulsively married a charmingly irresponsible author (Alan Marshal) the day after she first met him.

The second half of this engaging film deals with the girl's return, ten years later, a widow with a little daughter. She finds the boy embittered, coldly enduring his life as a professor and his possessively interfering sister and mother.

Much stands in the way of the recapture of romance between the two. The little girl is resentful. The boy's mother is jealous. The sister meddles. And there is a love-smitten school girl who complicates matters beyond endurance by threats of suicide.

Speculations about what might have been are a fascinating pastime with nearly everyone, and for that reason the film has especial appeal.

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (United Artists)

■ Merle Oberon returns to the screen after an absence of some months in a film notable chiefly for very good Technicolor and an excellent cast. It is a definitely absurd farce, made in London by Korda, and played with rather too much vigor by Miss Oberon, who is at her most appealing in serious roles.

When fog blankets the city, guests at a fancy dress ball are forced to spend the night in a hotel, already filled to overflowing. Rather than spend an uncomfortable night in the lobby, Leslie (Miss Oberon) insists upon sharing a suite with a stranger (Laurence Olivier). He is a barrister. When his best friend drops in the next day to get a divorce because his wife has spent the night with another man, the young barrister quite naturally supposes that Leslie is the woman.

In the best traditions of the domestic farce, the film worries its way through many misunderstandings to a happy ending.

SWING YOUR LADY (Warners)

■ All you need to know about this film is that Louise Fazenda plays a lady-blacksmith who, though inexperienced in the more delicate art of rassling, finds herself matched with Nat Pendleton. Your imagination will do the rest.

Humphrey Bogart plays the barn-storming promoter. Frank McHugh adds comedy as the anxious trainer and also prominent in the cast are Allen Jenkins, Penny Singleton and the Weaver Brothers and Elviry.

One of the biggest moments in the film is when an enraged man-mountain hillbilly, whipped to animal frenzy by jealousy, puts his whole heart into the annihilation of Pendleton in the ring.

PARADISE FOR THREE (M-G-M)

■ Fritz (Robert Young) couldn't get a job, but he had striking success winning contests. His landlady was beginning to show signs of active discontent at being paid in electric trains, washing machines and other awards. She rebelled when the mail brought in another prize: two weeks in the Alps as the grand winner of the Tobler Soap contest. So Fritz had to go himself.

What he didn't know was that old man Tobler (Frank Morgan) had won second prize under a false name, and also was bound, but under the quickly assumed name of Schultz, for the resort.

The hotel, tipped off by Tobler's anxious house-keeper (Edna May Oliver), becomes confused. Fritz is given princely treatment meant for old man Tobler, who in turn is given a chilly run-around.

Mary Astor as a designing breach-of-promise expert, Florence Rice as the love interest, Reginald Owen as the harrassed valet, Henry Hull and Herman Bing add comedy to the slight story.

NEW AUDIOSCOPIKS (M-G-M)

■ When you see the strange word, "Audioscopiks" in front of a theatre, don't hesitate. Go in and take a look at one of the most remarkable short subjects you've ever seen.

As you are seated, you will be given a piece of cardboard in which are mounted two bits of cellophane, one red and one green. You look at the picture through it, and get an almost alarming effect of a third dimension.

Smoke rings appear to float toward you over the footlights. Knives, flung by a player, are aimed straight at your heart, and it is a strong-willed person who does not flinch when the first piece of furniture hurtles directly at him.

RADIO CITY REVELS (RKO-Radio)

This is a pleasant musical all about a song writer (Bob Burns) who could compose only in his sleep, and who falls into the clutches of two down-and-out denizens of Tin Pan Alley (Jack Oakie and Milton Berle). Their problem is to keep him asleep. Tap dancer Ann Miller, singer Kenny Baker and laugh-makers Helen Broderick and Victor Moore help keep him and the audience awake.

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(From a letter by Mrs. W. T., New York, N. Y.)



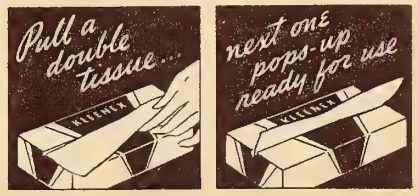
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(From a letter by Mrs. H. E. B., Pasadena, Calif.)

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(From a letter by Mrs. W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)



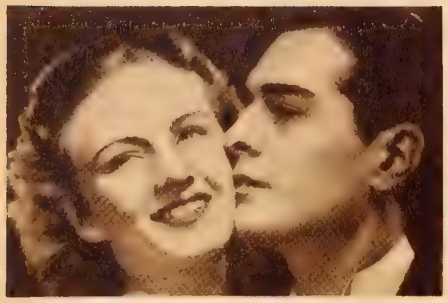
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it Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time



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SPRINGTIME IS CLEAN-UP TIME



Lovely Merle Oberon, currently seen in *The Divorce of Lady X*, symbolizes the springtime freshness which this article tells you how to achieve

By ANN VERNON

■ If you're a good housewife and take pride in the appearance of your home, you're beginning to think about spring housecleaning. There are rugs to be cleaned, new curtains to be hung, shabby spots to be brightened up with slip covers or fresh coats of paint. It all means extra work—but you never remember that, once your house is all shining and fresh to let in the April sunshine.

Whether you are a housewife or not, you should adopt this same attitude toward a springtime refurbishing of your face, your hair and your figure. Beauty is apt to have a kind of dustiness about it after a long winter. Hair is dry and dull after too much steam heat. Skin is coarse or blemished after too little exercise and too much heavy food. And, alas! figures are so often the worse for wintertime relaxation.

And what earthly good is a be-flowered Easter bonnet atop ungroomed hair—or a smart tailored suit that's too tight across the hips?

■ One of the best ways to start a spring cleaning campaign on yourself is to roll up your sleeves and clean up your dressing table. I've noticed so often that the girl whose dressing table and bathroom are neat and correctly equipped is the girl who simply mows everybody down with her own good looks. Constance is the best example of this that I can cite. I have seen her at work, at parties, and in her own little apartment during those lazy, house-coated sessions that girls love—and always her perfect grooming is a source of satisfaction to me.

She proves all my beauty theories, for although she is not beautiful, she is a joy

to look at. Her dark hair always glistens with health and cleanliness; her skin has that clear, clean look; her nail polish is always impeccable and her clothes fresh and dainty.

Let's take a peek at Connie's closet-dressing room. It's lined with shelves all tricked out in pink and blue ruffles. On the dressing table is a lighted make-up mirror that enables her to make up as carefully as a movie star. Ranged around it are boxes of tissues and cotton, jars of cleansing and night cream, bottles of tonics and astringents, face powder, rouge and eye cosmetics.

In the bathroom on glass shelves are her dusting powder, colognes, toilet soaps, hair brushes and boxes for miscellaneous gadgets arranged so that she can get at them quickly when she has overslept in the morning, or has a surprise dinner date. I hope that you will be as impressed as I was at Connie's orderly design for beauty —and that you will copy her.

■ When you've finished overhauling and replenishing your dressing table, then give your winter-weary pores a break by going in for a regime of soap and water in large quantities. Try taking a warm scented bath at night, a cooler, refreshing shower in the morning.

If you're looking for a bargain in a beauty soap, I have just the dish for you —a bland facial soap now out in bath size. It has always been a favorite beautifier of mine for its mildness, for its quick, rich lather and its vitamin content, so I was delighted when I discovered that it was coming out in big bertha proportions. So will you be, once you try it. Four of these large cakes cost around 60 cents.

■ Another beauty discovery that should play a major part in your spring clean-up campaign—and in your daily life thereafter—is a two-way preparation that I saw in the making. It's a snowy white crystalline product derived from corn that can be used as a beauty mask and also as a beauty bath. If you could see the loving care with which the raw material is put through the refining processes, you'd never believe it could be so inexpensive. After the corn is ground and washed a number of times, the starch is extracted and sent to huge, sterile vats where it is refined. Then, in a semi-liquid state it is forced through silk screens. After this it is partially dried in troughs, then rushed into "bake ovens" where the long crystals are formed, then the pretty round ones.

All of this so that you can mix a handful of it with milk or cold cream to form a beautifying mask, and throw a handful of it in your tub for a bath extraordinary. The milky bath soothes and softens your body while the mask gently stimulates your circulation and coaxes your skin to renewed rosiness and clarity. The mask is most effective when you leave it on for twenty minutes for complete relaxation, but it is grand as a five-minute hurry-up mask too. You remove it simply by rinsing off with warm water. The preparation comes in a huge blue and white box that costs only a few cents. Want the name?

■ The other day I attended a figure-control preview—an advance showing of the spring line of girdles and foundations made by a well-known manufacturer.

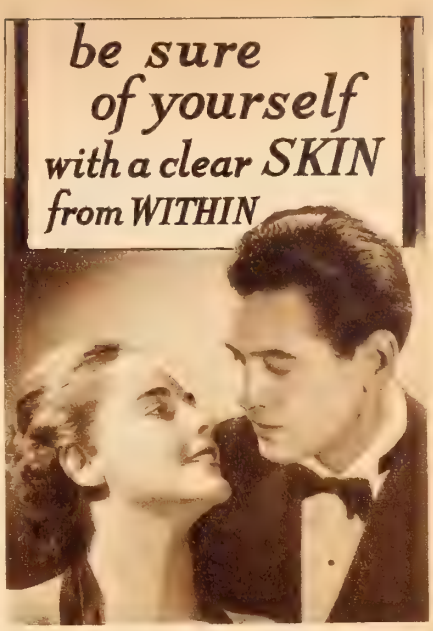
An important feature of these new spring garments is their Twin and Super Control—Twin Control for average forms. Super Control for the heavy ones—and that means restraint in all the spots where you need it.

Especially woven by this company is the lastique they use. And they use it in such a way that you get the maximum amount of flexibility necessary—no matter whether you're reaching for a high ball in tennis, bending over to tie a shoe, or merely boarding-house-reaching for that last olive. That's the trick of their trade. The manufacturer uses a one-way stretch material for the back and the front panels of the foundations—so that the garment will stretch up and down but never sideways—and on the side, a two-way bias stretch so that you get "give" all ways. The manufacturer feels the long line is going to be an essential for spring clothes—the bust will be high, the diaphragm flat, in the directoire manner. So he carries that front panel in his "combinations" up and up, to help give a bit of uplift to the bust, and shape it to spring fashions.

Two of the garments I saw seemed to be naturals. The first was a girdle, a slip-on in their new Triple Control net lastique—light and cool for all year round wear. This girdle was lightly boned in front—to hold your waist in flat for suits and tailored spring coats and dresses. Designed for a girl of medium height with an average figure (waist sizes 24-30) it's a bargain at $5. The other was an all-over combination — girdle and brassiere top combined in one garment. It too was made in the Triple Control net lastique (I saw it in a soft peach, but it comes in white also) with a net uplift brassiere. Like the girdle, it was for the gal of medium height, with average figure proportions (34 bust, 28 waist, 37 hips) but it came in the other sizes—32 to 40 bust measure. The cost was only $10—not bad when it means you can have a figure like a movie star's for this year's Easter parade. Write me for the manufacturer's name.

When his fancy turns to love,
Is it you he's thinking of?
Do you want a new spring face,
So that he will sing your grace?
Perhaps you'd like a new hair do
Especially designed for you.
If so—

Send a snapshot, or tell your troubles to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. AND be sure to enclose a self-addressed envelope with 3 cents in U. S. postage for her reply.



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Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

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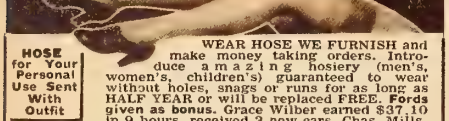


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Shirley Deane is known to millions as the Bonnie of the popular *Jones Family* series but she also is known to hundreds who enjoy buying clothes from a movie actress

Three-Career Girl

You'd think that being a rising young actress would take all of her time, but she manages to run several other businesses as well

By EDELBERT SMITH

■ Up until a few days ago when we decided to investigate the record of Shirley Deane, the 20th Century-Fox star, we would have wagered a dollar to a depression doughnut that the "you can't combine business with pleasure" maxim usually found on page one of the copybooks, was just about the truest five words ever strung together for the benefit of anyone engaged in the commercial art of trying to make two dollars grow where only one grew before.

But we're not so sure, now. And the reason we're not so sure is because the energetic Shirley has proven fairly conclusively that profits don't fly out the window when a little fun enters the business door.

Shirley, as you know if you're up on your movies, keeps herself mighty busy in pictures. There's the four or five of *The Jones Family* films each year besides three or four others. It's hard and exacting work, but it's a lot of fun and she enjoys every minute she's on the set. But it wasn't enough. Hating idleness like some folks hate mother-in-laws, she decided a while back that she would take up the slack in her time by becoming a business woman.

■ "Just the minute my friends heard about it," says Shirley, "they pounced on me like a banker on a mortgage. I was in for plenty of good, old-fashioned headaches. I was bound to throw good money after bad. Whatever venture I had in mind would peter out within six months. That's not all my friends said. But it gives you an idea. So—"

In due time she rented space in a vacant store on Wilshire Boulevard, stocked it up with dress goods, hired a couple of nifty-looking salesgirls—and in such a manner was her first dress shop born. There is a little more detail to it than this, but in all essentials that's about how it happened. And, to the utter consternation of her well-wishing friends and critics, the Shirley Deane Dress Shop was off to a flying start. The cash register kept on echoing to the pleasant sound of money. And it still is.

Before long she was turning a business eye toward Palm Springs, the famous

desert resort located about 130 miles away from Hollywood as the screen vacationists fly. And once again her well-meaning friends and severest critics began laying it on thick. No girl alive could be in three places at once—in pictures, in the little store on Wilshire Boulevard, and at Palm Springs. What she'd make in one she'd lose in another. And so on and so on. Therefore, says Shirley—

"I opened a shop in Palm Springs. Not a swanky one by any means, but good enough to attract the resort trade. It's making a little money and it's keeping me busy. Of course, as my friends pointed out, I can't possibly be in three places at once, but when I'm making a picture I'm able to keep a close check on how things are going at Palm Spring and on Wilshire Boulevard. The stores are so well organized now that they almost run themselves. I'm looking around for a good location to open a third shop, and when I do I imagine I'll again be the target for all kinds of advice from my friends. So far I've had a lot of fun in business—almost as much as in pictures—and for the life of me I can't see where I have suffered. As a matter of fact, this idea of keeping busy is the best thing that ever happened to me. It would be a good thing if other girls in pictures would go into business of some kind when they aren't before the cameras. If I can make money at it, they can. All this may sound a little bit 'school ma'amish,' but I've learned that idleness doesn't pay any more dividends in Hollywood than it does elsewhere. If any girl in pictures is looking around for thrills during her spare time let her take my advice, such as it is, and start a store of some kind."

This, coming from a girl as sensible as she is pretty, sounds like good advice—a little bit school ma'amish, as she says, but that's to be expected when you learn that Shirley spent two years in the State Teachers' College at Fresno, California.

But always a great hand to mind her "p's and q's," she decided, in 1932, that she'd never be able to teach others the trick, much less their "A, B, C's," so she called the whole thing off and went to live with her mother in San Francisco.

■ "Ever since I was a tot of seven," she says, "I had taken dancing lessons, eventually becoming expert enough to play in kiddie revues in and around Fresno. So, with the teaching idea buried forever, I went back to my hoofing. And when the Golden Gate Theatre of San Francisco held an 'opportunity contest,' I entered with a song and dance act and won, for a prize, a trip around the RKO circuit."

By the time she was ready to take the trip she received, and accepted, a bid to sing in the Bal Tabarin, one of the more popular San Francisco cafes. Two months of this and along came opportunity again knocking on her door. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to obtain dancers for the Joan Crawford picture, *Dancing Lady*, sponsored another contest and Shirley, a talented singer and dancer by now, entered and won.

"Work in this picture lasted four months," she reveals, "and before I was through I had a fairly good idea of what made the studio wheels go 'round. It appeared to me to be a very pleasant, exciting way to earn a good living, so I decided to stay."

It was about this time that Sammy Lee, out at 20th Century-Fox, originated his "stock" company plan and Shirley, walking out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, walked in at the Fox plant where for months she studied at the studio dramatic school. Here she absorbed plenty of technical knowledge, if not actual experience in front of the cameras. Occasionally, though, a bit part would come along as in *King of Burlesque, The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo,* and *Metropolitan,* but she never was considered for a good role in any important picture.

■ Things changed fast, however, when Darryl Zanuck sat down behind his big, front office desk and announced that, under the head of new and important business, he was going to give the talents of his stock girls a real try-out. Our ex-school ma'am, luckily, was first on the list, and you could have knocked her down with a two-foot strip of undeveloped film when she learned that she was to have the romantic feminine lead in *Charlie Chan at the Circus.* Mr. Zanuck, the Boss-man, believing that one good lead deserved another, found a good spot for her in *Nancy Steele Is Missing* and another in *One In A Million.* According to well-founded rumors around the Fox lot, there are other, and bigger roles to come.

Three years ago this Christmas, the studio started its immensely popular *The Jones Family* series. Shirley has been in all of them except the first. She goes by the name of Bonnie, a role that has been good for her in more ways than one. Just the other day she finished up work in *Love On a Budget,* the latest of the series, and, according to the bonny Bonnie it's one of the best and bound to assist in helping *The Jones Family* to become a movie institution.

"For a while," admits Shirley, "I was afraid that I might be identified too much for my own good in these pictures, but I don't believe so, now, since I have been cast in enough other films to take off the curse of being typed. I'm proud to be a member of *The Jones Family* for a number of reasons, mainly, though, because of the experience, the fun I derived from them, and the fact that they please so many people." Which seems like a safe and sane attitude to take on her career. Make no mistake about it, this blonde, blue-eyed Shirley Deane of the Dress Shops and motion pictures is going places in films and is doing things in business, and better yet, is having a grand time doing so.

Shirley Temple, Anne Shirley, Shirley Ross, and Shirley Deane—don't try to tell us that there isn't magic in the name!

In Next Month's HOLLYWOOD Magazine
Myrna Loy tells why
"IT TAKES THREE TO MAKE A LOVE AFFAIR"
Don't miss this amusing story



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Larvex is economical, too. One suit of clothes costs less than 17c to mothproof when Larvex is bought by the gallon.

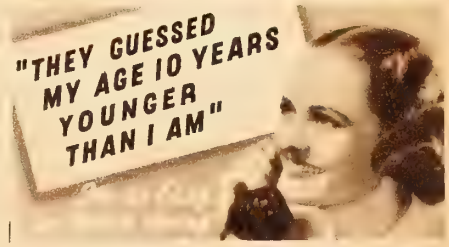


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MEN WHO BOSS THE STARS

UNBEATABLE GOLDWYN



Once, because he thought the collar of a minor player was not right, Samuel Goldwyn ordered an entire scene remade. It cost $15,000 but it was worth it to the producer whose pictures are justly famous for perfection of detail

By LUPTON A. WILKINSON

■ What is the real Sam Goldwyn? Is it Goldwyn the Lone Wolf, yelling "I am the boss?" Hundreds of people have ego and the determination to get their own way. That doesn't guarantee top product in any line.

Is it Goldwyn the Gag Man? That's merely superb press agentry. Like the Ford joke, the Goldwyn gag is just a super-successful way of g a r n e r i n g free newspaper space—plus spoken-word publicity, the most priceless of all.

There has to be a reason behind the man. His twenty-four year career as a producer stretches from the first feature length picture made in the United States—*The Squaw Man.* It rises through triumphs like *Arrowsmith* to an exciting present, when great pictures, such as *These Three, Stella Dallas, Dead End* and *The Hurricane,* roll from his studio in unbroken succession.

■ Now the public expects perfection from Goldwyn. Goldwyn expects perfection from himself. The strain must be terrible, but it's a pleasant way to go crazy. Ask Sam. He's been so good-natured lately, after seeing his last few pictures, that studio employees have been worried for his health. But he'll recover and explode them into new triumphs. He always has.

We'll take it for granted that one of Sam's qualities is the ability to learn from his own mistakes. Otherwise he'd have been in the poor-house. Some of this fellow's early boners—never let anybody tell you different—were 24-carat colossal. After discovering Gary Cooper, he let that actor get away from him for $200 a week, and later had to hire him back at $3,000 a week. He thought a screen test of Frances Howard a waste of money. That put him behind the eight-ball for life. Miss Howard became a great star in other hands. Sam looked at her one day with his eyes open—and married her. When Sam talks too big around the house about judgment and star-making, Mrs. Goldwyn just smiles. It's good for him.

There were other mistakes—plenty. Sam had Will Rogers under contract and couldn't find the formula to make a screen star of the Beloved Cowboy.

Some of Goldwyn's early pictures were flops de luxe.

■ What makes today's Sam? What is the secret of "The Goldwyn Touch," the unbroken string of successes?

It's really two secrets.

First, there's an almost insane insistence on every detail being right. It makes no difference whether the point at issue might affect the picture's box-office value or not. Sam looked not long ago at a "rush" of a scene. A group of extras, representing unemployed, formed the background.

"That third man from the right," Sam said, "is wearing too clean a collar. He's supposed to have been out of work for months, yet his collar gleams. Shoot it over."

It cost $15,000 to re-erect the set, reassemble the cast and spend a day reshooting.

Sounds extravagant? Well, it's Sam's own money. For fourteen years there's been no money behind Goldwyn pictures except Goldwyn money.

■ Sam has a sort of collar obsession. That's one of the reasons Bob Montgomery became a star. Executives all around town were looking at screen tests of the youngster. "His neck is too long," was the general verdict. "Foolish!" snorted Goldwyn. "His collar's too short." Sam wired New York—where Bob was—to have a fine tailor do some "neckwork" on the boy. An M-G-M scout saw a photo of the re-necked Montgomery. Metro beat Sam to the sign-up. Just a happy family, the picture business!

■ The capacity for worrying about all sorts of odd details that most producers would leave to assistants has caused Goldwyn to become, of all things, an inventor. He is as proud of this as he is of a great picture.

Here's the tale. For years Sam had worried about the effect of camera lights on hair. Throughout the film world it was customary to put an oily pomade on the hair in order for it to shine and show life under the Kleig lamps. Sam was never satisfied, because he said the result always looked faintly greasy. He puttered and fooled around; he talked to chemists; he began to mix concoctions of his own. He hit it, with a new and highly successful "gold" powder. Maybe I should apologize for the quotation marks, because Sam solemnly swears there is actual gold in the stuff. Andrea Leeds, newest find of "the star-maker" will be liberally sprinkled with this magic sparkle in the *Goldwyn Follies.* All the girls on the Goldwyn lot sing the new invention's praises.

■ Besides this acute, almost fanatic attention to detail, Sam has another secret strength—perhaps his greatest. He has a passion for naturalness. He simply cannot stand anything forced, anything unnatural, whether the false accent is in the name of sensation or of art. He gets art in his films by outlawing "artiness."

We begin to see how he became "the star-maker." When Merle Oberon came to

his hands, she had been cast repeatedly as an exotic oriental, her eyes slanted, her cheekbones made prominent. She went a-flutter with distress when she heard that Sam was going to toss that "typed" casting overboard. She protested.

"Listen, my dear," said Sam. "You can never do important work unless you play the role of yourself. You must act in parts in which you are natural, believable, and where your normal emotions can find expression." He played her "straight" in *Dark Angel*, and from a "type" she became a full-fledged star.

Years ago Sam walked into the lobby of a New York theatre and saw a young man staring at the posters with a certain hungry dejection, yet with an impudent, ironic smile; shoulders squared, head cocked, only the eyes tragic.

Sam asked him who he was. He was an actor out of work.

"I said to myself," said Sam, " 'This is a fellow you would always think about in connection with adventure and courage.' He had what is an actor's greatest asset—a habit-forming personality. Habit-forming from the audience's side. You just fall into the habit of liking him."

Those are Sam's words. I'm sorry there are no gags in them; but the big Goldwyn secret *is* in them.

That actor out of a job—whom Sam hired on the spot—was Ronald Colman.

Long ago Hollywood laughed at Sam for hiring most of the big writing names in the world. Many of the crack novelists couldn't do picture stories, and Sam took a licking. But he knew what he was after. He still believes that the story's the thing, and that natural, believable dialog will make stars: "Pictures make stars; stars don't make pictures."

Fifteen years before Charlie McCarthy, the redwood genius, burst on a startled world, Sam had coined a private proverb: "If you give a stick of wood good dialog, you'll have an actor."

Today he says: "Charlie McCarthy is the most real personality in Hollywood. Bergen, who writes his lines, keeps him absolutely consistent. The little wonder never steps out of character, and people *believe* in him."

The facts of his life are well-known: Polish boy with an unpronouncable name . . . running away from poverty and home in Warsaw at eleven—making his way at thirteen, in the steerage, to America . . . immigration officials stumped by the Polish name and translating it "Goldfish" . . . work in a glove factory . . . glove salesman . . . glove magnate at twenty-three . . . first movie venture with Jesse Lasky (*The Squaw Man*) . . . many partnerships . . . many quarrels because he knew what he wanted, and insisted . . . Broadway laughing at "Goldfish," so legal change of that name to Goldwyn . . . helping found Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . decision he couldn't waste time explaining ideas, therefore going it alone . . .

In the Goldwyn suite at United Artists studio three writers sat and argued with each other and Sam. This was the fifth dogfight on that particular picture. The three highly paid writers had written and re-written until their nerves went wire-haired. One of them lost his temper.

"Mr. Goldwyn," he mutinied, "are you sure you know what you want?"

Sam flushed, then suddenly smiled.

"Maybe I don't know what I want," he agreed. Then his voice cracked. "But when you get it into the script, I'll know it."

The world might as well prepare for another Goldwyn. Sam, Jr., now eleven years old (the same age at which his father started into the world alone) is practically a duplicate.

Three years ago, when Sammy was eight, a visitor at the Goldwyn home was checking the youngster's arithmetic.

"Sam," he asked, "if you had thirteen cents and lost ten cents, how much would you have left?"

The Goldwyn heir thought this over for a long minute.

"Why," he wanted to know, with quiet wonder, "should I lose ten cents?"



How to Live on Practically Nothing

[*Continued from page 23*]

When it was gone I sold the radio. This was supposed to be a strictly cash, twenty-five dollar deal, but when the man came to the house to take it away he didn't have the money. He agreed to pay three dollars down and three dollars a week until paid for and I finally accepted his offer. That weekly income was a life-saver."

■ It got to a point, finally, where there was nothing more to be sold and Marie appointed herself a committee of one to devise ways and means to take care of the family larder.

Listed as No. 1 in the ways and means column set up to provide provender for six was an ingenious and effective little scheme to which can be credited the honor of bringing home the hamburger—if not the bacon.

"I will never forget the first time I tried it," confesses Marie. "I felt more nervous than on the day I took a screen test. I felt pretty much ashamed, too, but we needed meat, and so—"

And so, when the boy friend took her out that night she "just happened to remember," as they passed a brightly-lighted market, that she had promised her mother to bring home some hamburger for the dog. It was a very big dog, she explained when her escort drew up at the curb and hopped out to play errand boy. It was a very big dog, she repeated, and ate as much as two pounds of meat at a meal—if it was good.

"The family had hamburger for dinner the next day," says Marie, "the only taste of meat they'd had in a week. And they had it as many as four and five times a week thereafter—for many weeks to come. We had it so much that even to this day I hate the very sound of the word. We even had it for Christmas that year and if it neither looked, smelled, nor tasted like turkey, it was food and we were very thankful for it. As a safeguard against getting caught in my deception I was very careful never to accept a date with the same boy twice."

■ This scheme worked out so well that Marie began to devise others. It wasn't long before she made an arrangement with a nearby florist to take back the flowers admiring friends sent her. She didn't get full value, but she did receive many a welcome dollar. She applied the same procedure to gifts of candy, making an arrangement with a candy shop to take back—at a reduced price—the boxes of sweets.

"One of my chief problems," she reveals, "was how to keep enough gasoline in my car so that I could continue my parade up and down Hollywood Boule-



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yard. I solved it this way. Whenever a boy called to take me out I'd insist that we go in my car and then, when we were too far away from home to turn back and take his, I'd suddenly discover that my gas tank was empty. I'd stop the car, look in my purse and find it empty, too. I was always careful to stop near a gas station. The attendant would fill up the tank, my escort would pay for it—and presto! I had enough gas to keep the car going for another day or so."

Usually, though, Marie traveled around with scarcely more than a gallon in her tank and if she found she couldn't get home with what she had she'd borrow fifteen cents from some one, drive into a station and say, "Give me four quarts." She never borrowed more than fifteen cents, she says, because it was too hard to pay back more than that.

Marie practiced three months of this genteel gold-digging before she got a break. Going down Hollywood Boulevard one day, and looking like a million dollars in her mink coat and Sunday duds, she bumped into Douglas Churchill, a newspaper man. Fortunately for Doug and his car, Marie, as usual, was driving in low gear so the bump didn't amount to much. It brought Doug out of his car, however, ready to shout a tirade against women drivers. He was all wound up to tell Marie off, but when he got a good look at the blonde beauty smiling at him he forgot to be tough. He forgot everything except the thought that here was a girl who "ought to be in pictures" and with both cars parked at the curb, he rushed Marie into a drug-store, called up an official at RKO and shouted that "he had just discovered the most gorgeous blonde in Hollywood and that he was bringing her right down for a test!"

Marie had her test at four that afternoon and the next day signed a contract —and a week later was given a bit part in *Down to Her Last Yacht.*

"We had a celebration at home that night," smiles Marie, "and instead of hamburger we had Swiss steak—paid for, this time, with my own money. It took six weeks to shoot the picture and I got $10 a day. I thought I was in the movies for good. I thought I was really on Easy Street and that I'd never have to smell or eat hamburger again—but you never can tell in Hollywood. It was eight months before I got another part! And before I did my money was gone and we were back on our depression diet. Not only that, but I was soon back on my old, sure-fire tricks of gold-digging."

To help save gas Marie used to coast from the top of her hill home clear down to Sunset Avenue, a distance of better than three miles. Neighbors say, now, that they rigged up a huge gong and whenever she started to coast they'd kick it around with pieces of iron pipe as a warning for children to clear out of the streets below.

It was about a month after she had finished her picture that she revealed the most shining example of business acumen—a promotional scheme that was in truth a life-saver. A block away from where she lived was a cluster of little shops that were doing, so the owners said, just enough business to pay current bills. Traffic was so heavy and so fast that no one seemed to have time to stop. A stop sign would help, they said, but every committee that had pleaded with city hall officials had been turned down.

"It occurred to me," says Marie, "that I might do something to help. At least it wouldn't hurt to try. I didn't know where the city hall was located, but I told them I did and that I knew a few important officials that might listen to me. First, though, before I did anything, they'd have to sign a paper agreeing to give me credit at their shops for whatever I wanted for as long as I wanted. Mother's investments hadn't turned out as well as she had hoped, I told the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker sorrowfully, and the only silver we'd have for the next few months would be what we could scrape up from the linings of the clouds the poets rave about. After a long look at my mink coat, my good clothes, and the big car, they finally decided I was worth the risk and each, in turn, signed the agreement I had written up.

"The next day I drove down to the city hall, found the proper officials, and put on my stop sign sales talk. There was a lot of hemming and haw-hawing after I finished, and I turned on my heel and made what I thought was a grand exit. I tried a different style of approach the next day with the same result, but I refused to quit. Finally, after my sixth visit, they told me to stay home and give them a chance to catch up on their work. Two weeks later a crew of men came out and believe me, there was much rejoicing in the Wilson household when we saw the stop sign go up. I got all the store credit I needed, my family had proper food, and if we were short of actual money we didn't mind. I felt pretty proud of that accomplishment. I still do."

Well, if you ask us, she should. Any sixteen-year-old who can face and whip adversity as Marie did ought to feel proud.

Her next picture was a small part in *Babes in Toyland.* The salary she received was equally divided among the shop-owners who had given her credit. The feminine lead in *My Girl Sally* came next.

Now she has a long-term contract at Warner Brothers Studio, she earns a better than good salary, exhibitors keep crying for her pictures, her fan following is enormous and when she walks down Hollywood Boulevard—on foot, now—she can paralyze her right hand signing autographs and do it in less than two blocks. The big car—mink coat—expensive clothes days of display are a thing of the past. Marie drives a puddle jumper, now; she wears simple clothes and cloth coats. She exercises a thrifty care over her money.

Yes, indeed, in more ways than one, this small-town girl has made good.

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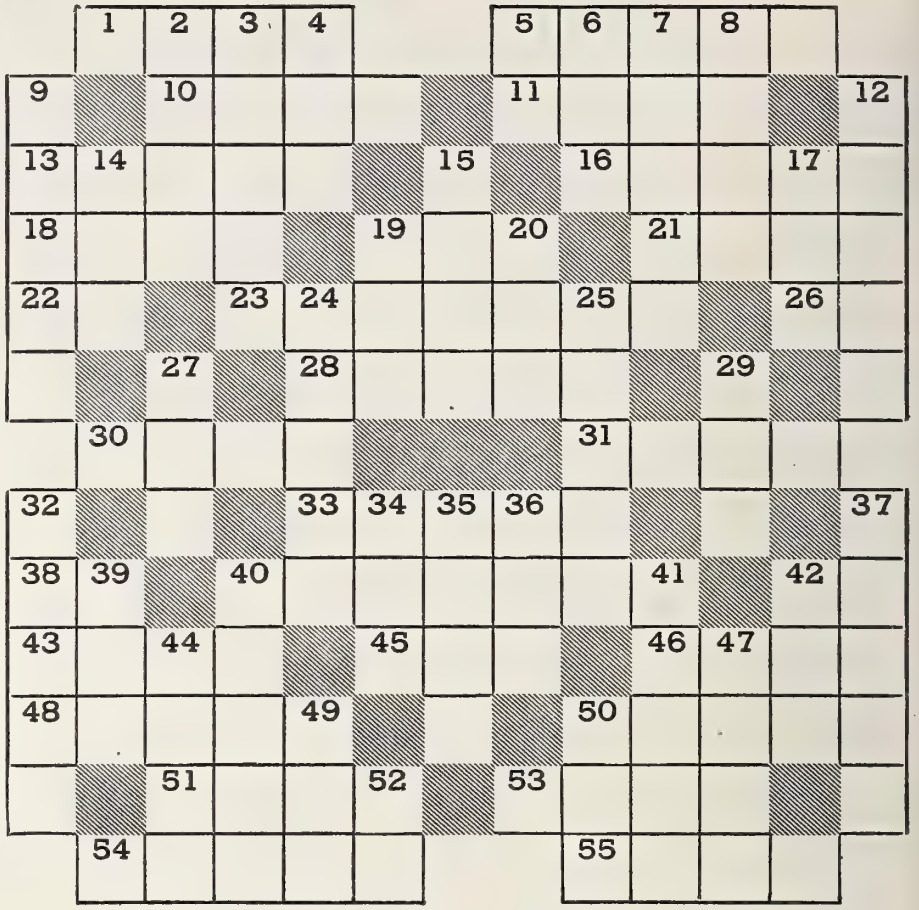
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. & 5. Fairy tale princess in Walt Disney film.
10. *Vivian Crane* in *City Girl.*
11. His last name is Boteler.
13. First name of one who portrayed queen in *Rosalie* (poss.).
16. Nino Martini's singing voice.
18. Wallace Beery's brother.
19. ——— *Quentin.*
21. First name of star who portrayed *Victoria The Great.*
22. Initials of a former wife of George Brent.
23. What many of Disney's characters are.
26. Initials of one who had title role in *Ali Baba Goes To Town.*
28. *Sally,* ——— *And Mary.*
30. Gene Autry stars in *The Old* ——— *Dance.*
31. *Karl* in *Wise Girl.*
33. Mary Carlisle was born on this day of February.
38. He was father of *Tim* in *Tim Tyler's Luck.*
40. Nationality of sleuth portrayed by Warner Oland.
42. Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy ——— starred in *Mannequin.*
43. Beatrice Lillie is Lady ———.
45. Mary Brian's native state (abbr.).
46. Beverly Ann Welch was the ——— drummer in *Merry-Go-Round of 1938.*
48. Remember Pearl White in *The* ——— *Of Pauline* (sing.).
50. *Gold Is* ——— *You Find It.*
51. First name of Mr. Novello, Birtish screen actor.
53. He was *Jean* in *Madame X.*
54. Division of a screen play.
55. Mrs. Charles Laughton.

DOWN

2. Her last name is Bryant.
3. City in Nebraska where Fred Astaire was born.
4. Short for Director Ruggles.
5. Warren William's initials.
6. The cowboy star wears a broad-brimmed one.
7. *A Girl With* ———.
8. Grace Moore's native state (abbr.).
9. *Paul* in *Mama Runs Wild.*
12. First name of star of *I'll Take Romance.*
14. One of 7 dwarfs in Disney film.
15. *The* ——— *That Kills.*
17. ——— *Mile From Heaven.*
19. Cedric Hardwicke's title.
20. First name of feminine lead in *Black Doll.*
24. Ronald Colman was born on this day of February.
25. Principal roles in screen plays.
27. Month in which Maureen O'Sullivan was born.
29. *I* ——— *My Love Again.*
32. Another of the 7 dwarfs.
34. *The* ——— *Parade.*
35. She was *Lilian Tate* in *Partners In Crime.*
36. Hero of *The Silver Trail.*
37. Lovable little half-witted dwarf.
39. First name of leading man in *Crashing Hollywood.*
40. The valet in *Bulldog Drummond's Revenge.*
41. Famous sister of John and Lionel.
42. *Armored* ———.
44. *Cosmo* in *Hitting A New High.*
47. Nickname of Mr. Skelton of *Having Wonderful Time* (poss.).
49. ——— Chaney, Jr.
50. Shirley Temple was ——— *Willie Winkie.*
52. Ray Enright (init.).

(Solution on page 57)



Five Year Vacation

Nan Grey started to Hollywood for a two weeks' vacation which stretched to five years, most of it fun

By ED JONESBOY

To learn just how close Hollywood came to losing one of its most promising young screen players, you have to go back to the summer of 1934 and to the thriving little city of Houston, Texas.

Nan Grey, 'way back in '34, was floundering around in what appeared to her to be a very big sea of trouble. Here she was, dressed up in her best bib and tucker, her pretty duds all neatly packed, the baggage locked tight—but with no place to go.

As a reward for being a good little girl, her mother had promised Nan a two-weeks vacation and here she was, eager and willing to take it, only to discover at the last moment that in the hustle and bustle of preparation for the trip, a destination had been completely overlooked!

Nan, fearful that the long-awaited holiday might be called off then and there, took time by the forelock. She also took a map and spread it out on the dining room table. Then she took a handkerchief, bound it over her eyes and with a chanted "einie, meinie, mienie, moe" placed a little forefinger on the square piece of paper. This, she told her mother, will be "it." Then she removed her finger—and "it" happened to be Hollywood!

Hollywood was an acceptable vacation spot for Mrs. Miller. She had a lot of friends there with whom she could visit. She promised daughter Nan a gay time—which was all that daughter Nan was looking for. And which she got.

A trip through the orange groves, a visit to the lion farm, a boat ride to Catalina Island, a sunny journey over the famous Rim of the World Drive were one by one scratched off the "must" list of things to see during the first week. Then came the visits while Mrs. Miller renewed old friendships and acquaintances.





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During all the excitement that usually springs from seeing new faces and new places, Nan had proven herself to be one in a million—the rare exception to a well-established Hollywood rule. She emphatically refused to go to a studio to see how motion pictures were made! That, according to Movietown, was really one for the book!

"Although they didn't openly accuse me of it," says Nan, "I'm sure mother's friends thought I was a little 'teched in the head' when I turned down invitations that other Hollywood visitors would have fought for. It simply didn't make sense for a little girl like me to appear so disinterested. They couldn't understand why I didn't care to see Clark Gable, William Powell, Joan Crawford and other screen stars in person, watch them perform before the cameras, shake hands with them on the set, get their autographs and so on. They finally decided that I was normal after mother explained that my disinterest was probably due to the fact that father was an official in the motion picture operators' union in Houston and that movies, therefore, were commonplace in my life. Which was true."

■ The sight-seeing went on as did the visits. Nan was having the time of her young life and her mother the time of hers. Toward the close of the second vacation week she ran across an old friend who had become an actor's agent. Well, if you know actor's agents you know how fast they operate when they come across new talent. This one, when she gazed on the blonde beauty of the girl from the Lone Star State, operated even faster.

In almost less time than it takes a Hollywood yes-man to give a nod to his superior, the agent brought Nan to the attention of studio executives. Now as a rule, studio executives are a pretty bored and blasé lot when it comes to listening to the smooth-as-silk sales talk of an actor's agent. Usually they listen to it with about ten pounds more than the proverbial grain of salt. But not in this particular instance.

Nan was given screen tests—all of them highly successful—and the Texas beauty was suddenly confronted by three contracts offered by as many major film companies. Being a cagey as well as a cute little trick, Nan waited until her two weeks holiday was up before finally accepting the offer made by Warner Brothers. Nobody, not even the movie moguls, she decided, was going to cheat her out of her fun.

"Besides," she confesses, "I wasn't any too pleased about the idea of becoming a screen player. Ever since I had graduated from grammar school, and even before that, I had harbored the idea of becoming a newspaper woman. It seemed to me that a career like that offered a girl all the thrills and excitement she would want. Now, by a scratch of the pen, I was 'in the movies' and I began to think that mother's friends were right, that I really was a bit 'teched in the head.'"

■ Teched or not, Warner Brothers had her in a picture before her first paycheck. If you remember *Fire Bird,* starring Ricardo Cortez and Verree Teasdale, you may remember the three girls who ganged up on Ricardo for autographs. Nan was the girl on the left. The one with the pencil in her hand and the engaging smile on her face.

"It was a part so small," claims Nan, "that even the prop boys refused to dignify it as a bit; but it led to the ingenue role in *Babbitt* and later to the leading feminine role in *Mary Jones' Pa.* I know, now, that I should have been deeply thrilled over my progress, but as a matter of honest fact, I wasn't even interested. Maybe I was too young."

Nan, when referring to her youth, certainly speaks a mouthful, as Joe E. Brown would say.

It may interest Warner Brothers to know that when she signed her contract, giving her age as sixteen, she was four full years removed from being correct. At twelve Nan weighed around 125 pounds, was about as tall as she is now—five feet, five inches—and it was just as easy to fool Warners as it was other people who thought she was as pretty a "sweet sixteen" as they'd ever gazed upon.

It's been a long time since we were twelve, but we have a recollection that it's a mighty tender age to be thinking of anything much more serious than being just twelve. The phrase, "maybe I was too young" should be—and undoubtedly is—the true and only reason for her lack of enthusiasm over the picture business.

■ She'll be seventeen next July—in case you want to send her a birthday greeting—and her attitude toward a movie career has been, by now, completely reversed. She's out at Universal, at present, under a long-term contract, and working like a little nailer to make a name for herself. Her one ambition is to be able one day to act as well as Bette Davis. That, surely, is setting herself quite a task, but if there is any reward in hard work and long study, you can place a bet that the Lone Star beauty who left her little Grey home in the South on a vacation only to become a rising movie star, will make good. She's turned out to be that kind of a girl.

■ Until she reaches the age of 18, Nan is under the jurisdiction of the State of California. By law she is allowed to work only eight hours a day. Her health and leisure are carefully supervised. Her education is in charge of Miss Mary West, a duly accredited teacher appointed to the studio school by the state. At present the only pupils Miss West has are Deanna Durbin and Nan, and both, she says, are better than "A" students.

A pleasant, cheerful home life is provided for the Texas beauty by a close friend of her mother's, who acts in the three-way capacity of friend, advisor, and confidante. "It's like living with an older sister," is the way Nan puts it.

One of the greatest thrills our rising young screen star ever experienced arrived on the day when the state permitted her to handle her own money.

"Up until then," Nan says, "I had to

have my checks counter-signed before they were any good. Now my own signature is enough, and it seems as though, now, I'm really spending my own money. You should have seen me buying Christmas presents."

Yeah, and from what we have learned since, you should have seen her when the Texas Mustangs came to town November 20th to show the West Coast how the longhorns could toss a football around. Nan appointed herself as a committee of one for the entertainment purposes, and she certainly put a big dent in her finances showing the boys from her home state a good time.

While she never has been accused of looking at a penny twice before spending it, she's already learned the lesson of prudence, and budgets her income so that when the rainy day ever comes she'll have something more substantial to fall back upon than memories.

■ To Henry Koster who directed her in *Three Smart Girls* goes much of the credit for making her see the light so far as a serious career in pictures is concerned. She's a smart girl now, and hopes to be smarter.

Since coming to Universal Nan has hopped right out of one picture into the next. *The Great Impersonation, His Night Out, Sutter's Gold, Crash Donovan, Rough Water, Love in a Bungalow, Men in Blue, Deadlocked* and *Three Smart Girls* are listed among the films she has to her credit. Right now she's working opposite Donald Woods in *The Black Doll*, one of the popular Crime Club mystery stories.

Nan refuses to ride any hobbies. She likewise refuses to spend a vacation in Honolulu because, as she says, "that is a trip I'm saving for my honeymoon—some day." Anyway, that's her story and we, for one, hope she's stuck with it—some day.

The Lone Star State is mighty proud of its contribution to Hollywood. Come two or three years more, the Texas folk say, and Nan will be right up there among the best of 'em. Out at Universal the boys in the front office say the same thing. As for Nan, she doesn't say much. All she does, mostly, is hope and work to prove that her Texas and Hollywood well-wishers are right.

How to Win Enemies

[*Continued from page* 28]

she sneezed off what make-up she started with. After while, between sneezes, she noticed the house was getting noisy. Before long, the purely academic question occurred to her: how could that much noise come out of the house when she wasn't in it?

So then Tommy (son) came out and remarked, "Mommie, the house is full of people."

"What do they want?" inquired Glenda.

Tommy went away and came back, later.

"They want you. They say you invited them to a cocktail party."

"Well, tell Teresa to mix 'em some cocktails. And then come back and hold his front feet. I got it in his eye and he's mad." Meaning Taki.

The guests missed Glenda, but they didn't start going home until Taki got in. Taki loves hors d'oeuvres. He is more finicky than the company, finding it necessary to sit in the tray while he selects the shrimp ones. He will, however, settle for anchovies. Glenda doesn't believe in spoiling him. If he won't eat anchovies, he can darn well go without.

Same way with the servants. And the caterer's men, when they come in to serve a party. Glenda doesn't believe in spoiling them, either. No indeed. She runs around and shows them how to set the table, put up the decorations, prepare the food and mix the drinks, until everyone is hysterical, especially Glenda. This is a perfect illustration of Rule 2—"Show respect for the other man's opinions. Never tell a man he is wrong." Probably covers Rule 2, also: "Dramatize your ideas." Don't get me wrong, though Glenda doesn't need an idea to dramatize. She just does it anyway.

She remembers it is time to get dressed when the first guests arrive.

■ One of the most important rules in that masterly treatise, "How to W. F. and I. P." (or "Never Be Yourself") is: "Call attention to people's mistakes indirectly."

Now our little Miss Farrell and this rule have less than practically nothing in common. ("You look terrible—where on earth did you get that hat—looks like it was dredged out of the harbor," is a stock greeting.) The Farrell type is a frank open-faced model, produced by the Irish, which believes that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and hopes you are the same. Expects you to be. This tight-rope balancing act of keeping on the good side of all and sundry by never having an idea of expressing an opinion is not for the Glenda Farrells of this world. The Glenda Farrells who get things done while the others stand around explaining.

■ Glenda has it all figured out that you can't be on everybody's side at once, which is a pretty rare trait in Hollywood—this village of perilous balances. And if Glenda is on your side—you've got something there! As her friends had reason to discover not long ago.

It was a delicate case of friends vs. photographers—and many an actress would have made a pretty compromise, because news-photographers are not to be scorned at Hollywood parties. They are, in fact, very often the first persons invited.

It happened that Glenda finished a picture, and was on "lay-off." Lay-off is that period of suspended animation, be-

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tween salaries. Nearly all Hollywood contracts have a twelve-week lay-off clause during the year. Well, it developed that several friends in the business got their lay-off at the same time, so they decided on a hard-time party at Glenda's. Everybody was to bring refreshments, wear old clothes—and no make-up on the girls. And *no* publicity and *no* photographers—especially no photographers.

But leave it to these enterprising newsboys—they can scent a party from here to there. At eleven o'clock things were going good at Glenda's party. The big sillies were playing kid games—one in particular, recalled from his mis-spent youth by Dick Powell, had something to do with placing a large pan of water on the floor and having your face pushed in it. Everybody was dripping and hilarious.

Just then the door-bell rang—you're right. It was Hollywood's two most tireless lensers—the two no actress can afford to antagonize if she doesn't want to see herself in a pretty bad light one of these days.

Glenda said "go away, now" but the lensers wouldn't shoo. What—everybody had on old clothes and no make-up and damp hair? Marvelous! What pictures! Glenda was a meany if she didn't let them sneak up to the play-room and get a few flashes. And if she didn't . . .

Well, she didn't. Of course she didn't. She yoo-hooed and screamed "Photographers!" at the top of her lungs, which was brave of her. (A photographer never phorgets.) So anyway, they had a swell argument, and finally the boys gave in and said all right—if they couldn't get the pictures they wanted, couldn't they get, anyway, some pictures? So Glenda put it up to the company—anyone who felt he or she looked fitten to have his picture taken, after time out to fix up a little, would they smile for the birdie? If not, they didn't have to. (Tableau—photographers mumbling and growling.) So some did, and some went down the back stairs to the kitchen and had their supper there, well out of sight.

There are ladies in the picture business who would have chosen to keep on the good side of the boys, without a second thought, and let their friends do the worrying. A stunt like that can always be passed off as a "practical joke" . . . A practical joke is something that makes someone else look ridiculous. If the same girls get one played on them, it's nothing but a dirty trick; and are *they* sore.

Glenda is the champion "on approval" dame of Hollywood—she is a glittering example of how not to influence shopkeepers and department stores. However, out of all the hats and hand-bags she has sent out, she keeps enough so that the game seems to be worth it in the long run. Anyway, the stores keep sending them, and you wade through up to your knees on a good day, over there at the Farrell ranch.

One store, you can't blame them, is mad for keeps. Glenda ordered an entire fall wardrobe and sent it *all* back.

If the store would like to know why, here is the reason for the first time: An acquaintance—not a friend, mind you—went to Glenda with a sob-story. He was in an awful jam—would she help him out? The sum he needed was rather staggering—enough so that it was a choice between the wardrobe or helping him out . . . Well, there's the story. She made an enemy of a whole store—her favorite one. She will never see a cent of the "loan" again. The man is a person of no influence, if that is what you Hollywood-wise are thinking. No, it was an act of pure altruism, perpetrated by one of Hollywood's very, very few real altruists.

She's rather swell people, Glenda. If her enemies won't stay that way, it isn't her fault. Heaven knows, she tries.

You Can't Take It With You—Now

[*Continued from page* 19]

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Not much studio property, chaperoned by innocent-looking "borrowers," gets through the gates of any studio any more. Some try occasionally, but they lack the old spirit. It used to be that one could work up a nifty outfit of clothes from the studio wardrobe, but now a player has to check every shred of his costume *into the wardrobe department* before he is handed his pay check. "No shirtee—no tickee." Every article of clothing belonging to the studio is lettered, and every hand prop and piece of furniture is secretly marked. I spent half an hour looking over a desk in the prop department, trying to find the mark, but I couldn't. Mr. Matthews grinned at me maddeningly, and said, "Aha!"

He told me that one man went home one night with fifty hinges in his pocket. "The man probably thought, 'What are fifty hinges to a big studio like Warners?' But if everybody on the lot took fifty hinges home with him, every door in the place would fall down.

"Sometimes people get strange notions about what they want to 'borrow,'" continued Mr. Matthews. "One day, an old-fashioned Tuxedo, green with age, frayed around the cuffs, and worth about $2.50 at the most, was taken out of a shop window in a street scene, built on the back lot. A player suddenly cherished it, put it on under his own natty and expensive suit and went out with it—almost. One of my men thought he bulked a little too large, gave him a couple of questioning pats and . . . Now why that suit—of all suits—which could not have been worn any place and which was not worth the price of a meal even if the man had needed it?"

There was the employee who carried light globes away in his overcoat pockets. Every day for a couple of weeks, an office department had to report a shortage of electric light globes where the supply had

been complete the day before. A light detective work disclosed in the basement of the man's house *ten* large cartons of globes. Why? He explained that "he thought he'd need them sooner or later." Well, so would the studio, and the days of "what belongs to the studio belongs to everybody" are past.

Mr. Matthews' busiest time is around Thanksgiving and Christmas, for obvious reasons, with livestock offering a thundering big problem. Almost always a studio has some picture in production in which the presence of chickens, turkeys, ducks, rabbits and pigs is required by the script. And how those dinners on the hoof do disappear!

"You can count chickens," says Mr. Matthews, "but you can't make 'em stay put, and while you're counting the same chicken twice, someone is maybe eating up another."

"What about sight-seers?" I asked. "They don't get such a check-up as the workers, but aren't they inclined to souvenir-hunt?"

Mr. Matthews shook his head. "We never have any trouble with them. Only a few people are allowed on the set at a time and they are always with a guide."

"Is there a secret mark on that chair?" I asked, pointing to an ordinary prop chair on the set. Mr. Matthews said there was. "I'm going to look for it and if I think I've found the mark will you tell me?"

But he just grinned and I didn't find it.

Under this secretive Blayney Matthews, who organizes restraint on that "first impulse," there has been practically no trouble any more with chronic borrowers at Warners. Three thousand people go on and off the lot each morning and evening, with only a few exceptional cases to prove the rule of order and organization.

"And in that many people—the population of a good sized town—there are bound to be *some* quirked mentalities," he explained.

Outside Mr. Matthews' office, I paused to make a note on a slip of paper. I paused twice. I seemed to have gotten away with Mr. Matthews' pencil.

Aha!

Crossword Solution

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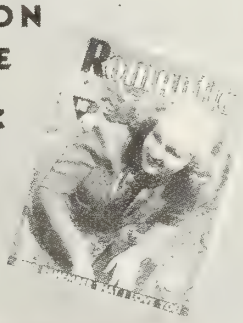
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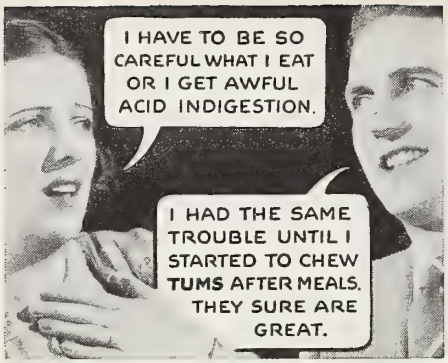
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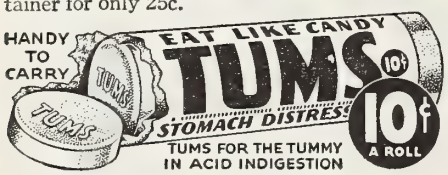
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Jane's Remembering Day

[*Continued from page* 24]

But special days have their special rules—and Jane for the next eight hours is not the greatest child character actress in this or any other year, and sixth among the ten top ranking stars, but the Georgia Peach, come to Hollywood for a break in the movies!

Somewhere around seven o'clock Jane and her mother are sitting on the corner bench nearest their house, waiting for the next bus into Los Angeles proper—something like twenty miles away from their present home in Westwood. But don't you mind the mileage. That's a mere stone's throw as distance goes in California.

The bus driver throws these two a casual glance. Undoubtedly he thinks to himself that they are shopping-bent—and his practical mind registers that it's awful early to take a youngster out.

The bus whirls down the road and the turning of the wheels is punctuated by Jane's excited, "Do you remember *this*, Mummy?" or Mrs. Withers' equally excited, "Look, Jane, there's the house with escalators!"

■ Right through Hollywood, and into Los Angeles they ride. Their destination is the Union Pacific Station, and they must reach there not a minute after eight-forty-five. That is the fateful hour. For at that very exact moment on March 10th, 1932, a train arrived from Atlanta, Georgia. Among the passengers was five and a half year-old Jane, the Pride of Atlanta, to begin that hunt for Fame.

From here on the rememb'rin' game flourishes! Mrs. Withers and Jane watch while the train unloads. Then they walk through the station, strangers again in a strange city. They stop at the taxi-cab stand and pause to remember that on that first March Tenth they asked a cab-driver how far it was to Hollywood. And they seem to hear him say— "Are you in a hurry, lady, to get there? It's quite a ways." And then dubiously— "The taxi fare will be almost four dollars. It ain't good business, but if I was you and not goin' anywhere particular in a hurry, I'd walk down to the Terminal Station and get a street car. It's just a few blocks and it'll take you there for a dime."

■ So, as if it were that morning, Jane and her mother walk that goodly stretch to the heart of downtown Los Angeles.

Right past restaurants who feature enormous slabs of roast beef in their windows and indifferent table linen. Past all the second-hand stores, the stationery shops, the windows which enticingly advertise that everything can be bought on "easy" payments.

Almost to the street-car station, Jane discovers an important landmark. "There it is, Mummy, it hasn't changed much. Only, their windows are painted blue this year." So in they go to a tiny, tiled restaurant, which simulates the rustic

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True Confessions

spirit with its log-cabin walls and low-hung ceiling.

The Withers ate lunch here on the fateful day of arrival. And Jane today, as then, is permitted the forbidden, and orders a sandwich with a strange concoction as filling.

Once inside and perched on a stool, Jane is much too polite to remember audibly, but her eyes bob up and down in excitement.

In 1932, sandwiches were six cents and an enormous glass of milk was a nickel. Now, rising restaurant prices interfere with the re-living to exactitude of that first March day. Sandwiches are up to fifteen cents, and a glass of milk is a dime.

■ At the Terminal, they board the Hollywood street-car, and are soon at the hotel in the heart of movie-city, where they spent the first two days of their Hollywood sojourn.

In the lobby Jane and her mother have a half-hour of real rememb'rin'. "Do you remember how lost we felt, Jane?" her mother asks. And Jane crinkles her inimitable nose and replies in the very self-same tone and words as she did then. "I'm lonesome for my daddy. But we'll be all right, Mummy."

From there on rememb'rin' day is a matter of visits. To the places and the people they knew in their first obscure and lonely months, when their tattoos on Hollywood studio gates didn't make the sound of a dropped pin.

■ First, there is that visit to 5555 Hollywood Boulevard—to the one-room, kitchenette and bath apartment which they occupied during the first months of their struggles. Apartment 202 has now become a place of distinction—mothers bring their youngsters here to instill ambition into them.

Out into the yard Jane and Mrs. Withers go. This is the scene of the now defunct "Gilmore Circus"—a Jane Withers enterprise of those days. The neighborhood children were the cast—the show, informal specialties by all the playmates Jane could round up—and admission 2c for sitting place, and 1c for standing room only. The memory of Jane's undertaking has been perpetuated by the apartment house manager, who to this day refers to the back yard as "The Circus."

In Jane's heart several other neighborhood places are immortalized. The Five and Ten Cent store, not far from this apartment house, where Jane regularly did her shopping. It is the sort of a place where clerks and cashiers have a lifetime job and practically all of them remember Jane long, long before her name was in lights.

She knows them by name, too, and she goes from counter to counter saying "Hello" and, as usual, does some shopping. She is *their* little girl, and next best to being themselves in the movies, they'd just as soon it were Jane. Isn't this for their Jane?

■ From the ten cent store Jane trots down to a nearby pressing shop. This is the incubator of her first business experience. At the ripe age of six she lent a friendly hand to the proprietor on busy afternoons. Her penmanship wasn't very legible, but she would insist on writing down the names of customers. The fatherly gentleman would smile benignly and rewrite the slips after Jane left. He wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world by doing so in her presence. Or have her lose faith in the perfection of her first A B C's.

On rememb'rin' day, Jane gives him samples of her hand-writing to show the considerable improvement, and he pats her on the head, and declares in all good faith, that some day she'll be learned enough to go to college.

■ The corner drug-store is next on the list. Her visit is fittingly inaugurated at the fountain with a double chocolate soda, topped off with an extra helping of whipped cream.

A close inspection of the lollipop situation is now in order, and lime is the choice. "You always did like lime best," beams the boss. "We take extra care to have lime for you every Tenth of March, Jane."

From here on, by bus and street-car, Jane and Mrs. Withers make the rounds of the Studios! They walk slowly past RKO, Warner's, Paramount and the others, and very, very carefully look again on the once forbidden gates. They remember them best by the fact that in the old days they couldn't get through!

■ One more call Jane and her mother make, and that is to the home of Mrs. David Neville in whose apartment house they lived for a few weeks during those early days. The Withers and the Nevilles are now close friends. They see each other frequently. But this is a very special visit, with particular thought given that army blanket Mrs. Neville loaned Jane for play purposes, and which she promptly converted into a tent. The small fact that she cut a piece a foot square out of it to make a window is now laughingly mentioned, but it wasn't discussed then.

"After all, you can't scold a child for having imagination," Mrs. Neville at that time explained to the horror-stricken Mrs. Withers. "I can't think of a better way to make a window in a tent than by cutting it right out."

And so the day is done! The day of rememb'rin'! The Tenth of March—a red-letter day on which Jane never works, but spends in retracing her first discouraging steps to Fame!

At last the bus deposits Mrs. Withers and her small daughter at the corner where it picked them up early in the morning.

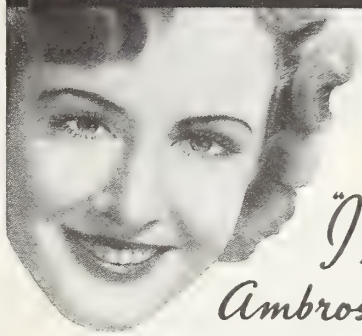
■ As Jane and her mother walk towards their present home in fashionable Westwood—a charming farm-house surrounded by extensive grounds—they contrast it with that one-room apartment.

And they look at each other! And there is more than young understanding in the eyes of the child. There is deep gratitude in the eyes of the older woman!

"Aren't we lucky! We must never forget that!" says Mrs. Withers.

Wordlessly they pledge themselves never to cease their rememb'rin'!

IT TAKES A *LIQUID* TO CLEANSE YOUR SKIN



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Charming Screen Star

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the pore-deep *liquid* cleanser

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Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* practical nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $100!

Think of the things *you* could do with $100!

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So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

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It's Easy to Get Married

[*Continued from page* 10]

cared for." He enclosed a snapshot of himself, a bald-headed man holding a hoe.

About a year ago, a young man living in France wrote Jeanette MacDonald asking for an autographed photograph of herself. Through the regular studio channels, this was sent.

Immediately, a series of impassioned effusions began to arrive through the mails for the star. The young man, it appeared, regarded that gesture of forwarding her picture as an encouragement to his amorous nature, and confided that he hoped to be in Hollywood soon to woo her on her own home grounds. Repeatedly, during the past year, Jeanette has heard from him, and in each billet he asserts he will soon be with her to ask her hand in marriage.

From Down Under—Australia—Mona Barrie hears frequently from a dairy farm admirer named Barry, who insists, since their names are so similar, that it would be little trouble for her to marry him and help him look after his cows!

Mona looks so well and healthy on the screen, he says, that he believes she possesses the qualifying stamina to milk a hundred cows or so each morning. And the life, there on his farm, he assures her, would be far more wholesome for her than this crazy idea of acting in pictures.

Rochelle Hudson is another who might take advantage of a similar offer. A man in New England, impressed by her beauty on the screen, and fearful for her in the town about which he declares he has heard and read so many bad things, thinks it only fair that he take her away from Hollywood. All she has to do is help around his farm . . . and if she turns out as he thinks she should he'll marry her. Lucky girl!

A gorgeously-crested letter from an East Indian rajah asked Ginger Rogers to be his bride. Accompanying the dispatch were pictures of his palace, his crown jewels and other features of interest in his kingdom.

The rajah promised he would leave his harem for her, disband it in her favor so that he might be free to devote all his time to the titian-haired actress. Part of the year he would insist they dwell in his country; the remainder, anywhere she might choose to live.

Mary Brian likewise received a marriage proposal from an Oriental potentate. A prince in Persia proffered not only his vast riches, in return for her hand, but stipulated also that she might bring as many friends and relatives as she desired to help orientate herself in the new world she would enter.

Some time ago, a ranger in one of our national forests wrote Eleanore Whitney asking her to share his cabin atop a peak 8000-feet high, and forty miles from the nearest town. He was well-

Do This For
BLACKHEADS



They Fall Right Out!

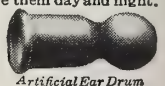
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educated, he said, having read and studied philosophy, psychology and ancient history and, he added, had mastered accounting and possessed a thorough understanding of the ancient religions. This was a fine basis, he felt, for their future happiness . . . and anyway, it was a lot better for her to be living out there in the wide open spaces with him than running around to all the night clubs!

Pat Ellis' most persistent swain is a gentleman in the Middle West who proposes every two weeks . . . by mail, of course. For the trifling sum of $2500—to pay off his debts in the east—he will go to Hollywood, marry her and act as her adviser in political affairs. He will digest all the news, and then impart everything that is of importance to her. You readers may readily understand how much time Pat would save if she followed his suggestion.

June Lang's fragile beauty has inspired numerous proposals, but strangest of them all was one from an Italian nobleman who promised if she would become his wife he would treasure her as tenderly as his favorite Ming vase. Moreover, she need never lift a finger, would be waited on hand and foot, and that his entire existence would be devoted to gazing at her decorative loveliness as she moved gracefully about his villa with its priceless art collections and beautiful gardens. This, undoubtedly, is one of the most poetical proposals of marriage ever received by a Hollywood star.

■ Somewhat more practical was the message sent to Martha Raye from a certain retired gangster now living in Florida. "You're wasting your time on the screen," he wrote her . . . and added, if she'd "hitch up" with him he'd make her famous. All she'd be asked to do was "yell three times a day in a night club" he'd finance, and he'd introduce her into the "better" circles of Miami and really show her the quality folks. Of course, even though they were married, he wanted it understood he'd collect his ten percent commission as her manager.

For the sum of $50,000 a man offered to sell ten years of his life to Ann Harding. At the end of that period, she was to set him free. Whether or not he would contribute to the general household expenses, out of his fifty thousand, and otherwise support himself, was left unsaid in the letter that Miss Harding still retains.

Claire Trevor has portrayed so many girl-reporters-who-find-the-villain on the screen that an enterprising private detective thought she'd make an ideal helpmate and offered her a life partnership in marriage-plus-crime-detection. The renewal of this proposal comes after the release of each picture in which Claire appears.

A college boy at the University of Chicago contacted Marsha Hunt recently with the proposition that if she would marry him and finance him for the four to five years required to complete his schooling and get started in his law practice he would return the favor by supporting her the remainder of her life. And Anita Louise learned, through letters beautifully framed with hand-painted Forget-Me-Nots, than an earnest, hard-working young man back in Chicago was saving himself for her . . . and wouldn't consider another girl either on the screen or off for a wife.

■ While the following proposal of marriage did not arrive in a fan letter, still it definitely belongs here because of its unique qualities. An Indian chief offered to buy Loretta Young for his wife at an all-time low price—for a movie star, of course—of $26.13! Here's the way it happened. . . .

Down in the Tastioneno country along the Gulf of California there is a tribal chieftain who would like to purchase Loretta for that price. The Tastionenos maintain one of the last wife-markets in North America, buying and selling their women like so many cattle.

Last year, an explorer named George Max penetrated that country, and showed the chieftain pictures of the various stars in a movie magazine. Only between five and ten dollars in Mexican pesos was the Indian willing to offer for the majority of the pretties therein, because they looked as though they would be lazy, he said . . . and a Tastioneno woman must work from sun-up to sun-down.

When Max turned to Loretta's portrait, however, the old chief's eyes kindled with newly-awakened interest . . . and he bid the theretofore unheard-of price of $26.13, if Max, whom he commissioned to act as his emissary, could buy her for him and send her to his hogan!

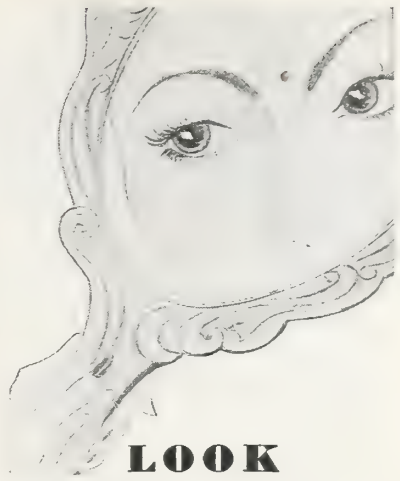
Protection Wanted

[*Continued from page 27*]

back of my head to the tip of my toes. But was I thinking of those fingers, pushing like blunt spikes into me? No, my friend, I wasn't. I was wondering what would happen should a brave native stub his toe! Only after they finished the scene did I begin to count some strange twists in my body, and believe me, a chiropractor would have had a holiday straightening them out."

Life for Dorothy has been just a series of outdoor epics. She got her start in *The Jungle Princess,* and that was the film that cinched the deal. After that one, Paramount loaned her to Samuel Goldwyn. She worked for weeks in miniature hurricanes that beat water and wind down upon her. She was so darned glamorous in *Hurricane* that Paramount immediately tossed her into *Her Jungle Love.*

Well, that's life for you—and cash for Dorothy Lamour. Yet one can't blame her for speaking up. Who wants a lifetime of pal-ing with a chimp, stepping over snakes, backing into cactii? No one, of course. But it's going to be a tough job convincing the public Dorothy will look better with clothes on, and that leaves her in a pretty tough spot.



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at your eyes

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Danger! Here Comes Kitty!

[*Continued from page 21*]

unlimbering before us with her trainer, Olga Celeste, snapping the whip. This scene was a cinch, which had to be taken only 12 times before Nissa did what was wanted. By way of contrast, Nissa's companion cat named Princess, did 41 takes on one scene before Howard Hawks, the director, was able to reason with her. If you can call it that. Princess' smile was seldom present, and her snarl was supposedly a fair indication of her temperament. No one cared to have her prove the point.

With all this competition of a feline nature, we don't want to be too catty. But we must tell you about Cary Grant, Hepburn's leading man. When they introduced Cary to Nissa, face to face, they assured him the cat was entirely tame, that it never had bitten anyone, that couldn't he see by its kindly face how very nice it was. Cary absorbed all this, and then remarked dryly, "Oh, yes, but supposing Nissa doesn't believe all these things?"

We think he's got something there. After all, maybe Nissa has only been foolin' all this time!

■ This whole picture must have been quite a trial for Cary. For instance, one scene called for Nissa to rub coyly against his leg, purring contentedly meantime. Nissa didn't wish to comply. Each time she moved toward Cary, the poor guy would look her in the eye and wonder whether all was lost, or just one leg. And then Olga, the trainer, got a great idea.

"Bring me a bottle of Evening in Paris," she told a prop boy.

The startled chap looked at this sturdy, rough-and-tumble tamer and said, "You mean perfume?"

"Of course."

Well, you couldn't blame him for hesitating. After all, lion taming and perfume wearing doesn't seem to be a hand-in-hand proposition. But he obeyed, considerably mystified.

And when he came back, Olga took the atomizer and walked up to Cary. Squirt, squirt.

"Hey!" Cary shouted as he saw her spraying his trouser leg with a determined glint in her eye. "I don't want that stuff on me!"

"Be patient, Mr. Grant," she commanded. Squirt, squirt.

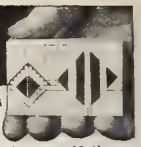
Cary was no less than horrified by this act, but Olga, the dauntless, had him bluffed. After all, if she can make a leopard walk the straight and narrow, what's a mere movie star?

Cary still protested. "Nix—not so much," he wailed. "What'll people think?"

Director Hawks, who gets blamed for all the strange things that happen on this set, answered caustically for Olga. "Look, Cary, they can see you in this picture. They can hear you in this picture. But, thank God, they can't smell you. Get the point?"

Cary dropped his protest in disgust. Squirt, squirt—and sweet scents of springtime! Then they let the cat out of the bag—or rather, out of the cage. It had

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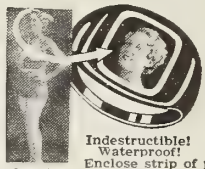
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lots of scents, did that cat. She bounded for him. The staunch Mr. Grant forthwith got on top of a nearby table.

"Olga, call that darned thing off," he shouted despairingly.

But Kitty was now gazing up at him contentedly, still sniffing and purring like a million. Have you ever heard a leopard purr? Well, it's like a bombing plane at 4,000 feet elevation—just enough to rattle the windows from vibration. Cary ventured back to earth, and Nissa cuddled most beautifully beside his leg.

And if you think we're kidding about the strange alchemy "Evening in Paris" performs on a cat's emotions, just try it yourself sometime—if you have either the leopard or the perfume. A house cat might do in a pinch.

■ The first few days the company worked, Nissa was treated by everyone as a lovely little companion. She even followed Hepburn and Grant faithfully down the street to the commissary at lunch time. And when the perfume trick became known, they had kitty cuddling all over the set. No one was worried then, nor frightened.

But Olga Celeste, who has been hospitalized twice by wild animals, thought precautions should be taken. She had raised Nissa and never had any trouble with her, but any jungle animal plays rough—and sometimes doesn't know when to stop. So suddenly they began finding bars around the place. And we don't mean elbow-bending bars, either. Circus bars, yes. And jail bars. Any old bars.

One day the script called for Hepburn to sing a lullaby to Nissa. She had the cat resting in her arms, and she began singing softly, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

The cat began its sonorous purring. Cary, who had been studying the cat's eyes over her shoulders, felt that uneasiness creeping over him again. "Katie," he suggested sweetly, "you better change that tune to 'Hold That Tiger!' "

■ We mentioned Princess. Well, there's a difference between those two leopards. Nissa is sweet and silent for the most part. But Princess—what a temperament! To date she hasn't exactly skinned anybody—but she's scared more than one person off the set. And even Olga treats Princess like a queen. On the other hand, no one has the right to criticize Princess, for she may be purely and simply a good actress. Her role in the film is that of a "bad" cat. That's where the grief—and fun—comes in. You see, according to the script, Hepburn has Nissa as a pet. When the feline gets lost in the woods, Hepburn and Grant go looking for her. Can anyone blame them if they find Princess in a stalled truck, behind bars, and let her loose? Of course only the audience knows that Princess is dangerous, and en route to a suitable spot for execution.

Yep, Princess was dangerous all right, and not nearly so domesticated as Nissa. The latter lady, if you please, is the proud mother of three little cubs at the California Zoological Gardens. The father is a black panther, the only trained one in captivity. His name is Midnight. One of his offspring is called "Gunpowder." Another, "Dynamite." Midnight is considered the Rhett Butler of the zoo. Olga has a profound respect for him—his jaws sent her to the hospital for eight weeks once.

■ But back to the picture, and Cary Grant again. We must admit Cary has been given plenty of reason to be nervous. For instance, one day he walked into his dressing room on the set after an exciting scene, removed his coat and started to lie down on a nearby couch. Suddenly he saw one of the cats there, fast asleep. He rushed out of the place wild-eyed, looking as well as shouting for Olga. For you see, Cary didn't know whether this one was Nissa or Princess—and what a difference that made!

As he came flying out the door, he spied the suspiciously smiling faces of Katie and Charlie Ruggles. He knew right away that something was wrong. And he was right. The leopard on the couch proved to be a stand-in for the live products—but well stuffed with straw. The cameramen had used him to focus at.

So Cary retired in confusion to the hut, plotting up ways of getting even. And if everyone is still in his right mind by the time this picture is completed, that definitely will be something.

■ It wouldn't be fair to tell you what this picture is all about, except to admit it is one of those mad, unreasonable comedies which are currently so popular in Hollywood and the whole country. It would be funny with this cast alone, but when you mix up two leopards, and never let the cast guess which is which or even suspect that there is more than one—well, there's a formula for real laughs.

But as we were saying at the start of this story. We got inside the sound stage, and were introduced to Olga Celeste. She had a million interesting yarns to tell about training these beasts, about the two times she was badly bitten by lions, and how she nonetheless had to stay in the cage and bluff it out.

"Come on in and watch Nissa perform," Olga invited. Well, if she had the nerve to defy the King of Beasts surely we had the nerve to defy the tradition of closed sets on the Hepburn pictures. So we just walked in and sat down.

An assistant director walked up the minute we appeared, and said, "You'll have to leave the set." Firmly.

We started to, but wait—remember that Olga, the lion tamer, fears no one. She came to our rescue, and the guy calmed down in a hurry. He just grabbed us by the ear, marched us across the set, and locked us in the jail cell which was to be the background of this scene.

But he got even. We cooked there, under a battery of arc lights, for an hour while the scene was shot and re-shot. It got hotter each passing minute, and pretty soon, on the umptieth take, we got bored. But we stayed there until the last doggone foot of film had been exposed. And not until then did the assistant director let us out.

Yep—Olga tamed him, but he cured us!

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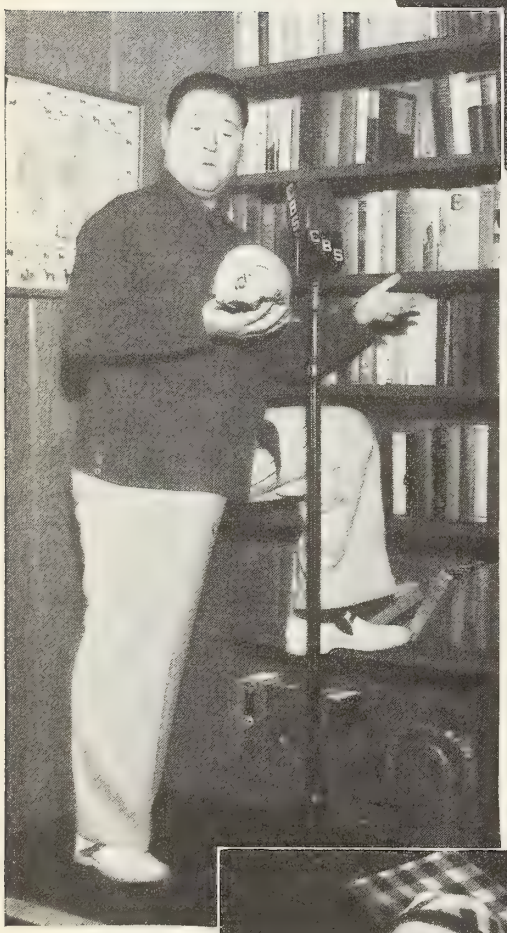
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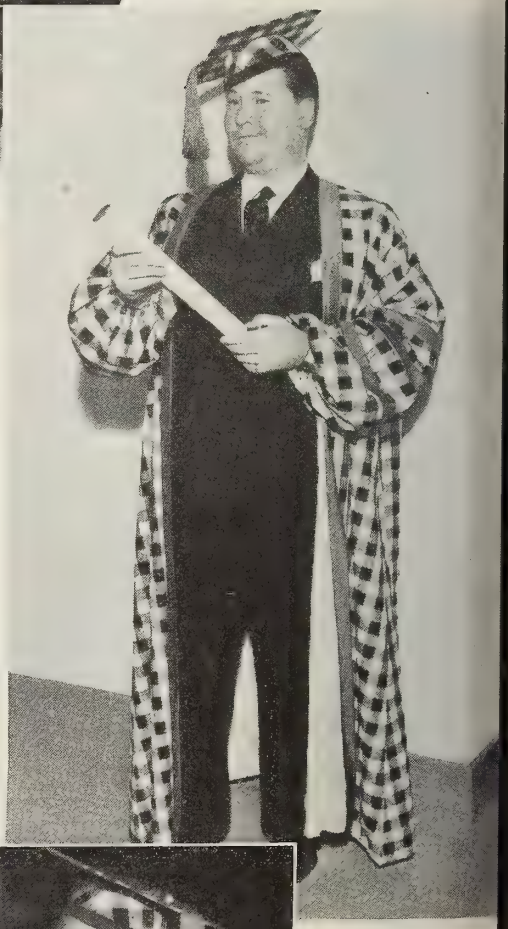
MARY T. GOLDMAN
3021 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

ENTRANCE EXAM TO OAKIE COLLEGE







The reason his College of the Air is so different, claims Prexy Jack Oakie, is that the pupils attend the lectures, but it is the professors who have to take the examinations. Above, Dr. Oakie in action before the microphone. Left, with quiet alarm, he inspects the brain cavity of a plaster skull as part of his pedagogical duties. Right, that grim expression is the one he uses to quiet the ugly suspicion that the diploma he carries contains a slug of lead. Below, studies in expression. Right, soulful releasing of rare musical sounds, and left, impersonation of a ray of sunshine. Prof. Oakie will be seen next on the screen in *Radio City Revels*





"We Wish You Could Read Our Mail"

AS publishers of PHOTO-FACTS, the revolutionary new "pocketbook of knowledge", we get grateful letters of thanks and praise for PHOTO-FACTS from girls and women all over the world.

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ED IN U. S. A

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PERIODICAL DIVISION
VALUABLE PRIZES—7 DWARFS POPULARITY CONTEST

Lovely Olivia de Havilland sets her table—



Photographed in the Hollywood Home of
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
STAR OF
"THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD"
A Warner Bros. Picture

—with the new SURF CLUB DESIGN...

You can share with this starry lady the charm of the silverware on her table. Just now, your dealer is featuring the SEABRIGHT SET—a 50-piece Service for 8, in SURF CLUB (or three other exquisite designs). With the Quantity Saving of $6.25, you can own this Service for only $24.95. And, in addition, you receive a handsome $5.00 value Tarnish-Proof Wood Chest and a beautiful Serving or Cold Meat Fork, to match your chosen design—FREE. Ask your dealer to show you this unusual SEABRIGHT SET.

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. . . AND MEN CAN BE SUCH AWFUL GOSSIPS TOO!



Let's face the truth about UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with —the girls they simply *won't* take out. For a girl must be *more* than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly *sweet*—nice to be *near*.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand — one fault they *can't* forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her *bath alone* to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes care of *past perspiration*—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor *to come*.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! All day or all evening long, Mum's protection is *sure*.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shaving it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even *after* you're dressed.

MUM IS QUICK! One half minute is all it takes for a dab of Mum under each arm! To be a girl men *like* to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO

Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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APR -9 1938

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Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor



NEXT MONTH

Lovely Myrna Loy makes the startling statement, "It Takes Three To Make a Love Affair" and argues the point in one of the most provocative feature stories ever to come out of Hollywood.

DON'T MISS IT!

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RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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They're yours..in a heart-walloping love story!

The King and Queen of the Screen, with the star of 'Captains Courageous', bring you love and adventure that will set your nerves a-tingling!





Laughter too . . . as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able...if you get what we mean.

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...MYSTERIOUS

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AT the altar of the Crocodile God, while the drums of voodoo sound the terrible tocsin of jungle hate, she stands, thrilling, beautiful Tura, high priestess of a cult so strange, so weird, no white man has ever lived to describe its awesome rites. At her feet, shackled, helpless in the iron grasp of voodoo-maddened tribesmen, is the young aviator who has taught her the meaning of a white man's love. Behind her, sinister, threatening, the all-powerful ruler of the Malayan wilds, Kuasa, gives the dread com-

Paramount presents the first jungle picture ever filmed in Technicolor.

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mand Will she obey—will she send this man who loves her to a hideous death in the crocodile pit — or is her love great enough to withstand the fury of jungle hate?

And what a story this is, the drama of the mysterious girl of the Malayan wilds and the young English aviator who invades her jungle realm, falling like a meteor from the tropic skies. You will thrill to the first words of their love, spoken to the whispering melodies of the wind through tropic palms beneath the jungle moon. You will thrill to the dangers into which this love hurls them . . . dangers which defy the telling, dangers which must be seen in all the radiant excitement of this great natural color film to appreciate their amazing, thundering, emotional power. The mighty jungle typhoon . . . the amazing charge of the crocodile legion . . . the great earthquake . . . scenes like these mark the dawn of a new epoch in the history of moving picture adventure-drama, adventure-romance.

HEAR DOROTHY LAMOUR, *golden voice of the networks, sing "Lovelight In the Starlight" and "Coffee and Kisses".*



Below is the Grand Prize which will go to the clever winner of this contest. The inside is a sturdy cedar chest. The outside is a graceful piece of furniture which will lend charm to any room. The panels are of matched aspen veneer and the elaborate carving is decorated with touches of dull gold





Better enter this contest now by voting for your favorite dwarf, for there are dolls and games, pocket-books and story books waiting for the winners. Some of the delightful prizes are to be seen in the picture above

Vote For Your Favorite Dwarf!

7 DWARFS POPULARITY CONTEST

HUNDREDS OF PRIZES!

Here is your chance to win a wonderful prize, all because no one knows which is the most popular dwarf in Walt Disney's fascinating film, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs!*

Shortly after the enchanting adventures of the little princess were released, we began to notice a strange effect upon those who had seen the picture.

Bitter arguments broke out in hithertofore happy families. Brothers disagreed with sisters. Harsh words were exchanged between fast friends, and arguments raged all over town. Hot discussions were to be heard in playgrounds and parks, in restaurants and railroad stations, on subways and sidewalks. The clash of opinions resounded through elevators and airplanes and ships at sea. Window washers and bankers and baseball players, officers of the law, of the army, navy, marine corps and their wives and families argued until the uproar became national and all other conversations ceased.

And it was all because the fans of the delightful Dopey could not see how anyone could prefer the glorious Grumpy. Doc, too, has many ardent followers. And there are plenty who think that Sneezy, Happy, Sleepy and Bashful are respectively the most radiantly charm- [*Continued on page* 16]

Seven Dwarfs Popularity Contest,
Hollywood Magazine,
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My favorite dwarf is..... because

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How Schiaparelli Double Mint dress ties scarf as apron.



Take apron off dress and use as handy platochek.



When in need of a bag, knot scarf-apron thusly.



More Double duty! *This is a* Double Mint dress.

"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



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Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *(This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)*
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3. Rinse very thoroughly. *(Your head is now clean — your scalp free from scales.)*
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. *(This relieves dryness.)*

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When the preview lights go on, Hollywood Boulevard becomes a dazzling parade of celebrities. Above is the Chinese Theatre lighted with blazing beacons for a formal first night

Movieland Tourists will have a chance to see famous people as well as famous places. Last year Wayne Morris, who just had made his first big success, was on the welcoming committee

MORE ABOUT "MOVIELAND TOURS"

As plans take shape, more and more attractions are added for the pleasure of vacationers in Hollywood

■ To all of you who have been following these articles closely, every issue brings a new surprise. This time there are several. First of all let's go over the entire itinerary for a clear understanding of the fascinating summer vacation in Hollywood which hundreds of bargain-hunters in holidays will take this year.

The first tour will leave Chicago July 3rd arriving in Hollywood, Sunday, July 10th. The second one leaves Chicago July 24th and arrives here Sunday, July 31st. The third leaves Chicago August 14th and arrives in Hollywood, Sunday, August 21st. All tours follow the same route, so here goes:

Your train will pull out of Chicago right in the middle of the summer heat and head Westward across that great expanse of the Northwestern forest and lake districts to Seattle where the blue, cool Pacific Ocean will bring welcome relief from a midwestern summer. While in Seattle you will journey across Puget Sound to the Island of Vancouver on one of the "Princess" boats. . . After a refreshing trip through the lumber empire your train heads southward and to San

"I've found LOVE"

says ANNE SHIRLEY



STAR OF
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"Condemned Women"

"With women, Romance comes first . . . that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

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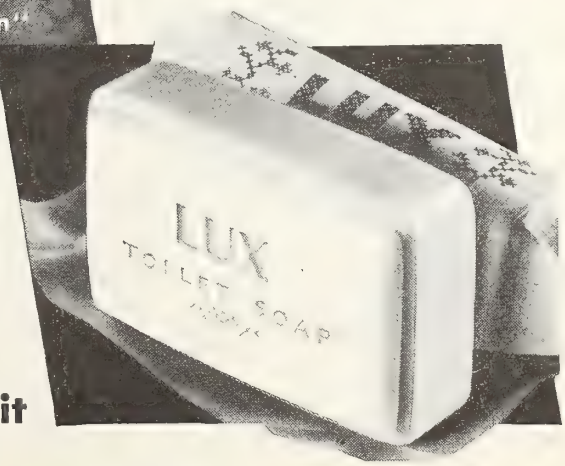
● Don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil *your* looks. Screen stars use such a simple, easy care to keep skin smooth—gentle Lux Toilet Soap.



● And clever girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin Hollywood's way—by removing cosmetics *thoroughly* with this ACTIVE lather.



● They take the screen stars' tip—win romance—and *hold* it—with skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch.



9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use it

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The make-up improvement that has proved a sensation



Try Luxor Powder. It's light-proof. *Your face won't shine. Try it! We will send you a box for a DIME.*

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A large box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores . . . Or mail coupon below enclosing a silver dime.



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Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

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☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Brunette

Name.....

St. & No......

P. O...... *State*.....

(This offer not good in Canada)

Francisco where you will see the vast suspension bridge (the largest in the world) that spans the historic Golden Gate.

■ THEN, your train heads further south and to Hollywood. . . . You'll arrive here on a bright Sunday morning and what a day that will be! The remainder of the morning is yours to spend at church or in rest, for there is a big afternoon planned for you. Immediately after lunch there will be a battery of smart looking Tanner buses waiting to whisk you off to Beverly Hills for a tour of movieland and the stars' homes. No doubt you will see some of them on their ways to or from the many golf courses surrounding Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

Warren William has invited the first tour to drop in on him Sunday afternoon for cocktails and to meet some of his movie star friends. Harold Lloyd wants the second tour to be his guests at his world famous estate. Bob Burns wants the third tour to come out to his house for a Bazooka concert, cocktails and a good old fashioned get-together with his friends of radio and the screen. That evening you will see the inside workings of a national broadcast. As guests of a great network, you will go backstage and see just how radio shows are put on. Last year the tours all saw the Eddie Cantor summer show and were entertained by his guest stars.

■ So far, we have allowed you a little time to spend with friends or to take side trips. We know that many of you will want to visit Catalina Island or to take a trip to Lake Arrowhead, so we have allowed about a day and a half for you to spend on your own. However, the rest of the time will see you at luncheon in a famous cafe, it will see you on a major studio lot . . . you'll go on a trip through Max Factor's, too . . . so there'll be plenty for you to do on the program without leaving Hollywood.

The Fawcett Publications have become famous as hosts and we plan to outdo ourselves at our grand farewell party which will be held at the Wilshire Bowl. Among the Hollywood stars who attended last year are Judy Garland, Rosalind Russell, Robert Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, Hugh Herbert, Misha Auer, Anne Shirley, Kent Taylor, Wayne Morris and Dick Powell. And there will be equally famous honor guests this year.

When we say come to Hollywood and dine and dance with the stars and have them put on shows for you, we really mean it. GET YOUR RESERVATIONS IN NOW.

George McCall, famous air gossiper on the Old Gold Cigarette program has agreed to be master of ceremonies to the farewell party at the Wilshire Bowl. George who is an ace newsgatherer will bring to you fresh news of your favorite stars and will introduce them to you as they join you for dinner.

As many of you know, Harriet Parsons showed up at one of our parties last year and made a movie of our tour while its members were being entertained out at Jimmy Gleason's. Harriet makes these interesting Hollywood newsreels under the title of *Screen Snapshots* and Columbia Pictures distributes them for her. . . The reel she made that day was released in February, so you see, the members of that tour really got in the movies.

■ And now about what to bring along. We advise a top coat. The air here in Southern California takes on a chill after midnight and we are sure you will be comfortable with a light wrap. Formal clothes are optional but you will have lots of use for your semiformal clothes, so bring 'em along. Informal clothes, slacks and sports wear are the order of the day here in Hollywood, so the more the merrier.

That's about enough for this time and we'll be seeing you, that is, if you get your application blank in on time!

H

Movieland Tours,
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
360 North Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name

Address

City..... State.....



Lyle Talbot's party was nothing if not different! The invitations were a command to appear exactly as the guests were when they opened the envelopes. Jack Smart was embarrassed until he had a traveling shower built. Constance Worth read hers in bed

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!
DIRECT FROM ITS $2.00 TWO-A-DAY TRIUMPHS!

THE GREAT AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE!

The year's spectacular hit now comes to you! Old Chicago reborn in all its turbulent glory! The heart-warming, human drama of the magnificent O'Learys...loving tempestuously, hating fiercely . . . fighting valiantly! A family turned against itself by one kiss stolen from the lips of alluring Belle Fawcett! But when disaster overtakes the flaming city...once again it is "*the O'Learys against the world*"!



Twentieth Century-Fox presents **DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S** supreme achievement as a producer of distinguished entertainment.

IN OLD CHICAGO

with

TYRONE POWER · ALICE FAYE · DON AMECHE

ALICE BRADY · ANDY DEVINE · BRIAN DONLEVY

Phyllis BROOKS · Tom BROWN · Sidney BLACKMER
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Directed by HENRY KING

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan · Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien · Based on a story by Niven Busch · Music & Lyrics by Gordon & Revel, Pollack & Mitchell

Watch for it soon at your favorite motion picture theatre.

20th CENTURY FOX



Featured with Shirley Temple in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

has a

ROYAL VACUUM CLEANER in her Hollywood Home



THE P. A. GEIER CO., CLEVELAND, O.
CONTINENTAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, LTD.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

■ FLASH . . . GRACIE ALLEN HAS JUST HAD A BLESSED EVENT!

Don't be too alarmed or surprised, gentle readers . . . Gracie Allen, THIS Gracie, is Paul Kelly's prize cow. The new arrival is a thirty-two pound bouncing calfie, with red legs.

■ A new favorite looms on the movie horizon. Only two feet and one-half tall, he out-riots even Charlie McCarthy . . . and his sole diet consists of three pounds of iced fish daily.

His name is Pete!

Pete is a penguin, hailing from the Galapagos Islands, and you'll see him with Shirley Temple in *Little Miss Broadway*. And if he doesn't share honors with the starlet, then his name ISN'T Pete. Judging by the response of those working with him on the set, Pete is destined for the topmost ranks of screen entertainers. When he struts into action—and wait until you've seen him in a dress suit—he's a WOW!

■ Gladys Swarthout has a plaint to offer. She cannot call her life her own. . . . It's this way.

Whenever she is on the verge of becoming temperamental—as befits all our very best prima donnas—while making a picture, her singer-husband, Frank Chapman (who generally is with her on the set), affixes her with a chilly eye and growls . . . "Come on, snap out of it!"

What chance has the poor gal of asserting herself, anyway?

■ Dorothy Lamour confides that she's thinking seriously of buying a lot of telephone stock. She and her husband, Herbie Kay—the orchestra leader—talk back and forth between Hollywood and Chicago almost every day, and, quoths she . . . "I might as well get some dividends for our paying out $1,000 every month for telephone bills."

■ Passers-by of the Ravenswood Apartments in Hollywood have noted that a certain apartment on the fifth floor seems always to be lighted, regardless of the time of night.

This suite belongs to Mae West, and never once in more than four years has the luxurious living-room been darkened. All through the night a bright light burns. The reason for this lies in the kidnaping threat which the buxom Mae received several years ago. She's taking no chances of being surprised.

■ Oh, for the life of an actor!

A girl rushed up to Gene Raymond in a studio restaurant, and, without warning, implanted a loud and fervent kiss right smack on his lips.

"That's from Mary," she told him.

Coming out from under, Gene gasped . . . "And who's Mary?"

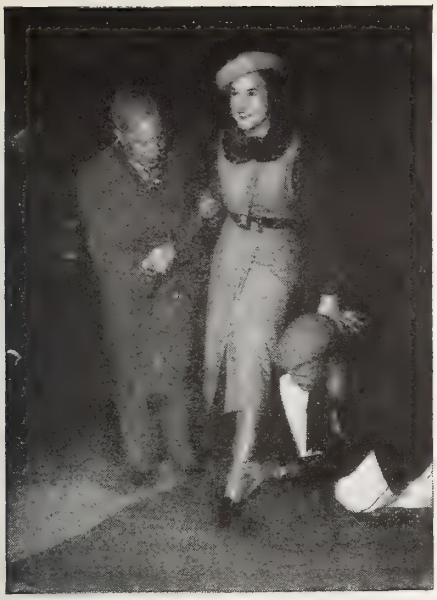
"She's my sister," came the answer. "She told me when I left home to be sure to kiss you for her when I saw you."

So, Mary, if you chance to read this, know that your sister kept her word.

■ Latest foible for the young actresses of the film colony to adopt is to have their baby shoes preserved in gold plate. And, if not their own shoes, in the case of other personalities of Hollywood, then their children's.



There comes a time in the life of every employer when his secretary decides to sit on the desk. Melvyn Douglas is trying to decide what to do about it while Joan Blondell waits to see what will happen. The scene is from Columbia's rousing new comedy, *There's Always a Woman*



Only the great stars are invited to place their hand and foot prints in the fore court of Grauman's Chinese theatre. Here is little Deanna Durbin, assisted on the left by Sid Grauman, himself, in the middle of the impressive ceremony which took place shortly after release of her third picture, *Mad About Music*

Pat O'Brien started it, with his baby daughter's, and Frank McHugh followed suit. Then, Ginger Rogers heard about it and straightway hiked down to the jewelers with a pair of her first little slippers. Now . . . it's everybody's game. Isabel Jewell has sent to Wyoming for a package of her baby things, and even some of the hardest-boiled stars of the screen are going sentimental over their first boots.

■ They're still picking up Carole Lombard, who sought the advice of George Raft's Man Friday, Mack Grey the Killer.

"A friend of mine shipped me some rare Chateau Yquem," Carole told the Killer. "Do you think George would like a bottle or two?"

"Naw," replied Mack, quick-like . . . "Georgie never eats cheese."

■ Rochelle Hudson has gone into the canned grapefruit business. As a matter of fact, she owns a half-interest in a cannery, over in Arizona.

And how do you suppose the Hudson drums up business for her product? Goes into one market after another, demanding this particular brand . . . and talks her friends into doing the same. It's got to the point now that half the merchants of Hollywood keep Rochelle's brand, just on the strength of the actress continually asking for it.

■ Virginia Field is English, and when she was born had a nurse named Irene Best. As she grew older, the nurse acted as a companion, as well . . . up until the time Virginia left for America, and Hollywood.

Not long ago, the actress decided it

[*Continued on page* 17]



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

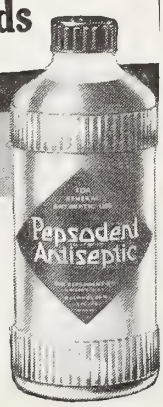
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To help Prevent
COLDS
and Bad Breath..



Use
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
...the 10-Second
Germ-Killer!

In Germ-Killing Power . . . One bottle Pepsodent Antiseptic *equals* three bottles of ordinary kinds



Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds...Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

7 Dwarfs Popularity Contest

[*Continued from page* 8]



Which is your favorite? Is it Dopey who is peeping from the right hand corner? Is it the fascinating Grumpy shown in his favorite occupation of protesting? Is it the appealing Bashful? Or the sturdy, upright Doc? Is it the carefree Happy? Is it Sleepy who engages your warmest sympathies? Or do you find your heart going out first to the long-suffering Sneezy? Help elect your favorite king of dwarfs by filling in the coupon on page 8 . . . and you may win a prize, too!

ing, the most enchanting, the most thrilling characters that ever appeared on a screen.

When a country becomes so divided, the best thing to do is to hold an election. For that reason we have decided to settle the matter by putting it to popular vote.

RULES

Use the coupon on page 8. Simply name your favorite dwarf and tell in twenty-five words or less why you like him best.

This contest is open to anyone with the exception of employes of Fawcett Publications, RKO-Radio, Walt Disney Studios and their families.

Answers must be postmarked no later than May 15, 1938.

The editorial staff of Hollywood Magazine will be sole judges.

Entries cannot be returned.

PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE

An unusually beautiful cedar chest of striking design, manufactured by the Standard Screen Company of Chicago. The exterior is of carefully matched aspen wood veneer, and there is a rich dull gold trim on the delicate carving. The interior is completely lined in moth-repellant Tennessee red cedar. An additional feature is the full length drawer concealed in the scrolled apron. This is not only a singularly attractive piece of furniture, it is a necessity for summer months when furs and blankets need protection.

FIRST PRIZE

An original sketch in color of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, signed by Walt Disney, and handsomely framed. This is a possession which will become a treasured heirloom in your family because there is only one Walt Disney and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* as the first feature-length cartoon feature, already has made screen history.

SECOND PRIZE

A beautiful Alexander doll, 15 inches tall, of Snow White, herself, which sells for $5.00.

THIRD PRIZE

Just to be different, we are giving SIX third prizes. They are sets of Seibling Rubber Dolls. Each set, (which sells for $5.00) contains Snow White (8 inches tall) and all seven dwarfs (5½ inches tall).

FOURTH PRIZE

Six Ideal *Snow White* dolls will go to those submitting the next six best entries.

FIFTH PRIZE

The fascinating new game called "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (manufactured by the Milton Bradley Company) will be sent to those submitting the next twelve most interesting answers.

SIXTH PRIZE

A beautiful little hand-bag, each carrying a picture of Snow White and the faithful little dwarfs, will delight the twelve whose answers come next on the list.

SEVENTH PRIZE

The complete story of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* illustrated with many scenes from the film and printed by Grosset and Dunlap will be won by the twelve entries that follow in the list of winners.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

And for you who do not win one of the major awards, we still have good news! We have one set of twenty colored scenes from the film and 500 separate colored scenes, delightful for framing and wonderful to keep as souvenirs of the picture.

Fill in that coupon NOW and drop it into the mail. You can paste it on the back of a postcard, if you wish.

Come on, you prize winners. Vote for your favorite dwarf, and GOOD LUCK in your try for those big prizes!

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 15]



Russell Gleason was one of the celebrated waiters at the Film Welfare League luncheon at Dave Chasen's, and, from the alarmed look on ZaSu Pitts' face, he probably will continue . . . with his screen career. Boris Karloff and James Gleason are sending pained and critical glances respectively at his harrassed efforts

would be nice to do something for her old friend, so wrote her she would pay her expenses on any trip she might designate. Straightway came the reply that Miss Best would like to visit Hollywood.

So, Virginia cabled her the money . . . and flew to New York to meet her when the ship pulled in. Now, her old nurse is her companion once again, living in her home in Hollywood.

■ Jane Withers played the Good Samaritan, too.

During her recent personal appearance tour, while in Cleveland, Ohio, about thirty poor children telephoned her that they wanted to see her, but had no money with which to buy tickets.

Immediately, Jane rounded up the entire party, served them tea in the hotel suite she and her mother occupied, and took them to the show. But that's Janie.

CUPIDATINGS: Alfred Vanderbilt still the beau of Hollywood . . . evidently, he prefers 'em dark, this month, for he's been dating Mary Maguire and Margaret Lindsay quite consistently . . . but who wouldn't? . . . Howard Hughes escorting the large-orbed Maguire to the gay spots, too . . . Andrea Leeds and Jack Dunn, Sonja Henie's former skating partner, simply brimful with each other . . . wonder why Ken Murray lost out . . . it's Anita Louise and Ronald Reagan, now . . . and Leah Ray can't seem to make up her mind between Jerry Wald, the writer, and Sonny Werblin, New York publishing executive . . . Margot Grahame seen with Ray Haller . . . Phyllis Brooks still the one woman in Cary Grant's exciting life . . . she's the envy of every gal in Hollywoodtown . . . Lionel Stander night after night with Catherine Henderson, the Texas beauty . . . just TRY to keep up with the status of Rudy Vallee and Gloria Youngblood, the Indian

[*Continued on page* 46]

UNLUCKY IN LOVE

...until she learned how to correct that Misfit-Makeup look

"I'm so lonely—and not a date in weeks."

"Men don't like conspicuous misfit makeup."

She took the hint. And now—"Let's step out a lot!"



To end Misfit Makeup...

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

ADVISES *Glenda Farrell* ☆ *Featured in "Stolen Heaven" a Paramount Picture*

TO BE LUCKY IN LOVE, say Hollywood stars, you can't risk misfit makeup...unrelated cosmetics that can't possibly look well together—or on you!

ARE YOU SURE *your* makeup *matches* . . . and matches *you?* You are, when you wear Marvelous, the new Matched Makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and lipstick—the eye makeup, too—are in color harmonized sets. And Marvelous Makeup is right for you because it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

ARTISTS, movie stars, beauty editors—and thousands of girls who wear it—agree this eye-matched makeup flatters *all* your features—your skin, your hair, your type!

THE PRICE IS LOW... start now to build *your* matched set...buy that lipstick you need... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara ...in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are { BLUE *wear Dresden type* / GRAY *wear Patrician type* / BROWN . . . *wear Parisian type* / HAZEL *wear Continental type*

TONIGHT... *be* lucky in love—try this *matched* makeup that matches *you!*

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MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP *by* Richard Hudnut



Harmonizing LIPSTICK POWDER ROUGE 55¢ *each*

Try it! Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to *your* eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches . . . and matches you.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City FWG-5-38

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send *my* Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup . . . harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

√ *My eyes are*
☐ Blue ☐ Brown
☐ Gray ☐ Hazel

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Our favorite extra discovers that there is quite a little difference between getting work and getting the works during

A Day on the Lloyd Set

By E. J. SMITHSON



The only thing that kissed our battle-scarred friend, the author, during his acting career was a rubber wrench, and he seems to be regarding the star, Harold Lloyd, and Phyllis Welch with some gloom. But maybe he is just more hurt than jealous

DEAR EDITOR:

Remember me? I'm the guy who spent $25 for a Screen Actors Guild membership card last month, worked for a day with Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, got mixed up with a blonde in a studio crap game during the lunch hour and when the shades of night were falling fast discovered that I was $16.25 on the wrong side of the ledger.

Since my financial predicament was due to a suggestion from you that I spend the day on the set as an extra, I inserted a "Please Remit" for the above amount in the story of my trials, tribulations, and troubles that marked my screen debut, but for one reason or another it escaped your notice. I'm glad, now, that it did, for it practically forced me into the streets to hustle up another extra job.

It should please you almost as much as it does me to report that I almost got two!

A week after I finished my first picture, a quickie producer whom I approached for work told me to be at the studio early the next morning and he'd have a job for me. Knowing how fast these quickies are turned out by experts, I was up at five and headed for the studio at six the next day. Ten blocks away from the cameras I was held up for half an hour at a railroad crossing and, believe it or not, when I rushed huffing and puffing onto the set I learned that not only had I missed a day's work, but that I had arrived too late to see the last reel of the preview!

A couple of hours later, while trying to hold up a lamp-post on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, who should come along but genial Joe Reddy, the personal representative of Harold Lloyd. I showed Joe my Screen Actors Guild card and said I'd like to put in a day on Harold's new picture, *Professor, Beware*, and Joe said come along we'd see about it. Twenty minutes later I was at the studio and five minutes after that a frigid-looking casting director with an icy stare was glaring at me. In fact, this guy gave off such a chill that when he stood in the light I could see an aurora borealis around him!



He asked me if I'd ever been a longshoreman and I said "No." Then he asked me if I'd ever been a sailor and when I said "No" to that I decided that it was about time to look for another job, but Joe went into a huddle with him about then and pretty soon the director gave me a ticket and said "report promptly at seven A. M. tomorrow morning at the Catalina Terminal, Pier 19, at Wilmington."

Well, I get there okay and report to Director Elliot Nugent, who sort of sighs and tells me to report to his 1st Assistant Director, George Hippard, who sort of sighs and tells me to report to the 2nd Assistant Director, George Baker, who shoos me over to Billy Farquarhar, the 3rd Assistant Director, who sort of sighs "I know" when I mention Joe Reddy's name. Billy finally tells me to go over to the wardrobe department and climb into some longshoreman's clothes which I do, but when he takes a gander at me he tells me to go back and report in a sailor suit. "You certainly don't look like a longshoreman," he says, "and maybe you won't look like a sailor, but we'll have to take a chance." He looks pretty unhappy about the whole affair, but I need the money and haven't got time to argue with a 3rd Assistant Director.

Well, I get dolled up in my blue sailor suit and white cap and when Billy sees me he says, "get over on that white yacht and make it snappy."

This white yacht is named "The Jasmine" and is owned by J. S. Montgomery. It cost $300,000 to build, $3,000 a month to keep up, and is about the finest pleasure boat I ever gazed upon. It looked so spic and span that you felt that the Gold [*Continued on page* 46]

Sh-Sh-h-h! DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .

CAROLE LOMBARD *and* FERNAND GRAVET



ARE SIMPLY

"FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"

AND SO ARE

RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS

MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields

Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher

From the Play "Return Engagement" by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey

Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

Their romance is scandalicious, scandalovely, scandalirious!

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

presented by

Warner Bros.





Grab the telephone out of your dear one's hands, if you must be impulsive, but don't be surprised if he acts impulsively, too, as shown by Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas in a scene from *There's Always a Woman*

How to Lose Your Man

There are a number of methods for driving the elusive male from your door, but here is a new dodge as well as a solemn warning

By KATHERINE ALBERT

■ They were walking out of the theatre together—the pretty girl and the good looking young man. He made some casual remark to her, probably "How about a soda" when suddenly she yelled "No! Don't wanna", and gave him a smart kick on the shin bone.

The young man whirled toward her in amazement at which point she pulled his hat down to his ears and sent a little nifty to his jaw and all the time she was dancing around him shouting, "Ya, ya, funny face. Ya, ya, funny face."





They called it comedy when Carole Lombard and Una Merkel started a scream contest for Fred MacMurray's benefit in *True Confession*, but take a long look at the follow-up on the right, before you try it yourself

By this time quite a crowd had gathered to view, with mixed amazement and delight, this startling scene. Then, before you could say "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents", the cops had arrived.

"What's goin' on here?" the cops asked, as cops always do.

"My girl appears to have gone crazy," the young man replied, as calmly as he could under the circumstances.

She was still running loose shouting "ya, ya" but finally a cop caught her—with the same technique a farmer uses to catch a cackling chicken. "What's the meaning of this?" demanded the law.

The girl looked up at him wide-eyed. "Why," she explained sweetly, "I'm only being glamorous. I'm just acting like Carole Lombard, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis to name a few."

They took her away in the wagon and when she asked for her boy friend they explained that he never wanted to see her again. So she just sat there muttering, "But Carole and Irene and Loretta and Miriam and Bette—they all act this way and their boy friends just love 'em."

The cops shook their heads sadly and murmured "Just plain nuts" to each other. And that ended that.

So far as I know the young lady is still reposing in jail and her boy friend has another girl who never goes to the movies. She's a neurotic little number, very conveniently inhibited. And you can chalk up the entire episode as another cinema sin.

■ You see, girls, the lads thought you were funny enough when you were talking in that deep throaty voice like Garbo and pausing by the door to give some cryptic exit line like Dietrich but if you follow the present mode of goofy gamboling, if you become a dizzy dame you'll just end up in the hoosegow, as the heroine of our little drama did. and not in your sweetheart's arms—taking a





It was very cute and funny and girlishly witty when Loretta Young in *Love Is News* flung Tyrone Power behind prison bars for a laugh. But don't forget that he retaliated by dropping her in a mud-puddle. And it might be you!

vicious bite out of his shoulder—as the movie gals do.

It all began, as near as I can figure out, when Carole Lombard made *My Man Godfrey* (or maybe I shouldn't have phrased it just that way). Remember her sitting up in bed having hysterics at Bill Powell? Everyone said she was cute and that it was a very smart idea to leap from glamour into this madcap stuff. And, for once, we might have forgiven Carole had she not gone around spreading the dread disease.

■ The dizzy dame became the mode. There was Irene Dunne who was always such a nice type of heroine. She never made you think, she sang sweetly and acted well and looked oh! so pretty. Then she burst out with *Theodora Goes Wild* and made a fool of her boy friend, in the picture, by playing an elaborate practical joke on him.

Not content with "Theodora" she even went wilder in *The Awful Truth*. Absolutely nuts, this time. Constantly she humiliated and made fun of the man she loved. However the scenario had them together in the final fade-out even if Cary Grant was wearing an old fashioned night shirt. Now Carole wasn't going to be outdone by Irene so along came *Nothing Sacred* and as if that wasn't enough, *True Confession*.

In the meantime the other girls began to swing out with gags. Bette Davis perpetrated some fair to middling practical jokes on Leslie Howard in *It's Love I'm After* Loretta Young made a monkey out of Tyrone Power in *Love Is News* and Miriam Hopkins wasn't any lovey pie in *Woman Chases Man*.

■ And what about the poor public? We fan writers are always telling you that the movies set the styles in everything from blouses to behavior; so, seeing these lovely girls all running berserk but always winding up in the arms of the lover adored and adoring, what was a girl to think? Naturally, you reasoned, "Men love a goofy gazelle. Men will be utterly fascinated if I pull chairs out from under them and trip 'em up when they are dropping down on one knee to propose. The movie stars do it. The scenario writers let 'em get away with it. Why not me?"

Well, I'll tell you. Not you, babe, if you want to hold your man. Take it from one who has sat on the sidelines of life (that will be me) and watched the lads and lassies on every sort of emotional spree, that isn't the way to hold your man. It's the way to lose him. And Miss Lombard, herself, now chief exponent in the art of goofy screen loving should know it.

Remember when the Lombard-Gable romance started? The real life one, I'm talking about now. Remember how Carole sent Clark an old Ford done up as a Valentine and a big package wrapped like a wonderful present which, when opened, turned out to be a flock of pigeons which flew all around the room?

Remember? Sure you do and so does Clark. But I have it on good authority (and I don't mean Dame Rumor but a personal friend of Clark's) that he didn't like it at all. In fact, to state it bluntly, he loathed it.

Oh, he laughed "ha, ha" and said "very amusing idea" when the pigeons were nesting in his hair and the old Ford was attracting attention on his front lawn. But his friends knew that the number one sex appeal boy wasn't to be won in that way. For there's not a man in the world who likes his sweetheart to play practical jokes on [*Continued on page* 34]





Sometimes a good yank at the hair drives a man wild with adoration, but other times it just drives him wild as you can see if you'll study pictures of Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in *The Awful Truth*



NORMA SHEARER

Radiantly lovely is the star in the powdered wig, the lavish laces and the splendid jewels of *Marie Antoinette* who lived so gaily and who died with such tragic gallantry. The film will be one of the most important of early fall releases from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios



In one of her scenes from *Sally, Irene and Mary*, Joan Davis prepares to knock them dead with a rope act



Still smiling, though things are becoming a little involved



At the end of her rope, but still baffled

Okay by a Kayo

Most people are satisfied with the blows dealt by fate, but not Joan Davis who Kayo-ed herself into fame

By SONIA LEE

■ When a forgotten poet indicted an ode to a bobolink, he piled up woes for Johnny What's-his-name, and paved the way to a knockout career for Joan Davis!

That bird, beset by b's, was Johnny's Waterloo. Even the teacher's glacial eye couldn't suppress the titters of the second-graders when the small boys' stuttering tongue began to battle with the alphabet's second letter.

Only the face of Josie Davis, four aisles over, was grave and speculative and ruminative. She watched Johnny's technique with intense eyes and committed his antics by heart. First, his cheeks would balloon out with his gusty efforts. Then they'd deflate into hollows. Johnny's eyes would bulge and roll like a frail craft on a stormy sea. Again his cheeks would inflate, but the bobolink remained a thought in his eye and not a well-enunciated word on his lips! In despair and disgust, Johnny would bring up his clenched fists, punch himself smack on the cheek to break the spell of his stuttering. The children would break into shrieks of glee. And the more emotional little girls would laugh until thick tears rolled down their soft, rosy cheeks. Josie Davis was torn in two. Her heart pitied that afflicted little boy. But her embryo artist's mind appreciated the routine and tucked it away in memory for future use.

At seven, Joan sensed that *even kindly people* laughed at the embarrassment, the mishaps and the difficulties of others. Since then, borrowing from Johnny, she has literally punched herself to fame.

■ The now-called Joan, then Josephine, was a thorn in the side of strutting parents, when only half-past toddler stage, at all the school entertainments.



And of course, when she needs it, the gun isn't loaded!

Her small playmates—pretty little girls with hair in sausage curls; in pink and blue party dresses, with every bow just so; with faces set in heroic smiles—would speak their pieces about princesses and fairies, make well-rehearsed bows and take their seats to only a polite patter of applause.

Then up would [*Continued on page* 60]

Hollywood in a Trailer

You can spend thousands in Hollywood in an afternoon, or you can get by on next to nothing and still have fun. Here is the expense account of one family

By
WINIFRED AYDELOTTE



Sis stepped out of the trailer, and immediately got on her "Robert Taylor look"

■ Dad Gale stopped the car suddenly, and Mrs. Gale clutched at the potatoes boiling on the stove in the trailer. The trailer, a perfect passion of domesticity on wheels, was her pride and joy, her fairytale home, her overstuffed palace of gadgets. She peered out the front window into the small sedan and saw Dad and fourteen-year-old Jimmy grinning broadly and making excited "get out" gestures. Hastily glancing around to see that everything was all right (Mother Gale never stepped foot out of her chintz castle without doing this) she opened the door and got out, followed by Sis, her eldest.

Dad just pointed, and Mother cried, "Oranges! It's an honest-to-goodness orange grove! Now I *know* I'm in California. Isn't it wonderful? Here we are, 'at home,' and California rolls right up to the door with oranges. But I still think," Mother was a disciple of thrift, "that Hollywood will be a pretty expensive adventure. And what fun would it be if we can't go to the famous places where the *real* Hollywood is?"

"I have figured out," said Dad, "that we can save so much, without hotel and restaurant expense, that we can easily blow $60 in Hollywood. Indeed, Mrs. Gale, we could 'proceed to extremes—with some moderation.'"

"Well, for gosh sakes, what are we waiting for?" asked Jimmy.

Sis got on her Robert Taylor look. . . .

$5.00 Hollywood—and it was the first day. The Gales had blown in and swept their home on wheels into a modern auto-trailer camp not far from the heart of town. When Mother learned the rent was only $5.00 a week, including water, electricity and telephone, her fears about expenses began to dissolve. The camp was scrupulously clean and beautifully shaded with immense eucalyptus trees, and it stood on a hill overlooking most of the city. As she worked on Jimmy's best shirt with the iron plugged into the wall, she hugged the thought that she had all the practical conveniences of any Hollywood apartment-hotel, without the cost and with everything but tray service and an elevator. She and Dad figured they saved between $10 and $15 a day in hotel rent alone. There were 40 trailers parked in this camp, permanent and transient, occupants ranging from actors to postmen.

Shirt ironed and breakfast finished, where would the Gales go first? So little time—so much to see! What first? Why, the studios, of course. Or at least the walls that hid the mystery of all the fascinating make-believe. Leaving their parlor, bedroom and bath at their new address, they piled into the car. Their first stop was at one of those architectural bon-bons, peculiar to Hollywood, that deal in carburetor fodder.

"Looks more like a museum entrance than a gas station," said Mother, getting a bit wide-eyed.

$1.60 As Dad handed the attendant $1.60 for ten gallons of gas, he said, "Incidentally, Mrs. Gale, notice that this disposes of trolley and taxi fare for all of us today."

"There's another Aftermath," cried Mother, not so interested in money now. The Gales called their trailer The Aftermath.

"It's Wally Beery!" cried Jimmy, and as he passed Mr. Beery gave them his shy, crooked smile. By this time Mother didn't care if their car ran on a meter.

It took them about two hours to make the tour of the studios; see at the various gates the smiling but firm policemen whose credo is THOU SHALT NOT PASS, and notice the many doors through the high walls . . . Employes Entrance, Purchasing Department, Casting Office, Information, Personnel Department, and many others. On the way to Universal Studios, their last stop, they drove slowly along Hollywood Boulevard, and Mother marveled at the open-air markets, half a block in size, and riotous with fresh vitamins, arranged in green-leafed symphonies of lettuce, celery and spinach, and accompanied by an obligato of passionate but controlled red cabbages and sleek little avocadoes. Imagine buying two bunches of carrots for a nickel right opposite the building where Greta Garbo's tailor fashions raiment for the Kinema Kings and Kweens!

$3.50 Universal's commissary is open to the public, which was a pleasant surprise for the Gales. Each had an excellent 75c luncheon, but hungry as they were it was thrillingly disconcerting to see Mischa Auer dreamily sipping coffee, and Alice Brady dashing by with a bevy of dogs, all in one sitting. And Jimmy forgot entirely the all-important question of food when he saw Deanna Durbin. Sis was rendered ga-ga when Carole Lombard passed right by their table. Dad left 50 cents for the waitress.

$1.60 After lunch they drove around Toluca Lake and saw the homes of Richard Arlen, Bing Crosby, Mary Astor, Jack Oakie, and saw Buck Jones gentling a pony for one of the kids in the neighborhood. Then they went to Warner Brothers Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard and enjoyed two features, a news reel and a short subject for 40c each.

The evening's program was dedicated to Mother who, by now, was indifferent to expenses and who was threatening a cooking strike. She said she wanted "extraordinary" food, very different from their simple "trailer-made meals," and Dad after an interview with the actor next door, said he knew just the place. After showers and clothes changing, he drove them off with an air of mystery, murmuring his battle-cry, "To extremes—with moderation."

$5.50 Extraordinary was certainly the word for the Three Crown Swedish Restaurant, whose proprietor owns the largest Newfoundland dog in the world, and where they were served a twelve course dinner ($1.25 each) of lovely unrecognizables. At the end of each course, Dad expected the check, but the Lucullan orgy went on and on. They found they shared the same delicious Smorgasbord and gracious atmosphere with their beloved Louise Fazenda and her husband, Hal Wallis, at a nearby table. Beyond them sat that malicious villain of the movies, John Carradine, talking gaily to friends and looking disappointingly harmless. Ralph Bellamy was in a far corner, a bit absent-minded over the menu. (Dad left a 50c tip.)

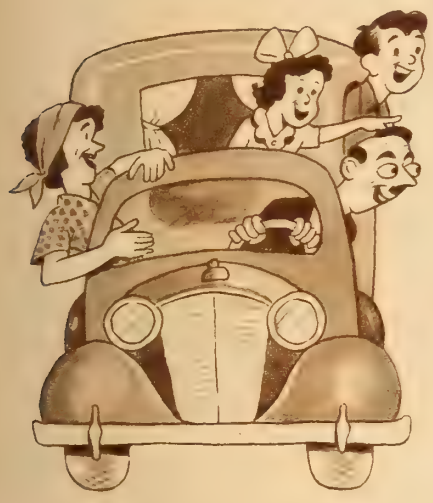
$1.60 Next day, after acquiring another $1.60 worth of gas and oil, Dad voted for exercise. He felt he'd eaten too much and he was very proud of his waistline. He wanted to go bowling.

"But heck! we want to see people and things! Whoever goes bowling?" yelled Jimmy.

$2.00 "*I* do," said Dad, and over three very definite protests took them off to a bowling alley near the boulevard. Who in Hollywood goes bowling indeed? The Gales missed pins left and right as they craned their necks to admire lovely Jane Wyman, who sent keen shots down the line. Allen Jenkins came in to practice ten pins, and Sis just gave up trying to play after Clark Gable came in. Two dollars for two hours' fun with celebrities!

They spent the afternoon in The Aftermath, catching their breath, chatting with their actor-neighbor, and taking naps.

$1.30 "There's a gleam in Mother's eyes," said Dad when six o'clock came and Mrs. Gale made no motion toward her trailer stove. "I think it means she'd like to put on glad rags and see Hollywood night life. Jimmy, here are tickets for you and Sis for a pre-



"Why it's Wally Beery!" cried Junior, waving

view at Pantages. I'm Mrs. Gale's *special* escort."

$9.00 The young ones had their own trailer dinner and left early to stroll to Pantages on the boulevard. (Their tickets cost 65c each.) Mother and Dad dressed in their best bib and tucker and dined at the Cafe Lamaze in Beverly Hills and danced to the soft, swinging music of its orchestra. Four dollars a plate. No cover charge. Tip, $1.00.

"To extremes—with moderation, Mrs. Gale." Dad winked at her.

They saw James Stewart and Rosalind Russell, Andrea Leeds and Wesley Ruggles and many others. Charles Boyer came in. Mother missed a couple of steps. . . .

$2.25 The third day found the Gales lolling on the Santa Monica beach. They had risen late, and had had "brunch" at the late Thelma Todd's cafe for 50c each. Tip 25c. They were in their bathing suits, having brought their own dressing rooms along—The Aftermath, parked with hundreds of others by the side of the Coast Highway.

$3.00 "I think screen people like the same things we do," said Mother naively, her gaze following lovely Gloria Dickson. Later on, at the amusement pier, Mother was sure of it. They saw Wayne Morris and Lana Turner on the merry-go-round! Dad spent $3.00 on amusements, but wouldn't let them eat a thing. Jimmy and Sis were restrained from hamburgers with difficulty, and made fun of his darkly mysterious air. But they took it all back when. . . .

$9.75 Shades of Henry the Eighth! Their eyes popped when Dad led them into the Cock 'n Bull. The headwaiter with the Leslie Howard accent bowed them past a huge buffet table, on which reclined a roast pig with an apple in its mouth, enormous roasted turkeys, whole hams, chickens. . . . The Cock 'n Bull catered to the epicureans who took eating seriously. One made a choice of food at the great buffet—steaming steak and kidney puddings, Yorkshire puddings, roasted guinea, their famous roast beef done to a king's taste. At tables around them, the Gales saw Eugene Pallette, Errol Flynn, Beatrice Lillie, Fanny Brice, and Director John Ford with friends. This feast cost $2 a plate, tip 75c and Dad had imported ale at $1.

$3.00 The family woke up heavily the next morning. "Today we exercise," they decided unanimously. Ice skating in Sunny California in the Springtime! This was the Polar Palace where Sonja Henie held beautiful exhibitions before going into the movies. Blades flashing, joyous speed, graceful skating. Music. Little Jane Withers tore by with speed-record aspirations. Mickey Rooney sang as he flew by with his gang. Ida Lupino was laughing; Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable waltzed by hand in hand. A dizzy flash of someone—whoosh!

"Who was that?" gasped Mother, hanging onto the rail.

"Irwin Jaffee, champ Olympic star," said Jimmy, gliding up.

"Admission 40c. Skates 35c. More fun for $3.00 than I've had since. . . ." Dad took a spill.

$1.60 On the fifth day, the Gales rested —in their fashion. Muscle-bound, sore and happy, they paid 40c admission in the afternoon to the Riviera Polo field and watched Hal Roach, Spencer Tracy and Johnny Mack Brown in mighty action. The stands held such passionate enthusiasts as Walt Disney, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, Paul Kelly, June Lang, Jean Muir and Ray Milland.

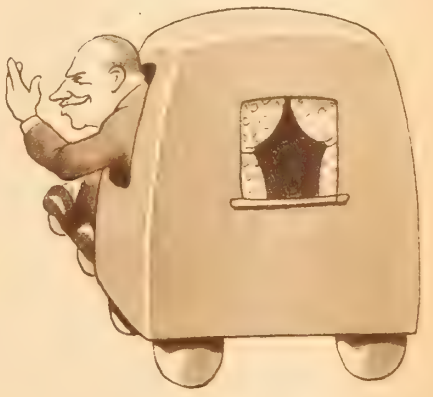
$0.50 This was the last day. They ate a vegetable dinner, fresh from one of Hollywood's famous open-air markets, in the trailer dinette. It cost all of 50c for the gang.

"Incidentally," said Dad, "we have over-stayed our time by a day and still have enough in the budget to dedicate the evening to more fun. Come on, you Highwaymen! I'll lead the way." Dad was mysterious again, after a conference with the actor.

$2.00 He drove them to Victor McLaglen's club, and paid 50c admission to the stadium. From the stands, they were thrilled at McLaglen's blue-uniformed mounted troup exhibiting fine horsemanship in jumping, troop drills and stunts. They saw a girls' softball game which was no pink tea party! Then they entered the club house—and what luck! It was Old Forty-Niners' night. There were gambling tables stacked with chips and stage money. Almost everyone was in old western costume and crowding the tables. The bar was handled by a bartender with false side-burns and a flair for mixing very authentic drinks.

"I'm glad it was stage money at those roulette tables, or we'd be pushing the trailer home," said Mother as they left.

The Gales rolled their residence off the grounds the next morning towards the great highway—and home. They had



Beery waved back and it didn't cost a cent

seen the *real* Hollywood with a trailer, a budget, some imagination and a few questions.

$53.20 Sitting on a bunk in the trailer, Mother got Dad's budget out of the pocket of his good suit and began to look it over. She was amazed to discover that they had spent only $53.20 for five glorious days in Hollywood.

A bright-winged Blue Jay darted by the windows of The Aftermath. "Cheap, cheap," he sang. Mother grinned after the bird and tossed the budget book carelessly on the table.



1. Restraint is the great thing in the modern school of acting. Here is the approved method of expressing shock, . . . but in a mild way, as if you'd lost a million dollars



2. This demonstrates Type One Despair as you think over all the things you could have done with that million, but reflect that it is harder on income tax returns than on you



3. Here we have Second Degree Shock. Fine for the time they come around to tell you that you have lost *three* million dollars in the market and that worse is yet to come

How to Be an Actress

"All you have to know is how to act, if you want to be an actress," says Fanny Brice who generously took five minutes off between scenes of *Everybody Sing* at M-G-M to give aspiring stars a capsule course in scene stealing



4. This is Second Degree Despair, just before the curl starts coming out of the hair



5. The Dawn of Hope, as a bright thought breaks through the momentary gloom



6. Sunlight and shadow as two emotions war for possession of the Brice face



7. Aha, you almost had me fooled, but the joke's on you . . .



8. Because I didn't have three millions in the market to lose!

THE KING RETURNS TO HIS THRONE



Palming his cigar in a nice gesture of respect for his royal robes, the King of Comedy looks at his past with pleasure and at his future in *The Big Broadcast of 1938* and in *Things Begin to Happen* with pardonable pride

By TED MAGEE

■ "Tell that blankety-blink-blank green-eyed persimmon what I think. Tell him to proceed to perdition. Who does he think he is, talking like that to me? Oh, well, tell him I'll see him at eight o'clock tonight for dinner. Good by!"

W. C. Fields slammed up the telephone receiver, swung around in his chair and launched the rest of his remarks at you and you and you. He was in a funny mood—and always remember the Fields brand of humor is spontaneous stuff—the same sort of thing that has made him a star for the past forty years, a star of circus, medicine show, cabaret, honky-tonk, burlesque, musical comedy, vaudeville, drama, screen and radio in every country of the world.

"And you," he said, waving a cane in our direction, "can tell the whole world I'll be around here for ten or fifteen years more. Nothing has me licked. I am indeed in fine fettle. I tell you, suh, I am back at my labor of love to stay."

And he is. It took W. C. Fields more than a year to win his battle with the grimmest of reapers. But he has come back, defiant and full of spunk, the King of Humor, ready to resume his throne.

■ You could talk to Bill Fields every day of the week for many moons, and still find him full of fresh recollections about those forty years of stardom. Recollections that make you shake with laughter. For W. C. Fields remembers life more as a laugh than anything else.

The gay nineties were just about to give up the ghost when Bill Fields first entered the scene. He made the grade in 1899 largely because of a printer's error in a small town. For six years previous to this moment he had been doing opening acts on itinerant vaudeville, bandying eggs about in a juggling act. He preferred to toss the eggs in a silent act than to have them tossed at him—or talk and be open to laying them.

Fields graduated to a headline act because the printer in this small town put him on the wrong spot in a program. Rather than have the whole print job done over, the theatre owner made Fields the headliner. In the year that followed he got wise to himself and the booking agents. His salary leaped from $10 a week and board to $125 a week. It was all done very simply. When they offered him a raise he demanded more. If they didn't offer the raise he got it anyway. But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

■ Bill Fields spent most of the gay nineties as a non-fare-paying passenger riding the finer freight trains. As an itinerant vaudeville man he carried his props and clothes in one small grip. In those days he didn't consider it a hardship. After finishing up a show in one town, he and his partner would grab the next freight out for the following city. He always enjoyed beating the railroads out of the fares.

"That brought on a terrible calamity eventually," he said, a mischievous smile playing on his lips. "When I became a full-fledged headliner, I found I had to pay my fare and extra cash for my props. You'll never know what that did to me. It simply broke this puffing heart of mine. Of course, I no longer feel that way. I believe all good citizens should travel on the railways in Pullman cars, paying first class fares. As a stockholder in several railroads, I find my attitude of previous and more foolish years somewhat altered."

But those itinerant, carefree years produced many a thrill that W. C. Fields in his present eminence can no longer enjoy. He learned to mistrust strangers, to avoid dogs, several of which took ample nips out of his [*Continued on page* 62]

Pat's Day Off

After he had finished his part in *Robin Hood* and before he began work in *White Banners* Pat O'Brien had a day off and (does this sound familiar?) decided to spend the day as the Spirit of Neatness

—Fawcett Photos by Rhodes



1. Here is the Spirit of Tidiness sidetracked only momentarily by some interesting letters in the morning's mail bag



2. Now he's getting somewhere, and, even if there is no place left to sit down, he's getting things concentrated



3. Who can blame a man for stopping to recall the glorious day when he won the silver cup?



4. A man has to keep up his strength, and even if the kitchen does get a little cluttered, that always can be fixed later



5. Well, there they are! Right in the middle of straightening up his dressing room, the Spirit of Neatness finds his long lost binoculars. Well, well, well!



6. After all, the racing season doesn't last forever. And you can straighten up the house any time, so Pat becomes the Spirit of the Outdoors for the rest of the day

Nourishes as well as Cleanses



"IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE such a grand nourishing cream and cleansing cream in one. Pond's new Cold Cream does so much more for my skin."

MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III

"KEEPS MY SKIN FINER ... Pond's new Cold Cream keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

JOAN BELMONT, Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey





"SMOOTHS OUT TIRED LINES . . . Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream gives my skin a livelier, more glowing look —smooths out tired lines."

THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE

Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

THE first announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the new cream.

And steadily your demand has increased for this new cream that brings to women such important new aid to skin beauty.

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Use this new cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Soon you, too, will be agreeing that the use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring to your skin something active and essential to its health—gives it a livelier, more glowing look!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.



"SKIN YOUNGER . . . The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' has made my skin smoother and younger, the colour fresher—within just a few weeks."

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 6-CS, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Parisian Playboy



This is the engaging smile which Fernand Gravet turns at the camera as well as at his practical-joking friends

Something about a young man who takes his play as well as his work seriously

By TERRY KELLY

■ The first streaks of dawn were pushing over the sky when that bunch of startled people began tumbling out of the apartment house door into the street. A fire drill could have been no more efficient, and Fernand Gravet, watching from a nearby car, was laughing himself sick.

This was vengeance the way he wanted it. Almost everyone living in this building had pulled jokes on him during the past six months. His friends in Paris were growing a little dull with their charges that he, as a fellow jokester, was slipping.

So Fernand, sitting there in the car, saw Marie and Jacques, and a lot of other thespians in their night clothes hurtle out the door and shiver in the cold dawn.

Fernand leaned out the window and blew them a kiss. "Now, my friends, you may return to your beds," he shouted as the car drew away.

The noted comedian had bided his time before pulling this coup. Then, early one morning, he drove to the theatrical hotel, slipped past the concierge with a bundle under his cloak, and moved happily to the top floor.

There, in the hall, he planted his first gift for his pals, a nice loud noise bomb. And on each succeeding floor he did the same, then departed to his car to watch the results.

Yes, Fernand got his revenge, but like all events of this sort, he was of course laying himself open to further retribution from the victims of this little affair.

■ The French actor was in a reminiscent mood when we found him idle for a moment out at Warner Brothers. He had been working all morning on a scene for *Fools for Scandal*, his second American appearance under the banner of Mervyn LeRoy. Carole Lombard and Ralph Bellamy were in the scene with him. Carole had been laughing hysterically at Fernand's grave face. And truthfully, the graver Fernand looks, the funnier he is. That just happens to be the chief way he makes you laugh.

Well, just as Fernand finished the scene, he spied an acquaintance over at one side reading the morning paper. Fernand has the memory of two elephants. He recalled almost instantly this was the chap who introduced him to the little joke of "hot foot" by putting a match along Fernand's shoes when he wasn't looking, and then lighting it.

So the actor slipped over beside his friend, calmly pulled out a cigaret lighter, and touched off the top edge of the newspaper. The chap was so engrossed with the sports page that he did not notice the flames until they had eaten away a good portion of his material. Then he leaped to his feet, very startled, and began shouting wildly.

Fernand beamed. "That," he said, "is our favorite version of your American match game. Do you enjoy it?" And was off to his dressing room where we were getting a bird's eye view of the fun.

■ That's how Fernand happened to be in a reminiscent mood. Things like these reminded him strongly of Paris, where he and the pals who moved around town with him were unmerciful in the jokes they played on each other. Outsiders seldom bore the brunt of these pranks. To fool someone who was innocent of the constant plotting and counter-plotting going on among this group was akin to shooting a rabbit with a shot gun. The idea always was pleasant revenge on friends who ought to be smart enough to see the joke coming.

There was the time, for instance, when Fernand and a friend named George arranged a neat little conspiracy against a third actor called Jacques. At least, these names will do to tell the story.

The trio had just arrived back in town from a London engagement and registered at a hotel. Jacques, coming across on the boat, had duped both Fernand and George with one of his pleasant little jokes, so the other two, upon arriving at the hotel, went to the manager for a conference.

"Our friend, Jacques, is a little difficult but not dangerous," they explained to the official. "He is suffering from a mental malady called dementia praecox. Will you please instruct all of your employes to ignore his orders and do as we say? Fine. Jacques should not be served

liquor of any sort. Always oblige him with a glass of soda. And whenever he orders meat, be sure he is served with nothing but the finest vegetables."

The manager agreed readily, and the first explosion came a few hours later when Jacques ordered a brandy to be brought to his quarters. The waiter appeared with soda water. Jacques was patient, and carefully re-ordered. The waiter soon returned with more soda water, and poor Jacques went into a rage. Of course the employe left convinced this was a madman.

At dinner that night the three of them looked over a menu and Jacques ordered a fish dinner to be carefully prepared. The waiter, another fellow who had heard of this man's rages, wrote the order hurriedly and departed. It was no pleasure on his part to return presently with a vegetable plate, arranged as nicely as the chef could suggest.

Jacques immediately roared his wrath. His two friends tried calming him down between chuckles, but were not too successful.

"Really, it looked like our joke had gone far enough," Fernand recalled, smiling over a cigaret. "But Jacques walked out on us after refusing our company. An hour later he was in his room with a private bottle of brandy, feeding his injured pride. It was not long before he was disturbing guests on the floor with some very bad singing.

"Finally the manager came to us, imploring that we stop this business. We tried to shut Jacques up, but got nowhere. The manager's patience was at an end. He disappeared, but presently returned with two strong policemen, and then we *were* in a fix.

"It took a good hour to convince them this was all a joke. Meantime, even after our explanations, they were all for ejecting our friend from the hotel for being too noisy. Finally, God bless him, he solved that problem for us by going to sleep. But the joke was scarcely worth the grief."

■ It would be a mistake to gather from this that Fernand Gravet is forever playing jokes on other people and never having them played on him. Not at all. For instance, on another occasion, Fernand was dining with some friends who had him served with raw carrots, uncooked peas, and similar things. It looked like Fernand could do little but eat them in apparent unconcern, or else be laughed at heartily.

Fernand chose neither course. He picked up a raw carrot, carefully carved it into the shape of a fish, and got up. His purpose was to be funnier than those who planned this hoax. So he walked across the room to where some goldfish were gamboling about in a little pool. Concealing the carrot in his right hand, he apparently dipped down in the water and came up with a wiggly fish which he downed with one gulp. Patrons put down their forks and stared unbelievingly. One woman shouted hysterically and left the

[*Continued on page* 49]



MATILDA: There! That's why the bride's having plenty of grief, Susan—look what's in her box of groceries!

SUSAN: Never mind, Matilda, pick up your skirts and run! I don't think that dog likes old ladies.



MATILDA: But, Susan, you know it's that weak-kneed soap the bride buys that leaves dirt sticking in her clothes. She'll never get rid of tattle-tale gray—if we don't show her the right kind of soap to use.



SUSAN: But the dog! . . .

MATILDA: Don't be a 'fraidy-cat—I'll take care of the dog. You take that lazy soap out of the bride's groceries and put in our bar of Fels-Naptha Soap.



SUSAN: Nice doggie! We're only trying to be helpful. We're only trying to show the bride how to get whiter washes.

MATILDA: Yes, doggie. Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* get clothes so clean, tattle-tale gray simply has to scamper.



COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

They do wonders! Try the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

It is hard to believe that
Feminine Hygiene



can be so dainty, easy and **Greaseless**

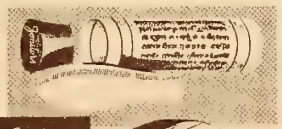
BUT IT IS TRUE. Zonitors, snow-white, antiseptic, *greaseless*, are not only easy to use but are *completely removable with water.* For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

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There is nothing like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal. They contain no quinine or harmful drugs, no cocoa butter to melt or run. Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power combined with its freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

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Each in individual glass vial.



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Picture your hair WITH SOLO Curls



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A few minutes and a few Solo Curlers are all you need to transform straggly, unattractive hair into soft, lovely curls. No lotions . . . no heat . . . no fuss.

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The life of a bird-woman is not an easy one, admits Rochelle Hudson, advanced student flier, as she gives the air to the tire of a bombing plane at Clover Field

Hollywood's High Fliers

Stars are taking to the air in their own planes, and here is something about the way they learn

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Off-hand, one can name a score of top-ranking stars of Hollywood who let off emotional steam by taking an occasional flyer in the stock market. It's an expensive hobby, but a thrilling one, win, lose, or draw. Others, shunning the lure of the ticker-tape, get their thrills, win or lose, by placing their money across the board on the four-footed flyers at the Santa Anita race track. But in neither of these two groups will you ever find the real high flyers of Movietown for the very simple reason that the real high flyers constitute that large and select group of screen celebrities who actually "go up into the air" in the cockpit of a plane.

Any bright, sunny day, if you know where to go, you can watch them shove off—some going up on their first flight with an instructor, others advanced far enough to solo, and still others, farther advanced, ready and eager for a try at blind flying and acrobatics.

■ The man who teaches the stars to fly through the air with the greatest of ease is Marion McKeen, a sandy-haired, tanned-faced, alert-eyed pilot in his early thirties who has the amazing record of having taught more than 300 persons to fly without injury to either himself or pupils. His log books show that he has been aloft with pupils more than 7,000 hours and you can search the pages in vain for any record of even the most insignificant mishap.

For the past two years at the Clover Field airport, Pilot McKeen has devoted most of his time in giving flying lessons to members of the motion picture colony. Stars, writers, producers and directors are all down in his log books. Listed among those whom he has taught to skylark like air veterans are Director Frank Borzage and his wife, Jack Kirkman, author of *Tobacco Road;* Earnest B. Schoedsack, who is now in Burma shooting scenes for an M-G-M jungle picture; Peter Macgowan, son of Kenneth Macgowan, producer at 20th Century-Fox, and a score of others identified in the higher brackets of the motion picture industry. He has given advanced instruction to Director Henry King and Leland Hayward. His latest pupil is June Lang, 20th Century-Fox star, who took her first lesson the day we visited Clover Field. Right behind her is Rochelle Hudson who has progressed so fast that she is now taking

instruction in blind and acrobatic flying.

"Movie people," says Pilot McKeen, "learn flying much quicker than any other class to whom I give instruction. Why, I can't say, unless it is because their profession teaches them obedience. I have found them more attentive, more open-minded, and their re-actions are much quicker. They seem to have the utmost faith in one who has mastered his own profession. Once told, they never forget. Miss Hudson, for instance, could, in a year or so, become an ace flyer. She's what we call a natural. I expect to have her doing acrobatic work alone in a few months. Miss Lang, my latest pupil, shows many signs of becoming a solo flyer long before my lessons are completed. Her first lesson this afternoon proved that to me. Her re-actions are trigger-like. Many of my graduates come out as often as they can and either use my ships if they happen to be idle, or rent one for an afternoon's sky jaunt. See that young fellow over there?"

■ Pilot McKeen pointed to one corner of the shop where a tall, overall-clad boy was bending over a motor. His hair was ruffled, his face smudged with grease spots, and about him on the cement floor were parts of the power plant upon which he was so industriously engaged. He looked up once, saw McKeen, smiled, waved his hand and went back to work.

"If that isn't Tyrone Power," we said, "I'll eat ten yards of parachute silk!"

"It's Tyrone, right enough," affirmed McKeen. "His movie contract forbids him to fly, but fortunately it doesn't prevent him from doing a little ground work. He's really a whiz on airplane power plants. He's designed a new type of airplane carburetor and as soon as he can eliminate a



Pilot Marion McKeen, veteran teacher, shows June Lang how to spin the propellor before taking off on a solo spin over Hollywood

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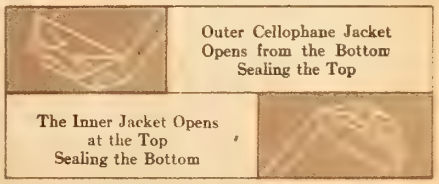
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few of the 'bugs' in it, I believe it's going to be of vast benefit to the industry. Besides being a great actor, I'm thoroughly convinced he's also a great inventor."

■ Pilot McKeen took up flying as a hobby in 1923; soloing a rattlebox "Jenny" on St. Patrick's Day of that year after a mere four hours of instruction. Unknown to his instructor he carried a passenger on his initial solo flight.

"When he learned about that," smiles McKeen, "he refused to have anything more to do with me and from then on I was entirely on my own."

The "Skyirishman" as he is affectionately called by his brother pilots, was born on a ranch near Carlsbad, New Mexico, and punched cattle and wrangled horses for a living until he was twenty. Moving to Santa Barbara, California, he decided that the only way to get up in the world was to become an aviator. Eager to get his feet off the ground, he organized a flying club, took four hours of instruction—and became a full-fledged flyer himself. This was in 1923, and he has been flying professionally ever since doing charter work, aerial advertising, photography, selling planes and giving instruction. In 1935 he bought a Brown B-2 ship, christened it the Miss Los Angeles, and entered the racing game which undoubtedly is one of the most dangerous of all sports. Altogether he has started in 20 races and has finished in the money no less than 18 times. His best showing was at St. Louis during a National Air Meet when he won with an average speed of 240 miles an hour.

■ Pilot McKeen gets extremely well-paid for teaching his movie star pupils how to grow wings. They know his reputation, have faith in him, and regard whatever he asks cheap at the price. And it is, considering the almost absolute guarantee that they will be taught to fly without mishap.

His course of instruction is divided into 16 lessons and after about 10 hours in the air with him, a student is usually expert and confident enough to solo. Aviatrix Rochelle Hudson, whom he regards as one of the smartest of the 300 pupils he has taught, absorbed his teachings so quickly that she was up in the air cutting didos alone, before the 10th lesson. His training ship, an open cockpit, cream-colored Waco, is equipped with radio, blind-flying instruments, and is said to be one of the best ships of its kind in the United States—and it has yet to receive its first scratch due to a crack-up.

■ "There's several ways of 'flying high' in Hollywood," claims June Lang, now in the kindergarten stage of her aerial knowledge, "There's the horses, the stock market, the gambling tables, real estate, the oil fields—but as for me, give me Wings Over Hollywood—and all points North, South, East and West." She climbed into the rear seat of the Waco for another short flight around the field with Pilot McKeen.

"C'mon up and see me sometime," she grinned as a mechanic spun the prop.

How to Lose Your Man

[*Continued from page* 21]

him. And there probably wouldn't have been any little Cains and Abels if Eve had sprinkled red pepper on that apple she offered Adam.

It wasn't until Carole showed Clark that she possessed the real feminine virtues—those tried and true old standbys honesty, loyalty, charm and genuine sweetness, that the romance actually blossomed.

■ I have it on no less authority than Robert Taylor—and that should be authority enough—that, "A man doesn't like a woman who makes a scene in public. If I dated a girl and she started causing a rumpus at a restaurant or a theatre or night club that's the last time I'd ever take her out."

And, before his marriage, when Tom Brown was the heaviest dater in Hollywood, he said, "I like a girl who is a good sport and can talk intelligently on subjects of mutual interest and who doesn't act silly."

■ Hollywood is a crazy place but it isn't crazy enough to act the way it acts on the screen and if you'll look over the romance list you'll discover that the gals who really get their men are the sweet little numbers who wouldn't know a practical joke if it rode up on a duck and bit 'em.

Can you imagine Janet Gaynor hurling a custard pie? You bet you can't and it's a sight you'll never see. Yet Janet has been adored by the most important and popular men in town. They like her because she is sweet and real and womanly.

Sonja Henie hasn't done so badly for herself as an off screen siren and you'll never see Sonja, with that round guileless little face of hers, cutting a figure eight on the Trocadero's best rug. She's much too smart a gal.

And Loretta Young who is always in the romance news may go "ya, ya" to a screen beau when she finds him in an embarrassing position but never, never to her real sweethearts. Loretta believes the old adage pretty is as pretty does. And she is certainly pretty.

As for Miriam Hopkins—now there you have an old bewitcher who can make men turn cartwheels if she sets her mind to it. But her success as a siren depends on the fact that that is just what she doesn't do. Hers is the approved technique—be sweet, be gentle, be feminine.

And Dietrich, who has had so many admirers that you couldn't get the list in this magazine, wouldn't be caught dead

smashing her boy friend's hat or putting cotton in the biscuits. The very thought of *Marlayna* going goofy leaves me so weak I'll have to lie down a minute.

■ Well, I'm back now and I feel some better, thank you. While I was resting I thought up some fine rules of behavior.

1. Spit water through your teeth when your boy friend takes you out to dinner.
2. When he's trying to make a terrific impression on some very dignified family, walk in all done up in funny clothes and throw your arms around him.
3. Trip him when you're dancing with him.
4. Always scream at him when he's trying to explain something to you.
5. Give him a flower to sniff in which you have sprinkled pepper.

These five simple rules guarantee that you'll be the most unpopular girl in your set and when all the sweet simple maids are on wonderful dates you'll be sitting by the telephone waiting for it to ring. (Speaking of telephones reminds me that it's a good idea to snatch it from its socket and throw the entire infernal machine at your boy friend's head.)

■ I grant you that when glamour was at it's height I was slightly annoyed. All a girl had to do then was to get a vaguely pained look on her face and pretend as if she were smelling a fish market to acquire the reputation of being a siren.

Yes, when it got to the point that you really didn't know, by either the expression on her face or what she said, whether a glamour girl was simply bursting with happiness and excitement or bowed down with woe and misery I was eager to toss a posy on glamour's grave.

But this new phase—the dizzy dame cycle—is worse. It is certainly more exhausting and if I were a boy and had to choose between a nice glamorous girl who just sat quietly in a corner and looked unhealthy, or one who pulled my chair out from under me, I'm sure I'd choose glamour.

■ But maybe—and this seems a small thing to ask—maybe there is a happy medium somewhere. Then, again, maybe there isn't.

However, the scenarists who have been writing this new type of comedy and creating this new kind of women will have a great deal to answer for from husbands and sweethearts who go around on crutches and conduct business from wheel chairs.

And if you girls have a lick of sense in your pretty little heads you'll laugh heartily at the picture. But you'll say "foo" to Miss Lombard's characters on the screen, and "tut, tut" to Miss Dunne's heroines and various other clever things like that to all the rest of the oh-so-funny fictional charmers. Don't be a dizzy dame unless you're just determined to lose your man!

For, remember, the stars play these roles on the screen but they don't try it in real life.

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Love Without Words

When Eduardo Ciannelli met his wife, it was love at first sight, but he had to learn a new language before he could ask her the important question

By JAMES REID

■ If you landed in a strange country that vaguely terrified you, because you couldn't speak its language, and you fell in love with someone who couldn't speak *your* language, what would you do about it?

Eduardo Ciannelli faced that little (did I say "little"?) problem almost as soon as he landed in America.

Perhaps that is not easy to picture—about Ciannelli. Perhaps it is not easy to imagine him as a lover. On the screen, you have known him as the cold, ruthless, tubercular, world-hating "Trock" of *Winterset*. As the hard, merciless, rapacious gangster-leader of *Marked Woman*. As the sly, murderous madman of *Super Sleuth*. As Lily Pons' worry in *Hitting a New High*. As the movies' new Menace No. 1.

The awful truth about Eduardo Ciannelli is that he is not himself on the screen. He is an actor, giving a performance. In person, he is a mild, soft-spoken man who spends his spare time writing plays. Amusing plays, which get produced on Broadway. Where, before he played *Trock* (which brought him to Hollywood), he invariably played gentle, amusing men.

He is a slight man, slightly stooped. His lean, mobile face is deeply lined—but the lines are those of smiles. His dark, expressive eyes mirror quiet intelligence, an amused viewpoint of life. His strong, slender hands are constantly in movement, punctuating his conversation with unconscious eloquence. With him, you are with a cultured man. It is easy to picture sensitive romance in his life.

■ When he came to America, he was "the youngest baritone in European opera." He did not come on a concert tour, but a sightseeing tour.

"I wanted to see New York, stay two or three months, then go back," he says.

"I didn't know a word of English. I said to myself, 'I shall manage with French. I had been all over Europe, even Russia, and people have always understood me.' Friends told me New York street-car conductors wouldn't know French. I thought they were trying to scare me.

"My boat docked in Brooklyn, not Manhattan. There is a difference. You know Brooklyn? It is a wilderness of suburb. I said to someone, 'Fifth Avenue—?' I headed where he pointed. I walked, and walked, and walked. At last, I reached Fifth Avenue—but what I didn't know was that it was Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn.

"I *did* know that something was wrong. There were no tall buildings. I'd stop people; I'd say, 'Fifth Avenue—?' They'd look at me as if I was a madman. This went on for hours. Literally hours. I *was* going crazy. My boat had docked in the morning. It was getting dark, and I was getting panicky, when I had a white flash. This wasn't New York.

"I found a taxi. I said, 'Fifth Avenue, *New York*.' We drove and drove. We crossed a bridge. I began to see tall buildings. I thought I had also crossed all language barriers. New Yorkers would speak French. . . ."

■ He shakes his head, in memory of that bedraggled debarkee, that innocent from abroad, named Eduardo Ciannelli.

"One of my letters of introduction was to a Mr. Wolfe—a big railroad executive. I found him a fine old Southern gentleman. But I couldn't understand him, and he couldn't understand me. He seemed to think if he talked a little louder, I might understand. He got nowhere. I showed him the telephone number of a friend of mine. He called. I asked my friend to interpret. I thought Mr. Wolfe had been bawling me out. Actually, he had been inviting me to dinner the next night.

"I went—and met his daughter, Alma. We were attracted to each other immediately. But I was embarrassed. I would say something to her, and she wouldn't understand. She would say something to me, and I wouldn't understand. She was amused. That was lucky for me.

"I went back a second time. This time, she handed me a French-English dictionary. I would look up a word and say it to her. 'Yes?' I would ask her. I would be a half-hour on one sentence, sometimes.

"It was love, all right. I couldn't have gone through that, or Alma couldn't have, either—if it hadn't been. People would say something to me and I would answer, 'Yes.' They would ask, 'You mean No?' I didn't know what they were saying, or what I was [*Continued on page* 57]

Right, you see Ciannelli as he appears to his devoted family. In the other three pictures, you see him in the various threatening grimaces which have made him known to millions of admiring theatre-goers who will see him next in a picture with the promising title, *Crime*











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Behind the Scenes

Little is heard about some of the most important jobs in Hollywood. Here is a glimpse behind the scenes of the Wardrobe Department

By JOHN SCHWARTZKOPF

■ In this industry of making pictures it is hard to place the responsibility of perfect production on any one person's shoulders. . . . Certainly the actors are the most important, but those people behind the scenes deserve great credit, too.

Not long ago we strolled into a huge tent on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot which was marked in huge letters "Wardrobe." Upon entering the tent, we were introduced to a dapper, well dressed business-like man who seemed to have the whole situation in hand. His name was Arthur Levy and it wasn't long before he was telling enthusiastically all about his latest venture, supplying clothing for the entire cast of *In Old Chicago*. So large were the demands on his department that Levy had to order the tent to cover all the extra wardrobe. "And how did you know just what was being worn in Chicago between 1850 and 1880?" we asked. That was all the encouragement Levy needed to tell us all about his department. We learned that he spent months in research, that he visited museums, that he studied old catalogs. He even went so far as to find out the exact measurements of the policemen's badges worn during that period just so that, when we saw the picture screened, we couldn't come away saying it was a phony.

But actual preparation of wardrobe was only one of Levy's headaches. There were scenes where hundreds of people had to run into the lakes surrounding Chicago fully dressed. That one shot was perhaps the most spectacular of the whole picture but it was ruined when one of the extras forgot to take off her 1938 hat. So conspicuous was that person that the whole scene had to be retaken—and it was Levy's job to see that the whole cast was properly equipped with dry clothing so retakes would be possible. The clothing was all washed in soap, dried and back on the backs of the extras before you could say "Jack Robinson." It is Levy's job to predict just such accidents and he had a huge air conditioned room all ready for just that kind of a mishap.

But that experience is nothing compared to what Levy was up against recently when Twentieth Century-Fox signed Louise Hovick (Gypsy Rose Lee) to a contract. Miss Hovick was practically on her way out here when Levy learned that she was to go into production on



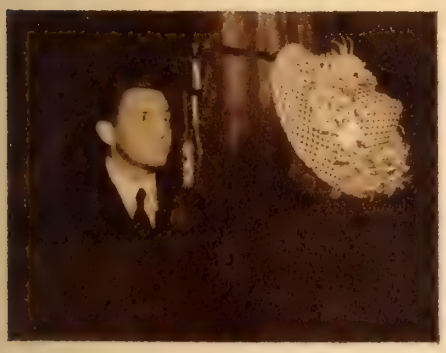
Arthur Levy, head of the Wardrobe at Twentieth Century-Fox, shows actress Helen Wood, some of the models used in making costumes for the stars

the Fox lot the same day she stepped off the train. Miss Hovick had to have her costumes on hand the very day she landed in town and it was Levy's job to see that she had a complete wardrobe so that there would be no delay in the production of the picture. As if by magic, when Miss Hovick stepped off the train Levy had all her things laid out for her and there was only one alteration to be made!

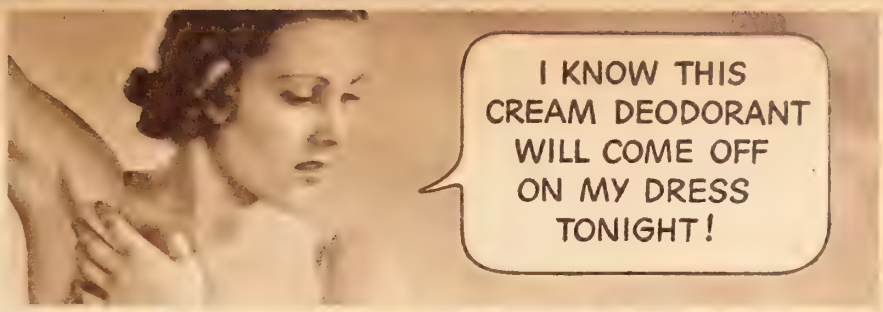
How was this all done? Levy wired Miss Hovick's dressmaker in New York for her exact measurements, had a dummy made to those measurements down to a tenth of an inch and fitted her dresses on that model.

We were about to take our leave when the telephone rang. Levy excused himself and presently we overheard him speaking in French. "That's the call from Paris Mr. Levy has been waiting for," we were told . . . Thinking that 20th Century-Fox was contemplating a French production and we would get a story we asked if that were the case. "Goodness, no," was the reply, "Mr. Levy's Paris associates and friends are constantly calling him for advance tips on style trends." "You mean that the other way around don't you?" That was the question that set the place in a hubbub, for apparently we didn't know as much about motion picture production as we thought. It seems that an important part of Levy's job is to predict styles as far as a year in advance . . . in fact he HAS to . . . motion pictures thrive on such predictions.

Levy knows the latest styles and exactly what color looks best on his stars, and he also knows how to age clothes and what looks worst on his stars, too. Production doesn't always call for brand new clothes. To make a man's suit look old, iron weights are placed in the pockets while the suit is wet. It is then left out in the bright sun to dry. The secret of aging shirts is to rub them in dirt while they are wet, then dry them in the sun. Shoes are aged by the use of sand paper. But the job doesn't age Levy himself—he likes it, even though few outsiders realize its importance.



Very unusual is it to see a picture of Joan Crawford with her back to the camera, but all of Hollywood is excited by this hat and we thought you'd like to see what can be done with blue and white checks and orange colored flowers. That's Spencer Tracy on the other side of the microphone during their Lux Radio Theatre broadcast





New Cooling ICE Deodorant goes on like a vanishing cream—checks perspiration instantly

IT'S HERE AT LAST! The perfect answer to the complaints of fastidious women about old-fashioned cream deodorants. An ICE DEODORANT that vanishes without leaving the slightest trace of grease or stickiness! Yet checks perspiration the minute you put it on!

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It leaves no greasy film to come off on your clothes—no musty "giveaway" odor. Its own fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates immediately. No wonder 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Don't risk offending. The new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Get a jar TODAY!

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Millions for Insurance

Stars are insured, not only against personal disaster, but against horse rustlers, tourists, fans and pirates, among many other things

By IVY CRANE WILSON

■ Hollywood has become insurance conscious. The servant problem, the latest operation, and even the dear children, are no longer conversational "tops."

Insurance is sweeping the picture colony. The insurance agent has the right of way on the telephone. The "big boys" are no longer in conference when he calls. The columnists give him a break. He is on the party list of the brightest stars. WHY?

Because the motion picture industry pays around a million dollars a year for insurance. The movie great have been the victims of many expensive law suits, and so today many odd policies are written which give the harassed stars a certain amount of peace of mind.

Stars are insured against tourists, wild animals, pirates, freak accidents, kidnapers, acid throwers and a hundred and one things.

■ Dick Powell is insured against tourists. If a curious fan insists on climbing a tree on the Powell estate hoping to glimpse Mr. and Mrs. Powell in home activities, and falls headlong from his perch, breaking a leg or an arm—all Dick has to do is call his insurance company for help. If tourists trample on Mr. Powell's imported Dutch bulbs, or break down a rare shrub whose blossoms are the pride of his horticultural heart—again the insurance company comes to the rescue.

Dick recently broke one of his resolutions and bought a yacht. He and Warren William, an ardent yachtsman, were discussing the joys and sorrows of maintaining a boat, and Warren recalled the time when he was sailing off the South American Coast.

"We anchored near the mouth of a lagoon," Warren told Dick. "It was a moonlit night, so we took the dinghy and putt-putted along as beautiful a bit of shore as I have ever seen. Neither of us wanted to go back to the 'Pegasus.' Helen thought she heard the sound of another boat. I thought it was just the echo of our own motor, so we drifted along until sun-up.

"As we were heading back, I had an uneasy feeling; perhaps Helen had heard a boat. I wondered if anyone had boarded the yacht. We climbed aboard. I noticed things had been disturbed. 'Well, I'll be darned,' I said, 'Pirates!'

" 'Who ever heard of pirates in this day and age,' Helen said, but she made a quick dive to her cabin, to find they had taken everything, even her powder and lipstick; everything that was not nailed down. We'd been cleaned out.

"There was nothing to do but get back to the nearest port for provisions and clothing. The sad part of it was we were not wholly insured. But you bet your life we carry everything now—even pirate insurance!"


The only really safe mount is a hobby, thinks Joe E. Brown, so he took out insurance on himself as well as his horses

■ I caught Harold Lloyd transacting a bit of insurance business the other day in between shots on the *Professor Beware* set. He was insuring his glasses for twenty-five thousand dollars.

They are twenty-two years old and very fragile. Harold keeps them in a specially constructed humidor. He wore them in his first picture, and has worn them for the opening shot in every picture he has made.

As far as Harold is concerned, even twenty-five thousand is nothing to him compared to those glasses.

■ Pet insurance is quite popular, for it is an expensive matter when a star's dog takes a bite out of the butcher boy, or raids a neighbor's chicken coop.

Joan Crawford has a couple of dachshunds, so far a well-behaved pair. But Joan is taking no chances, and is well protected against any wild desires on their part.

Paul Muni, Edward Everett Horton, Carole Lombard, Clark Gable—in fact, ninety-nine per [*Continued on page 64*]



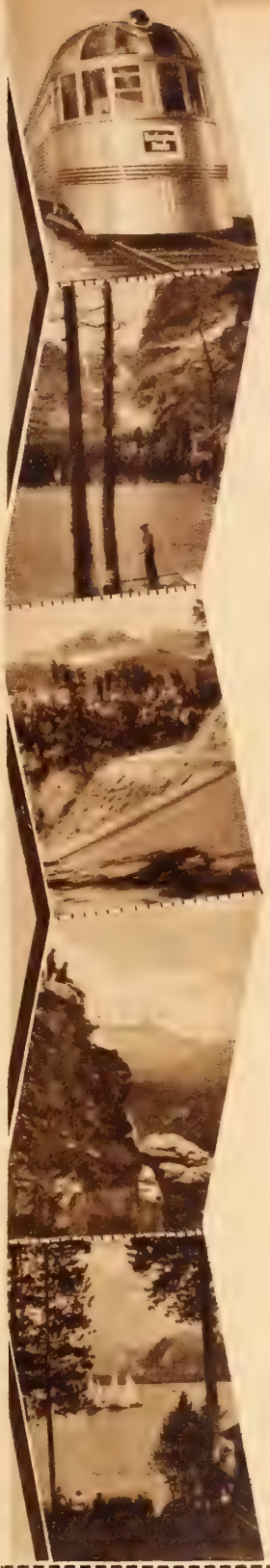
Harold Lloyd signs the policy insuring his famous specs for $25,000



If one more hair grows upon Edgar Kennedy's fine open brow, he can collect



After pirates took everything on the yacht, including Mrs. William's lipstick, Warren William hastily took out pirate insurance



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In the garden of their home in Hollywood, Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw wrote the script for *The Girl of the Golden West* which stars Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald

MEET A FAMOUS WRITING TEAM

There is no such thing as having to hold dinner because the bread-winner is kept late at the office in such a business as this because their garden is their office and they share the job of writing movies

By ED. JONESBOY

■ We had planned to start this side-light story on "things-you-never-knew-about-Hollywood" somewhat in this fashion:

If you should be curious enough to ask the first one hundred motion picture fans you meet today, tomorrow, or a month from now, what they know about Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw, not one can give you a word of information about them.

It was a poor beginning and made poorer by the discovery that should a question about the DeGaws be addressed to us we would be included, automatically, in the first one hundred and this despite the fact that we've been tramping around the studios for years watching the cameras grind out their "A," "B," and "C" products while picking up a more than cursory knowledge of the great and near-great moviedom. What we didn't know about the DeGaws would fill a book—that is, up until the other day when we visited them in their beautiful home near Canoga Park in the San Fernando Valley and came away with the idea buzzing in our heads that here was one of the most interesting couples in Hollywood and that a story about them should really begin like this:

Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw are, in fact, becoming the most famous husband and wife writing team in the business. And in proof of which statement we present Exhibit A, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer long-term contract—a document that is, so far as writers are concerned, about the most difficult thing to obtain from this hard-boiled, hard-headed studio. In other words, before Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer signs up a writer, or a writing team, they have to be very, very good, indeed. And the DeGaws are that—only more so.

■ But the studio goes even farther than Exhibit A in its business relations with one of its pet writing teams. There's no punching the time clock for the DeGaws. You could spend a month peeking into every little writing cell on the lot and you'd never come across Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw tossing story ideas and situations back and forth in a frantic endeavor to provide something original for the front office.

"All our writing," they told us, "is done here, at home. The only time we go to the studio is when we are called for story conferences. When we're preparing a script, we usually start working after dinner, keep it up throughout the night and sleep all day. A peculiar writing

habit like ours wouldn't fit in with studio schedules and we're allowed to do our writing chores on the farm."

The "farm," as she calls it, was once owned by Fred Kohler, one of the screen's meanest of "meanies," and consists of twelve broad and flat acres that serve as a parade ground for the thirty or more beautiful white peacocks which Isabel raises as a hobby and a recreation. The broad and flat acres likewise serve as a playground for the dozen Boston and English bulldogs that Boyce raises as his hobby and recreation. The house, set near the roadside, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever as well as being the sanctuary in which the Mr.-and-Mrs., during their free-lance days, wrote *Wings Over Honolulu*, a fast-action, dramatic story of naval aviation for Universal; *If I Had a Million*, one of the most successful pictures ever produced by Paramount; *The Moon's Our Home*, the Walter Wanger film starring Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda; and *Flower of France* for B. P. Schulberg. It is here, too, the couple completed only recently the script for M-G-M's *The Girl of the Golden West* starring Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, and where they will work soon on *Broadway Melody of 1939*, their next M-G-M assignment.

■ "We've only been at this man-and-wife writing business five years and we're still stumbling along," says Boyce, "but we're firm believers in the old bromide which says that two heads are better than one—especially when one head is feminine and the other is masculine. Contrary to belief, when we start on a script we don't assign to ourselves any particular part of the story on the assumption that each of us is especially fitted for writing certain parts of it. On the contrary, we first discuss every situation together, work out our dialogue together, and, when we are sure we're ready to put it down on paper, write it out together. We rely on each other's judgment, indulge in a number of friendly arguments of course, and, although it takes us from three to four months to complete a script, whether it's an adaptation or an original, it's as much fun as it is work despite the fact that we keep going all night long for that length of time. I imagine we put more time on our scripts than most writers do on theirs, but it seems to be the only way we can accomplish anything worthwhile. Three stories a year, if we want to 'get away from it all' as they say in Hollywood, is about our limit."

■ Like many other successful writers, the DeGaws, once upon a time, were newspaper reporters—Isabel on the *Indianapolis News*, *New York Journal*, and other metropolitan dailies. Boyce got his first whiff at printer's ink in Detroit, his home town, but most of his newspaper experience was confined to China where he lived for several years.

In addition to being a fine newspaper woman, Isabel was a mighty alluring actress. (She became an actress, she says, as a result of interviewing stage celebrities in New York.) With her gift for good writing always predominant, she found time to turn out an occasional play. Of these, *Marathon* enjoyed the most success. It was produced in New York with the author in the lead and was credited with a better than fair run.

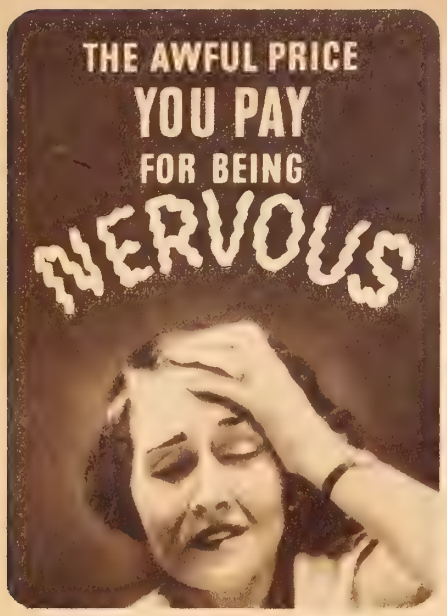
"The only fly in our writing-at-home ointment," confesses Isabel, "must be blamed on our servants, every one of whom believes himself or herself to be a dramatist. Unless we're very strict, we are continually bothered by scores of story ideas presented by them morning, noon, and night. It's all very annoying, particularly when you're trying hard to be a writer yourself."

■ This man-and-wife writing team business is fast becoming more than a fad judging from the couples who indulge in it. Included in a Mr.-and-Mrs. writing list are Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, Anita Loos and John Emerson, the Perelmans, and the Spewacks, just to mention a few of the top-notchers who are commanding salary checks in four figures.

"It's a great idea," admits Isabel.

"It's nice work if you can get it," smiles Boyce.





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For over 3 generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's Compound. Why not let it HELP YOU?

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THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

by Robert M. Smith

FEW PEOPLE understand what corns are, or how to get rid of them. A corn is not live tissue. It is an accumulation of dead cells which become the focal point of renewed development. It gets bigger and uglier. As it gets larger, it goes deeper—the point of this plug-like accumulation pressing like a pinpoint into your flesh and against tiny nerves. That's what causes you intense pain.

Paring corns is not the answer. Corns get bigger and more painful. To get rid of corns forever, the "root" or dead cell plug must be removed. That gets rid of *that* corn. To prevent a new corn developing, shoe pressure or whatever caused it must be eliminated.

Bauer & Black, known best for their surgical dressings, spent years in developing scientific corn removers. The result is a modern medicated corn pad which takes shoe pressure from the corn. The medication relieves pain and soreness and at the same time gently and gradually loosens the "root." In three days it lifts out safely, easily and without the slightest discomfort. This pad is called the new Blue-Jay.

Millions have successfully ended corn troubles this simple way. It costs very little. 6 Blue-Jay pads cost only 25c. Get a box of Blue-Jay from your druggist. In three days you'll feel like dancing for joy.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-62, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. (Adv.)

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

OF HUMAN HEARTS (M-G-M)

■ Once in a while a picture ignores all of the rules by which the average success is made, but nevertheless becomes one of the outstanding achievements of the year. Such a one is *Of Human Hearts,* a picture you are apt to remember long after the more spectacular offerings of the season are forgotten.

The tale starts with Preacher Wilkins with his wife and little boy answering a "call" to a small, isolated, back-woods community during the middle of the last century. The preacher (Walter Huston) is a good man, but also narrow-minded, stern, stubborn and just a touch on the smug side. His wife (Beulah Bondi) is sweet, patient, gallant in a quiet enduring fashion. Because of admirable direction and playing, neither one becomes a type. Both are convincing as human beings.

Nothing much happens. The preacher does not convert the whole community with stunning suddenness. In fact, the community is pretty well converted when he gets there, with the exception of the tippling, sloppy old doctor, played with fine exact skill by Charles Coburn. True, the store-keeper (Guy Kibbee) occasionally weighs his thumb in with the sugar, and is a sharp man in a horse trade, but he hardly qualifies as a spectacular candidate for hell.

The story drifts along, absorbingly. The son (Gene Reynolds) rebels against wearing cast-off clothing, is disciplined relentlessly for minor peccadillos, becomes fascinated by surgery under the old doctor's guidance. After the film is more than half over, the interest begins to concentrate on the son, now grown up and played by James Stewart.

The boy grows old enough to find his father's rigid authority intolerable, but he is still young enough to accept extreme sacrifices with a thoughtless ease when he needs help in making his way through medical school.

The boy is not bad. He is just callous and unimaginative with youth. You will not find him wholly admirable, but you have seen a hundred similar to him turn out all right.

That is the great appeal of this film. Here is a tale of a pretty girl and a handsome man making much ado about the routine misunderstandings of the emotionally smitten until love conquers all. Here is a story of three real people, played and directed with such subtle insight that you will find yourself being very nice indeed to your parents for several days after seeing it.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER (Selznick International)

■ So far as appearance goes, there could not be a happier choice for Mark Twain's young hero than Tommy Kelly. His engaging Irish face and his bright coloring are typical of the boy whose imagination led him from one mishap to another. However, though young Tommy cannot be blamed for the fact that he is not an experienced actor, the film does not have the force that the story, itself, possesses.

It still is one of the great tales, however, and has the added appeal of striking color. May Robson plays Aunt Polly. Jackie Moran is seen as Huckleberry Finn, and Walter Brennan does a memorable job as his worthless father. Victor Jory plays the menacing Injun Joe. David Holt brings a hateful smugness to the part of the holy Sid and Ann Gillis makes an appealing Becky. The remainder of the cast is excellently chosen for type and talent, and should give the youngsters a fine time.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (Warners)

■ Gangsters in particular and gangster films in general are treated to one of the most delicious spoofings that ever came out of Hollywood in this Damon Runyon story of how Marco (Edward G. Robinson) refused to let repeal interfere with his beer racket, and turned "legitimate".

His gang (headed by Allen Jenkins and Edward Brophy) are pretty horrified when they have to throw away their sidearms and serve as house boy and chauffeur, but his wife (Ruth Donnelly) works hard at fine manners . . . at least half of the time . . . for the sake of their daughter (Jane Bryan).

In spite of all of his efforts to sell the same rough and ready brew that made his fortune during prohibition, Marco is facing ruin on the day his daughter returns from a French finishing school. The trouble is that he does not drink beer and his loving mugs fear to hurt his feelings by telling him that the stuff is awful.

Things reach a climax when bodies of a rival gang are discovered in Marco's summer home, when the daughter's suitor turns up proudly in a state cop's uniform, when half a million of stolen money is found in the upright Marco's possession, just as the bank prepares to foreclose on his brewery. The presence of Bert Hanlon as a depressed book-maker and Bobby Jordon as Douglas Fairbanks Rosenbloom, the toughest inmate that sentimental Marco can find in the orphanage that gave him his start in life, add greatly to the festive effect of this particularly funny feature.

A YANK AT OXFORD (M-G-M)

■ He was the pride of a small American town, was athlete Lee Sheridan (Robert Taylor), and when he won a scholarship to Oxford University, they saw him off with a brass band. Undergraduates at Oxford, reared in a quieter

tradition, suspected that he had brought some of the brass with him, and followed an irresistible impulse to polish him up a little.

Taylor does one of the most engaging parts of his career as the hyper-confident, super-cocky, boastful, breezy athlete who really can break records, but who finds that traditions cannot be broken with quite so much glory.

Besides the interesting glimpses of English school life, the film has a neat triangle with Maureen O'Sullivan playing the nice British school girl and Vivian Leigh doing a rousing job as a college widow . . . with a husband. Honest excitement is to be found in a track meet and a boat race. Better catch this one.

BRINGING UP BABY (RKO-Radio)

■ A lot of people are going to find very funny Katharine Hepburn's entrance into the rowdy-dow, nit-wit, run-around-and-fall-down school of comedy. And a lot of people are going to be a little baffled by it all. Miss Hepburn, herself, probably will be in the latter group.

The story is all about a rather unbalanced young woman who casts a somewhat greedy eye on a young professor of zoology (Cary Grant) on the day before his wedding to his sedate assistant. She screams at him, tells him outrageous lies, maneuvers him from one embarrassing situation to another and spends a great deal of time in running, falling into ponds, and sitting down hard. All of this adds up, according to some obscure psychological formula which seems reasonable to Hollywood but not to me, to a bad case of love.

There are two leopards, one tame and one savage, also in the picture as well as May Robson, Charles Ruggles, Walter Catlett and Fritz Feld.

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES (United Artists)

■ It's big and beautiful. It has gorgeous girls and spectacular color. It has a staggering cast of brilliant players. And, if it seems a touch disorganized, that is because there is so much crowded in that audiences feel a little over-whelmed.

Once more, Adolphe Menjou plays a Hollywood producer with that fine exact satire that keeps him busy with such parts. While on location he meets a nice sensible little country girl (Andrea Leeds) who so impresses him with her common-sense that he retitles her "Miss Humanity," installs her in Hollywood, and gives her the final word on all of his problems.

Kenny Baker as the ambitious hero who slings hamburgers while waiting for a break has several opportunities to sing. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy get plenty of footage as hopeful actors trying to get parts. The lovely ballerina, Zorina, does striking numbers with the American Ballet of the Metropolitan Opera and also plays a temperamental star. Helen Jepson has two telling numbers, Phil Baker, Bobby Clark, Ella Logan, Jerome Cowan and The Ritz Brothers keep comedy raging at various degrees of frenzy. See it when you feel strong and hearty.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (Universal)

■ Delightful little Deanna Durbin once more brings her charming talents to make a sound story seem extraordinarily appealing.

The story starts with a movie star mother (Gail Patrick) who is persuaded to keep the existence of her baby daughter a secret in the interests of her career. So the child grows up in a European school. Because her own father is dead, and because she may not mention her famous mother, she invents heroic adventures for a quite imaginary father. He is a famous explorer, she tells her fascinated schoolfellows, and shows them pictures of an intrepid gentleman in pith helmet and shorts shooting charging rhinoceri and enraged elephants.

The story is a sensational success with her best friend (Marcia Mae Jones) but another and more realistic little girl (Helen Parris) brings to scornful attention the fact that all of the pictures are rear views.

Heckled to extreme action when the whole school follows her to the railroad station to welcome her father, Deanna picks out a complete stranger (Herbert



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Marshall) who reluctantly, at first, abets her in her plot.

Later, touched by the child's predicament, he tells tall tales of his adventures to the impressed school, and to the adoringly grateful youngster.

What happens when the child turns up in Paris where her glamorous mother is on a shopping tour makes a satisfactory ending to a pretty tale. There is plenty of good singing, of course.

MERRILY WE LIVE (Hal Roach)

■ Mother Billie Burke had an uncontrollable passion for hiring tramps to drive the various Kilbourne cars. Father Clarence Kolb couldn't do anything about it except roar and complain. Children Constance Bennett, Tom Brown and Bonita Granville run around protesting when a whiskery individual, who really is a famous author returning from a fishing trip, is hired. Brian Aherne plays that role, so you should be able to finish the plot for yourself. Alan Mowbray as a proud and sensitive butler takes the top honors in comedy with Billie Burke a close second. Patsy Kelly has, surprisingly, a straight and quite small role as the cook. The rest of the cast works very hard and is rewarded by noticeably hearty laughter.

Preview TEST PILOT!

MOVIE STORY Magazine makes it possible for you to enjoy this thrilling picture—starring Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy—weeks before it comes to your local theatre.

A preview in the form of a vivid story version of the film, generously illustrated with pictures from the movie itself, is presented in the May issue of MOVIE STORY Magazine.

And *Test Pilot* is just one of the many hit pictures on MOVIE STORY'S big program for May.

MOVIE STORY costs only ten cents. *It's the only magazine on the market that offers a complete all-hit preview program at this price.* No wonder over a quarter of a million enthusiastic fans buy MOVIE STORY every month.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 17]

maid . . . it's off again, on again . . . both Alexander d'Arcy, the Egyptian actor, and Eddie Buzzell, director, languishing in Eleanore Whitney's smiles . . . Claire Trevor steadfastly denying there's romance between herself and Clark Andrews, producer of the radio program on which she appears . . . well, mayhap there isn't . . . when he isn't seeing Priscilla Lane, to whom he is reported engaged, Wayne Morris contents himself with Lana Turner . . . no argument here . . . Frances Langford and Jon Hall a rapidly-growing romance . . . Frances seldom in the love news of the day, so perhaps this is serious . . . no longer news that Virginia Field and Vic Orsatti, and June Lang and A. C. Blumenthal a pair of interesting two-somes . . . but we'll mention it, anyway . . . this going on month after month . . . Carl Laemmle, Jr., reported engaged to Grace Ralston, daughter of a Savannah, Ga., theatre owner.

■ It is with considerable pride that we make the following statement:
William Powell is a terrible actor!

All right, all right, before you start throwing things, let us explain. He's one of *our* favorites, too, but here's the pay-off. . . .

The new game which Hollywood is playing now, to a man, is a revamp of old "Charades." You know, acting out words and expressions. As Hollywood plays it, proverbs and slogans are acted out, with the party dividing into two sides.

Well, sir, not yet has Bill Powell been able to pantomime the proverb or slogan he draws, so that anybody present in the room can possibly figure out what he is trying to do. On the screen, he is a superb actor. In the drawing room, he isn't even as good as you and you and you and I. Which should be some measure of comfort, in the event you play this game, and are unable to translate in pantomime the meaning of that which is written on the slip of paper handed you. On the other hand, so unanimated an actress as Marlene Dietrich is considered one of the most adept hands at this game in the entire colony.

A Day on the Lloyd Set

[*Continued from page* 18]

Dust Twins (no adv.) had just gone over from bow to stern. I don't know how much Director Nugent must have paid to use it in the picture, but it was plenty.

The sun gets brighter and brighter and everyone gets to feeling better and better and pretty soon Harold Lloyd comes on the boat. His left ankle, sprained a week before during a badminton game, is heavily bandaged and he limps painfully along with the aid of a cane.

In this morning's shooting he's to be tossed overboard three times from the deck of *The Jasmine* and Director Nugent tries to argue Harold into letting a double do the dirty work, but it's "no dice" so far as Harold is concerned.

Since Nugent sees he can't win, he

starts in telling us sailors how to give Harold a royal ducking and if you don't think I got a big thrill in helping to throw one of the richest movie stars in Hollywood overboard from the deck of a $300,000 yacht you don't know your movie extras. I'll say this for Lloyd: He never complained once, despite the fact that some of us, in our zeal to make the scene as realistic as possible, grabbed him by the injured ankle. We tossed him into the oily, dirty water three times that morning and he came up smiling as though he was having the time of his life. I think he was, at that, for if ever a star gives the impression that he's acting for the pure love of it, it's this same Harold Lloyd. His enthusiasm for everything and everybody concerned with the picture was certainly contagious for it wasn't long until hundreds of gulls and pelicans, flying lazily above the harbor, began to make three-point landings on the edge of the terminal roof to become interested feathered spectators of the scene below. And there they stayed until the cameras quit turning late that afternoon!

■ Raymond Walburn, cast as "Judge" Marshall in the picture, came on deck just as we pulled Harold out of the water for the third time, to author the prize nifty of the morning. "Harold," he said, seriously, "I've been looking over the script and find my part is so small in tomorrow's shooting that I'll just stay home and phone it in!"

■ Second honors in the prize nifty division went to none other than Director Nugent. Dissatisfied with the way we sailors evacuated the yacht he hatched up a scheme with 2nd Assistant Director George Baker, to shout "lunch is being served off the ship!" just as the camera began to turn. The sailor boys dashed off the boat so fast that I got knocked down twice before I even stepped on the gangplank! And don't think that Director Nugent didn't have a Joe E. Brown smile on his face as he yelled, "Print it!"

Just before lunch, Lionel Stander who had been playing backgammon on the dock with Lorraine, the hairdresser, since early morning, was called for a short sequence and missed the first two "takes" because the director said his voice sounded too sweet.

"Let's make it more like the famous Stander growl," begged Nugent.

"Okay," said Stander, "but if my voice isn't sandy enough this time you can rub gravel on the negative."

It must have satisfied Nugent for he said, "Print it!" and then gave the order for lunch. There followed another mad scramble but this time no sailor had a chance to give me the boot. I slid down a rope and was up on the dock and into the terminal building before the chef could say "come and get it."

■ A big, burly guy dressed in longshoreman's clothes and with a Bull Montana face that was scarred and marred, sat down beside me. I told him that the make-up artist deserved a gold medal for the plug-ugly effect he'd wrought.

"You certainly look tough," I said.

"Mister," he growled, "I AM tough! I ain't seen a make-up artist! And I ain't no extra, either. I been working on the water-front for years. Just thought I'd knock off some easy dough. Good grub, lotsa time to loaf, good pay—yah can't beat it, pal. Unnerstan' we're gonna have some fun this afternoon." With that he began cutting his meat with his fingernail. He even put sugar cubes in his coffee without removing the wrappers!

■ It was this tough guy who told me what *Professor, Beware* was all about. Cora Witherspoon had let him read her script the day before and he was pretty well hopped up about the plot.

"Professor Dean Lambert—that's Harold Lloyd, pal—owns nine tablets that tell in Egyptian, the story of two Egyptian lovers, Neferus and Anebi or som'pin like that. The last tablet is busted and so the professor can't get the end of the story, see.

"Being a good guy, he allows some ambitious Hollywood extras—like you, maybe—to put on some tableaux that sort of





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Miss Margaret Biddle

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tell the love story. One of these extras is Jane Lee—her real name, pal, is Phyllis Welch of the Noo York stage and a swell dame—and what does the professor do but discover that Jane, who is this here Anebi of the tableaux, is almost a perfect duplicate of the real Anebi, while as for the professor, hisself, he resembles this other Egyptian fella, Neferus. Screwy, ain't it? Well, anyways, they's a dress rehearsal at a Greek theatre, and afterwards, Jane, riding with a drunken talent scout named Snoop Conlon, has a smash-up. The professor comes along, rescues 'em, takes 'em home, and for one thing and another gets pinched by the coppers for drunkenness and indecent exposure. Imagine that, willyah! Well, he gets out on bail, gets a job leading an expedition into Egypt—or so a telegram says—and gets out of there right away. Jane catches up with him in a desert and they scram with the cops right behind. And from then on it's girl chases boy and boy chases girl with trouble pouring on 'em both until they fin'ly get pinched and a female reformer named Mrs. Pitts gets them out when they promise to get married in her home. Which they do, pal, just as J. J. Pierpont, the gal's rich papa, tipped off to the marriage by a coupla reporters, comes charging in to drag Jane off to Noo York and the yacht which you been working on this morning. The professor, by now, is really in love with Jane, her being an heiress or no heiress, and determined as all get out to rescue her. You've tossed him overboard three times. Now this afternoon *we* go to work. The professor having swum ashore, collects a gang of us longshoremen and leads us back to you guys, but he gets us on the wrong boat—and do we have fun, this afternoon! We put on battle royal that should lay 'em in the aisles come preview time! This fight sort of changes old J. J. Pierpont's mind about the marriage and when the professor fin'ly reaches Jane they go into a clinch—and I mean CLINCH, pal. Screwy, ain't it? . . . well, there's the whistle. We're gonna have fun!"

■ Maybe my longshoreman friend did, but I can't say the same for myself, and I'll tell you why.

The afternoon's shooting was on another yacht, a sea-going beauty not quite as fancy looking as *The Jasmine*, but worth all of the $200,000 Archie Stout, the cameraman, said it cost to build her. She goes by the name of "Memory," and I'll never forget that name in a thousand years.

Harold, as the professor, has led his gang of waterfront thugs on board by mistake, as my lunch partner related, and wants no part or parcel of the fight himself. All he wants to be doing is to keep us sailors and thugs busy banging away at one another so he can slip over to *The Jasmine* and rescue his bride.

After about half an hour of experimenting, Director Nugent gets us spotted on the deck just the way he wants us. I'm to square off with my plug-ugly longshoreman friend and he grins and whispers, "Make it real, pal! No holds barred s'far as I'm concerned!" He has a long-handled monkey wrench in his hand and swings it in anticipatory glee. The weapon is made of rubber as are all the other clubs, broken oars, mallets and hammers the thugs have, but the owners already look and act as though the props were the real thing.

Director Nugent yells, "We'll rehearse it," and we rehearse it. We rehearse it three times and then he shouts, "This is a 'take' "—and the cameras—from the deck of *The Jasmine*—begin to turn.

The burly longshoreman jumps at me, grabs me by the throat and squeezes my Adam's Apple so hard I can taste cider, and then he starts banging me over the head with his rubber wrench. Some sailor in back of me misses a punch and I catch it on my chin—the whistle blows and the professor, who has been trying to dodge both sailors and longshoremen, says the scene isn't real enough. We do it the second time and it's no better. Ditto for the third and fourth take and by then even the rubber wrench begins to hurt. A misplaced blow here and there has made both sailors and thugs a bit sore. My lunch partner is grinning, but he doesn't look any too happy. Someone, during the fifth melee, has smacked him right in the eye with a prop mallet and the way he glares I'm beginning to think he blames me. I show him my empty hands but he just keeps on glaring.

■ The whistle blows for the fifth take with Director Nugent praying for more realism. I hope he got it. I know I did. What I mean is that half-way through this battle I accidentally popped my longshoreman opponent on the nose and when I did that the lid blew off. "Now," he shouted, "we're gonna have fun!" and with that he tosses his wrench overboard, reaches into his hip pocket, jerks out a real pair of heavy pliers, and brings 'em down in back-alley style on my head! That was his idea of good clean fun and all he said by way of apology ten minutes later when I woke up was: "It's a screwy business, pal, now ain't it?" The professor said later, when I was getting bandaged up, that the scene was so good that even the gulls and pelicans on the edge of the terminal roof flapped their wings in applause. My public!

There was no more shooting after that. The fog was rolling in and the director said he couldn't get any better effects if he shot the scene over a hundred times. The professor offered me additional work at the studio but I said maybe I'd better go to Palm Springs to recuperate, and believe it or not, he said, "That's fine. Go ahead and I'll pay all expenses." No wonder that the hired help on the Harold Lloyd lot dare you to deny that he isn't the swellest actor in motion pictures!

■ I just happened to recall what Joe Reddy said when he went into that huddle with his casting director. I thought all along that he said, "Give him some work." It was, instead, "Give him the works!" and am I "gonna have fun" when I see him!

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

Parisian Playboy

[*Continued from page 31*]

room. Then a couple of husky waiters moved in on him and assisted the "poor demented man" out of the room.

The carrot was gone down inside him. There was no evidence, then, to prove his innocence, and he had no desire for a stomach pump. So Fernand's friends, realizing he was trapped in his own joke, let him soundly suffer with the visions of a straight jacket before they finally rescued him!

■ "And then there was another thing, more recent. We had a friend who was the son of an auto manufacturer. One day the fellow showed up with a new, beautiful car," Fernand reminisced. "He demonstrated it repeatedly to everyone, and was horribly proud of it.

"Well, some of us slipped over to his father's factory, got to the right man, and secured a set of duplicate keys. Then we began trailing him. Several times we pulled the same stunt. He would park his car and enter a building. We would climb in and drive away. Presently he would discover the car missing, and go to phone the police. When he returned, there was the car again.

"One day—the last time we tried this little conspiracy, he was all ready for us. He entered the building as usual, but had already planted officers near the car. When we drove away in it, we were suddenly seized upon and taken into custody. Really, it was most embarrassing. I said to the officer, 'I am Fernand Gravet. I have not stolen this car. It is just a joke.' And the officer replied, 'My name is Rudolph Valentino. Come on to jail.'"

■ Well, no wonder they call Fernand Gravet the Parisian Playboy. He has a strong sense of the ridiculous, and can spend hours arranging some little thing which will panic the crowd. Perhaps that is how he sharpens up the amazing facility he possesses for comedy. For in Paris, even as in Hollywood, this young and handsome fellow is toasted for his great acting.

American films were never able to secure Gravet before he met Mervyn LeRoy. But after these two men got acquainted, and found themselves in so many ways kindred spirits, Fernand agreed to come to the United States for one picture a year. If you saw *The King and the Chorus Girl* a year ago, then you realize what an excellent guess LeRoy made in signing this young Frenchman.

Gravet, as a human being, will fool you. He almost always looks extraordinarily serious. He talks with keen facility on almost any subject you wish. He does not sound particularly humorous.

But once you get the man in action, either as an actor or as an every day personality, that delight of comedy begins to creep out in his movements, his reactions to situations. Sometimes he confounds you by being elderly in conversation for a few moments, then completely reversing his field to appear almost boyish.

In *Fools for Scandal*, a mad comedy such as America enjoys so much these days, Fernand gets excellent opportunities for his special brand of acting. When you add to Gravet the irrepressible Carole Lombard, it is inevitable that this picture will be full of funny, impossible and delightful situations.

NEXT MONTH

Gracie Allen speaks with a fine fury on a matter close to her heart. "Husbands Are Exasperating" she says, and tells just why in some detail.

The inflammable George Burns always has something to say, too, and he says it is under the title "So Are Wives!"

You'll find this funny story in the June issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine . . . on the stands May 8. Don't Miss It.



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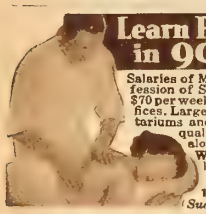
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The haunting floral fragrance of a new cologne brings a dreamy, romantic look to the eyes of Jane Bryan, attractive Warner Brothers player, now to be seen in *A Slight Case of Murder*

Spring Fervor

Here are some fine first aids for that first flurry of spring fever

By ANN VERNON

■ Spring is here to stay. And I'm all in a fervor with spring fever. I want to get out into the open and commune with Nature. And I suspect that a lot of you do too. Probably it's no more possible for you to get out into the woods and fields than it is for me, so here is the next best thing I could think of. Take a bit of spring inside with you. Go spring-like in your make-up, your perfume, your hair-do, your dress. Get away from winter's dried-out face, heavy exotic perfumes. Go fresh with the flowers—that's my cure for spring fever.

When spring fever got me, I rushed out into the stores, and "covered" the toiletry counters. I searched out all manner of beautifiers to help make you sweet and fresh and blooming. And now, I am all set to broadcast my findings. Perk up those pink ears and listen sharp. We're on the air.

Blackheads and large pores just don't make for a flower-like face. The first step in any spring beauty program should be toward getting rid of them. To cleanse your skin, not only on the surface, but down deep in the pores too, you'll want

to try a pale golden liquid that has been on the market for these many years. Saturate a wad of cotton with it, and see how much dirt it removes from your winter weary skin. This is the dirt which clogs the pores, promotes the growth of blackheads, large pores and eventually, blossoms! Regular cleansing with this antiseptic and refreshing cleanser clears up blackheads, allows the pores to return to their normal size, prevents the appearance of pimples. The tingling sen-



Lady, Take a Bow—Your skin deserves applause because it has been thoroughly cleansed with a pore searching liquid, softened and soothed with a milky lotion, protected from glare with light-absorbent powder

sation of the cleanser as it works tells you that it is toning up your sallow skin, giving you a new face with which to front the spring. A six-ounce bottle of the refreshener costs 75 cents, and a handy purse size containing two and one-half ounces retails for 35 cents. Your local toiletry counters will have it, and I'll be glad to give you the name.

■ Over that clean skin, goes a film of powder. And here's where my second discovery faces the light—and is not found wanting. For it's a silky face powder that is refined in such a way that the tiny particles absorb the light instead of reflecting it. In other words, your nose, your cheek bones, your forehead just can't do a beacon-light act on you. Instead of shining in the spotlight, be radiant and glowing, in *all* lights. This magic powder comes in four flattering shades—Flesh, Rachel, Rose Rachel and Rachel No. 2—all of them just right for Spring, 1938. A sizeable square box in a soft shade of green costs 55 cents. Do write me for the name.

Springtime and romance go together, and romantic is the word for the dreamy floral scented cologne which once was the favorite of Josephine, who became the first empress of Napoleon. The exquisite freshness of the scent breathes youth and beauty, and is a welcome change from the heavy oriental perfumes of the wintry months. It is attractively bottled in a flat, square flacon, with oblong crystal stopper, and gay, flower-besprigged label. [*Continued on page* 53]

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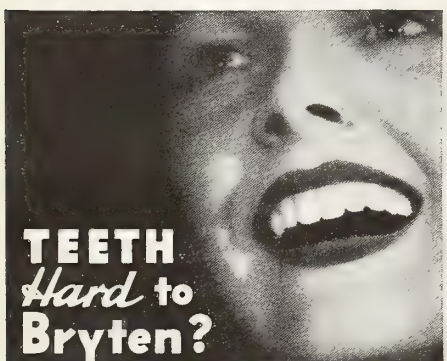


Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation. Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes aggravated by it!

Dr. F. M. Edwards, during his years of practice, treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted that relief sweetened the breath and improved well-being and vitality. For his treatment he used a vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet very effective because *it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.*

Help guard against constipation. Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

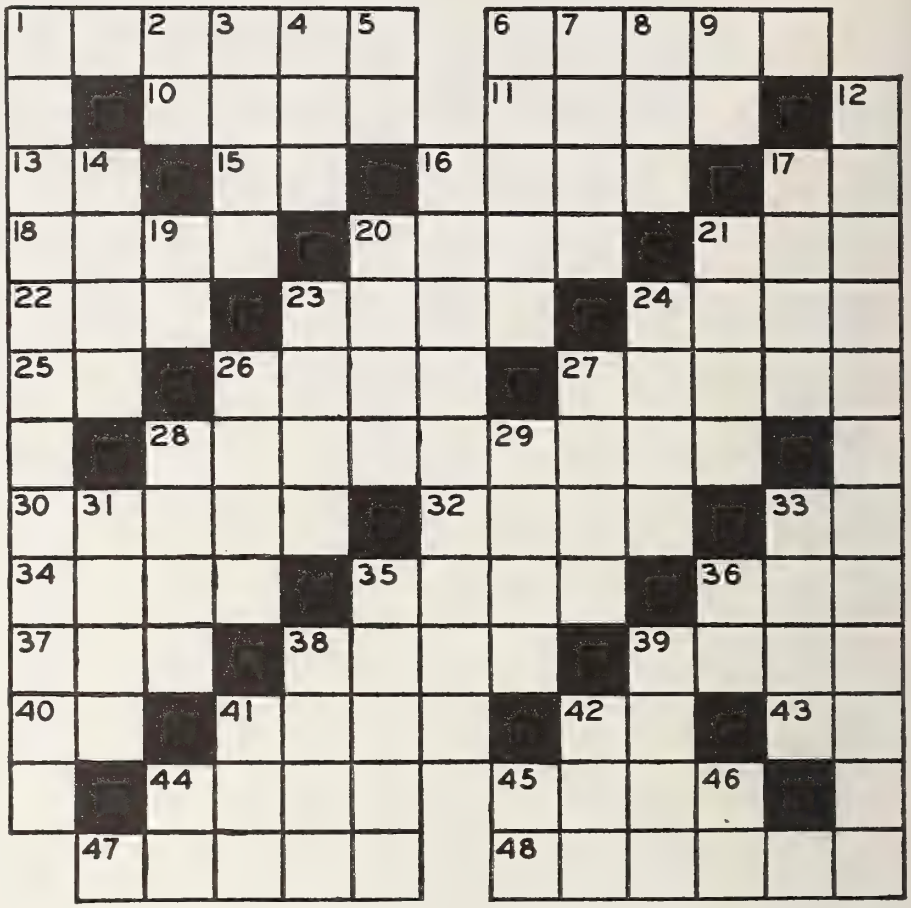
ECZEMA Itching and Burning quickly subdued and healing of the angry skin aided with **Resinol**
Sample free Resinol-A, Balto., Md.
Resinol



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IODENT
No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN — TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER — No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Booth Tarkington character portrayed by Billy Mauch.
6. ——— *Your Lady.*
10. *Miss Montague* in *The Jury's Secret.*
11. First name of Mr. Dwire, seen in westerns.
13. ——— *Time To Marry.*
15. ——— *Give My Life.*
16. *Willet* in *Exiled To Shanghai.*
17. Mr. Abel's initials.
18. First name of one who portrayed a Cossack captain in *Conquest.*
20. Carole Lombard was born in ——— Wayne, Ind.
21. *Cassidy of* ——— *Twenty.*
22. Date in February on which W. C. Fields was born.
23. *James Wilson* in *Scandal Street.*
24. You'll see Glenda Farrell in *Blondes At* ———.
25. Miss Risdon's initials.
26. First name of a boy actor in *Scandal Street.*
27. Randolph Scott's nickname.
28. Robert Taylor's screen father in *A Yank At Oxford.*
30. Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea were ——— *Three.*
32. Miriam Hopkins starred in ——— *Girl.*
33. Cecil Kellaway's initials.
34. First name of one who portrayed *Crawford* in *The Buccaneer* (poss.).
35. Actor's part in a motion picture.
36. John Mack Brown was born here (abbr.).
37. *The Baroness* ——— *the Butler.*
38. ——— *Out for Love.*
39. Garbo is one.
40. Initials of Mr. Karns.
41. Actor married to Grace Bradley.
42. *Paid* ——— *Dance.*
43. Mr. Knowles' initials.
44. Gladys Swarthout is one.
45. William V. ———.
47. Feminine lead in *Saleslady.*
48. Mary Pickford's husband.

DOWN

1. Film in which John Howard and Jean Parker played opposite.
2. Miss Shearer's initials.
3. Remember Joan Crawford in this?
4. *In* ——— *Chicago.*
5. Katherine ——— Mille.
6. Boy actor famous for his "meanie" roles.
7. ——— Disney.
8. Sally O'Neil's film, *Kathleen,* was produced here (abbr.).
9. Nora Lane's initials.
12. A comedian in *She's Got Everything.*
14. *Stars* ——— *Arizona.*
16. Lee Tracy starred in *Crashing* ———.
17. *Gus* in *Everybody's Doing It.*
19. *She Married* ——— *Artist.*
20. Feminine lead in *All-American Sweetheart.*
21. Canine actor's reward.
23. He was *Richards* in *Life of Emile Zola.*
24. Her first name is Irene.
26. The hotel manager in *Exiled To Shanghai.*
27. First name of Miss Stradner.
28. Charles Butterworth was born in South ———, Ind.
29. Krazy Kat likes this beverage.
31. Remember ——— Mann?
33. To show appreciation for an actor's performance.
35. *Renfrew of the* ——— *Mounted.*
36. *Charlie Chan* ——— *Monte Carlo.*
38. ——— *on a Budget.*
39. Judy Garland entertains with this in sound films.
41. *The* ——— *Broadcast of 1938.*
42. ——— *Many Wives.*
44. Initials of Sonja Henie's co-star in *Happy Landing.*
45. ——— *Boggs Steps Out.*
46. Initials of a boy actor in Jones Family series.

(Solution on page 62)

Spring Fervor

[*Continued from page* 51]

The four-ounce size costs $2.50, and I'll be glad to send you the name.

■ Soft hands are a must for any season, and spring, with its short sleeves and socks makes soft arms, legs that are free from chap and shine, just as much a necessity. Newly out on the market is a grand lotion that is made from milk oils allied to those in our own skins. The creamy lotion is neither too sticky, nor too greasy. It dries quickly, leaves the skin soft and smooth, and its delicate fragrance won't detract from the perfume you may be wearing. You'll find the smart squarish bottles with their gay milk-maid bedecked, cherry-red labels at your favorite toiletry counter. Write for the name.

To dress up your fingers, and make them gay for the season, you'll want some of the new shades of nail polishes. I discovered four grand ones, all from the same well known company, and all just right for wear with the new spring clothes. The first is a soft muted orchid, good for wear with navy, and all spring colors, flattering to all complexions. The next is a deeper shade of the first tone, becoming to blondes, styled to harmonize with bright shades and multi-colored prints. Third comes a shade that is almost a plum color—most exciting and different. This is the shade you'll choose for your grey, beige, pastels and blues. It will fit into your wardrobe whenever you're not wearing yellow tones. The last shade is of a different color family from the others—it's a deep red-brown that you'll like with yellow, green, beige, brown and black. This forerunner of summer will be the color to wear later to contrast with your sun-tanned skin and summer whites.

These tropical shades aren't the only news from this manufacturer. For the polish itself is of a new type, a heavier liquid that goes on evenly, easily, dries quickly with a lustrous satin-smooth, professional-looking finish. The extra coverage of this heavier polish makes for longer wear, because the polish really *clings* to the nail. The colors are fade and run proof. Twenty-five cents buys a bottle of any shade of this fashionable polish—a bargain, I call it. Do send for the name, because I know you'll want to try all four colors!

Does your nail polish show the slightest chip? Then whip out a polish remover, and do the nail over. It won't take a second, and you'll be saved the embarrassment of sitting on your hands! To make this task even quicker, come some grand little pads, saturated with polish remover. A flat compact holding about ten of them fits into your purse, ready for use at a moment's notice. Or perhaps you'll want the slightly larger size for your desk drawer, or vanity table. Both contain the same size pads, soaked with the same vitamized liquid which leaves your nails soft and smooth. Compact, 10 cents; jar, 25 cents. Want the name?

Ann Vernon is not so full of spring fever that she can't help you to become a lovelier, more glamorous, more romantic person than ever before. Write to her about your special beauty problems, or better still, send her your snapshot and a description of yourself. And don't forget to enclose a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage), self-addressed envelope for her answer. The address is Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Ann Miller

IN RKO'S PRODUCTION

"RADIO CITY REVELS"



Wouldn't you, too, like to know Hollywood's make-up secret?

"MOST girls," say famous screen stars, "could easily be more attractive, more beautiful, if they knew the secret of color harmony make-up created by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor." It consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades to emphasize the loveliness of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Try it, and enjoy the thrill of new beauty. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*

★ *New! Max Factor's* INVISIBLE *Make-Up Foundation keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

POWDER...

Like the screen stars, you, too, will find that your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Powder will bring flattering beauty to your skin . . . $1.00.

ROUGE...

The colors in Max Factor's Rouge are so natural that they impart enchanting beauty instantly, blending in harmony with your own colorings . . . 50¢.

LIPSTICK...

One test, and you will always depend upon Max Factor's Lipstick. Super-Indelible . . . moisture-proof . . . it withstands every lipstick test . . . $1.00.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make Up Studio, Hollywood
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade, also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*".....FREE
5-5-39

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	*If Hair is Gray check light above and here* ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Dark ☐	
	AGE	

"Kidnapped" Gets Under Way

Robert Louis Stevenson's tale of rousing adventure in Scotland of two centuries ago comes to life on the screen

"I'll dangle him from a gibbet!"

The Duke of Argyle, brought to life in all of his austerity by C. Aubrey Smith, is speaking, and he minces no words when it comes to the Scot rebel (Warner Baxter) who swings a bloody cutlass like a last Slaver, rides a horse like a Cisco Kid, and fingers the trigger of a flintlock like a Robin Hood of El Dorado.

Stevenson's *Kidnapped* fits the Homeric-Baxter pattern. The shadow of the gibbet haunts Alan Breck's trail. The Red Coats from London almost trap him time and again. He cuts his way through a mob of murderous ruffians with a cutlass. In the end, though, a girl's kisses cheat both the gallows and the English dragoons.



Freddie Bartholomew plays David Balfour whose wicked uncle turned him over to kidnappers



Arleen Whelan supplies love interest, lacking in Stevenson's tale but added by Hollywood



Warner Baxter, seen as brave Alan Breck, hot-tempered Scot who fights for David's rights

In other words, Mr. Baxter is swashbuckling once again, this time in that aged and tried swashbuckling bit of history that Robert Louis Stevenson made so exciting in *Kidnapped*. Stevenson's Alan Breck takes the form of the moustachioed and dark-complected Baxter. Freddie Bartholomew is the resolute youngster of the yarn, David Balfour.

Hero of more historic heroics than most stars, Warner Baxter fairly revels in his roles of high adventure.

"Ever since I was knee high, I've relished stories like this one," he confided. "I guess I'm still a kid at heart. Most of us are, I think.

"Ever since Homer started spinning his adventuresome tales, the world has thrilled to the derring-do of a knight who sets forth to battle the giants. His chances are only one in a thousand of coming through with his skin whole. He invariably does, of course, but that doesn't matter so long as he's fighting for his life for seven reels.

The girl is Hollywood's deft touch.

Stevenson never was very romantically inclined. As a scenarist in the movie town, he couldn't even have qualified for the "B" pictures, never having sufficiently applied himself to the saccharine delights of the boy-meets-girl plot. Producers on the 20th Century-Fox lot simply were aghast when they read *Kidnapped* and discovered that the great author had excluded the very vital feminine touch. They remedied that error quickly with a mop of flaming hair, two emerald eyes and other pulchritude attached to Arleen Whelan, the pretty manicurist whom they took out of a beauty shop six months ago and started grooming for stardom. This is her first picture.

The time of Stevenson's yarn is the early eighteenth century. The Act of the Union between England and Scotland was ratified in 1707, uniting those countries, and into the lowlands and highlands of the Scotsmen swarmed the King's tax collectors, followed by the Red Coats.

The rugged, independence-loving Scots tolerated these, since they made better targets than grouse for sniping parties! But when England passed a law forbidding the clansmen from wearing kilts, that was an insult. What was a Scot without a kilt? Not by a dee sight were they going to wear knee pants!

And when such tax collectors as the hawk-nosed Red Fox started seizing bagpipes in lieu of coins, it was high time for Alan Breck to start his swashbuckling on a grand scale. He rallied the angry clansmen, in their jerkins and cow-hides, in the great square at Edinburgh, and they swore themselves to drive the cursed English out of the moors and bogs of the land.

Hollywood "kidnapped" a convincing bit of the heather for Alan Breck and David Balfour. In Laurel canyon of the Hollywood hills rose a Scot village of stone-walled, thatched-roofed cottages that rambled over the countryside,

branching away from a village square of ale houses, stage coach taverns, ship builders and a fish market.

■ Above all else, the fish market provided a convincing touch. A "prop" man who believed in realism hung up California's best in sea foods there, and after four days of "shooting" on the location site, the fish hawker's wares reeked to high heaven. Even Baxter confessed that that was too much of high adventure. Since the fish, though, were already in the picture, they couldn't be taken away without causing a movie boner. They stayed, smell and all, offset somewhat by huge incense burners that were spotted about in the square. Between scenes, most of the players took to the hills.

It remained for Master Bartholomew to get the point of the realistic settings better than others in the cast. While Alfred Werker, the director, was shooting inside a dark, dull and musty cottage, the young star climbed on top of a roughly-hewed table for a scene.

"Move over about three feet," said Werker. Boy-like, Freddie slid the distance, picking up a flock of splinters on the way! Production was delayed for an hour while the studio physician extracted them.

Research scholars assembled more than 1,500 sketches of life in the Scotland of two centuries ago before a single set was built. Besides the village of some 20 cottages and dingy-plastered buildings, the studio re-created old Balfour castle, a dark, ghostly tower where the cobweb of the movies, Jess Wolf, could play his heart's content. In case you're interested in statistics, he spun two miles of artificial cobwebs, squirting thin strands of rubber cement out of a gadget of his own invention.

Stevenson's famous boat, "The Covenant," too, took form in hulk, masts and rigging, costing $40,000. A two-masted brig, "The Covenant," was built by Chris Christensen who sets sails to virtually every vessel that rocks over the celluloid deeps.

Flagons, spinning wheels and lanterns were scattered everywhere on the sets, and even a copy of Despanter's Latin grammar was resurrected from an attic in Scotland for a school scene in the picture.

■ Equally important to the research workers, though, as the cottages and windjammers, was the spirit of the day. In that era, the Scots were a rough, wild lot who liked their ale and wine and their mutton broth. To forget their poverty and the dreariness of their dark, dank homes, they led a roistering life.

Their women weren't the pampered, be-powdered ladies of the Paris of that day. They were pretty, buxom girls who knew their own minds. They were spitfires who put dashes of temperament into otherwise prosaic lives.

Arleen Whelan plays such a girl. By coincidence, she meets Warner Baxter as he is riding through the country. She decides that he is the man for her and she sets about to make him love her, even though she has to resort to stormy scenes to do it.

"Did you ever see a redhead who couldn't get mad?" asked the 'discovery,' who is as Irish as Killarney. "No girl starting in the movies ever had a better role given her. I get to show my sweeter self as well as the devilment in me. I think I like the devilish side better—but then, wouldn't any redhead?"

The part is a weighty one, in more than just acting. She wears twelve underskirts for many of the sequences!

■ After being "discovered" by H. Bruce Humberstone, the movie director, in a beauty parlor where she had been a manicurist for two years, Arleen Whelan was tucked away by 20th Century-Fox in its drama school before being brought forth for *Kidnapped*.

Although born in Salt Lake City, she has spent most of her life in Los Angeles where her father owns a small electrical shop. She sings well enough to warble a Scottish ballad for the picture, plays the organ and piano, tap dances, and aspires to comedy of the Carole Lombard kind. She is 21, and without any "steady dates"



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Twin Sisters CLEANSING PADS

Non-drying Instant Facials Anywhere . . . Anytime!



Little pads of cloth saturated with a special *non-drying* lotion. You carry them in purse or pocket for a refreshing, skin-soothing facial after shopping, motoring or sports . . . at the dance, theatre or office. Softens skin. Removes make-up and grime perfectly. Excellent powder base, too. You'll agree they're handy as a hanky . . . indispensable as a lipstick. Compact and 15 Pads, 10c. Refills of 60 Pads, 25c.



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Removes Nail Polish Lubricates Nails



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If unobtainable, send direct. (Add 5c to each item for postage and packing). Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dep. 51-E, Chicago. Sent only in U. S. A.

HOLLYWOOD INSIDE

A prominent studio executive—we can't mention his name, doggone it—lost $500 betting that a BUFFOON was a trade wind! To top that, another hearing his definition, burst forth, "You're crazy, that's a mongoose." We guarantee, though, neither gentleman was Samuel Goldwyn, positively.

YOU, TOO, CAN EARN $30 A WEEK



Nancy E——'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making $30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:

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This school for 39 years has been training men and women, 18 to 60, *at home and in their spare time*, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is endorsed by physicians. Complete nurse's equipment is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of the hundreds of men and women earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how *you* can become self-supporting as a nurse.

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Dept. 85, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name

City*State**Age*

although she goes with Bill Faye, brother of Alice Faye, more often than with anyone else.

"I haven't been able to sleep well since the miracle happened," she admitted, speaking in a soft, girlish voice which is reminiscent of Janet Gaynor's. "Imagine being tranformed from an $18-a-week manicurist to an actress!"

Although often likened to Miss Gaynor, she stands a head taller than the star and her auburn hair is of a lighter shade. She is also often compared to another famous redhead, Clara Bow, though she is slender and green-eyed. The make-up artists took turns trying to turn her into either another Gaynor or Bow, and they even attempted a Loretta Young make-up, just to be different, but they finally gave up. Arleen Whelan looks like Arleen Whelan, and that's that.

■ In the story, Warner and Arleen drift together on a brigantine, where they come across Freddie. The brig turns out to be a smuggling ship, running human prey from Scotland to the Americas, and that is where the "kidnapped" part of Stevenson's story comes in.

Those kidnappers of two centuries ago make the "snatch" racketeers of today look like mollycoddles. The "press gangs," as they were called, built kidnapping into a wholesale business. Seldom in history has there been such an era of terrorism.

In connivance with politicians, gangs of men roamed the countryside, seizing boys in their early teens from the highways and shipping them to the plantations in the Americas where they sold them for $60 or $70 apiece into virtual slavery. The press gangs even grew so bold that they would steal youngsters from their beds at night. Mothers were afraid to let their children out of their sight.

Incidentally, it was an efficient way of getting rid of a wife! All that the disgruntled husband needed to do was to pay a gang to spirit her aboard a ship where she was locked up until the vessel set sail.

■ "The case of Peter Williamson was typical of the times," pointed out Kenneth Macgowan, associate producer for the film. "Peter was 11 years old when he was snatched from a street corner in Edinburgh, shipped to the West Indies and sold for sixteen pounds.

"His parents, of course, started a search for him. They knew what had happened but their appeals to the authorities fell on deaf ears. The officials were sharing in the graft and they protected the press gangs that paid off.

"After working on plantations for many years, always held in serfdom because of the debts he supposedly owed, he escaped and returned to Scotland. He put his case before the courts of the land which promptly found him guilty of heaping calumnies on the heads of the authorities!

"It isn't known how many boys were kidnapped and shipped out to work on the plantations but the number doubtlessly ran into the hundreds and possibly the thousands before the trade was suppressed."

■ Into the hands of such a gang, Freddie Bartholomew falls prey. Because he is the rightful heir to the Castle of Balfour, his sinister, hard-bitten uncle, played by Miles Mander, wants him out of the way, and he pays the shipmaster of "The Covenant" (Reginald Owen) a few pounds to take Freddie to the Americas where Owen can sell him to the plantations and collect a few more pounds of blood money.

Miles Mander, by the way, is the movie director who gave Master Bartholomew his first role, a part in the British picture, *Fascination*, which was filmed in London in 1933. The now famous Aunt Cissy Bartholomew had gone from studio to studio and stage to stage trying to find a "break" for Freddie and was becoming discouraged when Mander cast him for *Fascination*. As a tribute of their appreciation to the Britisher, young Bartholomew and his aunt insisted that he be given a role in *Kidnapped*.

Ralph Forbes and John Carradine are playing roisterous, desperate clansmen serving as aides to Baxter. Nigel Bruce, as father to Arleen Whelan, is the only Scotchman in the cast—and they had to tone down his burr so that Americans could understand what he is saying!

Other celebrated characters in Stevenson's tale are brought to life by E. E. Clive, Mary Gordon, Halliwell Hobbes, Arthur Hohl, Moroni Olsen, and Eily Malyon.

While the tale marks the return to swashbuckling for Baxter, it paces off another milestone for young Freddie, who is now at a critical age for a movie youngster. Because of litigation over his salary, it has been a year since he was before the cameras. Not since *Captains Courageous* has he been on a movie set.

Since that time, he has grown an inch and three quarters, and he considers that he "towers" over his aunt, standing an inch taller than she. His voice is deeper than it was, and he believes himself definitely to be "the man of the family." He hopes to grow to manhood as an actor, but just in case something happens, he is studying pre-law courses, being now in the second year of high school.

Next Month

There will be another story about little Arleen Whelan in the June issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Don't miss the story which is as astonishing as that of Cinderella, and with almost as many surprises.

Love Without Words

[*Continued from page* 36]

saying . . . My bank had an international department, where French was spoken. I used to go down there just to remember what a chat was like. . . .

"I was asked to sing for an Easter benefit. Alma and her family attended. Afterward, I met them and the old gentleman said, 'Will you have some lunch with us?' Singers don't eat before they sing; I was famished; I could have eaten raw dog. But 'lunch'—in *my* dictionary—meant just one thing: 'noonday meal.' I had a luncheon appointment for the next day. I told him I couldn't come. Where was I going now? Home — to change my clothes and go out to eat, Alone? Yes. But why couldn't I have lunch with them? Again, I explained I had an appointment. The old gentleman threw up his hands, and said, 'Goodnight.' I went home, changed my clothes, then ate alone. Wishing I could be with Alma.

"Two days later, Alma told me, 'My father was bewildered the other night because you wouldn't come home with us.' That was the first I knew that I *could* have.

"She took me to see places. One day, I wanted to take her, instead. I had heard about a very nice French restaurant on Staten Island. I asked her how we would get there. She said, 'Ferry boat.' I caught the word 'boat.' I thought of a big steamer. When we came to the place to pay, I handed the man a twenty-dollar bill. He looked as if he could kill me. He started mumbling and counting out handfuls of change. I know now he must have been cursing me. So must the people standing in line behind me—and muttering, too. I saw Alma's face reddening. She asked if I had any silver. She picked out a dime. 'That's all the boat costs,' she said. 'Ah—my God!' I said." He claps his hand to his head as he must have done that day.

"But that was not the prize. This is not a joke, I swear it. It actually happened. I asked Alma one day, 'How would you like to go to Niagara Falls with me?' We-ell, she didn't know. I said, 'Oh, but it will not take long. We will go in a cab.' She told me that to go to Niagara Falls people had to go on a train—had to start one day and wouldn't get there till the next. 'But it is in New York, isn't it?' I asked, puzzled. Then she had to tell me that the New York I knew was a city, but beyond was another New York, a state. She showed me a map. I was very embarrassed. I said, 'Excuse me. I didn't know.' But if the old gentleman had heard my invitation to his daughter—? I shudder."

Alma Wolfe did not sing, as he did—but: "She loved music. That was a bond. Anyone can understand the language of music, if he listens. Eyes can speak an international language, too. They can tell thoughts. So can hands. In our case, they had to." He smiles, in reminiscence. "It was, for a very long time, a—a love without words.

"Because of Alma I stayed in America. But it was three years before we could be married. I couldn't make enough money. I had strange adventures in American opera. I didn't get paid. It was a very nice gesture, giving me I. O. U.'s for salary. But I couldn't eat them. I finally sold a handful of them to my agent for fifty cents—and became an actor.

"That," he smiles, "would never have happened if I hadn't fallen in love when I did, and with the girl I did."

Yes, he still is married to the same girl, and they have two boys, of whom Eduardo said, horrified, when he first saw himself on the screen, "They will hate me. They will never speak to me again."

But the Ciannelli sons, unlike the Ciannelli-conscious moviegoers, did not confuse *Trock Estrella* with Eduardo. He rates as high at home today as he is likely to rate throughout the movie world tomorrow.

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NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS
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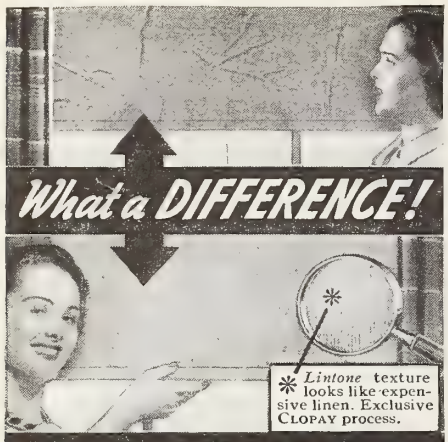
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WHEN A BRIDE HAS A CAREER

Even the busiest of stars must find time to give orders to the cook. Here is how one of them combines a career with the kitchen problems

By BETTY CROCKER

Jeanette MacDonald is one of the busiest girls in Hollywood, yet she must also run a kitchen and feed a hungry husband, just like many another bride.

How she does it and still manages to make hit pictures like *Girl of the Golden West,* sing on the radio, keep appointments with her voice teacher, and goodness knows how many other activities required of her, proves that even a career girl can have an efficient household if she puts her mind to it.

So for this month's culinary class, let's take up the cooking problems of the working wife and go into Mrs. Gene Raymond's kitchen for some ideas.

"When Gene and I married," Jeanette told me, "we knew that two careers in the same family would require careful planning at home. Every wife who carries on her own career, even if it takes only a few hours daily, knows that husbands must be fed and a house well managed if all is to be serene and happy.

"So the first thing we did was to go into the kitchen and list our cooking likes and dislikes. Fortunately, we both had similar tastes, as we discovered when we combined our lists as a guide for our cook. It's amazing how this guide has simplified matters so that the kitchen seems to run itself, with the minimum of attention from me."

Jeanette opened a kitchen cupboard. This was the guide, thumbtacked to the door:

BREAKFAST

Cereal. Fresh fruit (peaches, nectarines, figs, apricots) Stewed fruits. Baked apple. Hot milk, or weak tea.



The coffee is always just right in the home of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, and for the very good reason that she has learned how to combine two careers efficiently

LUNCH

Potato Soup* or any home-made soup, using maggi sauce instead of meat, and including any assortment of vegetables. Green salad, French dressing. Hot rolls or bread if no potatoes on menu. Never meat for lunch.

DINNER

Meat: Any kind except pork or duck. Liver and sweetbreads* our favorite; next, tongue or grilled ground round steak.

Mushrooms: broiled in meat juice.

Eggplant: our favorite vegetable, prepared any way.

Other vegetables: carrots occasionally string beans, limas, green peas, baked squash. Never creamed vegetables. Always prepare Hollandaise sauce when serving broccoli.

Potatoes: baked, mashed, creamed, steamed or buttered.

Desserts: Devils food cake* our special favorite.

Other desserts: Apple snow pudding, apple crisp, gelatine, baked apple, prune whip, fresh fruit tarts* .

**See recipes*

"Why, every working wife ought to make a list of 'does and don'ts' like that," I exclaimed. "It should be easy to prepare meals with that guide.

"Exactly," smiled Jeanette. "When we're both in the midst of picture work, we practically live on soup. Cook dices a number of vegetables and lets the pot simmer all day. Potato soup, our favorite, is practically a meal in itself.

"Our favorite entree for dinner is a dish of sweetbreads, parboiled, on thick slices of ham. For dessert, we share a positive mania for devil's food cake. Fresh fruit tarts, you'll notice, are another favorite, or baked apples, cooked in sugar with flour and butter.

"And all are really easy to make if you follow a good kitchen tested recipe carefully."

Meanwhile, their affable cook, Margaret, was bringing out recipes from a neat card container for me to copy. Let's start with:

Potato Soup

2 cups milk
1 cup cooked potato
1 tbsp. grated carrot
1 tbsp. scraped onion
2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. all purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
Celery salt
Pepper

Method: 1. Heat milk in top of double boiler. 2. While milk is heating, rub cooked potato (either mashed or boiled) through a coarse sieve and measure. 3. Heat grated carrot and onion in the butter and blend in the flour. (Do not allow them to brown.) 4. Then stir into hot milk, and add potato, salt, pepper and celery salt. 5. Cook in double boiler 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. 6. Serve hot. AMOUNT: This makes 6 servings.

NOTE: You can use celery leaves in place of the celery salt if you have them, and then take them out before serving the soup. It's nice to add a little minced parsley as you serve the soup.

Fresh Fruit Tarts

Peel and stone 9 to 12 fresh apricots or 3 or 4 large peaches. Cut in slices and add sugar to sweeten (about ½ cup). Drip the juice from 1 orange over the apricots and sugar (about ⅓ cup orange juice) or drip the juice of a lemon over the peaches and sugar. Place in refrigerator to chill 2 or 3 hours. Brown on pan in oven 1 cup blanched whole almonds. Shave the toasted almonds in paper-thin strips. Take apricots or peaches from refrigerator. Drain and combine with the almonds. Pile into baked tart shells, and top each tart with a spoonful of sweetened whipped cream. A few of the almond slices may be reserved to garnish the top of the whipped cream.

Fresh Pineapple Tarts: To 1 cup fresh pineapple cut in small pieces, add enough granulated sugar to sweeten. Set in refrigerator to chill 2 or 3 hours. Drain juice from pineapple and fold it into sweetened whipped cream. (Use 1 cup whipping cream, then when it is whipped fold in 4 tbsp. confectioner's sugar.) Pile the pineapple-filled cream into tart shells and garnish each tart with a stoned fresh cherry. (The cherry can be filled with a nut.) Maraschino cherries can be used in place of fresh cherries.

Berry Tarts: Wash and hull 1 quart strawberries, raspberries, or blackberries and add enough sugar to sweeten. Pile sweetened berries immediately into baked tart shells. Garnish each tart with sweetened whipped cream and serve immediately.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Okay by a Kayo

[*Continued from page* 23]

come that Davis child, hair every-which-way, in an old gingham dress buttoned haphazardly, and in half a shake of a lamb's tail, even the proud mamas of the other entertainers capitulated to this entrancing toy mimic. The applause was for an artist, and not for another woman's child in competition with their own.

■ The prizes Joan invariably carried off, only partly stilled the ache in Mrs. Davis' heart, for Joan refused to be dressed in silks and satins, to have her hair in curls like the other children, for her frequent appearances at entertainments.

Joan knew what she wanted—and it wasn't to be a pretty child—lisping pretty and meaningless pieces. She was a comedienne, and she dressed the part. She knew instinctively how to engage the attention of an audience, not only by what she said or by what she did, but also by what she wore. A ruffled dancing frock might elicit an "oh, isn't she darling!" But mismated buttons and buttonholes made the customers settle back in their seats all ready for a laugh. And this was exactly what Joan was working for.

She didn't figure it out exactly—no seven-year-old child would—but she got on to the general idea that what made people laugh wasn't perfection, usually, but startling imperfection.

It wasn't very long before the neighbors realized that little Josephine Davis was something special, and it wasn't any use trying to make their own darlings stay in her class.

■ Somewhere along this time, a cigar-rolling gentleman inclined to paunchiness, spotted Joan at a church entertainment and promptly flourished a pen and a vaudeville contract before her parents.

So the Davises packed up their Josephine, hired a tutor for her, and started on tour of the Pantages ciruit. She was billed as "The Toy Comedienne" and her fourteen-minute comedy routine featured the stutter and the punch that she had learned from Johnny What's-his-name!

In between stage appearances she managed to acquire an education and a few school honors. As she grew out of her tattered ginghams, she grew into a Sis Hopkins costume—tight pigtails, a straw bonnet perched precariously on her head with an erratic feather, an oversized blouse, tight checkered skirt and very sensible shoes—the kind grandmothers advised if a girl were to have beautiful ankles. Joan didn't care much about the ankles, but the costume did make audiences howl.

■ Early in 1931, when Joan had cracked herself 22,463 times on the jaw (by actual computation) for the amusement of audiences from Coast to Coast, it ocurred to her that if she teamed with a very dressy gentleman, she might garner as many laughs, even with the punch quota reduced. Her manager introduced her to Serenus "Si" Wills, and he didn't guess what he started.

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Si thought he was getting a sounding-board for his own jokes and Joan was equally deluded. When they met at rehearsal, they gasped. Here was Sis Hopkins and her masculine version, the Country Bumpkin. What they thought was going to be for worse, turned out for the better, and five months later, almost to the day, they were married.

As "Wills and Davis" they became known as one of the best vaudeville teams in the business. Joan's routine developed. What was first a skippety-hop across the stage became that long glide which has since convulsed, not only theater audiences, but screen audiences as well. The punch on the chin, self-administered, stayed in for laughs. Not that it was so funny to Joan—she suffered casualties a-plenty—split lips, swollen jaws, and even black eyes resulted when her artistic enthusiasm overpowered her.

In 1933 Beverly was born—and now, at the age of four, she is a chip off the old block, and has acquired her mother's punch, slide and fall with side-splitting results.

It was Beverly who changed her parents' plan. Well and good to talk about theatrical children who are born and raised in a trunk. This child's parents decided that a baby needed a permanent home. California, with its sunshine and flowers, seemed to be the logical choice for a settling spot. And then, of course, there were pictures.

In New York Joan had been approached by scouts, made to promise that she would take tests when she was out in Hollywood. Well, now she was in Hollywood!

But in 1936 the executive who had insisted that Joan give his studio first call on her services had gone from there to somewhere else, and the screen tests didn't materialize. It was tough going for a while. The Hollywood agent for Wills and Davis tore his hair, shouted and ranted, and pleaded with studio scouts, producers and directors to give Si and Joan a chance to show their wares. But their indifference could be cut with a knife.

Producers figured that a punch on the jaw of a comely lady couldn't possibly spell a knockout at the box-office.

A personal friend of Joan's was responsible for her first real break in pictures. Ray McCarey was directing *Millions in the Air*. He insisted that Joan be cast in the role of an amateur at a tryout.

After the preview of this, Joan knew for certain that the three Wills would reside in California permanently. The scouts who had sniffed at her act fell over themselves to ring her doorbell, but Twentieth Century-Fox got there first.

They gave her a featured comedy role in Jane Withers' *The Holy Terror* and Joan was a holy howl. "Now," thought Joan, "I'm in pictures. I can settle back and not pay for my laughs with suffering. No more bumps on my jaw; no more lumps on my lips."

Not that she planned to go high tragedy and play a Mrs. Hamlet. She planned to keep on making them laugh, but in a ladylike manner. But it didn't work that way at all!

Joan took a little punch at herself and the electricians laughed until they almost fell off their perches. She took one of her long-legged slides and the prop men became helpless with hysterics. She made a mis-step in a scene, fell flat on her back, got up, dusted herself off with a never-mind gesture, and the director, cameraman and producer all shrieked in chorus —"That's colossal; that's stupendous. Do it again!"

"But that was an accident," Joan remonstrated, "and it hurts to fall."

"But it's funny—it's the funniest thing we've seen—it's got to stay in!" everybody shouted.

And stay in, it did as a gag in that first picture. And stay in it has since in all the others.

Since then Joan has taken; by actual count, almost a thousand falls. She landed in the hospital a couple of times when she gave too much of her all for her art, and today she looks forward with yearning to the time when she will no longer have to be black and blue for the sake of her profession.

Joan is getting a little tired of laughing with tears in her eyes.

The team of Wills and Davis is still in existence, even though you see only Joan on the screen. When Joan gets a script, she takes it home and puts on a private show of her routines for Si. She can gauge to exactitude the sourness or sweetness of her comedy by the height to which Si's eyebrows elevate themselves. "Not so good?" asks Joan. Si will sadly shake his head. Not so good. And then he'll do a carbon copy of Joan and she can see herself reflected in everything Si does.

Joan, in contrast to her lusty, gusty, uproarious antics on the screen, is a quiet-spoken, gentle person. Her red-brown hair and green eyes, her nice assemblage of features and a figure which would do any bathing suit a lot of good, would entitle her to glamour-gal roles if she weren't so precious to producers who want their pictures to make money.

Currently, Joan's presence in the cast seems to be a guarantee of the well-being of any production. Joan touches wood or fingers a dilapidated coin purse when she speaks of Hollywood and her career.

There is a story attached to that worse-for-wear purse. She bought it while appearing in a New Orleans theater. On the same day, she went out to the race-track and placed a two dollar bet on a two horse parley and won $443. The new purse bulged with bills. It's down to the lining now, but Joan still carries it with her for luck. Even at the swank Trocadero, when she is rigged out in her best bib-and-tucker, she calmly puts it on the table to the bewilderment of the so-correct waiters. Perhaps the magic of that purse will some day work further and graduate Joan from the self-punching class.

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

The King Returns to His Throne

[*Continued from page 27*]

trousers from time to time. To this day he does not like the average sample of the canine species. But he has a high regard for jails.

"Hoosegows? Now you're discussing a subject close to this heart of mine," he said with a reminiscent gleam coming into his eyes. "The first time I got pinched was in Norristown, Pa. We were traveling upon the rods, free of fare, intent upon reaching our next destination. The train stopped and there was a commotion up in front. My nosey partner wanted to see what was happening.

"I wandered up the roadbed to where a group of fellow tramps were standing. When we arrived, we were greeted by a dick and two guns. Presently we all found ourselves locked up in a convenient "kick-car" shack by the side of the tracks.

"The guardian of the law paced up and down without. Meanwhile a board somehow found its way loose from the floor, revealing a convenient exit via the rear.

"We all sped into the bleary night. Suddenly someone made a noise. It might have been I. The law took after us. A bullet spanged by (thought I). It probably was a mile above us. But I made a dive for my nosey friend's heels, and we sprawled.

"Then I gasped, 'Tahell with all this. I wanna live.' "

They spent that night in the Norristown bastile. The next morning the great W. C. Fields staged a superb act at the unheard of hour of nine o'clock. He told the judge a sob story about rushing to the side of his ailing mother in Boundbrook, N. J. And the judge turned him loose. His pal wasn't so good at this sort of an act, so Fields did a doubleheader and cried the "dumb Dutchman" out of jail, too.

Wandering down the street, Fields felt the pangs of hunger. Passing a bakery shop, he noticed a clock within which was easily read from without. Nonetheless,

Crossword Puzzle Solution

P	E	N	R	O	D		S	W	I	N	G	
E		S	A	L	E		E	A	R	L		P
N	O		I	D		H	A	L	E		W	A
I	V	A	N		F	O	R	T		B	A	R
T	E	N		H	A	L	L		W	O	R	K
E	R		C	A	R	L		R	A	N	D	Y
N		B	A	R	R	Y	M	O	R	E		A
T	H	E	S	E		W	I	S	E		C	K
I	A	N	S		R	O	L	E		A	L	A
A	N	D		L	O	O	K		S	T	A	R
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Y		D	I	V	A		M	O	N	G		U
	N	A	G	E	L		R	O	G	E	R	S

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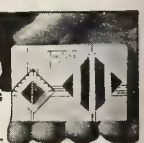
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he stepped inside, grabbed a pie and slipped it under his coat, then asked the time. Before he got the answer, he felt something slipping. Looking down, he was mortified to note he had selected a custard pie. Mr. Fields took it on the lam. Norristown never again enjoyed his talents.

■ "Do you like sports, Mr. Fields?" I inquired. "Outdoor sports, such as swimming?"

W. C. twirled his cane and replied, "You might call me a hunter. Specializing on birds. Jail birds. I have encountered them over this entire continent. And found some rare species. In fact, although I am—and always have been perfectly innocent—it is highly probable that I have occupied the finest hoosegows in the world. Including Bolivia, and Scandinavia. In the days of my youth, fighting frequently brought me into the pinions of the law."

We didn't know he had been a pugilist, and said so.

"I wasn't one," he replied. "Invariably I would strike, and then my opponent would strike. Occasionally it would happen that he struck first—and I seldom struck back. The officers of the law seldom picked up my adversary. Invariably they picked me up—off the ground. Indeed, I was the innocent victim of many a brawl.

"There was that time in Germany, for instance. I knew very little of the language, but I heard a native say, as my friend and I sat down in an establishment, 'Anybody can tell those fellows are foreigners, because they look so stupid.'

"We were eating apple cake with whipped cream. Ah, that was a delicious dish. Especially when pronounced in German. I told my friend across the table what had been said. He took one look at the whipped cream, picked up a handful of it, and threw it. When my friend was finally able to make his escape, I remained behind to foot the bill. There was some delay, but eventually it came, accompanied by a fine German officer of the law. I was cast in the dungeons pending a court hearing."

"And what happened then?" we asked.

"I was fined twenty-one marks. Twenty marks in cash, and one black mark against the family escutcheon."

■ W. C. was enjoying his reminiscence. He leaned back in his chair, chewed on an unlit cigar, and sipped of a glass of sarsaparilla. "Did you ever break your leg?" he asked irrelevantly. "And then, right when it got well, you stumbled and busted your arm? No? Well, neither did I, but things happen like that some times. With me it was jails. And I was always innocent!

"For instance, that time in London. I encountered a noted confidence man at a bar. We walked out in the street together while I inquired how his business was going. Just then we encountered a Bobbie, who made an insulting suggestion that we move on.

"He treated me like I was a disreputable hobo, although I wore a new suit. I protested mildly, and was shoved flat on my face in the mud. So I arose to my full wrath and punched him in the jaw."

Fields mentioned the matter with the reverence due such an occasion. "And then he socked me and blew a whistle. Several bobbies laid hands on me roughly, and incidentally my companion. London fogs are not pleasant as viewed from a jail window. My confidence-man friend finally got a lawyer and we were brought before the bar of justice. It cost my friend three pounds. And it cost me three pounds and one mark — three pounds in cash and one mark—a dark blue one just beneath the right orb.

"My friend settled the debt for six pounds—by check. I later paid him my three in cash. Then I heard his check bounced and the police were on our trail. Regretfully I arranged my itinerary to include a quick trip to the United States."

■ "You've traveled a great deal, haven't you?" we questioned him.

"Between jail stops, yes. I was in Africa twice. Once in '03 and again in 1913."

"Lion hunting?" we suggested.

"No suh. I was in pursuit of the elusive dough. A very dear thing in any man's heart. I was not disappointed. Although I did not discover any diamond fields, the public seemed pleased to discover W. C. Fields.

"I have traveled from the Arctic regions to the Antipodes. Some of my exploits in Bolivia you may have heard on the radio. I shall not repeat them here."

The reminiscent mood was interrupted by the arrival of Ted Reed, a director associated with Mitchell Leisen, who walked in to find out what the Maestro planned for the next day's shooting on *The Big Broadcast*. The scene that followed is a swell tip-off on the way Fields ad libs his nonsense.

"Well, let's see," said the bumbling Mr. Fields. "Ah yes, I have it. Right here in my vest pocket. Listen to this." He pulled out a sheet of paper which contained a skeleton plot of the sequence to come. He had conceived it only a few hours before our meeting. It called for the director to shoot a picture of wild geese on the wing.

"Where do we get the geese, and how do we photograph them?" Reed remarked hopelessly.

"Ah, my fine-haired friend. That's your problem. I merely invent the business. You produce it."

Reed shook his head sadly. "That's going to be tough. You always invent the worst ones at the last minute. What about the dialogue? Have you written it?"

"Of course not!" Mr. Fields looked injured. "Am I that wasteful of my talents and time? Tomorrow, when the time comes, the words will, too—I hope."

That's the way he talks, and that's the way he works. Forty years of stardom finds W. C. Fields just as alert, and probably funnier than ever. His long illness left him with a burning ambition to do more than ever in the years ahead—and you're going to see him do it. Indeed, the King has returned to his throne.

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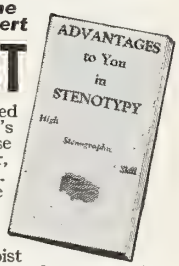




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Millions for Insurance

[*Continued from page 40*]

cent of the rank and file, have taken precaution against law suits emanating from the vagaries of their respective pooches.

Douglass Montgomery owns a pair of heavily insured Irish Wolfhounds, said to be the largest dogs known to dogdom. Their bones are too weak for their weight and break on the slightest provocation, therefore they are insured against such a catastrophe.

Fay Wray's expressive hands are insured against injury.

Shirley Ross has insured the pitch of her voice. If it changes, the company pays off.

■ Chatting with Buck Jones in the theatre lobby after the preview of his latest picture *Headin' East*, he told me a funny one. Speaking of insurance, (of course it goes without saying Buck signs a good-sized premium check for Silver, his famous horse) he asked me if I knew that producers of Western pictures protect themselves against rustling. It seems that this form of thievery still flourishes. Good roads and high-powered trucks give the erstwhile romantic horsethief a touch of the gangster. When a company goes out on location all the livestock used in the picture is fully covered by another of filmdom's odd insurance policies.

Studios not only make their stars presents of certain types of policies, but fans have been known to send favorite players paid-up policies. Edgar Kennedy recently received one which protects his bald head —if another hair grows on Kennedy's pate he can collect. (I'd take a bet on that one, myself!)

Basil Rathbone carries insurance covering accidents at sea. He is, like Leslie Howard, a commuter between Hollywood and London.

One wisecracking director suggested Howard should insure himself against becoming lost at wrong moments. The English actor is the bane of every director's life because of his habit of disappearing just as the cameras are set. He is generally found with his nose in a book, or talking pipes or polo with a fellow player, oblivious to the shouts, nay, almost screams, of the assistant director, whose job it is to produce the star when wanted.

■ Insurance companies are as prissy as a mid-Victorian chaperone when it comes to morals. To get adequate coverage and low rates, one must walk the chalk line. Stars who burn the candle at both ends are liable to find themselves outside the benefits of insurance altogether.

Another requisite of the insurance companies is that you tell your right age—and no fooling!

■ A story still told when old-timers get together is that of the water-logged hogs.

During the making of a picture featuring Helen Keller, the script called for a herd of swine. The property man made

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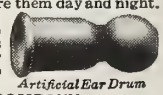
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arrangements with a hog owner for the renting of the necessary animals. The farmer, fearful they might run his herd to such an extent they would lose weight, demanded they be rented on a weight basis.

Once agreed upon, the canny farmer, unknown to the studio officials, fed the hogs highly salted food previous to their delivery. Just before they were loaded he permitted them to drink all they could hold, consequently the hogs could hardly stagger to the set; they were balloon-like in appearance.

It was not until then the studio found there was a trick to that contract demanding they should pay on a weight basis. The insurance covering the hogs was written upon the weight value, but naturally the studio objected strenuously to paying for the water within the animals. After that, a careful check was made of all animals rented.

■ Producers take out extra insurance when they use George, the famous sway-backed horse owned by Lionel Comport.

"Not another horse like George," Comport will tell you. And producers know if anything happens to him there is no other horse to take his place. This also applied to the highly trained ducks used by Pinky Tomlin in a recent picture.

Studios carry insurance on everything from a trained flea to a giraffe. Many of them take out blanket insurance. The Hal Roach Studios are insured for a million and a quarter dollars if anything should befall members of the cast making *Merrily We Live,* which includes Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Clarence Kolb and Bonita Granville. This is one of the largest policies of its kind written in recent years.

■ Joe E. Brown carries large insurance policies at the suggestion of his brother-in-law, Don McGraw, a veteran insurance man. Joe E. always thought insurance was a good thing, but when he was an acrobat touring the country with a circus, and later on the vaudeville, he said he could never get an insurance agent to talk to him—acrobats were bad risks—

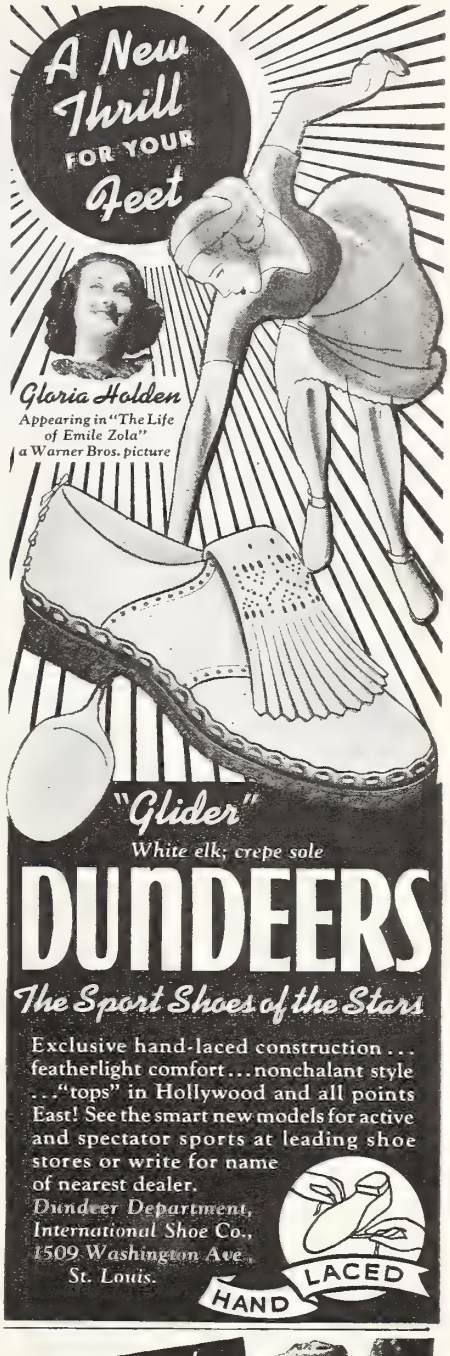
"But now it is a different story," said Joe, "All my race horses are insured—but funny business—race horse insurance—you can't collect for injuries—only death."

Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable were excused from the set of *College Swing* to sign papers which will make Betty the beneficiary to a cool $450,000.00.

Many young couples wish they could take out insurance against marital woes and divorces, but that's a chance even Lloyd's won't take—divorce is not an Act of God.

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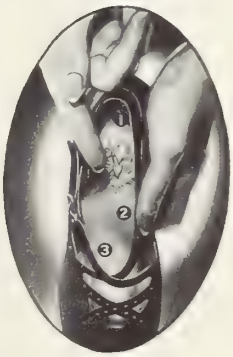
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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It's Luckies 2 to 1



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Hollywood

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

JUNE

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Carole Lombard



When work piles up and you're under pressure there's real relief from tension in the use of Beech-Nut Gum! Tests in a large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue . . . improve alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy



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3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

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"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking . . . is a real aid for mouth health.

Well, I'm Elected——
I've got "Pink Tooth Brush" now!

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"



ANN: *"Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh's on me—there's a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush. What do I do now?"*

JANE: *"See your dentist, pronto. Cheer up, my pet—maybe it's nothing serious!"*

ANN: *"Good heavens, I* hope *not. What did Dr. Bowen tell* you?"

JANE: *"Mine was a plain case of gums that practically never work—I eat so many soft foods. Believe me, I've been using Ipana with massage ever since. It's made a world of difference in the looks of my teeth and smile!"*

ANN: *"You make good sense, darling. Guess there's just one thing to do—find out what Dr. Bowen tells me..."*

Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" ruin your smile

WHEN you see "pink tooth brush" *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

Play safe! Change *today* to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums—brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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MAY 13 1938

JUNE, 1938
Vol. 27 No. 6

Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor



NEXT MONTH

You'll laugh over the adventures which led to one of her most devoted friends calling Joan Crawford "crazy"! Watch for the new issue, on the stands June 10. You can tell it by the striking cover which shows Robert Taylor in a natural-color off-stage shot made during the filming of *Three Comrades*.

DON'T MISS IT!

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RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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. . Torn from a million souls!





Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman — to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love . . . The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

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with GUY KIBBEE · LIONEL ATWILL · HENRY HULL

A FRANK BORZAGE Production · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE · Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Screenplay by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore



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with

ERROL FLYNN

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DANDRUFF?



4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

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If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 604 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER



No, we did not get the pictures mixed. This is *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* in the middle of a song and dance routine. Shirley Temple brings her own especial magic to the 1938 version

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

■ Life is full of surprises, so don't be startled when *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* opens with a scene in a radio station. Don't become uneasy, and ask the usher if you are in the right theatre. Just sit still, because you'll probably have quite a good time with the picture, even though you won't see the dear familiar tale of little Rebecca who went to live in the red brick house with Aunt Mirandy and Aunt Jane.

Aunt Jane is gone completely, and Aunt Mirandy (Helen Westley) turns up astonishingly with a comic suitor (Slim Summerville). Gone is Mr. Cobb. Gone is Adam Ladd. Gone is the hateful Minnie Smellie and the sweetly dull Emma Jane Perkins. Gone, for that matter, is Rebecca, herself, leaving Shirley Temple the undisputed center of attraction. And, after all, what more does anyone want in a Shirley Temple picture?

Time and again, audiences have demonstrated complete satisfaction with the studio's efforts, so long as Shirley has plenty of songs and dances. As the New Rebecca, Shirley plays a radio performer caught by the recession. Her manager-stepfather, believing that she has flopped (oh, traitor thought) at a tryout, turns her over to Aunt Mirandy who hates show people. In the meantime radio station officials (Randolph Scott, Jack Haley) are searching frantically for her. By happy chance, they occupy a house right next door to Aunt Mirandy's when they go to the country for a rest. So the next thing you know, Shirley is running back and forth across the lawn to go on the air behind Aunt Mirandy's back. She dances with Bill Robinson, she aids the romance of her cousin (Gloria Stuart) and she sings a generous number of songs with that exact showmanship which enchants a huge audience.

■ Beyond any doubt, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* is an immensely successful picture, but besides that, it blazes the trail for an entire new group of dramatic properties in which Miss Temple might be starred. The imagination is fired by the possibilities . . . Shirley Temple in *The Taming of the Shrew!* (Suggested plot: Shirley as an orphan cajoles an evil-tempered aunt into marriage with a lonely tap-dancer) . . . Shirley Temple in *Camille!* (Suggested plot: Shirley's widowed father suffers terribly from hay-fever until Shirley gets a job on a transatlantic liner and introduces him to the captain's lonely daughter) . . . Shirley Temple in *Carmen!* (Suggested plot: When Shirley's widowed mother is too ill to go to work as a cigarette girl in Child's restaurant, Shirley takes her place, meets a lonely musical comedy producer and put over his show) . . . Shirley Temple in *Beau Geste!* Shirley, the only survivor of a shipwreck off the coast of Africa, becomes the darling of the lonely Foreign Legion, and cajoles the blood-thirsty natives to

[*Continued on page* 10]

One of the Best Pictures you'll see this year! . . .

A new-slant love-story made to order for red-headed Ginger's blue fire, and wishful Jimmie's come-and-get-me charm! . . . It's a revelation in rich romance and heart-lined laughs! . . . Night-club Ginger married to college-professor Jim! . . . What a blow to culture in that moss-grown college town, when she tries to adjust herself to patterned life in a world where they use six-syllable words to say good-night! . . . IT'S POSITIVELY PRICELESS!



Don't Miss the Big Fight . . .

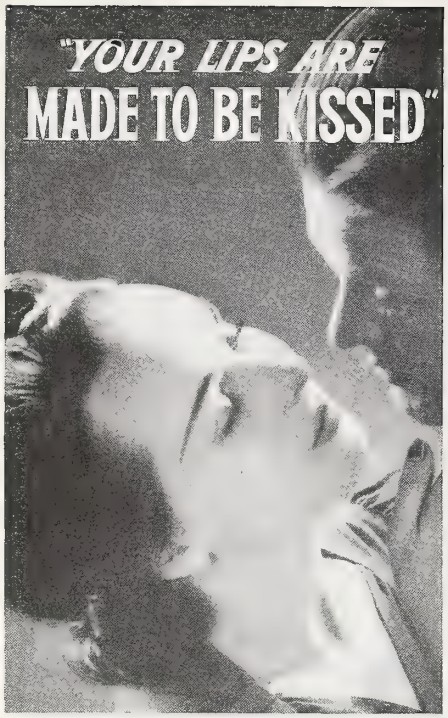
when Ginger locks claws with the prissy miss who tried to claim her man!

•

Hear Ginger Sing!

the tantalizing new blue ballad, "I'll Be Reminded of You"

RKO • RADIO • PICTURE



Men will Hunger...

for your kisses when you use the lipstick that gives alluring natural color to your lips. Tangee contains no paint—never coats the lips with ugly red grease. Instead, it brings out your own individual color—whether you are blonde, brunette or red head.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange..., on your lips it changes like magic to a blush-rose. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee magic color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft—smooth. Try Tangee. 39¢ and $1.10. For a natural matched appearance use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched— Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips— Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips— Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

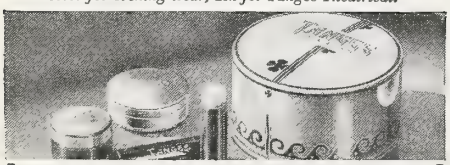


World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

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4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and TANGEE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). (15c in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test. Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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(Please Print)

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 8]

a peace pow-wow with her song, "Give a smile a trial before you shoot!"

Well, it's nice to know that there is no danger of Shirley retiring because of lack of suitable stories. This department would miss her terribly.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (Paramount)

■ Michael (Gary Cooper) believed firmly in marriage. He respected women, and when he proposed he meant nothing less than honorable wedlock. That is how he happened to have married . . . and divorced . . . seven wives.

Then he met the lovely Nicole (Claudette Colbert), daughter of an impoverished but still hopeful French nobleman (Edward Everett Horton). It was love at first sight for both of them, but it takes eight reels of rousing comedy before they realize it.

Nicole consented to become Michael's eighth wife, but only on a coldly commercial basis. Then she began a campaign of heckling designed to take her with all possible speed to the divorce courts.

How she uses real and fictitious rivals, phoney notes and spring onions to enrage her stubborn spouse, and how he retaliates is something that you should investigate for yourself. You'll be sorry if you miss this one.

EVERYBODY SING (M-G-M)

■ This is another tale about one of those nit-wit, run-around-and-act-crazy families, so popular at the moment.

The mother (Billie Burke) is a star who cannot stop acting in the home. The father (Reginald Owen) is a temperamental playwright. Bankruptcy stares them in the face until the cook (Allan Jones) puts on a show in which the youngest daughter (Judy Garland) makes a hit. But before that happens, Fanny Brice, Reginald Owen, Henry Armetta and Lynne Carver have opportunities to add comedy and drama to make the story seem a little different.

For some reason, not entirely clear to me at the moment, I keep thinking about what would happen if Miss Judy Garland could be cast in a film as the sister of Miss Martha Raye. Wow!

HER JUNGLE LOVE (Paramount)

■ All alone on a wildly beautiful South Sea Island lives Tura, an exquisite native maiden in a seductively cinched-up sarong.

Into her tropic paradise crashes a plane carrying Bob (Ray Milland) and Jimmy (Lynne Overman). After her first moments of frightened suspicion, Tura (Dorothy Lamour) settles down to a happy life of learning English, bandaging the injured Bob and singing songs.

But comes the evil day when natives from a nearby island arrive for the yearly ceremonies of sacrifice to Tura whom they worship as a goddess. Led by an embittered Eurasian (J. Carrol Naish) who cherishes a gnawing hatred for all white men, they enter a vast subterranean cave where blood-thirsty crocodiles crawl in horrid swarms, waiting for human sacrifice.

The film follows the familiar pattern of most jungle romances, but on a quite stupendous scale. Where other such films have been content with a dozen crocodiles, this one has hundreds. The sacrificial cavern is as big as all out-doors. It has not only stalagmites, stalactites, but little bubbling volcanos, and when it collapses in an opportune earthquake just when everyone you like in the cast is right on the verge of being sacrificed, it comes down like the Grand Canyon caving in.

Technicolor adds greatly to the tropic splendors of the background. The late lamented Jiggs, most talented of all screen chimpanzees, has an important role, and you'll find yourself planning a vacation in the South Seas, if you don't watch out.

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL (Warners)

■ Persistence must be a prime virtue in the gentle art of romance, if we can believe all we see in the movies, for so many tales show a determined young man laughing off vicious rebuffs until the heroine grows weary of insulting him, and melts into his waiting arms.

Such a one is *Fools For Scandal.* Fernand Gravet, as a broke but very well dressed Marquis is having a hard enough time without adding foreign entanglements when he sees a beautiful American brunette (Carole Lombard). Then his troubles really start. Her mysterious actions are explained by the fact that, under the dark wig, she is a blonde movie star on vacation. But that is not discovered until the Marquis follows her to London, and insists upon taking seriously her offer of a job as chef.

Ralph Bellamy and Allen Jenkins add greatly to the comedy content, which is very high. The whole affair is featherweight and very funny.

JEZEBEL (Warners)

■ Miss Julie was willful and wayward and stubborn. But Miss Julie was mighty fascinating, and she knew it, and she was at some pains to keep others from forgetting it.

Not since *Of Human Bondage* has Bette Davis had such a strong role, or such a difficult one. She has to gain, if not sympathy, at least understanding for the headstrong girl whose chief pride lay in showing her power over men. Gentlemen of the old South did not beat up their loved ones, in the manner so popular in modern movies, but they had other ways of evidencing displeasure. And before the end of the film, Miss Julie experiences rigorous discipline for her ruthless way.

Henry Fonda, George Brent, Margaret

[*Continued on page* 47]

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

says DOROTHY LAMOUR



STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Her Jungle Love"

HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you *sure* of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this Hollywood way of insuring daintiness!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Wear the Swim Cap that Movie Stars Prefer!



**Patented Suction Band Keeps Water Out*

U. S. HOWLAND SWIM CAP

The one cap that REALLY keeps your hair dry

Screen stars know a dip in the deep can't harm a hair of the head that wears a U. S. Howland Swim Cap. With the watertight protection* of the one cap that really keeps the hair dry, they can dash straight from the salty sea to the eye of the camera, without an in-between trip to the hairdresser. This year's smart coiffures, with their upward swirls and curls, just demand the protection that only this truly watertight* cap can give. You, too, will want several for your various beach ensembles!

• • •

OTHER U. S. SWIM CAPS—in wide range of styles and colors—a choice for every taste, every mood, every type of face. Cap shown is No. 1841.





U. S. STROLLERS—SMARTEST, MOST COMFORTABLE beach shoes that ever walked across the sand. Use them for sports and all around play shoes as well. No. 852 is shown here.

U. S. SWIM SUITS—WITH A BEAUTY OF TEXTURE exclusive to U. S. Sea-Net, and U. S. Krepe-Tex. You'll adore their new high bust lines and clever adjustable straps. U. S. Sea-Net No. 1874.



U. S. WATER TOYS make the water and beach more fun for young and old.

United States Rubber Company
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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS



"They ain't nobuddy kin laugh at us, and git away with it!" warn the feudin' Ritz Brothers, as they prepare to take their own comedy pretty seriously in *Kentucky Moonshine*, soon to be released

■ Most hilarious moment of the month occurred when James Cagney, after an absence of two years' battling, returned to the Warner Brothers fold, filled with good will, and ready to let by-gones be forgotten, and made his first day's appearance in *Boy Meets Girl*. In the initial scene . . . JIMMY COULDN'T THINK OF HIS LINES, and for one awful moment gave a very fine imitation of a sit-down strike while he wracked his brain for the words.

■ Joan Blondell underwent an experience recently that might cause the hardiest to blanch . . . but she came through with flying colors.

Joan is superstitious, deadly superstitious. She would no more do certain things than she would slit the throats of seven little kiddies.

One of her pet superstitions decrees that once a dress is put on wrong side out it must not be changed. Well, Joan arrived at a smart luncheon in one of Hollywood's swankiest restaurants in a frock that fairly exuded smartness . . . but a dress so plain that anyone might easily have made the same mistake. Only the seam down the side revealed that Joan was wearing the creation INSIDE OUT!

■ From Europe flashes the word that Dr. Joel Pressman, spouse of our Claudette Colbert, is decidedly wrought up. Claudette, the good doctor avers in no uncertain terms, is NOT about to have a baby, as erroneously printed in the journals of the world.

Incidentally, Claudette is having one swelegant time on her Continental holiday. She and the doctor, after a period spent in the Austrian Alps, descended upon St. Moritz for an indefinite sojourn . . . and remained exactly TWO DAYS. "Too formal," was the way Claudette put it, as she returned to the Austrian Tyrols for more skiing.

■ Panic reigned supreme one dawning back at Jack Oakie's, when a maid, in cleaning up, threw out his pet diet.

Now this, in itself, wouldn't have been so tragic. But the diet happened to be the only one on which Jack could reduce rapidly . . . and that's something Mrs. Oakie's youngster has had to do lately. What's more, neither he nor his wife nor the cook had ever taken the trouble to memorize the diet . . . and its value depended upon certain food combinations in certain rotation. What's still more, Jack couldn't recall who had given him the diet.

Immediately the loss was discovered, a tornado of activity descended upon the household. Jack and Venita and all the servants ransacked trash heaps, cans and boxes, but up to this printing the diet hasn't been recovered. If you note more

Thousands of answers in the SEVEN DWARFS POPULARITY CONTEST are flooding into the offices of Hollywood Magazine. The judges are working hard, but, each entry must be considered carefully, and for that reason winners will not be announced until next month. Watch for the July issue, on the stands June 10, for the list of lucky winners.

of Jack than ever when you next see him on the screen, you'll know that his treasure hasn't turned up. Awa . . . awa . . . awa.

■ When the announcement was made in the newspapers that Kay Francis was betrothed to German Baron Raven Erik Barnekow, stories stated that the German would be the star's fifth mate. But not so . . . Kay is indignant about it. The baron will be only the FOURTH, she declares.

■ Edgar Bergen, pal of Charlie McCarthy, tells this one on himself . . . and it bears repeating. To avoid bringing pain and embarrassment, however, we'll delete all names but Edgar's.

The ventriloquist had a new and heavy date, a very extra fancy date. So grand, in fact, that he arrived in tails and top hat.

"All ready, honey?" he asked, as he was ushered into the young lady's apartment.

Before that attractive young miss could show her surprise, Bergen broke out in a sudden blush. He had arrived at the wrong house . . . and this was the girl with whom he was trying to keep steady company!

(Note . . . Edgar refuses to divulge just how he got out of THAT one.)

■ Attention, colleges! Sol Lesser, the producer, is paging five hundred educational institutions for his next Tarzan. He wants a young man combining athletic prowess with a knowledge of the classics. Any candidates?

■ Romance still flourishes, and in goodly measure. Whenever Irene Dunne visits her dentist-husband in New York, for their first dinner they go to a little chop house in Lower Manhattan, scene of



Joan Crawford was snapped with a midget clown at the Circus Party held recently at the Hawaiian Paradise. It is a reassuring thing to notice that even the greatest of stars can have runners in the stockings!

I'M TEACHING GIRLS
A LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID OFFENDING!

Cashmere Bouquet



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

ONLY 10¢ at drug, department, and ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

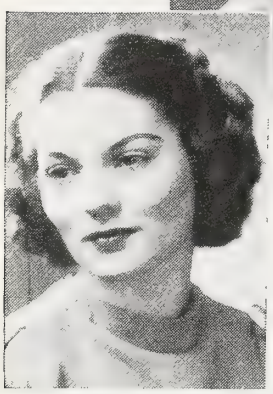
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years



THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor powder is *light-proof.* If you use it, your face will not *shine.* Trial box sent postpaid for a dime!

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over *shine.*

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdues those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.

FAW. 6-38

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago
Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Brunette

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(This offer not good in Canada)



No! Look again, and you'll see that the girl is Marcia Ralston having a little fun with Humphrey Bogart's candid camera during the making of *Men Are Such Fools* at Warner Brothers Studios

their first dinner together. Afterwards, they go for a hansom cab ride through Central Park . . . just as they did on that other occasion. THERE'S an idea, mebbe, for you swains.

■ Ever so often a certain man in Hollywood slips down to Olvera Street, Los Angeles' oldest thoroughfare, and, dressed in the colorful raiment of a Mexican, with brilliant costume and wide sombrero, will sit on the curbing by the hour and strum his guitar.

For hours he will sit there, singing the songs of the early dons of California, frequently rising to sweep the ground with his sombrero when some visitor stops and applauds his music. In the eyes of some of these passers-by there will be a half-hint of recognition, but after a few minutes of observation will continue the promenade, convinced the singer is just another Mexican from the native quarter.

To see him as he lounges on the curbing, guitar in hand and a song in his throat, one would never guess that this figure is a descendant of the first governor of California. Nor would one guess, even in fancy, that this Mexican-clad hombre is none other than . . . LEO CARRILLO!

CUPIDATINGS:

■ June Lang isn't confining herself exclusively to A. C. Blumenthal . . . she's beginning to step out with Carl Laemmle, Jr., Michael Whalen and Allan Lane, after so many months OUT of circulation . . . while he was in California for the racing season at Santa Anita, Alfred G. Vanderbilt devoted most of his time AWAY from his hosses with good-looking Margaret Lindsay . . . what started as a studio publicity romance seems to be developing into the real thing for newcomer Arleen Whelan and just-as-recent Richard Greene . . . Blonde Phyllis Brooks still head-woman in Cary Grant's life . . . now it's Anthony Averill who's taking Gloria Blondell places . . . but Bruce Lester, just over from good old Lunnon, is chiselling in quite successfully . . . speaking of threesomes, Gordon Oliver and Agent Johnny Maschio have been brawling over the smiles of fair Laurie Lane, as cute as they grow . . . any day now Gloria Brewster, of the twins, may elope with Claude Stroud, likewise of the twins . . . wouldn't that be sumpin . . . Mexico is disrupting the peace of Director William Keighley . . he's smitten of Cecilia Villa, fiery daughter of bandit Pancho . . . Nan Grey's affection for Jockey Westrope dates back to their school days . . . Joan Fontaine swears there's nothing but friendship between herself and Conrad Nagel . . . but she doesn't go out of an evening with anybody else . . . what's YOUR guess? . . they may be second cousins, but Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward have eyes for nobody else . . . Marlene Dietrich and young Doug Fairbanks a nice appearing couple, as they rhumba in one night spot after another . . . Marlene seen with Anderson Lawlor and Writer Willis Goldbeck, too . . . Alice Faye's brother, Bill, has eyes only for Lona Andre . . . Virginia Field has switched her affections from Vic Orsatti to Alexander d'Arcy . . . but it isn't serious . . . Director Gregory La Cava can't see enough of Doris Nolan . . . but who can . . . Judy Stewart, from the South, has replaced Gloria Youngblood, in the affections of Rudy Vallee . . . law suits mean little to W. C. Fields . . . he and Carlotta Monti, South American beauty who recently hailed him into court, taking in ALL the night spots.

■ Here's one for the book . . . Movita, the Mexican actress, has spoken English so consistently during the past few years that when she went to Mexico

[*Continued on page* 46]

Watch for the Allen-A Swim Suit style week

June 6 to 11



sponsored by Allen-A dealers — to make a thrilling summer for you at surf, pool or beach

You'll find special style showings of flattering Allen-A swim suits at leading stores throughout the country from June 6 to 11. There's so much that's new, you really must see what Fashion does this season for your figure — your natural coloring — everything that helps you "make a picture" in your swimming costume . . . Allen-A expresses the smartest trends from sub-tropical Winter resorts — designed by Trebitsch—interpreted in colorful new woven fabrics and fine woolens knitted in Allen-A mills — every model actually swim-tested and truly "See-Worthy" . . . *Spring-needle knitting* affords extra elasticity which assures that intriguing "poured-in" look and longer wear. Allen-A swim suits are available in new, fascinating shades. Write for beautifully illustrated circular and dealer's name.

Allen-A Swim Suits

★ See "This Week" magazine, with your Sunday newspaper of June 5, for list of Allen-A dealers near you.

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THE SERVICE OF THE STARS
1881 ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.



STAR OF "IT'S ALL YOURS"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask your dealer to show you the SEABRIGHT SET. With the Quantity Saving of $6.30, you can own this 50-piece Service for only $24.95. — And you receive a handsome $5.00 value Tarnish-Proof Chest and a beautiful Cold Meat Fork to match your design — FREE.

Special Offer
TO INTRODUCE THE
New SURF CLUB DESIGN



This OFFER is for a Limited Time Only. See your dealer at once. If he cannot supply you — send 25¢ (coin or stamps) to P. O. Box 501A, Sherrill, New York.

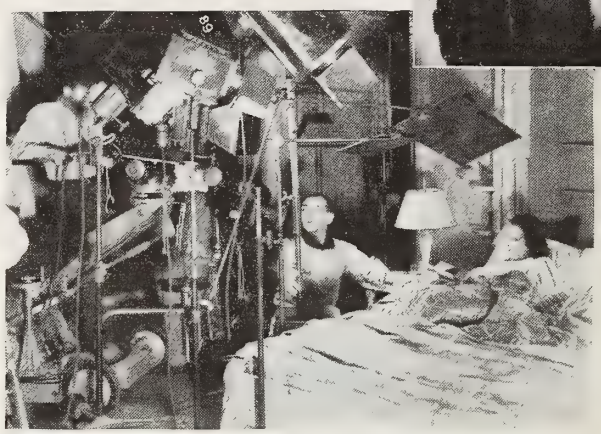
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Hundreds of miles of glorious scenery are to be seen on the trains that make your transcontinental trip delightful



George McCall, Hollywood reporter, at work. He will tell you the latest gossip of your week in Hollywood



Producer Fritz Lang is showing Sylvia Sidney what he wants the camera to see in the next shot. If you're a Movieland Tourist, you'll have a chance to see a film in the process of shooting

MOVIELAND TOUR TIME TABLE

How so much can be crowded into a two weeks' vacation is hard to understand until you read how carefully the "time table" has been worked out for you

■ Here's your vacation "time table," if you take advantage of the glorious holiday offered by a Movieland Tour:

The first tour leaves Chicago, July 3, the second July 24, and the third and last, August 14. The program has been arranged so that all three tours arrive in Los Angeles on a bright summer Sunday morning. The first half of the day has been left open for rest, church attendance or preparation for the afternoon's events.

A trip through Beverly Hills, and glimpses at homes of dozens of stars in the early afternoon will precede a cocktail party at a star's home. Warren William will play host for the first tour, Harold Lloyd and Bob Burns have invited the second and third groups, respectively, to be guests in their charming homes.

From that start, your whole stay in Hollywood will be one round of activities. . . . Your "traveling houseparty" will be guests at a nationwide broadcast. . . . You will lunch at Clara Bow's famous "It" Cafe. You will be taken through Max Factor's "glamour factory" and shown how that master of make-up goes about his business.

■ Our grand party at the Wilshire Bowl, where Les Parker's famous dance orchestra will entertain, should certainly be mentioned as one of the most outstanding features of the whole tour. . . . As master of ceremonies for that grand occasion, George McCall, commentator on the Old Gold program, has agreed to entertain you with late news of the stars as well as introduce them to you as they join you for dinner and a dance. Last year Bob Taylor was one of the star guests. So was Judy Garland, Hugh Herbert, Wayne Morris, Mischa Auer, Jimmy Stewart and a host of others.

This whole "traveling houseparty" takes

exactly two weeks. Just enough time to see everything there is to be seen, and yet get home before your allotted vacation time is gone.

After you leave Chicago, your train heads directly for the Pacific northwest and through the cool north woods to the ocean. In Seattle you will be met by one of the "Princess" boats and whisked across Puget Sound to the Island of Vancouver. From there your train heads southward and to vacation land. On your way to Hollywood you stop over in the famed city of San Francisco and get a chance to see the *Gold Is Where You Find It* city as it looks today. From there your train takes another turn for the south and before you know it you will be on the doorstep of movieland and a lucky member of your party will be receiving a key to the city from the hands of some screen celebrity. Last year Wayne Morris and the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce did the honors.

■ But now for a word of warning!

Last year many of the tourists were disappointed because they did not make reservations in time. Better fill in the coupon below, and make sure of a place. Next, be sure to bring your camera along. Last year, many forgot their cameras, and if it were not for Harriett Parsons' moving picture of the tours (Screen Snapshots) there would have been no record of all of their activities. And last but not least, bring along plenty of summery things, white flannels and linen suits for the men and gay prints for the women. Something semiformal will always come in handy too. Our grand ball will require "dressing up" a bit but not too much to worry about. Remember, "slacks" are the order of the day here in Hollywood! A light top coat will come in handy, too . . . Late California evenings call for a wrap of some kind while our days call for slacks and straw hats!

Such a program sounds as if there will be very little time left to your own plans, but never fear, there will be sufficient time off for little side trips on your own. . . . Lake Arrowhead is within a few hours drive from Hollywood and no doubt many of you will want to take in the wonders of Catalina Island. All these can be yours, but remember, all the Hollywood doings are on us and are included in the purchase price of your tour tickets.

USE THIS COUPON

Fawcett's Movieland Tours,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name

Address

.....

.....

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK
NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have *special* care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past perspiration,* but Mum prevents odor *before it starts.* To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive!*

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor *impossible!*

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

IT'S FUN O'CLOCK, MOUNTAIN TIME!
. . . and how the fun keeps mountin' up!

Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!



...and there's romance in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The
RITZ BROTHERS
in
KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARTIN • MARJORIE WEAVER

Slim Summerville • John Carradine • Wally Vernon

Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr. Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Songs!

Pollack and Mitchell's tunefullest, swingin'-est, best!

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!



IT TAKES THREE TO MAKE A LOVE AFFAIR

Above are the three who make the love affair in *Test Pilot*, soon to be released

Everybody has heard about the course of true love seldom running smoothly, but Myrna Loy introduces a note of reassurance by saying that rough going is all to the good in the happy ending

By
JESSIE HENDERSON

"It takes three," remarked Myrna Loy, "to make a love affair."

She tipped her pretty auburn head upward in the captivating Loy manner and let a quizzical sparkle slide into her gray-green eyes. Yet she meant what she said. Her tone was serious.

"When a girl isn't truly in love with John Doe, she finds that out after meeting John Roe," said Myrna, "but when a girl's truly in love with John Doe, even a temporary infatuation for John Roe only makes her realize how much she loves the first one. I've watched it work out in the case of some acquaintances. Not that I recommend the method—it's too chancey!

"Just the same, a modern woman ought to look twice before she leaps—into matrimony. Oh, it certainly takes three to make a love affair; the third one's for comparison, for making up her mind. Rather often he turns out to be the man she marries after all."

It is from the dilemmas and tribulations of a large circle of friends that Myrna has deduced the need of a third party to the average courtship and from her observations she has drawn a number of shrewd conclusions. She smiled, recalled them, as she lounged in her buff and green dressing room at the M-G-M studios.

That girl with a temporary infatuation for John Roe, of whom Myrna had spoken, went absolutely haywire for a month over this handsome stranger who cut in at a dance on her fiance, John Doe. Still engaged to Doe, she dashed around with the new lad like one bewitched while the whole town, diverted and scandalized, argued as to the outcome. She swam with the new heart interest, rode with him, gazed earnestly into his dark eyes, even tried to learn to cook his favorite dishes ("An almost fatal symptom!" Myrna commented.), until, all of a sudden—pfft! She realized in a flash that this wasn't the real thing and galloped madly back to her first love. They've been happily married now for five years. The point is, she might never have married Doe, at least she probably wouldn't have settled down to a contented wedded life with him, except that by comparing him with the scintillant Roe she discovered the difference. Roe's glitter was tinsel and Doe's quieter gleam was pure gold.

Wise, and sweet, is the philosophy Myrna has evolved from the things she's seen others do along these lines, or neglect to do. That aristocratic, somewhat Mona Lisa smile of hers, deepened at various recollections. Cool and poised as she always seems to be—cooler than ever in the smart green tweed frock—her strongest characteristic is nevertheless a keen sense of humor. She says you need a sense of humor most when you have it least; that is, when you're in love.

"Comparison!" she insisted, "not jealousy!"

In other words, she went on to explain, if the man you love goes out with another girl, don't grow jealous. Instead, remind yourself: "Well, I compare favorably with her," and see to it that you do compare favorably with her by not flying into a tantrum. This getting jealous is a lack of self respect, an inferiority complex.

But if you can't help feeling jealous, in other words if [*Continued on page* 62]

And How Are Your Reactions?



What does it mean when you hold your breath, bite your nails, tear your handkerchief and otherwise fully enjoy a movie?

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

■ Next time you go to a motion picture theatre, be sure to give the impression that nothing about the film affects you in any way, or a psychiatrist will analyze you if you don't watch out. Freeze into a Ned Sparks dead pan and hold your hands still, for if by chance a psychiatrist is sitting next to you, he can analyze your character down to the last detail, merely by watching your reactions to the picture.

He could tell if you were an extrovert or an introvert; a coward or a bully; an intelligent person or a moron; an egotist or a shrinker; a person whose life is full and interesting or a person whose days are dull. He could know your tastes and inclinations; your problems; the atmosphere of your home life; if you view things subjectively or objectively. He could tell if you are financially successful and if you are generous or stingy; if you are happily in love or unhappily out of love; if you are an exhibitionist or an inhibitist, and just how evolved you are.

■ So let's go. The theatre darkens; the picture is on the screen, and Dr. Ameen Fareed, psychiatrist, is watching you. . . .

1. Does loud recording during the screen credits stimulate or irritate you? Yes———. No———.

If it stimulates you, it means that you like excitement, night spots, hot music, and that you depend somewhat upon external stimulus for your interest. If it annoys you, you do not need outside stimulus. You resent being forced into a mood; you can get into your own without any help. In other words, you are self-sufficient.

2. Do you tear up your program or handkerchief during an exciting or tragic scene? Yes———. No———.

Yes? Well, that means that you are identifying yourself with a character on the screen to some degree. If you were looking at the scene objectively, without bringing into it your own personal experience or ego, it wouldn't affect you to the point of tearing up anything. It means that you are extremely sensitive and, in some instances, sentimental.

3. Do you cry at a love scene? Yes———. No———.

Goodness! You are an introvert! You are thinking only in terms of yourself and either are having or have had an unhappy love affair; for if you were happy now in love, you would heave a smug little sigh and consider yourself just a tiny bit more lucky than the lovers on the screen.

4. Do you cringe when Pop Eye or some other cartoon character gets bashed around? Yes———. No———.

Don't hesitate to say "yes" to this, for the psychiatrist's analysis is really quite nice. It simply means that there is in you still the ability to play, to regard toys as real; that you have a fundamental love for things smaller than you; that a little of the child is still in your heart. For Pop Eye and other cartoon characters are toys that, through

[*Continued on page* 50]









Body-Guards De Luxe

Above, you see little Arleen Whelan and two of the most expensive guards an actress ever had

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ Things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when the publicity department of a major studio can't arrange an interview with one of its stars without first obtaining permission from a couple of guys who go around calling themselves "monitors"!

Anyway, that's the high-toned, two-dollar word that confronted us the other day at 20th Century-Fox when we went out there expecting to see Arleen Whelan, the pretty Irish girl who quit her job as manicurist in a Hollywood barbershop to become the leading lady opposite Warner Baxter in *Kidnapped,* one of the studio's biggest pictures of the year.

Arleen, in a few short months, has become the most-talked-about (but in a very nice way, mind you) girl in the film industry. She's the great discovery of 1938. A veritable Cinderella girl if there ever was one, and no flash in anybody's pan so far as her screen talents are concerned. When a studio thinks enough of a newcomer to gamble the success of a $2,000,000 production on her film debut, she really "must have something there"—and that was what we wanted to talk to her about.

■ "I'm sorry," said Frances Deaner of the publicity department, "but an interview with Arleen is out of my hands. You'll have to get your okay from Don Ameche and Tyrone Power first."

We harbored a suspicion that she was setting the stage for the well-known and often-practiced "rib". And we said so. It appeared to us that this passing of the interviewing buck to a couple of gay buckeroos like Don and Tyrone was suspiciously not like the usual procedure of the well- [*Continued on page* 43]

Husbands Are Exasperating

—SAYS GRACIE ALLEN

■ One of the things I cannot understand about husbands is why they don't understand. Maybe that sounds a little confusing, but after I tell you all about everything, maybe it will be clear. First of all, because I want this article to be purely impersonal, I wish to point out that I am not referring to my husband, George Burns, but just to husbands in general.

In this connection, there is a certain radio comedian who appears on the radio with his wife, or a motion picture comedian who appears on the screen with his wife—I don't mean Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny because they have never appeared on the screen together—who is particularly exasperating.

One of the things which he does which gets his wife down is telling her she cannot give interviews. This wife has some wonderful ideas for articles, such as "Gracie A. Looks At Love," "Is Clark Gable Gracie A's Ideal Man," "I Think Wives Should Have Pasts," and "Gracie A. Reveals Her Love Life." The husband turns all these ideas down, and always is present when the interviewers are around, so the wife doesn't have a chance. He also will not let the wife tell the public anything about her brother, or any of her relatives, which is irritating to the public, which would like to know all.

This husband has other annoying habits. For instance, he reads all the fan mail received by the couple. The wife has some fine suggestions to make, such as:

"Georgie, why don't we ask all our fans to come out and see us, and we could entertain them, and have one great, big happy family."

I have seen the husband get up and leave the table for no reason at all, rather than discuss such a fine suggestion. Where would we be without our fans? That's what I ask Georgie and he replies:

"Where would we be with them?"

■ The editors want this article intimate, so I must write about money matters. I am sorry to state this husband is very selfish in money matters. If money was hard to get, there might be some excuse, but it is so easy for him to get. When he wants money, all he does is sign some little blue slips of paper, and it is given to him. He tried to explain this, but he couldn't fool her. Those little blue slips of paper are given away free at banks.

The wife knows, because the husband sent her to get some once. Instead of getting blue ones from the nice man at the bank, she got some yellow ones because they went with the color of the blotter on the desk in the front room where they have their arguments the first of every month. The husband went into a rage about the yellow papers, and told her to go back and get the blue kind, which upset the color scheme and the wife. The husband said something about the yellow ones being for savings and what chance did he have to save anything, anyway, which didn't have anything to do with the subject.

■ Another thing which is very painful to the wife is his attitude about automobiles. He will not let her drive the car. Personally, I think the wife would be a very good driver, as she makes some very fine suggestions from the back seat, practically all the time. The husband, being a know-it-all, pays no attention, and once caused a very serious accident. On this occasion the wife, sitting in the back seat, very helpfully held out her right hand so her husband could turn, and the husband didn't turn. The bill on this was something like two hundred dollars, and the husband was very unreasonable about the whole thing.

Furthermore, the wife took driving lessons. After they were all over, or should have been, because weeks had passed, the instructor told the husband:

"There is no more I can teach your wife about driving." [*Continued on page* 64]



Told to EDWARD CHURCHILL

So Are Wives

—SAYS GEORGE BURNS

■ Many men have written very nice things about wives, but they have all turned out to be bachelors. I am perfectly willing to write about wives in general, but it must be understood that I am not writing about Gracie. Gracie understands why I feel this way. Gracie understands everything.

There is a certain wife, however—not mentioning any names—who lives in Beverly Hills, works in motion pictures and on the radio with her husband, has two children, Ronnie and Sandra Jean, and whom I know very well. This woman is the wife of a famous comedian who is not Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Eddie Cantor or Joe Penner.

One of the things which I think is that wives should be kept out of financial affairs, if you have to have a wife. This one to which I refer is particularly bad on finances and, to give you an example of what I mean, I cite her behavior at the race track. This season, and every season, she goes to Santa Anita, and you will find her boasting to friends that she never loses. She talks a great deal about her system. If she wins, she keeps the winnings, and if she loses, her husband pays.



■ About wives and children. Can wives take care of children? My personal experience shows that they cannot. This certain wife, whose name I am not mentioning, has her breakfast in bed. I mention this because it is a frequent ambition of wives. Not long ago this woman's daughter, Sandra Jean, woke up one morning with this crack:

"I'll have my breakfast in bed, too. I want a silver tray, like mama has. Maybe you'd better bring me some squab on toast."

This is just one of the clever ideas that she has given her child. For instance, at Christmas—that's a long time ago, but I have to start there to make the whole thing clear—this wife said to her husband:

"George," (by a peculiar coincidence her husband's name is George, through no fault of mine), "I have a very smart idea. Sandra has a lot of nice presents, so we must put them around the tree for her to see. But they are really too nice to let her have until she gets a little older, when she can appreciate them. We will tell her that Santa Claus brought them."

The husband was reading a newspaper at the time, and he mumbled something that the wife took to be approval.

As I write this many weeks later—this plan having been carried out, the toys being nicely hidden—Sandra is going around the home of her parents saying "Santa is a bum. Santa is a no-good Indian giver." This is very tough on Santa Claus, but what I want to know is what is going to happen when this poor, deluded child finds out papa is Santa Claus? This is the way that some wives train children.

■ Another thing that makes me grope for the reason for wives is the fact that this wife will wait until her husband has finished a very large breakfast to ask him what he will have for dinner. She waits until he is full of food and then says:

"Georgie, what would you really like to have for dinner tonight?"

The husband looks up from his newspaper and, after the argument which lasts an hour or so, says:

"Make it lamb chops."

This is because he wants to get all the talking over with so he can get back to the sports pages. During the day, as his appetite grows, he begins to think about the lamb chops and starts to like them. At supper time there is stew. The wife says:

"Why, Georgie! You didn't sound very happy about the lamb chops, so I got a nice stew instead."

Things like this are very depressing to the husband.

■ Have you ever noticed how jealous wives are? Sometimes this husband, when making a picture like *College Swing*, (Adv.) will stop and talk to several chorus girls. The wife will immediately come up and say:

"Georgie, darling—come along now. I have some very important things to talk about."

The husband will try and try to find out what is important, but never does. And then, the next day maybe, he will walk into the dressing room and find a great, big autographed picture on the desk. It will have written on it, "To Darling Gracie, (oddly enough the wife's name is Gracie, through no fault of mine) with loads of love from Your Freddie." This will be a picture of Fred Astaire. Naturally the husband will complain about this. The wife will explain:

"Wasn't it nice of Freddie to give this lovely picture to *us!*"

Another tendency which this wife has, and which is very upsetting to the husband, is to buy [*Continued on page* 60]

Heart-Breaker Horton



The presence of Edward Everett Horton in the casts of Paramount's *College Swing* and Columbia's *Holiday* guarantees many laughs, so no one feels badly because he did not continue his career as matinee idol

Far reaching were the consequences when a handsome young actor signed up for a season of melodrama

By HILARY LYNN

■ Pay close heed, Robert Taylor! Edward Everett Horton was also the innocent victim of a far-too-alluring profile. His dilemma and the way in which he solved it may stand you in good stead the next time you leave the cloistered haven of Hollywood to fare forth among the coat-tearing, hat-mauling, souvenir-seeking Amazons.

■ One bleak winter night, in 1917, the ladies in a boarding house in a town on the east coast were sitting down to their manless dinner of lamb stew and apricot minute tapioca. Came a vigorous knock at the front door. In its very sound were Virility and Romance. Four school teachers, ranging from twenty-five to forty-one (approximately) sprang to their feet. One, the youngest, managed to reach the door before the landlady—who was hard of hearing and very stout—had waddled down from the second floor.

The eight ladies who remained seated—comprising four social workers (birth date indefinite), two timid, yet-not-completely-hopeless widows of recently deceased storekeepers, one wife of an aged doctor, and a demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process—sat tense and expectant in their uncomfortable chairs. The lamb stew congealed, the minute tapioca collapsed, while they listened to a thrilling baritone voice ask, "Do you take in boarders?"

"Yes, oh, yes," quavered the little school teacher. "We most certainly do."

"We can make you very comfortable," interrupted the landlady who had, by this time, arrived on the scene. "And our table is the best in town even if I say so myself," she lied boldly. Whereupon the little school teacher nearly fainted—overcome either by the magnificence of the two young gentlemen who stood in the doorway, or by the landlady's brazen fib.

■ Ten minutes later, the quivering ladies in that bleak dining room learned that a "perfectly handsome actor with soulful brown eyes and lovely hair has come to spend the winter with us!" Further than that, the excited schoolmarm informed them, "He's to be the leading man in the new stock company—he's just down from Harvard and, my dears, he has two perfectly enormous trunks with him, probably full of stunning clothes, judging by the looks of the suit he's wearing!"

All of which, relayed between gulps and gasps, had such a profound effect on the assembled yearning ladies that not one of them gave another thought to the lamb stew or the minute tapioca. *Except* the demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process.

She was plump and she was jolly, and she had long since reconciled herself to a mateless existence, accepting the comfort of food as a not-so-inferior substitute for romance. Being a philosopher, she was also resigned to lamb stew and tapioca, since there wasn't any caviar and quail.

"You got to make the best of things," was the way she [*Continued on page* 57]

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Laugh It Off



When you are happy, it does no harm to shed a few tears, thinks Claudette Colbert but it is fatal to weep when things go wrong

By
EDGAR BIRDMAN

■ The banquet was very elaborate, very formal, very social.

It was one of those tremendous things which happen in Hollywood every year or so. Producers and stars had assembled to do honor to the ambassador of one of the greatest nations in the world. Among those who graced the gallant occasion was Claudette Colbert—that stunning girl in white up there, sitting between the ambassador and one of the leading motion picture producers.

Claudette was feeling it—and how! She, like the banquet, was perfectly assembled. Her white dress was a creation of crepe, fresh from the salon of one of the better designers.

Far in the distance, away from the table at which sat Claudette and the other honored ones, sat another star. That star waved to Claudette, the wave clearly indicating:

"So you're up among the big shots."

Claudette gave a very languid, very broad A bow, and returned to the business of dissecting a chicken rich in brown gravy. The knife slipped, the chicken did a nip-up trailed by a tail of gravy and the ensemble lit in Claudette's lap.

For one horrible moment she sat, paralyzed.

"This is quite beyond everything," she told herself. "Shall I scream, cry, get up and run like everything, or just sit?"

She looked at the ambassador. The ambassador looked at her.

"Lively little thing, isn't it?" she asked.

The ambassador laughed. She laughed. She, the ambassador and waiters made repairs. The banquet went on its gallant way. Claudette told me today:

"That laugh saved the day for me. It was a laugh directed at myself. If you can't laugh at yourself you're in a very

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bad way. I found it easy to do so, simply by comparing the Claudette of much dignity with the Claudette who played involuntary host to the chicken. I very quickly saw the line which divided a very impressive dignity from a person who looked very silly, and the line was so thin it wasn't at all important."

And she confessed:

"A few years ago, I'd have run from the banquet in confusion and would have had a good cry. That would have made things very uncomfortable for those around me as well as for myself."

The beneficial effects of a good guffaw have been proved to the star on many occasions. Recently she was discussing her work in a photoplay with a British critic.

"The picture wasn't very well received in England," the critic said. "The general concensus was that it could have been better."

Claudette sighed.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "The American critics said that the plot wasn't all that it should have been."

■ Claudette was quite pleased with her work in that picture, and it was true that American critics had blamed story structure for the fact that it, while profitable, had not been a smash hit.

"It wasn't the story," said the critic. "It was your acting."

That was one time when Claudette had a hard time laughing it off, but she did. And she's glad she did. Because the critic left her thinking she was a very swell person. When you can laugh at criticism like that, you aren't in danger of snapping any hat bands.

■ Then there was that time at the opening of "See Naples And Die," Claudette's second or third big hit on the stage. She was feeling quite pleased with her ability as an actress. The critics were all set for a big moment in their lives when she walked onto the stage for her first entrance.

They got it.

Claudette tripped and fell flat on her face. She laughed that off, too, instead of retiring in confusion, and the audience liked her for it.

"Playing in comedies has since taught me to become used to being laughed at," she told me, as she walked out of a funny scene in Paramount's *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. "Nobody ever laughs at the straight man in a comedy scene because nothing silly ever happens to him. But they do laugh at the comedian, who is the butt of the jokes, and they go away remembering the comedian. He's the one who has given them a good time.

"It never hurts to be laughed at, on the screen or in real life—providing one laughs, too. The person who can't laugh, when victim of ego-shattering circumstances, is the one who is remembered as a poor sport."

■ Claudette has found, too, that the times when she has to laugh, and the laughs come [*Continued on page* 59]



Two Little Play Suits Climbed the Hill...

Two little play suits climbed the hill—
One on Jack, and one on Jill.
Look at Jill's—so bright and gay!
But Jack's is full of tattle-tale gray.

For Jill's mom knows what Jack's does not—
That lazy soap just hasn't got
The pep to wash clothes really clean.
And that's why Jack's things look so mean.

If Jack's mom were as wise as Jill's,
She'd quickly cure her washday ills.
She'd get the *golden* bar today
That chases pesky tattle-tale gray.

Fels-Naptha Soap is what she'd buy—
So full of naptha, dirt *must* fly!
Then white as Jill's, Jack's clothes would be,
And as for mom, she'd shout with glee.

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Lonesome For Trouble!



Humphrey Bogart may be seen frequently in this mellow mood off screen, though you will see him scowl through all kinds of assorted villainies in *Men Are Such Fools, Crime School* and *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* in the next few months

There was a certain compensation in living dangerously, and one actor thinks wistfully of the dear old days when trouble always was near

By EMILY NORRIS

■ "It was agony . . . sheer agony . . . at the time" confided the sensitive Mr. Humphrey Bogart, who feels things very deeply, even though you'd never guess it from the menace-roles he plays on the screen. "I have lived through split-seconds of purgatory, anguish such as I would not have my worst enemy endure. But the strange part of the whole business is that it is that part of my past that I miss the most out here in Hollywood.

"It's those breathless moments of agony on the stage that I miss in my happy, carefree career as a Bad man. I long for the apprehension, the fear of what the audience may be like, which sets an actor's nerve ends tingling, and tests his mettle. Things go wrong in pictures, but it doesn't matter. The director is always on hand to call 'Cut'!

"But there's no one around to call 'Cut' on the stage. It's all up to the actor. If there's a slip-up in lines, if another actor fails to appear at his cue, if the scenery collapses, it's up to you to carry on, to cover up the blunders. And if you successfully delude the audience into thinking everything's fine when it isn't, you leave the stage feeling as if you've just won the Battle of the Marne.

"Not that, at the time, you wouldn't give your right eye to be on a sound stage with only a camera, a director, a cameraman, and a few grips and electricians around to 'boo' the blow-up. But after it's all over and you're still alive, you're grateful for the danger which put you on the *qui vive*. It was thrilling—the very tightness of your throat, the dryness of your tongue, made you give a better performance . . . No wonder there's so much fascination in dangerous professions.

■ "I've had my share of those 'breathless moments'," continued the screen's super-dispenser of breathless moments. "Like the time I portrayed a great pianist in a touching opus called *A Most Immoral Lady*. Alice Brady was the star.

"Of course I can't play a note, but I would sit down at the piano and hold the audience spellbound because it was a player piano and Rachmaninoff was playing. But the folks out front didn't know it . . . they couldn't see the keyboard.

"Alice Brady would ask me to play, and

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I would coyly demur for a while, and would then sit down, touch a lever and start pounding the keys.

"Then came the hideous night when once again Alice said, 'Please play!'

"I sat down at the piano and touched the lever. The thing didn't work. I tried to catch Alice's eye. She was looking the other way. There was a deadly pause. I went clammy. I pushed the lever again and again—but the piano was silent.

" 'Sorry,' I said, feigning boredom, 'I don't feel like playing tonight.' Under my breath I hissed at Alice. 'It won't work. Pull me out of this, *please!*'

" 'You must play,' Alice said, as if she hadn't heard me. 'You do it so beautifully!' Her voice was like butter and honey.

" 'Not tonight,' I said. 'Some other time. *But not* tonight!' I stood up. If she kept the thing up, I was going to make for the exit.

" 'Then you'll sing for me,' she said—and never have I heard such tenderness in her voice. The woman was a sadist! 'I'd rather hear your beautiful voice anyway!'

"I sang! And Alice stood with her back to the audience and shook with laughter. Could I help it if my singing voice was sour? . . . Well, if Alice Brady hadn't been a lady—and if I hadn't been a gentleman . . .!

■ "But perhaps the moment when I needed to light a Murad the worst possible way was the time they had to ring down the curtain when my pants split!

"It was a scene from 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion' (the Bernard Shaw play)—and I was playing it with Gladys George. The lines called for Gladys to say to me: 'Won't you sit down?' . . . I was wearing the fashionable trousers of the day—and tight ones that fit like a glove! I started to sit down—and there came a ripping sound! I couldn't take the chance of getting up and exposing my BVD's in all their glory. Ladies were still fainting in those days! So they had to ring the curtain down—but not before everybody in the audience knew what had happened.

"When the audience, highly edified, had pulled itself together finally—and when I had pulled on another pair of trousers—the curtain went up again. And, since we were starting the scene again—the first thing Gladys George said was: 'Won't you sit down?'

" 'I think I'd better not!' I ad-libbed ruefully . . . It brought down the house!"

"And that" Chuckled Bogart "is why I miss the theatre. You never know what to expect . . . and that's half the fun of living. But just the same, I'll be in Hollywood for some time to come—Because I do know what to expect here and that's the other half of the fun of living!"

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss the hilarious story of the adventures which led to one of her friends calling Joan Crawford "Crazy." It's a different, delightful story about a little-known side of the star.

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CROTON WATCHES

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Croton Watch Co., Maiden Lane, New York



Andrea Leeds will play nothing on the screen more exciting than adventures of her own life

By TED MAGEE

■ Dawn was scarcely an hour away as a half dozen figures moved cautiously through the night. A brilliant Mexican moon made the countryside bask in little more than a twilight.

Men with rifles led the way, grimly watchful of the lurking shadows. Behind them and near her father was Antoinette Lees, too interested in the drama being enacted to shiver with the apprehension she should have felt.

Antoinette, as lovely a girl as had ever been seen in the Mexican state of Durango, far below the International border, was being hustled through the night for a very definite reason. A band of renegades had marked her as a kidnap victim, believing that this young and beautiful girl would bring a higher reward than her own father, Charles Edward Lees, a mining engineer.

When word slipped through by a mysterious channel of this plot, Mr. Lees wasted neither time nor words. It was his good fortune to have the thing happen at full moon. So, in the dead silence of the night, Antoinette was hustled to an airplane owned by the mining corporation—attended by a heavy guard.

The roar of the plane's motor shattered the stillness. Antoinette was shoved hastily into the craft. Her father kissed her a hasty goodby. And with only the light of the moon to serve as a beacon, the plane put its teeth into the wind and took off.

Antoinette was never to return to this little town of Cineguilla, for the danger that drove her from Mexico was part of the pattern of adventure that lifted her to national fame in her own country. Scarcely a year later Americans came to know her as Andrea Leeds, the girl

Samuel Goldwyn drafted for stardom!

Her first appearance was in *Come and Get It.* She was a complete success—and would have been even more outstanding if the same picture had not offered so much more for Frances Farmer, another comparative newcomer to Hollywood.

Then a remarkable thing happened, and Andrea loves to tell about it.

"I heard that RKO was going to do *Stage Door,*" she explained. "I had read the play, and wanted the role of Kaye Hamilton in it more than I can tell you. I went to my agents and told them so. I met Billy Grady, who was a talent scout at RKO at that time, and confided my hopes to him. I read, studied and *lived* the part before I finally made a test for it. And you'll never know how happy I was when I won the role."

■ But we're getting too far ahead of an amazing story. You ought to know the background—the real life events that shaped this girl's destiny. Only in this way can you understand why she bears so much promise as a dramatic actress, and is one of Goldwyn's finest discoveries.

She was born in Butte, Montana, on an August 18. This is important only as a beginning, for Andrea's parents soon moved to Globe, Arizona. By the time she got through grade school, the family was on the move again. This time they left the United States behind, moving across the border and far south to Cineguilla. I'm no authority on Spanish names, but if the first half of that word wasn't a portent of things to come, then I'm talking about the wrong girl!

Cineguilla was a hot spot for a number of reasons. In those days the Yaqui Indians had a bad habit of running wild on the slightest pretext. In addition, there were banditos to be considered.

■ So her father sent her to Long Beach, California, where she attended high school. Nonetheless, Andrea rejoined the family every summer, and, unless you question her closely, she will insist that all she did was read books and bake in the hot sun.

But things did happen. For instance, the incident of the Yaquis and the rifles. The American engineers, knowing of the constant dangers around them, formed the habit of regular rifle practice. One day a "committee" of Indians visited the mining town to deliver an ultimatum. There must be no more rifle practice. It made the Yaquis jittery. The shots might be an attack by rebel bands, and how were they to know the difference?

So the Americans laid their guns away for a spell. But life was dull, and there was need of excitement. So one day they had a little marksmanship tourney, and thought nothing of it.

Came nightfall. Andrea went to bed at the usual hour, and soon the camp was quiet. Hours later she was awakened by the plodding of bare feet outside her window. She climbed out of bed and took a quick glance. The place was surrounded by Yaquis, naked except for loin cloths!

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Charles Lees, now moving through the house, went to the door. The Yaquis were there to meet him. They wanted no trouble—but would he please oblige them by delivering up all those noisy rifles? They got them—all except a few which the men managed to keep hidden.

■ Andrea went through several Rebel raids. The irregulars would descend upon the camp, take charge for the moment, and gorge themselves upon turkey and chicken. But no one was molested. Only an absence of fowl and ammunition would testify to what had happened.

On one occasion, however, Andrea had a very frightening experience. She was en route to her father's camp after the usual winter in California. At three o'clock one morning she was to change trains at Jiminez. She was the only woman on a train packed with soldiers and officers.

She saw the reason when she stepped off the train. Rebels had razed the town that very day, and she found herself in the midst of fear-crazed civilians. An hour of stark terror followed. People besieged her for money and food. Her luggage was ripped asunder. One man even tore her coat from her shoulders. Her father, who had received word of the raid, hastened by auto to Jiminez and finally found her there. Andrea had put up a brave front—but never was his appearance as welcome as this time!

That same summer another thing, even more frightening, occurred. She and her family were dining at a neighbor's house when a mob came seeking the superintendent. They trussed up the maid and ransacked the house. Finding nothing they wanted, they moved on to the mill where the superintendent was finally cornered.

At first he refused to talk, so they held burning matches under his bare feet. Finally he told them where Mr. Lees could be found. Andrea will never forget the shock of that moment. They were all quietly eating dinner by candlelight when a brick suddenly smashed through a win-



Charlie McCarthy seems frankly delighted at joining Andrea Leeds in another picture, and Edgar Bergen seems equally pleased. The young actress plays a girl who goes to Hollywood, determined to get into pictures in Universal's new drama, *Letter of Introduction*

dow. Loud voices shouted outside, and more glass crashed to the floor.

Charles Lees would not have been a good mining engineer if he had lacked courage in a moment like this. In fact, he might not have been a live engineer, had he not had the courage to walk out alone, face the mob, and order it off the place. Had several men tried to put up a fight, tragedy probably would have resulted. The startling incongruity of one lone man issuing orders to a mob was the thing that saved that situation.

■ Andrea, during the winters preceding, had continued her schooling. She spent one year at the Chicago Conservatory of Music studying the piano. The rest of her college education came about at the University of California at Los Angeles—they call it UCLA out on the West Coast. And while there, she played in college dramatics and appeared in an amateur movie filmed on 16 mm. equipment.

Andrea's last flight from Mexico—that dawn escape related at the first of this story, set the pace for the things that followed. She made up her mind that only a job would quell her restlessness.

So Andrea started in to be a writer. She made the rounds of the newspaper offices, to no avail.

One day she met a film executive who said to her, "Young lady, you've got the right desire but the wrong application. You should be an actress."

So what? So Andrea listened, and thought perhaps he was right. But being an actress is different from having the desire to be one. She already had some pretty fair examples before her of Hollywood's aloofness to fresh talent.

■ Then a strange thing happened. Director Howard Hawks saw that innocent little 16 mm. film they made at UCLA, and in it he saw a potentially good actress. So he traced down Antoinette Lees and took her to Samuel Goldwyn. That great producer gave her a screen test, and verified the suspicion that this girl had what it takes. So they christened her Andrea Leeds and put her in *Come and Get It.*

Then she did *Stage Door*, and by the time it was finished, Sam Goldwyn was ready to start his *Goldwyn Follies.* He gave Andrea the top feminine role in it.

The preview of the *Follies* attracted a big crowd. Most of the stars arrived in polished limousines, and entered the theatre in grand style. But Andrea—well! She came with Edgar Bergen and his constant companion, Charlie McCarthy. They did not drive up in some super-automobile. Not these three. The crowd stared, and roared in delight. This trio of top personalities in the picture arrived in a tiny Austin!

This is the story of Andrea Leeds' amazing life. I haven't tried to detail her personality to you. It's hard to do. The girl sits there, looking very gorgeous, and she talks in a voice that carries power, conviction, color, and you carry away the suspicion that her adventures are just beginning.

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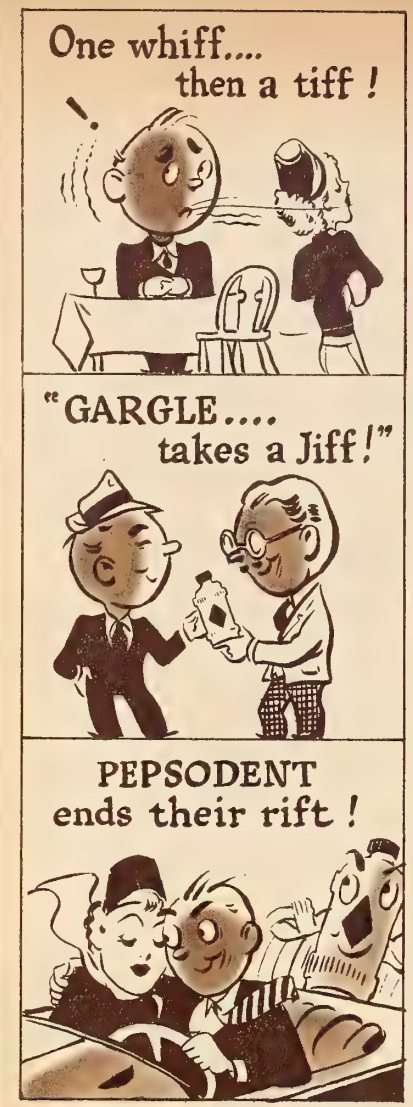
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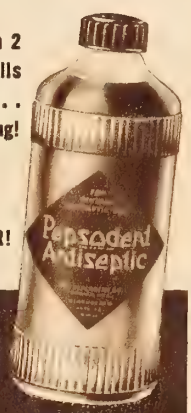


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It Took Quick Thinking

Sometimes the answers are not written in the script and actors have to turn authors in a hurry

By GRACE KINGSLEY

■ It isn't only aviators and railroad engineers and card sharps and firemen and auto-racers and burglars who have to think fast. Everybody has at one time or another in his life faced an exciting moment when his life, his happiness or maybe only his job hung in the balance.

Actors are no exceptions. Fire, flood, automobile accidents, flying machine crack-ups, and threats to the lives of loved ones, all furnish crises which demand fast thinking.

■ It is bad enough, says Jack Benny, to find yourself in a tight place and have to think quickly, but it's ever so much worse when you suddenly see a loved one in danger. There's no gagging that up!

"My little daughter, Joan, was visiting me one day on the set," explained Benny. "I was studying my script, but looked up a moment, and saw my child with her little hand outstretched toward one of the high voltage controls. Realizing I couldn't get to her in time to save her from a possible fatal shock, I hurled my script at Joan's legs. This threw her off balance. She plumped down on the floor, laughing gleefully over the new game I was playing with her!"

■ Maybe you remember reading how Mae West's fast thinking got those apartment house burglars jailed. But the story is worth repeating anyhow.

Returning to her apartment house late one evening, Mae noticed that the doorman was not in his place. Taking a quick glance around the lobby, she noted the switchboard operator wasn't at her post either. Suspicious, she went back to her car and told the chauffeur to hurry to the corner and call the police.

Her quick thinking resulted in the arrest of robbers, who had locked the hotel staff in the basement with the idea of waiting till she came home in order to rob her of her jewels.

■ A lot of times there is comedy involved in theatre emergencies.

Take the experience of Brian Donlevy, for instance, when he was playing in *The Milky Way,* on Broadway, where his pals, trying to make a prize fighter of him, get him down and take off all his clothes with the exception of one single important article.

On the night in question the boys had stripped him of all but the next last piece of clothing, when it suddenly and horribly dawned on Brian that in his haste to get dressed that night he had neglected to don the aforesaid important garment. Panic-stricken he shoved the head undresser into a chair, ad libbed, "Cut it out now! I got modesty!" And, under cover of the wave of laughter that followed, he frantically explained the situation to his startled fellow thespians.

■ Then there is the story of Eric Blore, and how he got his own way by thinking fast at the right minute.

Blore was a lance corporal in the British Army during the World War. He was up for a commission, along with a month's leave, when a new military big shot moved into camp to take charge of the situation. The big shot was a crusty soul and a stickler for perfection of military routine.

On this particular day a new company of recruits was lined up for his austere inspection. The kids hadn't much training and that fact stuck out all over them. When the crusty soul called "Attention," he got it—seventeen different kinds of it!

"Lance Corporal Blore!" snapped the big shot, "Come forward and explain to these puling infants the exact meaning of the command, 'Stand at attention!' "

Blore stepped forward, saluted his superior and faced the troop.

"When the command comes to stand at attention—" he began.

And then the awful thought occurred to him that, if he pleased the old fellow, he might be stuck with the job of instructing all the troops to come! And under the new order of things, farewell to the pending commission and the month's leave! Awful thought!

"When the order comes," he began again, "to stand at attention, you—er—simply stand at attention!"

Old Crusty blew up!

"Of all the inefficiency I ever saw, you, Lance Corporal Blore, have given the most deplorable exhibition," etc.

And Blore got his leave.

■ Hoot Gibson never would have been here to tell how it feels to fall with an airplane if he had not thought fast, that day he crashed while he was flying in the Olympics in Los Angeles.

"When I knew I was falling, out of control," said Hoot, "the first thing I thought of was fire. With a second or two to go before I hit the ground, I reached down and turned off the ignition. I did go to the hospital all right, but not as a cinder."

■ But of all the social misadventures, that of Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien is the funniest.

It was in New York, while Pat and

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!



Brian Donlevy still wears a shocked expression when he remembers the time he had to do his quickest thinking on the stage. You'll see him next in *The Battle of Broadway* with Victor McLaglen and Louise Hovick

Spencer were both stage actors doing small parts. They lived together and owned one dinner coat between them.

Pat and Spencer were invited to a party one night, but what to do for clothes? But they did want to go to that party so badly! So they hit on a device. The party took place on Long Island, and the house had a verandah which ran around the front and one side. The boys decided that one would wear the dinner coat and the other a business suit. One would go into the party, while the other lurked on the side verandah; then the first one would come forth, seek the verandah shadows, and the two would change clothes.

"It all worked beautifully," said Pat, "until our hostess' curiosity was aroused by the fact that Spencer and I were never present at the same time, but that, when he was there I invariably disappeared, and vice versa. So finally she followed me out. She saw me dodge around the corner; she caught sight of Spencer in his business suit, lurking about like a burglar. We had just begun starting to unbutton our vests in the undressing act when we saw her. I gulped as I realized that I must think quickly.

"'Spencer—er-er—' I began, 'Spencer went home to look after some business matters. He came back to tell me he had a telephone call from a manager who wants me for a part, and so I'll have to go too!'

"And so we made our ignominious departure! But at least we had saved our faces and we had been at the party!"

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HOURS waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star . . . to retain her charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant she steps before the camera.

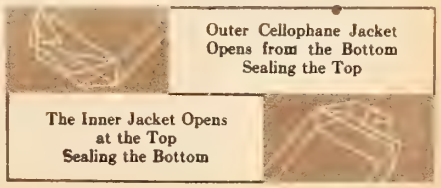
Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you; and along the way they're beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette . . . to retain its charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant you put a match to it.

Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star . . . Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an *extra* jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, Old Gold's mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it . . . and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made.



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em *fresh*



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Liquid Ambrosia gives you a *double* benefit. It goes into your pores to clean out clogging dirt and make-up; and, because Ambrosia is the liquid cleanser, it *cannot clog your pores* with wax or grease.

Ambrosia helps fight blackheads and enlarged pores—enemies of beauty that follow "half-way" methods of cleaning. See how it leaves your skin feeling refreshed and radiant!

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MENNEN
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Antiseptic
Recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder

Enter the Flower Girl



Ann Doran, who will be seen in Columbia's *Holiday*, takes no time off from the care of her hands. A softening lotion is particularly important during vacation days filled with sun and wind

Daintiness still is the first rule for charm, and here is a beauty expert's advice

By ANN VERNON

■ Fair and flowery is the fashion forecast for summer. Flowers are definitely the decoration of the moment. You'll wear them on your hats, your dresses, tucked into the buttonholes of your suits. You'll twine them around your head for evening, pin them to the bosom of your strapless evening dress, fasten them at your wrist, your waist. Even flower trimmed evening slippers will peep out from bouffant, swishing organdy or taffeta skirts.

With all this accent on flowers, you'll want to be flowerlike in your daintiness—and rival your clothes for sweetness. I've covered the town, and now I'm all ready to sound off with an impressive list of products which will help keep you flower-fresh for summer. These are the things which will make you dainty from the skin out, fresh as the morning dew, so that the final touch of make-up will give you a petal-like loveliness.

For summer daintiness, for summer comfort, you'll never want to slip up on your morning *and* evening baths. Take an invigorating shower in the morning to wake you up, and a warm relaxing tub at night to leave your body silky soft as the fresh nightie you slip into before toddling off to bed. To make the bathing rite even more refreshing, why not a soap that is known for its gentle, mild and thoroughly cleansing lather? The tiny bubbles attack and defeat all the dust and grime you've collected during the activities of the day. You'll like the fragrance of this creamy white toilet soap. A few cents buys it in its green and yellow, cameo bedecked wrapper, so you'll surely want to lay in a stock to insure pleasant bathing this summer.

■ I'm one of those people who just never could see the sense of taking a shower or tub, and getting all clean, and then stepping into underwear that "has been worn just one day." One day, I usually find, is quite long enough for a slip, brassiere or girdle to collect its full quota of perspiration odor, even in the winter.

And the hot weather just multiplies that! And when you come right down to it, it's not so terribly hard to have clean undies always on hand. There are so many reliable soaps and soap flakes on the market that it's but the work of a minute to suds them out, hang them up, and start the next day really fresh! The maker of the toilet soap I just told you about also puts out a pure soap that can be used for both laundry and bath. It comes in powder and flake (in a blue and white package) as well as cake form, and all three lather easily in luke-warm water.

Summer means hot weather, and hot weather means just one thing. Perspiration. Smart girls from New York to Hollywood have learned that it just doesn't pay to take the chance of staining good clothes. Shields are one good method of protecting dresses, saving you worry and cleaning bills. At a fashion show I attended the other day, each and every model wore, under her glamorous clothes, a brassiere with shields attached to it. I learned later that these are worn in all the big studios in Hollywood, to protect the clothes—for Klieg lights *are* hot! These garments seemed to me to be the last word, because they are convenient and comfortable, can be washed all in one piece. Gone is the bother of removing shields from a dress, sewing them in again. There were all sizes and types of models in that show, and there was a bra for each type, so I'm sure you'll find one that is just right for your figure. Some were wrap-arounds, some hooked in back. Most featured the uplift line. Two of the styles had a built-in arch which supported the bust from underneath. The bras come in such fabrics as lace, net, batiste, and cost from about a dollar up. Want the name?

To go with the shields, I found a grand product that takes the odor out of perspiration. The pure white cream is easily applied to the armpits, and vanishes so quickly that you can go on with your dressing immediately. You'll find the cream will soften the skin, leave it smooth and white. If friend husband snitches some of your cream, buy him some of his own—or get him a can of the powder deodorant made by the same company.

■ After taking care of every other phase of personal daintiness, don't fall down on mouth hygiene. Scrub your teeth regularly to accomplish two things —a clean mouth and gleaming teeth. Nothing looks nicer with a deep coat of summer tan than sparkling white teeth. But not everyone's teeth are white and bright. If yours are the dingy type, I know you'll want to try the refreshing minty-flavored dentifrice I ran across the other day. It comes in two types. No. 1, in the red package, is for teeth that brighten easily, No. 2, in blue, for teeth that are hard to whiten. The dentist manufacturer has lately brought out both types in powder as well as the original paste form, so you can have your choice. They come in 10, 25 and 50 cent sizes.

■ I used to dread working during the summer because my face would get so dirty when the office windows were open all day. But *this* summer is going to be different. The other day I discovered some grand little pads, saturated with a mild lotion that cleanses the skin without drying it. One circular pad does the trick for the face—removes the dirt and perspiration as well as make-up, freshens the skin, and at the same time softens and smoothes it! Your face is all prepared for fresh make-up then. There are 110 pads packed in a blue and white jar, and 10 travel in a flat, purse-sized vanity. Fifty-five cents buys them both, and of course I'll send you the name.

Want to spend a fair and flowery summer? Then write to Ann Vernon for advice on how to do your hair, how to make up, how to be fresh and dainty on the hottest days . . . And don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (3 cents U. S. postage) for her reply. The address is Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



LOVELY ADRIENNE AMES as photographed by AUTREY



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. . . keeps your lips soft *too?*

Then here is the lipstick for you . . . The color stays on, yet this new kind of lipstick keeps your lips smooth, youthfully moist.

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WINE is a dark vibrant color for brunettes with dark skin. SPANISH is a daring red styled for the complexion of a flashing senorita. DESERT FLAME is a brilliant youthful color for blondes. CINEMA a new shade styled in Hollywood for wear under artificial light.

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MERCOLIZED *Wax* CREAM

Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.

Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.



Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. demonstrate just why their new film is titled *The Joy of Living*. After making his second comedy at Radio, young Fairbanks is now at Universal, playing opposite lovely Danielle Darrieux in *The Rage of Paris*

HE HAS A WONDERFUL TIME

Ever since he wanted to be a Shakespearean actor at the age of ten, he has been making a success of his hobbies

By TERRY KELLY

■ It's a pretty sound tradition that most youngsters dodge Shakespeare like a pot of poison. Until they have attained a certain degree of sophistication and literary background, they'll run at the sight of the old bard's printed ghost.

I did, and I'll bet you did. But Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. didn't, and that's why I maintain he couldn't help being an actor.

Over at RKO where he starred in *The Joy of Living*—people just couldn't resist referring to it as the joy of loving—Doug was stymied by this question:

"Supposing you had been born John Richard Jones, son of a noted ship builder. Would you still have turned out to be a great actor?"

Almost immediately he took exception to that term "great actor," but when I pointed out that it had very little to do with the question, he said, "I probably would have grown up to be a ship builder who spent too much of his time in amateur theatrical ventures, Little Theatres, and that sort of thing."

Then he admitted the truth. At the tender age of ten, young Doug, living with his mother, was going through the first throes of wanting to go on the stage.

What he had to say was the start of a *tense* story—past, present and future.

■ "I was ten years old when the bug bit me," he said, pouring milk (not cream) into his afternoon tea. "Mother was what was known as a society belle and had nothing to do with the theatre. Dad was on the west coast in pictures.

"I had no inclination to climb cliffs, swing from chandeliers, or do any of the other alarming stuff which had made him famous. But how I went for Shakespeare! I learned all the roles in *King Richard III*, and parts of other dramas.

"When mother wasn't around I would get into her make-up box and fix myself the way I thought good professional appearances would be. Then I'd get before a mirror and throw acting tantrums."

Not that he spent all his youthful years shouting Shakespearean quotations over the neighborhood. Quite to the contrary. After this early attack of drama, he recovered for a spell and almost became an artist. He painted a bit and sculpted more. And wasn't half bad at it, either.

"I won an honorable mention once under an assumed name in a Paris salon for one bit of sculpture," he admitted. "I think I was about twelve then. I have done some sculpting since, but very little painting. Two summers ago I did a couple of busts for the fun of it, but I must confess the years of inactivity proved fatal and the results were horribly amateurish."

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Doug has done a good deal of writing in the past five years. He was one of the first contributors to *Esquire*. His work has appeared in everything from *Vanity Fair* to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Most writers would like to be able to say the same for themselves, yet Doug has not gotten too much satisfaction out of what he has done.

For one thing, he is suspicious that some of his stuff sold because of his name, and not strictly on merit. Although you must not conclude from this that the editors of big magazines will buy just anything with his John Henry on it. To the contrary, he has the usual drawer full of rejection slips and letters. Some of the rejected manuscripts, he believes in true author's psychology, are among his best things to date.

No wonder, then, that he is a very busy man these days. Doug makes one film after another, with very little time in between. When he's away from the studio, he has plenty to do. He likes to find time for a day or two at sea. He writes a yarn for the satisfaction of it. He goes somewhere for a little trip.

I saw him this last time in the RKO commissary. He was studying the production schedule, and detected a period of eight days that soon would offer him his freedom. So what was he planning? A quiet train trip to New York to visit his mother for *two* days. That's a long way to go for such a brief visit, but she was getting ready to sail for England and it was to be a case of two days or none at all.

Douglas Fairbanks, the younger, is unusual in a lot of ways. He is artistic, something of an idealist, a bit of the dreamer. But at the same time he has a dynamic drive. He simply can't be still for long.

The result? He won't sign a long term contract in Hollywood because he might want to visit his home in England. He won't buy a house because tomorrow he may want to live somewhere else.

■ What then, does he plan for the future? Well, I can give you some of the conclusions I have reached in observing him and talking with him. To be sure, they may not agree in the slightest with what he plans. I merely maintain that these things are *indicated* from my point of view.

He will remarry again sometime. His matrimonial venture with Joan Crawford turned out unsatisfactorily, and a man can't quickly walk into another marriage without a lot of consideration first—not if he's smart about it. I'll guess that he has no permanent romance in sight, but sooner or later he will find the right girl, and when he does, the marriage will *take*.

He will not be satisfied being just a star. He has no desire to direct pictures, but one of these times we will see him blossom out as a producer-actor, all in the same film. In all probability he will even have a hand in the writing of the script.

In this way Doug will find the chance he wants to create the vehicle first, shape its destiny, and then interpret what he has prepared.

■ If a man did all the things that Douglas does, and did them too seriously, if he took his thoughts too seriously and failed to leaven them with humor, he might be something of a drudge. Not so, however, with the younger Fairbanks. Happily, he has a swell sense of humor. And that guarantees that he'll have a wonderful time—no matter which career he is following.

Everyone is wondering just how the glamorous Danielle Darrieux, French star, impresses Hollywood. In order to get the inside news, E. J. Smithson spent several days working as an extra in her first American film, *The Rage of Paris*. He tells you all about it in the July issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Get it at your newsstand on June 10.

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Spotlight

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This is the engaging smile Wayne Morris turns on for his part in the rather embarrassingly titled picture, *Men Are Such Fools*

After the First Year

What difference has a year of fame made in the young man who was unknown only a few short months ago?

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Take a young, good-natured fellow who literally flys from screen obscurity to screen fame within the short span of a single year—an amazing record accomplished with no more than two pictures to his credit—and you begin to wonder, if you are at all interested in his career, just what this spectacular rise to stardom has done to him. You recall the almost complete metamorphosis that blighted the lives of other young and good-natured youngsters—boys and girls alike—whom Lady Luck chose to sprinkle with star dust. Some went high-hat, some went "Hollywood" and some went into oblivion.

Take Wayne Morris, for instance. Kid Galahad Morris, the big boy with the broad shoulders and infectious smile.

Here's a young, strapping, good-natured fellow who was smoked out of his fire warden job in the Sierra Madres Mountains by a Warner Brothers talent scout, given a screen debut in *King of Hockey*, a starring part with Bette Davis and Edward G. Robinson in *Kid Galahad*, to find himself bracketed almost overnight with the top names of filmdom. Hardly had he read over the first preview review of his second picture when he was the center of interest of the back-slapping, bouquet-throwing, "I-told-you-so" fair-weather friends noted in movietown for their adroitness in hitching their wagons to a star.

Two weeks after *Kid Galahad* was re-

leased he was deluged by a flood of telegrams and letters from motion picture fans the country over and was taken to their hearts as their special film favorite. Wayne's fan mail rose from absolutely nothing to a mark equal to that received by any Warner top-ranking star! All this, mind you, within the period of a year! It was enough to turn the head of a man let alone a boy, and all Hollywood, eager to get at its favorite indoor sport, began to speculate as to the length of time it would take before this broad-shouldered, good-natured guy would start trying on larger-sized hats. Granted that he was level-headed and so far, to all appearances, he seemed to know what the shouting was all about, it wouldn't be long before he would begin to develop the outward and visible signs of a fellow pretty much in love with his own importance.

That's what Hollywood thought and said, having in mind the form sheets of a number of other likeable youngsters who had gone from better to worse after their names had been blazoned in marquee mazdas. No kid of Kid Galahad's age could withstand the pressure exerted by the sudden acclaim and adulation of the country's motion picture fans. So Hollywood thought and said.

■ Now, Hollywood being the town it is —a place where you can't believe half of what you see and nothing of what you hear—we decided that the only way to obtain a fair appraisal of the young, ex-fire warden of the Sierra Madres Mountains, was to put him under observation, ask him a few questions about himself and so discover if the wise-acres of Movietown were hot, warm, or cold so far as their prophecies about him were concerned.

We decided to do this because we had taken a personal interest in Wayne ever since we had first met him on the *Kid Galahad* set during the filming of the thrilling fight sequences. We had given him his first publicity story in HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE. This was long before the picture was released and we predicted that here was a guy who was going to travel far in his film career. We also predicted in the same story that, come the day when he would have his blonde head among the brightest of Hollywood stars, he'd always manage to keep his No. 11 brogans on the ground.

■ Well, the first year of stardom was just about over and we decided to put Wayne through the examiner's mill to prove whether we or the wise-acres were right or wrong.

We had lunch together recently and he had time to take the first bite of his "beef-on-rye," we started to pour out a generous dose of the well-known "oil" in the firm belief that if he HAD changed for the worse a little flattery would be the mental prod that would give him an opening to pat himself on the back until he broke a couple of wrists.

"It must be a grand and glorious feeling," we said, "to be drawing down big dough, seeing your name on 24-sheets, being the target for all those fan letters, hob-nobbing with the screen's elite—boy, whatta life!"

"It's a cinch! And am I laying 'em in the aisles and knocking 'em cold! I've got 'em in the palm of my hand and I'm shouting gangway to the rest of the world! I'm good now, brother, but you watch me hit my stride a year from now! It's a cinch!"

Kid Galahad didn't say that, but it's what he would have said if the wise-acres of Hollywood were right. What he did say was this:

"It's a grand and glorious feeling, all right," he said, forgetting his 'beef-on-rye,' "seeing your name where you never in the wide world ever expected to see it, reading pieces about yourself in the magazines and papers, receiving fan mail from all parts of the country, meeting new and interesting people, feeling that maybe you're really getting somewhere—but I'm scared stiff! It's sort of gotten me down. Too much has happened to me in a year. But I'd be a sap to deny that I haven't been thrilled by it all. I hope my foot won't slip . . . what I mean is, I hope I won't change any. I'll never forget what Pat O'Brien said while we were making *Submarine D-1*. 'The first time



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you feel your feet leaving the ground,' he advised, 'go buy yourself a pair of shoes with spikes in the soles.' I've already bought 'em—just in case. Remember the night *Kid Galahad* was previewed? I'll never forget it."

We won't either. Standing in the lobby after the show, Wayne, red as a beet from embarrassment, listened to himself being hailed as a new star. Producers, directors and stars patted him on the back, shook him by the hand, tagging him as the best bet of the season, filling his ears with enough praise to kill an ordinary youngster receiving his first full taste of screen fame. It was a royal reception if there ever was one, rarely accorded a newcomer, and Wayne took it shyly, looking around in a dazed sort of way as though it must be two other guys.

"I never slept a wink that night, or for several nights after that," he admits; "it was the thrill of a lifetime."

■ We asked him if he'd ever taken time out to check up on himself recounting case histories of youngsters who had gone slightly haywire after tasting the fruits of initial success.

"I do it all the time, checking and rechecking," he replied. "And I'm smart enough to take the advice of good friends like Pat O'Brien. You know, that big Irisher has told me off a number of times and, believe me, when Pat begins to yell, you stop, look, and listen. Right off the bat I learned from Pat that I didn't have to be a 'Good Time Charlie' to get ahead in this business, and so my visits to the gay nightspots are few and very far between. You may not believe it but it's a fact just the same—I've only been to the Troc twice since I've been in pictures.

■ "Here's what I do with the 'big dough' you asked about a minute ago. All of it, save for a small sum needed to take care of my car, lunches, and so on, goes into annuities. If saving will do it, Father Morris' big boy, Wayne, will never have to beg for benefits when Fate steps in and says 'You're through, Pal.' My one extravagance, if you want to call it that, is my car which is ancient enough to receive old age benefits and soaks up gas and oil like a barfly trying to drink the breweries dry.

"Have I bought a new house or moved into swankier quarters? Not by a long shot! In order to be near the studio I rented a modest little house in the hills above Warners and moved my family from Pasadena. It's a quiet, pretty place, but far from being swanky. Some of these days, though, I'm going to buy a few acres in the San Fernando Valley, build a house on it and be a farmer. My family thinks it's a swell idea, and so do I.

■ "Romance and marriage? Say, you've read about Priscilla and me in the papers so let's skip it. We've both agreed to wait two or three years before taking the Mr. and Mrs. step because we both feel that first we ought to establish ourselves more firmly in our careers. That may sound a trifle selfish, but it's fair, it seems to me. And it's okay by Priscilla, too."

■ The day we went out to arrange a luncheon date, he was working with Priscilla Lane, his real sweetheart who is also his reel sweetheart in *Men Are Such Fools*. During a long wait between shots, Wayne sat down in a corner of the set to study his lines and within a minute he was surrounded by a group of props, grips and so on—all bent on teaching their pal how to handle his dialogue! In turn, each took the script and became an actor with Wayne sitting there, smiling a little, but taking it all in like any earnest pupil would. There was a lot of friendly argument about 'timing,' and 'emphasis' and it all sounded pretty expert to me. It evidently did to Wayne, too, because we saw him later making penciled notations on the page of script under discussion. And when an assistant director shouted: "Break it up, we're shooting!" one of the props brought a hand down on Wayne's shoulder and grinned: "Now do as we told you an' get up there and hit that ball!"

No, the young, broad-shouldered, good-natured guy who used to pick up his brogans and set 'em down on top of the ridges of the Sierra Madres Mountains hasn't changed a bit, and in our opinion he never will.

"He may be starring in *Men Are Such Fools*," said a grip fondly, "but by gravy, he isn't one!"



Wallace Ford has been away from the screen for months because of the sensational success of the play, *Of Mice and Men*, still running on the New York stage. He is shown here in character as the itinerant worker whose tragic story has taken such a firm grip on the imaginations of theatre-goers

Body-Guards De Luxe

[*Continued from page* 21]

organized publicity department. And we said so. Don and Tyrone were gentlemen, scholars, and mighty fine actors, but for the life of us we failed to see why they should feel obligated to horn in on a matter that was between Arleen and ourselves. We said a lot of other things, too, but Frances was too busy at a phone to pay much attention. We had just fashioned a neat series of caustic phrases anent this incredible situation when she hung up.

"I just called Don and Tyrone on the *Alexander's Ragtime Band* set," she reported, "and they said to come right over. They'll take you lunch, and you can meet Arleen there. I told them you had been out here on scores of interviews and that you were a fine, upright gentleman, but they said that didn't matter and for you to come over on the *Ragtime* set for inspection."

■ We learned, then, that Don and Tyrone had appointed themselves monitors to Arleen, and that while it may have started out as a gag, it surely wasn't now. The two boys had taken the smiling little colleen under their wings, had helped in her training in the studio's dramatic school, had taught her tricks of the acting trade she never could have acquired alone in years. So successfully had they guided her beginner's footsteps that now she even refused to go out on a date with a boy unless he received their approval and sanction! And it was the same with interviews. No publicity about their protege unless they had a hand in it! The publicity department had given this arrangement its blessing, Frances said. Don and Tyrone got a great amount of pleasure out of it and Arleen, certainly, got a great deal of very valuable help. And now would we please run over to the *Ragtime* set?



Hand-painted tulips are the only decoration on this striking dinner gown, designed by Violet Tatum for Danielle Darrieux to wear in Universal's new drama *The Rage of Paris*

The two self-appointed monitors had just finished a sequence when we arrived. We apologized for not bringing along our birth certificate and a history of our family tree but we hoped, so we said, that these two omissions could be overlooked and that they would grant us the privilege of asking their protege a few questions.

Don gave us a long look and glanced at Tyrone. Then Tyrone gave us a long look and glanced back at Don. Both moved back a couple of steps and there was a lot of whispering between the two until Don finally went to a phone. When we heard him put in a call for Arleen we knew we had at last passed inspection.

■ "It may sound a bit screwy," admitted Don as we walked to the commissary, "and we don't blame you if you think it's all part of a gag, but it isn't,

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Tom has been calling on Marion, but he's "different" somehow—seems uncomfortable. Marion wonders what she could have done.



She spends a week end in the country with her best friend, Helen. Tom is there, too. He pays attention to another girl, and Marion is brokenhearted.



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Tom proposes! He confesses that he was distracted by someone else for a while—doesn't know what got into him. "I don't blame you a bit, Tom darling. We won't talk about it . . . but I won't ever offend again!" Marion says happily.

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Isabel Jewell, popular Hollywood actress, relaxes smartly in Dundeers



Tropic Holiday is the name of the picture, and these gay young Paramount contract players look as if work is play as they cross the lot. Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland and Tito Guizar are principals in the musical

really. Like all greenies, when Arleen first came on the lot she was the victim of more than her share of teasing. Tyrone and I were as guilty as the rest, at first, but we gave it up as we got to know her better. She is such a swell little lady that we sort of saw to it that she got as many good breaks as possible. We've been advising her on this, that, and the other thing for the past four months, now, and she's gotten in the habit of looking to us for advice—and we give it. A monitor is one who admonishes, one who warns of faults, informs of duty, and gives advice and instruction and our supervision over Arleen has somehow spread out to cover these various duties. . . ."

"We cut out quite a job for ourselves," admitted Tyrone, "but we like it. Arleen does, too, and that makes it pleasant for the three of us. This interview, now. She isn't used to them, so Don and I are sitting in on this one just in case you inadvertantly ask a question we don't want her to answer. Like 'What I Think About Love', for instance. Or 'Why I'm Not Ready for Romance', just to cite another sample. Arleen's views on love and romance are 'out'. She isn't in love and she isn't playing the feminine lead in any real-life romance—and if she were we wouldn't allow her to talk about it. Not for publicity purposes, at least."

■ Arleen was waiting for us when we entered the commissary. After introductions were over we got right down to business by bouncing the ball of conversation with a simple little query that had to do with her age. Much to our annoyance Don bounced it right back before she could even open her mouth.

"She's twenty-two and was born in Salt Lake City," he said. "When she was no more than knee-high to a shamrock her parents moved to Twin Falls, Idaho, and from there to Portland, Oregon, where she attended the Sacred Heart convent and St. Francis School. . . ."

"And from Portland," Tyrone broke in, eager to add his bit to our fund of biographical information, "the family moved to Pueblo, Colorado, where she sang in the choir and played the organ. Los Angeles was the next station stop in the Whelan family's travels. Arleen enrolled in the Manual Arts High School and specialized in piano, voice, harmony and music appreciation during her four school years . . . isn't that correct, Arleen?"

Arleen smiled and nodded. "I loved music and thought that sometime I might be able to do something with my voice," she told us before her monitors could object. "Dramatics didn't appeal to me, then. Whenever my name was mentioned for a part in a school play I'd always refuse. I won a place on the girls' rifle team, though, and was initiated into the Delta Phi Chi sorority and I became fairly proficient in swimming and . . ."

"When she was graduated from Manual Arts in 1932," Don broke in, "she set out to make her own way in the world. There wasn't enough money in the family cash box to finance her musical studies and, anyway, she wasn't sure whether or not she was talented enough to make music her career. Beauty salons seemed to offer a good livelihood that year so she enrolled at the Paramount School of Beauty where she studied for six months. . . ."

"And by the time 1933 arrived," interrupted Tyrone, "the country, still groaning under the weight of the depression, was as blue as a jazz singer's song. There were no beauty jobs to be had and it was a full year before she found work as a manicurist in the Roosevelt Hotel. Isn't that correct, Arleen?"

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■ "I felt as though I owned the earth," she said quickly, "the day I received my first pay check. It was the most exciting event in my life except, of course, the time when I knew for certain that . . ."

"We're coming to that," Don cut in hastily. "You just be patient, Arleen, and let us handle this. Tyrone and I want to keep everything straight and you're getting excited. You remained at the Roosevelt for a year and a half and then moved over to Patrick Regan's barbershop where you earned $18 a week and tips. Right?"

"Right," agreed Arleen, and before either of her monitors could stop her she added swiftly, "after I was there for about two weeks I was ready to quit. You see, in the Roosevelt I had served mostly women, but it was different in the barbershop. The customers were mostly men and the majority of them seemed to take a great pride in being gagsters when it came to pretty girls. I didn't enjoy their teasing and wished more than once that I was back behind my old table. . . ."

"And that," Tyrone said, giving her the sign-off signal, "brings us to the eventful day of May 27, 1937, when H. Bruce Humberstone, one of our ace directors, walked briskly into the barbershop for a haircut. On a little white table was a little black and white sign, 'Arleen Whelan, Manicurist,' but Mr. Humberstone, being preoccupied with something or other failed to notice the sign, the table, or Arleen. Believe me, it was lucky for him, 20th Century-Fox, and for her that she finally mustered up enough courage to approach the chair in which he was sitting and ask, in that low, soft voice of hers, 'Manicure, Sir?' . . ."

"He glanced around," Don said, taking up the story at this point and without offering any apologies to Tyrone, "saw Arleen's red hair, looked intently into her blue, expressive eyes, noticed the way she walked—and right then and there, although she didn't know it—she was marked down for stardom! That's Hollywood for you! Studios spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on talent scouts who search the country for prospective screen material and here, right in their backyard, you might say, they stumble onto the discovery of the year! That's more of Hollywood for you! Now. . . ."

■ "When Mr. Humberstone was about to leave he asked to be introduced to me. And. . . ."

That was as far as Arleen got. Tyrone, eager to contribute his share of the exciting story, shushed her with another sign-off signal.

"Mr. Regan explained that Humberstone was an honest-to-goodness director and not a practical joker trying to get fresh. Then Humberstone explained that if she would like to have a screen test the next day at the studio he'd be very glad to arrange it. Arleen, so she told us later, explained to herself that if it were a joke it certainly was a good one and that since she had nothing to lose she might as well agree to the test. Her boss had said she could have the day off, and that was something. So she took a bus the next day, took her test, and when it was over, took everybody by surprise by passing it with flying colors. Everybody, that is, except Director Humberstone and Darryl Zanuck both of whom had agreed before she even stood in front of a camera that she had everything it takes to become a great star. . . ."

"In less than forty-eight hours," Don cut in, giving his fast-talking partner in monitorship a kick on the shins, "Arleen was signed to a contract and scheduled to play opposite Warner Baxter in *Kidnapped*! And if that isn't what you'd call the 'reel luck of the Irish' the interview ends right here. Maybe you'd like to say a few words, Arleen?"

"Well," smiled the blue-eyed colleen, "there isn't much left to say except that before the picture went into production I was sent to the studio's dramatic school where I studied for six months on such important matters as diction, poise, and posture. It was hard work and so exciting that I rarely got more than four hours of sleep a night. I don't know what I would have done or what would have eventually become of me if it hadn't been for the kindness of Don and Tyrone. I

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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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Slightly higher in West and Canada
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The Gift That Starts a Home



Do you remember the dashing Antonio Moreno in silent pictures? He has returned to the screen, and you will see him shortly opposite the lovely Movita in Monogram's *Rose of the Rio Grande*

owe them a debt I'll never be able to repay. I'm deeply indebted to Warner Baxter, too. You know, when the picture first started, Warner and his wife used to take me with them on their yacht and both would coach me in my lines during the week-end trips. . . ."

■ "Here's something you might want to know," Tyrone hastened to add, "producers at the Selznick Studios heard about Arleen and asked to see her tests. They were searching for a girl who would fit into the Scarlett O'Hara role and with the permission of 20th Century-Fox Arleen was 'farmed out' for three months while she learned a Southern accent under Selznick tutors. An offer was made to buy her contract from Darryl Zanuck who promptly refused to let go of what he considered the outstanding discovery of the year in Hollywood. . . ."

"It was a disappointment not to be able to play Scarlett," Arleen said, succeeding in getting a few words in edgewise, "but I still think I'm the luckiest girl in all the world. From a manicurist table to a sound stage is a long, long jump and no one knows it any better than I."

"About your dates," we said, then. "We've heard that you won't accept one unless these gentlemen—your man-hating monitors—give their okays. That, according to the way we look at the social amenities, is going a little too far in supervision. . . ."

The two monitors threw the conversational switch with swiftness and dispatch and we found ourselves sidetracked and without an answer. We saw Arleen shake her red hair vigorously and we're fair enough to take that for a 'no.'

"Arleen has a fifteen-year-old brother named Robert," Don informed us as we got up to leave.

"And a five-year-old brother named Tommy," Tyrone added.

"She has one date a week—with our permission," Don said.

"She takes long hiking trips with her father and mother whenever she has time." This from Tyrone.

"She likes to bowl, can tap dance, plays tennis and badminton." This from Don.

"She was asked for her first autograph the other day, and was she thrilled," smiled Tyrone.

"She weighs 112—and can eat as much as she wants without gaining an ounce. She . . . well, we think she's swell!" said Don.

Come to think about it, we do, too!

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 14]

City for a picture down there she had to go to a Spanish teacher, to improve her Spanish accent.

■ There's no telling what a comedian will do. As witness Ben Blue . . .

Ben is building a new home . . . but WHAT a home. It will have only three rooms, but for these the comic has imported a wood-carver from Sweden and a mural decorator from Norway. It will have a sod roof, with brilliant flowers growing thereon. "I want what I want," is the way Ben describes the undertaking . . . "and this is what I want." So, that seems to be that.

■ After this, Edgar Kennedy is going to be mighty careful in following the dictates of the Boy Scouts . . . Do a Good Deed Daily.

Not long ago, he was driving past a barbecue stand and chanced to see a small lad literally eating the scene with his sparkling eyes. Edgar stopped, and bought the boy a sandwich. Then, he watched the youngster bolt down the food, proud in the knowledge his good deed for the day was done.

A hurricane of skirts rocketed against him. "What do you mean," a shrill voice demanded, "buying my son THAT? He's on a vegetable diet!"

Edgar, burning, left in confusion.

■ Sally Eilers and her producer-husband, Harry Joe Brown, still are chortling over this incident . . .

They were throwing a party, and in making out their list of food supplies to be purchased on the morrow inadvertently placed the name of the book, "Sartor Resartus," at the top of the sheet, as a volume to be picked up later for reading.

Came the morrow . . . and the butler, who always does the marketing personally, nearly became apoplectic in insisting at the store that Miss Eilers ALWAYS got Sartor Resartus at that counter!

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 10]

Lindsay, Richard Cromwell, Henry O'Neill, Spring Byington, John Litel and Irving Pichel are only a few of the many fine players in the supporting cast. Fay Bainter gives perhaps the most telling and consistent portrayal in a production which is notable chiefly for impressively lavish costumes and backgrounds, and for Southern accents from Boston, Ireland and other points of the compass.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN (Columbia)

■ When a serious young detective has a flibbertigibbet wife who insists upon helping him with his work, audiences are assured of an hour and a half of laughs, if the action depends upon Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell.

On the firm base of a nice murder mystery, a quite giddy comedy has been built. Aided by an excellent supporting cast and rapid fire direction, the stars frolic through daffy situations and light-minded lines for an hour and a half of farcical fun.

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE (Warners)

■ This is a domestic drama of two generations, and is based on the theory that nothing pleases and flatters a wife quite so much as a good old-fashioned spanking from her husband.

Strange idea.

Barbara O'Neill, Thomas Mitchell, John Litel, Mona Barrie, Dicky Moore, Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane carry leading roles. More than one person will feel that the case for spankings as proof of devotion is none too convincingly proved, but most people will enjoy Priscilla Lane's vigorous rendition of "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen."



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Uncanny Scot

Something about the man who has a magic touch with strawberries as well as make-up

By SCOOP CONLON



Yes, indeed! This pleasant looking young man is our friend, Andy Clyde, just arrived at the studio



The aging process starts with the hair



The lining pencil puts in plenty of worry



Glue comes next



And then the crowning glory

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!



And here is our old friend, all set for a day's work

■ If you met Andy Clyde on the street would you recognize him? I'll give you twenty to one you wouldn't know him, despite the fact that he probably is one of your favorite comedy stars.

Why? Because Andy has never ONCE for fifteen years on the screen been seen without those specs, that drooping mustache and the habiliments of the "old man" he portrays so successfully in pictures.

In appearance, the comedian is far removed from the quaint character he portrays on the screen. He is a slender chap of medium height, good-looking, sandy-haired, sports a small snazzy mustache—if any—rather than the droopy effect. He walks with the free and easy stride of the athlete.

Andy is a quaint character on the screen, and in some respects, he is a quaint character off the screen, too.

For example, he is the only gentleman farmer I know who does his farming in the city.

He grows the most expensive strawberries in the world. If you think this is a broad statement, give ear.

Andy and I were having breakfast in the patio of the Clyde manor, which is a brand-new home nestling in an old but exclusive part of the Hollywood foothills.

Mrs. Clyde, the pretty Elsie Tarron, who was once a Sennett comedy girl, saw to it that we were served strawberries. They were the biggest this writer has ever seen, and the quality of their taste would do credit to the more famous Colorado variety. Naturally, I hastened to compliment Andy on his Luther Burbank abilities, but somehow the comedian didn't seem to enjoy the delicious fruit as much as the guest.

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So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.



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Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in.

BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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Work and play, and summer weather aren't the only things that make you perspire. When you cry or get angry or excited, especially in those intimate moments that mean so much, perspiration becomes more active.

Beauty, charm, personality—all the feminine attributes that win a man's affection—can be completely marred by under-arm odor.

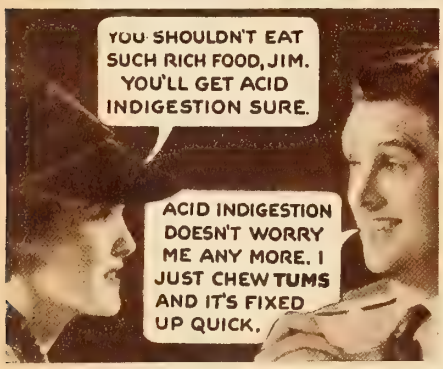
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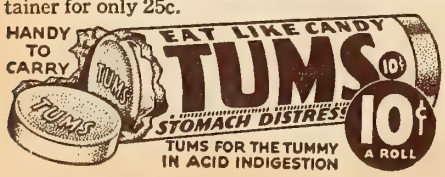
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"Being a true Scotchman," said my host, "I hate to mention money, but each and every strawberry we are eating cost the Clyde exchequer $1.89!" He sighed as he rolled the words with his soft burr.

Prompted by a wink from the little woman, who has a swell sense of humor, we prevailed upon Andy to reveal everything.

"Ah, well," sighed the comic, "it's my love of the artistic that led me astray. All my life I've been an actor and all my life I've yearned to have a little farm. I dreamed of growing the biggest and the best of everything good to eat. Luckily we started in the city where I didn't have much room to farm. Eat the strawberries now, my boy, because next season they will only be a memory."

■ Seriously, Andy Clyde belies most of the traditions of his race. He loves to bet on golf matches and horse races. Incidentally, as a golfer, the comedian is one of the best in the film colony. He belongs to the famous Lakeside Golf Club and shoots in the high seventies. His wife, equally noted as a golfer, shoots in the eighties. She left the screen upon becoming Mrs. Clyde five years ago.

There is great pride of heritage in the Clydes. Andy is proud of the fact that his father, John Clyde, was one of the famous romantic actors of Great Britain, that his sister, Jean Clyde, is one of the most popular actresses in Scotland today. She has been a noted stage star in bonny Scotland for many years. His sister-in-law, Fay Holden, is the new character actress discovery under contract in Hollywood to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

And, his son, John Allan, will be an actor if that profession is what he likes.

You'll see Andy Clyde in the featured comedy roles in several outstanding pictures during a year—and you'll see him in six of his own starring short subjects released by Columbia.

And How Are Your Reactions?

[*Continued from page* 20]

association over any length of time, have become quite real to you, like your dolls and teddy bears of childhood. You love them and don't want them to be hurt.

5. Do you associate the stars in real life with their roles? Yes———. No———.

If you do, you have a latent dramatic sense that probably leads you frequently to dramatize yourself and anything that happens to you. What is more thrilling than to persuade yourself that loose in Hollywood and on a continual murderous spree is that horrible Boris Karloff? Unconsciously, you fight against the knowledge that Mr. Karloff is, in reality, a nice, kind, scholarly gentleman who adores dogs and who wouldn't swat a fly. And don't you love to whisper it about that Glenda Farrell is so tough and hard-boiled she has intimidated even the grips? And that Joan Crawford is a public menace, forever on the vampage? You don't want to know that John Carradine is a very gentle, idealistic young man; that Zasu Pitts is not vague and dumb, but a charming person and an astute business woman. Better be careful how you answer this question, for if you do identify stars with their roles, it makes you out an awful gossip who likes to draw attention to himself. For stars are cast for certain roles, not because of their resemblance to the characters they are to portray, but because of their ability to ACT.

6. When it rains on the screen do you suddenly remember, panic-stricken, that you left your washing hanging out on the line? Yes———. No———.

Ah! now we have the child-like mind that can absolutely lose itself in make-believe; the person whose life is apt to be rather empty and who lives vicariously; who hasn't much money but too much imagination; who is very emotional and who is easily swayed and not overly-intelligent. This is the type that should take a moment out every reel or so and remind himself that "this is just a picture." It saves wear and tear on the emotions. This person is the one who ducks when a train comes toward the audience on the screen, who has an empty feeling when an airplane falls, who goes pale if anyone is hurt on the screen. He gets hungry if he sees the players eat and wants a cigarette the minute one is lighted. He is very open to suggestion and generally follows the lead of others. He should not see exciting or emotional pictures often, for he is unable to view a film objectively, to divorce his emotions from what he sees, and to protect his nervous system from repeated shocks that, in reality, have nothing whatever to do with him.

7. Does it upset you to see beautiful furniture broken? Yes———. No———.

If it does, a psychiatrist might reason first, that you love beautiful things; second, that you resent the destruction of something you would like to have yourself; third, that you are one of the army that believes that Hollywood is sinfully wasteful. In any case, you are perfectly normal. And just to make you feel better, nothing really valuable is ever destroyed on a set. The apparently beautiful piece of furniture was made for a few dollars right in the prop department, and it was skillfully weakened by invisible flaws so that it would break easily.

8. Do you associate yourself with the heroine (or hero)? Yes———. No———.

If you view them objectively, you are more apt to appreciate good acting. If you identify yourself with either of them, you will enjoy the picture more, for you will *feel* their feelings. You will drink to the full the emotional cocktail of the moment. This may indicate, also, that you are potentially an actor, though not necessarily, for, again, you may be the person who lives vicariously. This type,

however, makes the best audience. So cheer up—theatre managers love you.

9. Do you like war pictures? Yes———. No———.

If you do, you are either a hero-worshiper, or morbid, or a very emotional person whose life is empty. Or, (happier thought) you might simply be able to view all things objectively, going to the picture merely to see good acting.

10. Do you become excited at jungle pictures like *Tarzan* and *Borneo*? Yes———. No———.

Oho! What the psychiatrist knows about you now! You are one of those blessed (or cursed) with race memory. Do you remember the long, agonizing capture of the orang-outang in *Borneo*? Did you feel sorry for the monkey? Well, unconsciously you associated yourself with him and that is a hang-over from your anthropoidal days when you, yourself, swung free and happy from branch to branch in baboon bliss. That unrecognized hope that the monkey will not be captured is a link connecting today with the days when your primordial instincts rebelled against capture.

11. Does it annoy you when actors on the screen extinguish their cigarettes after the first puff? Yes———. No———.

Speak right up. Of course it does, and we are dragging this question in, in order to broadcast to all directors our pet hate. This immediate extinguishing of cigarettes calls attention to the mechanics of the scene and is thoroughly and unnecessarily aggravating. If you don't mind it, you aren't quite normal.

12. Are you in love with Robert Taylor? Yes———. No———.

Oh-oh. Your mental status quo is not as mature as it will be some day. Mr. Taylor appeals to the schoolgirl dreams in women; their young, wide-eyed, ribbon and gingham dreams that sooner or later they outgrow. (Don't blame me. Dr. Fareed said it.) A mature woman is much more apt to go for Spencer Tracy or Charles Boyer.

13. Do you call screen stars by their first names? Yes———. No———.

This is a sure sign of egotism, and is on a par with identifying players with their roles. You are an exhibitionist. You simply want to call attention to yourself; in the back of your mind is a desire that the person to whom you are talking will recognize that you know the stars—whether you do or not—and that you have some sort of mysterious relationship with them that he hasn't.

* * * *

Did you answer Yes to all the questions? Then you're pretty normal. After all, fifty million Americans can't be wrong.

The persons who could answer No to the questions make the poorest kind of an audience, for they have a strict guard on their emotions.

And after all, one of the main reasons for attending picture shows is to lose oneself; to escape from reality. Entertainment is release. So trot right along, all you yessers including the author of this piece and have a swell time at the movies crying and tearing up your handkerchiefs.





you *will* if you go by

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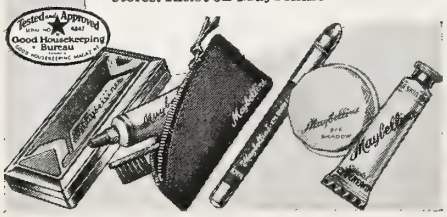
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Tapping to the Top

Presenting little Ann Miller whose dancing feet are carrying her fast to fame

By ED JONESBOY

Take it from lovely Ann Miller, the cute, fast-stepping little jigger out at RKO, she is never going to be thoroughly satisfied with her screen career—however far it may progress—until she dances in a picture as the partner of Fred Astaire.

Figured conservatively on the basis of fifty hoofers to every square mile of Hollywood, there's probably a thousand girls who would willingly wear out their pretty legs from the soles of their feet to the caps on their knees in a dance marathon if they could realize an ambition like Ann's. And if you don't think this sensational dancing darling, fresh from the fogs of San Francisco's night clubs, isn't putting her best foot forward to accomplish her purpose, you've got another guess coming.

Within a year she has become a topper of the tappers and credit for her discovery goes to Benny Rubin, an RKO writer who caught her act in a San Francisco night club and brought her to Hollywood the next day. You saw Ann as one of the new faces in *New Faces of 1937*. You saw her as Ginger Rogers' dancing partner in *Stage Door*. Right now she is having a wonderful time with Ginger, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Peggy Conklin and others who make up the cast in her next picture which, oddly enough, is *Having a Wonderful Time*. And after that, you see her go into her dance in Columbia's *You Can't Take It With You*.

Ann's first public appearance as a dancer occurred at the age of five when she took part in a dancing school carnival on the stage of the Majestic Theatre in





Madeleine Carroll's next film, *The Adventuress*, will be a romance played against the grim background of the civil war in Spain. Henry Fonda plays opposite, and Leo Carrillo has an important role

Houston, Texas. But so far as she, personally, was concerned, the carnival spirit was entirely lacking.

"All the fond papas and the fonder mamas were there to see us perform," says Ann, "and there I was, too, huddled in the wings and shaking like a leaf. Mother gave me a shove that sent me to the center of the stage and somehow I managed to do the first few steps of my solo ballet routine. That was as far as I got. The next moment I was back in the wings literally frozen stiff with terror. It was three full years before I got over that terrible experience. I wouldn't so much as take the tiniest of dancing steps in my own home. Being slight of build, mother had given me dancing lessons to improve my health. After that solo experience I told her I was healthy enough, now, to forget dancing forever."

■ When Ann was sixteen her mother brought her to Hollywood. Like most newcomers to this land of promise, they were without influence. More often than not they were without food.

"The bare cupboard of Old Mother Hubbard was nothing compared to ours," says Ann. "We didn't have a legacy to stand on, so to speak, despite the fact that I could dance. Finally, though, I managed to get on a guest artist program at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles and the audience must have enjoyed my tapping because the manager signed me up for two weeks. Mother and I were down to our last crumb and that job was really a lifesaver."

From this job Ann went into a Hollywood night club with the fond hope that the engagement would point directly to an offer in pictures. All she got, she admits, was callouses on her educated tootsies and a chance to dance in a San Francisco nighterie.

"I hated to leave Hollywood," she confessed, "for fear I'd miss an opportunity to get into films. But mother and I needed to eat, and we couldn't eat unless I worked so we moved to Frisco."

A move strangely enough, that proved once again the truth in the oft-repeated but seldom-followed advice: Get out of Hollywood if you want to get into pictures!

Which brings US right back to where Benny Rubin brought HER back to RKO and a career as promising as a youngster could wish for. It will never be as promising as Ann wishes, however, until they promise that she can go into a picture as Fred Astaire's dancing partner.

■ We'll promise you this, knowing how much they value their clever, 18-year-old dancing star, Ann is likely to be scheduled for that honor much sooner than she thinks!



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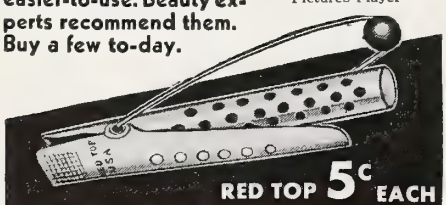
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HOLLYWOOD COOKING SCHOOL

Gloria isn't satisfied being glorious on the screen, she shines in the kitchen, too. Here are some of her secrets

By BETTY CROCKER

■ Most women like simple recipes, but not Gloria Stuart!

"Half the fun in cooking," she told me, "is in surrounding yourself with lots and lots of ingredients, and the other half is in having something good to look at as well as good to eat when you set it before your lord and master."

Said l. and m. is the author-playwright, Arthur Sheekman, a whimsically witty gentleman who is an exacting critic not only of pictures but also of his wife's culinary concoctions. Theirs is an unusual partnership as well as happy marriage, for he writes pictures for Gloria to act in. That's how they met—Arthur was writing *Roman Holiday* for Samuel Goldwyn in which Gloria had a role. They fell in love, and, from all I can gather, will live happily ever after.

But getting back to Gloria and her kitchen:

"My favorite recipe is a baked tuna casserole," Gloria continued. "Really, it's easy to make although when I 'go into production' you'd think it was going to be super-colossal, to look at all the things I put in it."

"Which reminds me," put in Arthur, who has the sort of appetite women love to cook for, "that I'm hungry. Why don't you demonstrate for Betty Crocker instead of just going over the script?"

No sooner said than done, and we were thrusting the cook out of the way while gathering the ingredients. Here's the list:

Gloria Stuart's Baked Tuna

½ bottle green olives
½ bottle ripe olives
½ can pimento
½ lb. whole mushrooms
½ green pepper



Gloria Stuart is going to have a fine dish of baked tuna, if husband Arthur Sheekman doesn't taste the mushrooms to see if they are done too often

These Gloria, Arthur and I sliced, except for the mushrooms which were sauteed in butter and left whole. Gloria had set a pan of noodles to cooking, and when these were ready she drained them and mixed them with three cans of tuna fish. The minced mixture listed above was then added. A white sauce, using the mushroom butter, was poured over the mixture, then a sprinkling of parmesan cheese. The whole was baked in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

And is it delicious! The dish will easily feed four people, and bring paeans of praise from them all.

"Every housewife wants a good recipe for a sour milk cake," remarked thrifty Mrs. Sheekman. "This is my favorite:"

Sour Milk Spice Nut Cake

- ½ cup fat
- 1½ cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup thick sour milk and sour cream mixed
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. cloves
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ cup broken nut meats
- 1¾ cups all purpose flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup large seeded raisins (each raisin cut in two)

Cream fat, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add well beaten eggs. Sift flour, measure and sift again with the soda, spices, and salt. Add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Add nuts and raisins with last addition of flour. Pour into 2 well greased and floured 8-inch square pans and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Spread white butter icing between layers and over top.

Chocolate Nut Loaf Cake

- 2 cups cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 4 tbsp. shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 4 sq. chocolate (4 oz.), melted
- 1½ cups milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Sift the flour once, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cream shortening, add 1½ cups of the sugar gradually, then the well beaten egg yolks, and cream all together thoroughly. Blend in the melted chocolate. Add the flour mixture alternately with the milk. Beat just enough to make the batter smooth (about 5 seconds). Blend in the vanilla and nuts. Make a meringue by beating the egg whites until stiff enough to hold a point, then gradually beating into them the remaining ½ cup sugar. Fold this meringue into the batter. Pour into well greased and floured loaf pan, 8x12 inches, and bake 50 to 55 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 F. Cover the top and sides of the cake with:

Mocha Icing

- 6 tbsp. butter
- 1 egg yolk
- 3 cups confectioners' sugar
- 1½ tbsp. cocoa
- 1½ tbsp. hot coffee

Cream the butter and add the egg. Sift the sugar and cocoa together and add alternately with the coffee. Spread between layers and on the top and sides of the cake.

Besides collecting very tasty recipes, Gloria fills in time between pictures at 20th Century-Fox by collecting antique furnishings for her home. As an investment she purchased another home and furnished it, too, in antiques, and did the same with her beautiful dressing room at the studio. Arthur writes a history of each piece, many of these being amusing little dramas which Gloria discovered were strictly the product of his lively imagination. Among Arthur's list of pictures are two for Shirley Temple, several for the Marx Brothers (which certainly shows versatility!) and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is currently preparing production on an untitled screen play of his. Gloria's current starring picture is *Island in the Sky* with Michael Whalen, and also *Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm*, the Shirley Temple film.

BETTY CROCKER RECIPES SENT FREE

Betty Crocker's kitchen tested recipes are available to readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine free of charge. They are printed on cardboard in the standard size suitable for handy kitchen filing. This month Betty Crocker features the recipes listed below. Check the ones you want and send the coupon with stamped, self-addressed envelope to Betty Crocker, c/o HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Paramount Building, New York City. Betty Crocker also will be glad to supply, free of charge, a kitchen tested recipe for practically any dish you may ask for.

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Today, screen cowboys have to sing as well as declaim with conviction "Reach buzzard-wards! Them cyards is marked!" and Jack Randall can do both

MEET THE NEWEST COWBOY

■ Not so very long ago, cowboy stars were rough and ready he-men who appealed to children as heroes of two-fisted battles. Today they are romantic, handsome, songsters, who appeal to the ladies as well as the boys. One of the newest members to this group of Hollywood actors is Jack Randall.

He is tall, dark and handsome. He has traveled all over the world. He would rather dine out than at home. He loves all sports and is an excellent athlete. His family lives in one of the most beautiful estates in Beverly Hills. He always has been surrounded in luxury. But Jack himself lives in a small apartment in Hollywood. He lives simply and inexpensively. "Money isn't everything," he says. "I have traveled in many parts of the world, all over Europe, the Canary Islands, Gibraltar, Egypt. But the most exciting thing in life is earning your own way, doing the things you most want to do."

Jack was preparing for his American concert debut when he suddenly decided to throw it all over. He thought he wanted to be a newspaper man like his father, the late Edgar O. Randall. He soon discovered, however, that the stage was his medium of self-expression. "I was working on the Los Angeles Times when I got my first chance at acting," says the six-foot singing cowboy. "*An American Tragedy* was playing there and I used to hang around backstage a lot. One night one of the male actors was taken ill suddenly and he had no understudy. I was asked to substitute. That was the beginning."

He made the traditional trek to

Broadway and was given little encouragement. So he gained experience in stock and finally was given a small part in *Riddle Me This* in 1931.

Then followed several parts until 1935 when he was called to Hollywood for motion pictures.

"I wanted to sing in films," he says. "I had the vocal training necessary, I had the acting experience, but I had to fight for what I wanted."

Last Spring Monogram Pictures signed him to a long term contract as a singing cowboy. To date he has made three pictures in this new field. *Riders of the Dawn, Stars Over Arizona* and *Danger Valley.* His latest picture is *Land of Fighting Men.* His contract calls for eight musical westerns a year—a heavy schedule.

Jack is unmarried and twenty-eight years old. He has hazel eyes, black hair, is six feet one and a half inches tall in his stocking feet and weighs one hundred seventy pounds. He has two dogs, Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh, and has definite likes and dislikes of people and things.

Heart-Breaker Horton

[*Continued from page* 24]

put it. So the demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process kept right on eating!

■ The next morning at breakfast, the campaign for the capture and enslavement of the new boarder and his companion began. Every one of those almost-but-not-quite resigned ladies had a special crimp in her hair, a shiny new ribbon, or an extra-dazzling piece of jewelry on her tremulous person.

But alas and alack! The handsome, the aloof Mr. Horton, whose poetic expression suggested unplumbed depths of tenderness and understanding to those frustrated damsels had no intention of being distracted from his career.

While Edward Everett ate chipped beef and codfish balls and other New England delicacies in modest silence, his fluttering fellow-boarders—except the demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process—hung on every gesture. Each one secretly dreamed of the day on which she might happen upon the actor as he sat learning his part in some heroic drama, dreamed that he might lay aside the book, lean toward her, t e n d e r l y murmur such flowery phrases as he gave to his leading lady nightly in the theatre.

For, to make matters worse, Edward Everett was playing melodrama. Seventy-five percent of his audience was made up of miners and their families. They were used to violence and the unexpected in their own lives, and they like their entertainment strenuous, too. They liked lots of action and lots of soulful embracing, and Edward Everett, having been signed as the heart-throb of the company, was in for concentrated practice as a Great Lover.

It had its effect upon his companions at the boarding house. They took to sighing. They took to dropping handkerchiefs, to tripping on the stairs, to needing advice, to taking walks just at the time he was leaving the theatre. And there were *eleven* of them.

■ Edward Everett began to regard with envious eyes the uncomplicated life of the carefree comedians of the company, and he began pondering ways of escape. Flight was out of the question. He couldn't leave town until the season was over. But he could create the "other woman" angle.

Once his momentous decision was made, it only remained to put it into practice. Which he did the next day at dinner by paying sudden, unsolicited, unaccountable court to the one person who had never made a fuss over him: the chubby demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process. He monopolized her attention. And when the meal was over he asked her, in a voice audible to all the other chagrined inmates of the boarding house, if she would permit him to read scenes out of Shakespeare to her. The other ladies couldn't take it. Their faces indicating various stages of grief and desolation, they pleaded headaches—and retired to their rooms.

When the season ended, and Edward Everett was free to leave, he appeared at his last luncheon at the boarding house with a handful of portraits of himself. The demonstrator of the Cold Pack Canning Process was given first choice. She selected the prize of the collection . . . the star in a crashing checked suit with a chrysanthemum in the buttonhole. Other photographs were gallantly presented to the rest of the boarders, all with appropriately high-minded and serious inscriptions. Excepting the Cold Pack demonstrator's. And no one ever saw hers.

But heart-breaker Horton has been a comedian ever since.



Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, otherwise Mrs. Jones, were caught by the candid cameraman all smiles in the middle of the testimonial dinner given recently for Louis B. Mayer, big boss at Jones' studio, M-G-M

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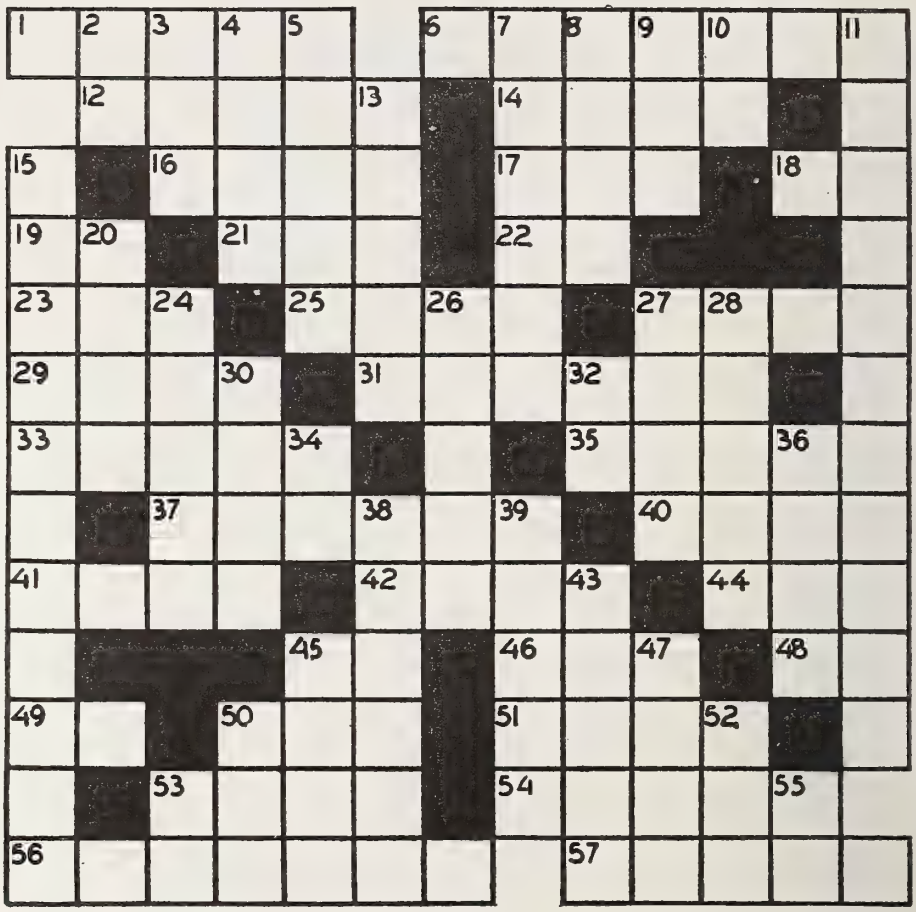
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ACROSS

1 & 6. Actress whose performance in *The Good Earth* gave her Academy award (poss.).
12. One of Fred Stone's daughters.
14. Club sometimes used in golf scenes.
16. Whose role is that of *Strings* in *Hawaii Calls*?
17. His last name is Silvers.
18. ———*! the Octopus.*
19. Initials of actor married to Virginia Valli.
21. Artificial setting for a movie scene.
22. Mr. Stander's initials.
23. *Rose of the ——— Grande.*
25. Alice Brady's ——— in *In Old Chicago* gave her Academy award as best supporting actress for 1937.
27. Star of *Outside of Paradise.*
29. Singing comedienne in *The Goldwyn Follies.*
31. What hero must do when heroine is in danger.
33. *The Life of ——— Zola* was voted best film for 1937.
35. Hepburn and Boyer co-starred in ——— *of Hearts.*
37. Autry's girl friend in *The Old Barn Dance.*
40. Actors must not ——— syllables in talkies.
41. Slapstick comedians threw them.
42. First name of Miss Miranda (poss.).
44. *Wolves of the* ———.
45. Marlene's initials.
46. What Sonja skates upon.
48. Symbol for ruthenium.
49. *A Yank ——— Oxford.*
50. Deanna Durbin stars in ——— *About Music.*
51. ——— *on a Budget.*
53. *Klari* in *The Baroness and the Butler.*
54. His last name is Clark; he plays in westerns.
56 & 57. Actor who won Academy award for performance in *Captains Courageous.*

DOWN

2. *Bringing* ——— *Baby.*
3. First name of actor who was *Crawford* in *The Buccaneer.*
4. Cora ——— Collins (poss.).
5. Noah is Wallace Beery's ——— brother.
7. Passages in movie theaters.
8. First name of actress in *Outlaws of the Prairie.*
9. To do as does Dopey, the dwarf, to register assent.
10. Mr. Nugent's initials.
11. Actor given Academy award for best supporting performance.
13. Feminine lead in *No Time To Marry.*
15. Leo McCarey, another award winner, directs these.
20. Disney's ———, *The Old Mill,* was considered best cartoon for 1937.
24. First name of Miss Borden, former star.
26. *Judge Hardy* in *You're Only Young Once.*
27. What cat does to register contentment in sound films.
28. Western stars' spurs are secured to these.
30. Exclamation to express sorrow or pity.
32. Initials of Pat Paterson's husband.
34. The comical *Yonnie* in *Happy Landing.*
36. Russian comedian.
38. Shirley Temple is one (slang).
39. They propelled fishing vessels in *Captains Courageous.*
43. First name of male lead in *Women in Prison.*
45. His last name is Lawrence.
47. ——— *Since Eve.*
50. *Bad* ——— *of Brimstone.*
52. Remember the Duncan sisters as *Topsy and* ———?
53. *Sing and* ——— *Happy.*
55. Initials of the banjo-eyed comedian.

(Solution on page 65)

Laugh It Off

[Continued from page 27]

hardest, is when she's built herself up to having a pretty good opinion of herself.

"I'll never forget the time," she says, "when I got a pretty good opinion of myself as a tennis player. For months I took lessons from a professional coach, Eleanor Tennant. Sure that I was another Alice Marble, I challenged my husband, Jack Pressman, to a set. He beat me soundly, and I found that my ego was slightly bent.

■ There have been other laughs, too—that time she drove through a stoplight very slowly because there were no cars coming in either direction. The inevitable cop bounced out of the inevitable hideaway, eyed her, and said:

"Say—you're Claudette Colbert, aren't you?"

She nodded very sweetly, and said that she was. She was thinking that getting out of this ticket was a pushover, and she began courting the idea that it was nice to be known.

The policeman had seen several of her pictures and commented on them. In fact, he and she had a grand time for about ten minutes. After a while, he said:

"Now, if you'll just give me your license, I'll fill out your ticket."

And he did. The blow to Claudette's vanity was quite a something. But she laughed and the cop laughed, and she drove away.

"The ticket was a lesson in not feeling too important, and the laugh was the tonic that took the sting off the lesson," she says.

Claudette is mighty grateful to such pictures as *The Gilded Lily, The Bride Comes Home, I Met Him In Paris, Tovarich,* and now, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.*

"You have to be able to laugh at yourself before others will laugh at you. To make people laugh, you have to surrender to the idea of making yourself appear ridiculous. And anyone who makes himself appear ridiculous deliberately hasn't much chance to develop a superiority complex.

"This is true in pictures. And it's always true in real life, too. No blow is so great, whether it is mental or physical, that it can't be laughed into good fortune—if you laugh hard enough, and if you mean it."



One of the highly dramatic scenes in *Marie Antoinette* is when the stately queen, played by Norma Shearer, greets the romantic young Count Fersen, acted by Tyrone Power. The production, one of the biggest to come from M-G-M this year, will be ready for release in the early fall

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* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

So Are Wives

[*Continued from page 23*]

continually things just exactly like those worn by some other woman. I think this is called keeping up with the Joneses. I am clinging to my resolve not to mention any names, as this is an impersonal article, but the husband's name is Jack B. The wife, or woman to whom I refer, is Mary L. They advertise a certain kind of delicious dessert with six flavors over the radio.

"Mary L. has just bought the loveliest dress!" the wife will say. "I think I should get a new dress, too."

This worked out all right for a while, until this Jack B. bought his wife a set of star sapphires. Since this time, the two husbands in the case have been working together to put a stop to the ruinous competition. They are trying to get the two wives to start collecting something reasonable, like marbles, which can be had in great variety, with lots of different colors and which are, in some cases, much prettier than star sapphires, which are all one color. So far, not much headway has been made.

There is more about clothes. The wife will say:

"Georgie, darling, I haven't a thing to wear," as she shuts the doors of three closets so filled with clothes nobody can get in to get anything out. The husband mentions this and she says:

"Why, Georgie, those are nothing but rags."

Then the wife, on going to buy clothes, gets sets of things which are all alike, or match, or something. This is where the trouble comes in. She will buy a suit, a hat, gloves, scarf, belt and shoes. Then she will look them all over and say:



Well wrapped up against the chill of late spring evenings in Hollywood, Rudy Vallee and Dorothy Lamour were snapped leaving the Trocadero after an evening of listening to others sing and play, just for the change

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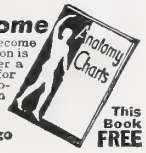


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Evalyn Knapp, who played a ranch owner in *Hawaiian Buckaroo,* smilingly showing a letter she received from a six-year-old fan, which read . . . "You have so many cows, Miss Knapp, would you please give me one of the baby cows?"

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Jackie Moran won the honor of taking Deanna Durbin to the preview of *Tom Sawyer* when it was shown in Hollywood. Here they are leaving the theatre, looking very grown-up, too

"The hat is very pretty, but it doesn't go with anything else."

So she buys a new hat, which does match. And she has the extra hat. So she gets suit, gloves, scarf, belt, shoes, and purse to match the hat. The shoes are not quite right in this ensemble, so she gets suit, hat, gloves, scarf, purse and belt to go with the shoes. As this system can go on practically indefinitely, the husband protests. The reply is:

"You're so unreasonable, Georgie! You wouldn't want me to throw that extra hat or those extra shoes away and absolutely waste them, would you?"

The husband has been groping for the answer to that for the past several years. I cite a few more instances before closing. For instance, the wife has a habit of making a great many engagements for herself and the husband without mentioning this to him. The husband remonstrates, but this does little or no good for any great length of time. Not long ago, the wife made an engagement for an interview with some magazine writers and forgot to tell the husband anything about it. The husband greeted the writers, who thought of him as dapper and smart with an old dressing gown on and an empty head.

"Why do you do these things?" the husband demanded.

"Well, Georgie," replied the wife, "you are always so charming, no matter what you have on, and you say such cute things on the spur of the moment, that I just didn't bother you with details."

This left the husband with a nice feeling, and no answer. Wives are always doing things like this. You can't blame a husband for asking why are wives. It's all very confusing.



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It Takes Three to Make a Love Affair

[*Continued from page* 19]

you insist on considering yourself less alluring than the girl he's taken out for an evening, at least don't be catty. Myrna doesn't believe in catty-ness under any circumstances. "Be bigger than the situation," she advised with a sage wag of that auburn head, "or else you give him the chance to say, 'Ho, ho, I was right. The second girl *is* nicer.'"

■ In a three-cornered crisis of this sort, she proceeded, when the man of your heart shows a right interest in somebody else, the big thing is not to make any phony gestures. For instance, don't say, "She's such a dear; too bad she's bow-legged." A man—yes, even a man—catches on to that kind of sabotage after a while.

No, the thing to do is to do nothing. This is one of the hardest things in the world to do, and one of the most effective.

Take competition as a challenge. Perhaps the other girl is nice, and it's up to you to be nicer. Anyhow, in getting jealous you simply hurt yourself and oftener than not help your rival.

■ A mousey, diffident little girl whom Myrna knew about went into a fury of despair and indignation because her boy friend took another girl to a dance. Admittedly, it was a rather funny thing for him to do, but he did it. Feeling that right was on her side, she wasted no time when she met him on the street next day but immediately plunged into a hot argument during which her voice grew louder and higher. All mouseyness, all diffidence, fled.

She embarrassed the man. As she saw people pause in astonishment, she embarrassed herself. Abruptly she stopped in mid sentence, but too late. "There!" she ended angrily, on a more subdued note, "I've never made a scene in public before. It's all your fault—I hope that'll teach you something."

"It's taught me several things," replied the man who had first admired her for her appealing little-mouse quality. Among other things it taught him that, as his wife, the girl might unexpectedly make him ridiculous in public or miserable in private. He dropped her as if she'd been a hot brick.

■ No, even under the most trying circumstances of this kind, the thing to do (Myrna was repeating) is to do nothing. And if you're very, very clever, you not only do nothing; you say nothing. That's the hardest, and cleverest move of all. Let the one who has made the mistake and gone away be the first to come back. For, look: If the situation doesn't eventually smooth out, then—since the erring one's affection wasn't any stronger than that—it's a good thing the break came when it did. Under those conditions, it couldn't come too soon.

"When such a situation arises," Myrna added, "when the man begins taking another girl around, the strain generally

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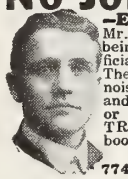
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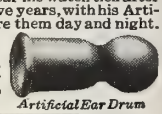


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brings out the first girl's worst qualities. At the very time when she should be at her best! She ought to put the situation in the bottom drawer and leave it there till the whole thing's finished, one way or another; not keep dragging it forth to display to her friends or to weep over in secret."

You must take these things, Myrna believes, philosophically. Though you don't realize it at the time, it is probably nature's way of working things out. Often the damsel who wept and wailed over her delinquent boy friend has found—rather promptly, too—another boy with whom she could be happier than she'd ever have been with the first.

■ Take, for example, the maiden who languished because the man of her choice ever so often fell in love with a new face. Fundamentally, he assured her, he didn't absolutely love any of these lesser flames but he hated to be tied down to one girl friend all the time. The maiden reasoned, and her reasoning was good, that if he cared a lot about her he wouldn't flitter here and there with others; even if he did come back to her when the new interests began to pall.

One evening, abandoned in somewhat cavalier manner at a night club for a long hour while the gay Lothario tentatively flirted with a new blonde on the terrace, the maiden suddenly murmured an excuse to the rest of the party, wrapped her cloak about her shoulders, and marched to the door to summon a taxi. She was going home. She was through. But at the doorway she ran plump into a young man so mad he gibbered when he tried to speak. She recognized him as the erstwhile escort of her own Lothario's new blonde. Misery loves company. The two jilted ones joined forces, adjourned to another night club to discuss their grievances, and found that they both liked the old-fashioned waltz and roast wienies.

They both liked dependability, too. Consequently, each was dependable. Therefore they married each other. But in each case it had taken a third person to help on the decision.

■ This anecdote has a sequel. The dependable one didn't roam from his own fireside, but he had a temper. Still, his wife had a sense of humor. One breakfast he grew so annoyed about a telephone message from the office that he threw his (empty) coffee cup across the room. Not at his wife, but at the wall.

Did friend wife rush out to see her lawyer? Not she; for, as Myrna points out, love—when you come down to brass tacks—can stand practically anything but disloyalty. If more wives—and husbands—would remember this and summon a sense of humor before an emergency grew into a crash, there'd be fewer decisions in Reno.

When the husband stamped out of the house, so mad he forgot the goodbye kiss, this wife didn't feel that All Was Over. She collected the coffee cup. That evening at dinner when she brought in the coffee pot she put a gleaming china cup at her own place and a jagged fragment of hubby's morning coffee cup, balanced delicately upon a saucer, at his. Hubby burst out laughing, and the incident was closed.

Myrna thought this coffee cup diplomacy was about the best she'd ever heard. For Myrna, despite her pronounced femininity—notice those little hands making graceful gestures while she talks—has a man's viewpoint, and that's a rare thing in woman. She knows, for illustration, how to drop small discussions, small plans, small differences of opinion, without making a fuss about them; knows this better than any other woman I've ever met. It takes a matter of major importance to make her grow serious to the extent of insistence. And, incidentally, when she does battle for a thing she considers important she does so with calmness and good taste.

■ In short, Myrna's convinced that the great life-saver for engagements, and for marriages, is appreciation of what you have. Don't get so used to love that you slight it. Getting used to love and slighting it is why marriages have a "ten-year lull," why they slump into the commonplace within ten years, and often sooner.

The girl who went into an ecstasy of appreciation when her fiance brought half a dozen roses is the same girl who doesn't even say, "Thank you" when the same man after ten years of marriage lets her put a fur coat on the charge account for which he foots the bills. On the other hand, the fiance who brought roses may be the same man who never dreams of bringing home even a bunch of dandelions now. It works both ways.

"A man likes the little, sweet attentions," Myrna said, "the things you did that made him think you were sweet when you first met him; the things that attracted him at the beginning. Keep them up!"

■ It's a couple of days before the wedding. Your fiance drops by to remark modestly: "I went around the course in 80 today." You leap to your feet, palpitant with admiration, kiss him soundly, and exclaim in accents of awed enthusiasm: "Dar-ling! How won-derful!!"

Oh, sweet little woman! Who wouldn't marry you, you pet?

Okay. It's ten years later. Husband comes home, beaming. "I broke 80 today," he brags. You're reading a book. "So what?" you snap. All right, all right, Sourpuss; but if this were ten years ago there wouldn't have been any wedding bells.

Well, that same evening, while you're dining with friends, your husband says to their house guest. "I broke 80 today." "Really?" she squeals. "How won-derful!!"

And pretty soon your friends begin to hint how your husband and that red-headed snip appear to get along very nicely together and so on and so on and so on. It takes three to show two where they stand.

See? See what Myrna means?

"STOP GROWLING!"

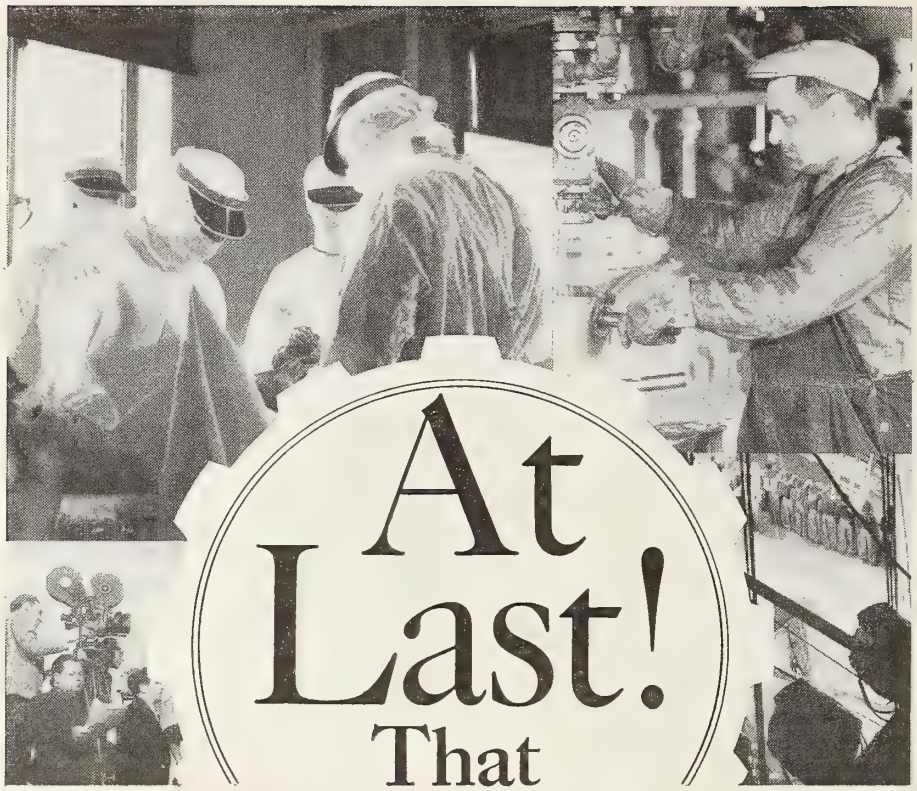


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Husbands Are Exasperating

[*Continued from page 22*]

I thought he gave the wife a very pretty compliment. It came right after the second wreck—the one the instructor had when the wife put the car into reverse instead of second gear. But even after this recommendation the husband would not let the wife drive the car.

■ Really, the husband gets angry without the slightest reason. Recently, the couple went to their producer to sign a big, new contract, and the wife helped out. She said to the producer:

"You've got to give us better pictures. The last six have been flops. The ticket offices are as lonesome as desert outposts."

The contract was supposed to be signed that day, but there was some delay. The husband, not understanding how the wife had helped, flew into a rage.

Recently, the husband got provoked at the wife again. The wife went out of the way to get her husband material for his air program, so you can see there was no excuse. She was talking to Jack B., the man mentioned above, and Jack B. told her a very good story which she remembered very, very carefully and told to her husband, George.

"Gracie," the husband said later, when he finally could talk, "Jack B. used that joke in his latest picture."

The wife told him in a very calm and unruffled manner:

"Well, if it was good for a picture, it must have been just as good on the air."

But the husband only grew angrier.

■ The other day, when the husband was away, the nicest man came to the house. He was very much interested in it. The wife wanted to help her husband, George, and make this man think of him as being very well-to-do and important. The wife took the man all through the house, and surprised him again and again. The man thought that most of the furniture was just old, second-hand stuff but Grace, the wife, said they were antiques, very valuable, and showed him all the bills to prove it. She also pointed out how expensive the oil paintings were, and pointed out some he didn't see at all. When the man went away he left his card.

"Who was this man?" the husband asked the wife when he came home.

"His name was Johnson or Paffendorff or Vick," the wife replied. "I didn't quite get it. But here's his card."

She handed her husband the card. How did the wife know that this man was the tax assessor, when she didn't even quite understand his name? The fact that the husband didn't speak to the wife for more than a week shows what can happen when a wife really tries to help a husband.

■ Then there was the time about the clothes. The wife listened to a long tirade about how she must economize. So, when the funny little old man came

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for old clothes she got some stuff out of George's closet and sold them to him. That night she very proudly gave the husband the three dollars. The husband smashed a very expensive vase against the wall. How was she to know those were his costumes for his next picture? There should be no secrets between married couples, I think.

When this famous pair came to Hollywood after important roles on the New York stage, they soon had enough money to install a telephone. George had this done, and when the telephone book came out, the wife was very upset to find their names weren't mentioned, so she called the telephone company and raised quite a to-do. She felt they were entitled to this publicity. The nicest people started calling up, telling George about the wonderful cars, lots, furniture and other things he could buy, and talked about charities and all. For no reason he tore the telephone cord off the wall one day, which was silly, because nobody could call at all, then.

■ Then the wife made some purchases from a peddler who came to the house and the unreasonable husband told her never to do this again. She followed these instructions implicitly, I think that is the word, until the man came with the beautiful new books which just matched the wallpaper. She remembered her promise and didn't buy them, but just traded them for some dirty old books with some scrawled writing all over the inside.

"Those were autographed first editions!" exclaimed George, in the midst of a violent fit of temper.

"But really, Georgie," the wife said, "I don't see why you're so exasperating. I've seen you buy the first editions of the newspapers every day—and throw them right away because they didn't have your name or your picture in them."

I could mention the time that awful old furniture came to the house, and I painted it very carefully with that quick-dry enamel only to find out later they were antiques, I think George called them. I mean, the wife did this. I could write on, and on, but it just goes to show how exasperating husbands can be.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

L	U	I	S	E		R	A	I	N	E	R	S	
	P	A	U	L	A	■	I	R	O	N	■	C	
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N	■	V	A	L	K	I	S	■	S	L	U	R	
P	I	E	S	■	I	S	A	S	■	S	E	A	
L	■	■	■	M	D	■	I	C	E	■	R	U	
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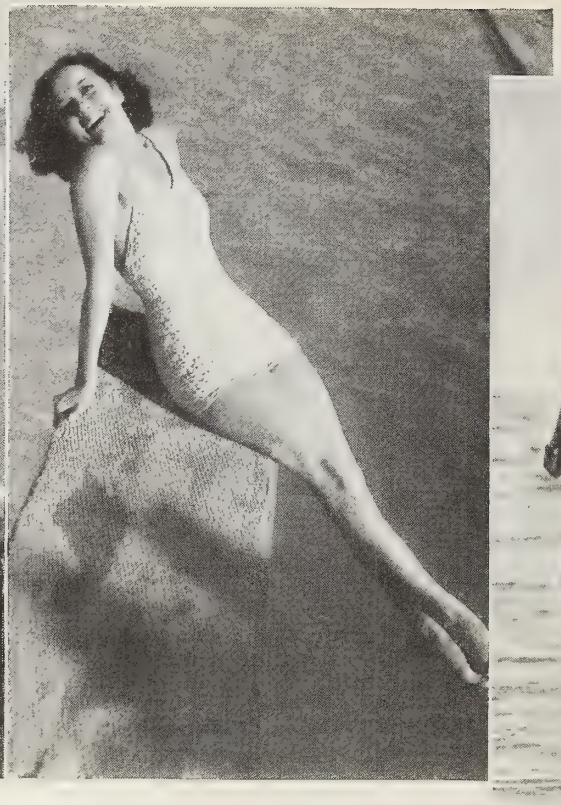
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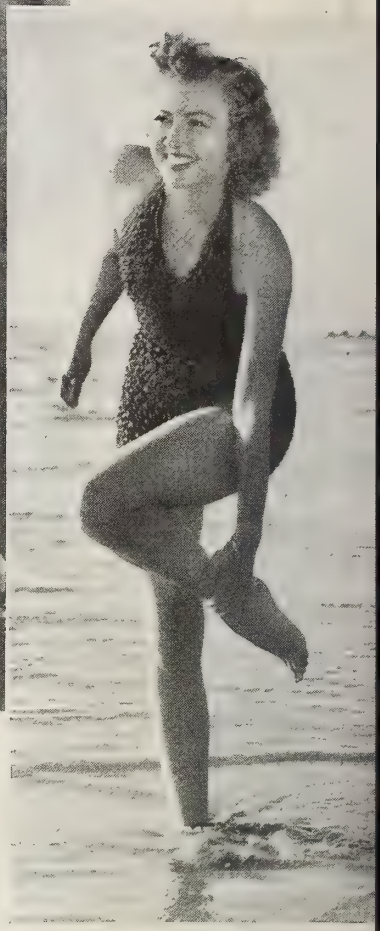
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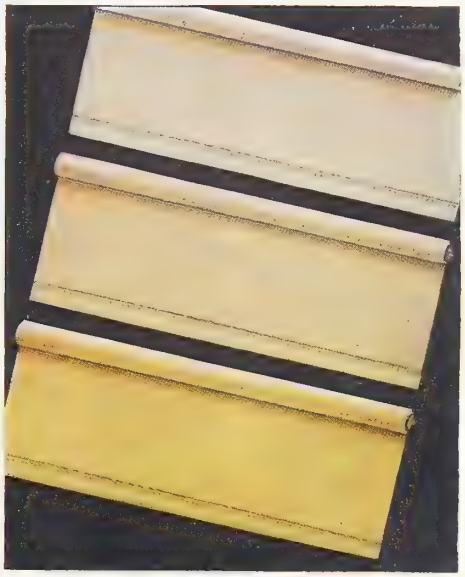
Newest Wrinkles

Gathers and shirrings are the newest wrinkles in this year's bathing suits, shown on this page by a quartet of sunshine-minded beauties. Right to left, you see Evalyn Knapp in the snug-fitting heavily shirred Matletex suit that adjusts itself to the figure. West Coast Manchester points with particular pride to the moulded waistline. Movita posed on the springboard at the Ambassador pool in her Allen A suit, distinctive in high-waisted cut as well as for interwoven design. Jinx Falkenburg's Gantner and Mattern suit has an interwoven stripe under all of those gay leaves which is one of the reasons it clings so snugly. Left is Virginia Dale in her choice of the Allen A suits, a sun-yellow wool model, made very festive by the raised design



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15 Lovely Styles to Choose

You can select a 15c CLOPAY *Lintone* in a style or color to match any decoration scheme. There are fifteen CLOPAY styles in rich, solid colors, gay "wallpaper" patterns or striking lacework designs.

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PERIODICAL

ARE THE "THREE COMRADES" GOOD FRIENDS OFF STAGE?

STORY ON PAGE 23

A NORTH WOODS VACATION

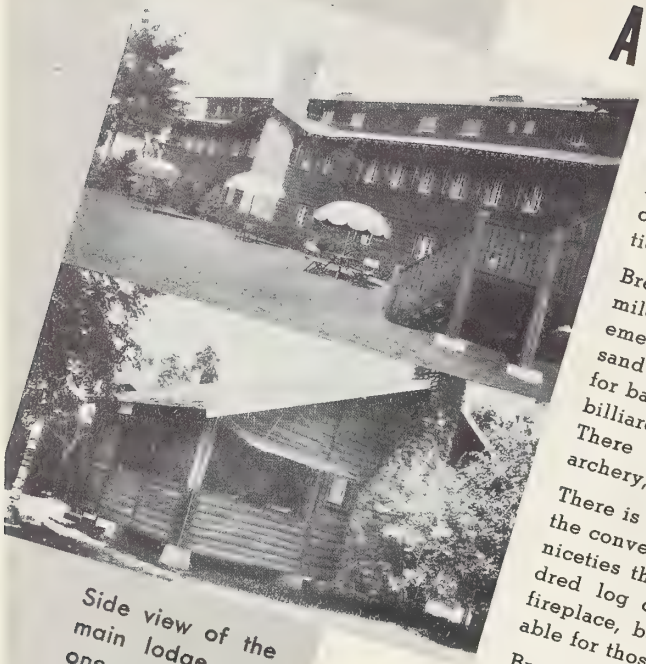
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Breezy Point is delightfully cool. Official average temperatures are lower than those of any other summer resort in the United States.

Easily accessible by motor car, train or bus. Rates start at $2 per day, $5 per day with meals. Golf $1 week days. Other prices in proportion. Season from June 20 to Sept. 1. Write for reservations.



Side view of the main lodge and one of the many log cabins.





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PEQUOT • MINNESOTA

A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT



After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have *special* care—that's why smart girls, *popular* girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours *to come*—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date and a *third*—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM —Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE







MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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JULY, 1938
Vol. 27 No. 7

Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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NEXT MONTH

Our roving extra spends a day on the set with Danielle Darrieux and has surprising things to report. Ray Milland tells why he'll never take another plane without permission. Bob Burns comments on the expensiveness of the simple life, and in addition there are stories and pictures of dozens of stars. Watch for it on the newsstands July 10.



Pat O'Brien, Marie Wilson and James Cagney on the *Boy Meets Girl* set

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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TWO YEARS IN A ROW THE PRIZE AWARD!

Talented Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!

Luise Rainer as "THE TOY WIFE"

...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in..."life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may"...you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.



"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *(This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)*
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *(This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)*
3. Rinse very thoroughly. *(Your head is now clean — your scalp free from scales.)*
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. *(This relieves dryness.)*

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

ROBIN HOOD (Warners)

■ Leading the list of best entertainment for the whole family is the new version of *Robin Hood,* cast to perfection and filmed in blazing Technicolor.

Surely the best of all adventure stories is that of the gallant Robin who rebelled against the cruelties dealt, not to himself, but to the defenseless poor by wicked Prince John. Surely one of the most satisfactory of romances was the love of the Saxon outlaw for the noble Norman maiden, Marion. And surely beloved characters never have been brought to the screen with greater exactitude than in this production of the familiar tale.

Errol Flynn makes a dashing, rollicking Robin. Basil Rathbone could not be more suavely menacing as the ruthless Guy of Gisbourne. Ian Hunter is noble and upright as Richard the Lion Hearted. Alan Hale is just right for the belligerent, guffawing Little John. Patric Knowles as the fashion-plate of the outlaw band, Will Scarlet, is as gallantly picturesque as could be wished. Montague Love is menace personified as the venal Black Canon, in sharp contrast to the roistering Friar Tuck played by Eugene Pallette.

Claude Rains as the ambition-bitten usurper of the throne is elegantly venomous, relentlessly evil. Una O'Connor and Herbert Mundin as Maid Marion's nurse and Much the Miller's son are engagingly comic. And last but very far from least in appeal is Olivia De Havilland as the spirited Maid Marion who risks her life to warn of Robin's danger.

Don't miss your chance to renew acquaintance with Robin and his merry men. The story has endured for centuries, but it is just as good, just as timely today as when it first was told.

TEST PILOT (M-G-M)

■ Out of the welter of interesting, exciting but fairly familiar situations in *Test Pilot* emerges one of the most striking characterizations of the year. It is turned in by Myrna Loy who has been considered a delightful, but not a highly emotional actress until now. She plays Ann, who could see nothing more exciting in her future than marrying a neighboring farmer until romance dropped out of the sky early one morning.

Jim (Clark Gable) was in an evil temper as he climbed out of the cockpit of his plane and examined the broken oil line which had ended his chances at setting a new record for cross-country speed. So angry was he at the mishap that he did not notice that Ann was a very pretty girl, even though he had the reputation of being an expert on pretty girls. Then he took a good look, and swung into his familiar routine of bedazzlement of just one more smitten girl. No one was more surprised than Jim when he discovered a few hours later that he did not want to leave Ann behind. No one was more surprised than his mechanic, Gunner (Spencer Tracy) when Ann climbed out of the plane.

Nothing in Ann's upbringing on a prosperous middle-western farm prepared her for the erratic life, the hazards and the adventures of a test pilot's career. She realized only one thing. If she persuaded him to stay out of the air, he would no longer be the person she loved. So she waited miserably on landing fields while he spun planes in power dives, took desperate chances in air races, flung the planes through their first unpredictable performances.

Throughout, the film is tense, exciting, filled with carefully calculated strain and suspense. But transcending the excitement of the background is the playing which makes three people come alive as something more than characters in a pretty love tale. Better see this one.

DOCTOR RHYTHM (Paramount)

■ Even if this film had nothing more than the delicate clowning of Beatrice Lillie, it would be something special. But it has much more, and all of it to the good.

On a certain spring night in Central Park Zoo four young men might have been seen going through a strange and slightly alarming ritual, had not the place been deserted. It was a strangely assorted foursome, a successful young doctor (Bing Crosby), Police Officer O'Roon (Andy Devine), an ice-cream peddler (Sterling Holloway) and the zoo keeper (Rufe Davis). They had gathered by the light of the moon to run, once again, the relay race which had won them a cup in the good old days at Public School Number 43.

During the course of the hilarious evening, Officer O'Roon was inspired to join the seal in the tank. From the ensuing duel, he came off such a poor second that it became impossible for him to act on special duty as body guard for Judy (Mary Carlisle), who planned to elope with a fortune hunter (Fred Keating) against the wishes of her aunt (Beatrice Lillie).

The loyal doctor laid aside his stethoscope, donned the cop's uniform in a gallant effort to save his friend's job. What happens after that, you'd better see for yourself.

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER (Twentieth Century-Fox)

■ When grim old Colonel Leigh was dishonorably discharged from the British Army, he sent four cables speeding around the world, and left India forever.

The four cables summoned his four

[*Continued on page* 8]

HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 6]

sons to a meeting in England. One reached Geoffrey (Richard Greene) in the British embassy in Washington. With scant ceremony, he broke a date with Lynn (Loretta Young) and made arrangements for rapid departure. Wyatt (George Sanders) was in a barrister's gown in a London law court when he received his summons. Chris (David Niven) was wondering how to extricate himself from overlapping dates with three annoyed maidens. Rodney (William Henry) was under a rowing shell at school. All obeyed the summons instantly, and were waiting when their father, shoulders squared bravely against the disgrace, arrived.

Colonel Leigh (C. Aubrey Smith) told them only that he had proof of a conspiracy against him. What that proof was, they never knew, because they found him dead in his study an hour later.

The police called it suicide. The brothers swore to prove it murder.

Their search took them to India, to Egypt, with Loretta Young keeping up, and did not end until they had been through action in a South American revolution.

Alan Hale as a suave, unscrupulous gunrunner, J. Edward Bromberg as an insouciant revolutionary and Reginald Denny as a cosmopolitan heel of great charm contribute striking performances in a large and excellent cast. Most discussed of the players will be young Richard Greene who stands out as a likely candidate for quick stardom.

With the exception of the fact that none of the characters seems to be able to resist an open window, and make a habit of telling secrets the minute they get near any source of ventilation, the tale is fine sturdy well-constructed romance, and should please a big audience.

VIVACIOUS LADY (Radio)

When a staid young professor impulsively marries a night club entertainer on his first night in New York, and takes her back to his college town, he may reasonably expect raised voices, eyebrows and fists. He gets all three to the intense pleasure of audiences in this film.

Peter (James Stewart) set out to rescue his cousin (James Ellison) from the wicked wiles of the big town, and twenty-four hours later found himself blissfully married to Francey (Ginger Rogers). He loved her, and he was proud of her, but he did want to catch his family in a good humor when he broke the news. His father (Charles Coburn) was a man of violent temper. His mother (Beulah Bondi) had learned to resort frequently to heart attacks to end arguments. The girl he left behind him (Frances Mercer) did not intend to give him up without a fight.

Even if you begin to suspect that the comedy is much ado about nothing before it is half over, you won't care, because you'll be having plenty of chuckles and a good many loud laughs.

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Does the news that the Ritz Brothers do their own version of *Snow White* in their new film make you feel that summer will go on forever? Then take a new lease on life, because that is only one of the giddy routines which range all the way from hill-billy yippings to grand opera warblings with dancing to match.

The film opens with Jerry (Tony Martin) doing a telling swing time version of *Pagliacci*. Audiences will think it grand but the sponsor of Jerry's program is all against it. In despair, Jerry sets off for the mountains of Kentucky to get real back-woods talent.

Driven to extreme measures by failure to get jobs in New York, the Ritz Brothers and Marjorie Weaver dash for the mountains, and establish themselves, complete with overalls, beards and gingham aprons as a hill-billy family ready to be discovered.

What they had not counted on were the feudin' Hatfields (Slim Summerville, John Carradine) and the complications which arise when they are recognized by one of their old friends.

Kentucky moonshine is noted for its potency, and there was no mistake in the title of this film.

COCOANUT GROVE (Paramount)

Johnny (Fred MacMurray) was holding his band together by will power and promises when the truant officers descended because his adopted son (Billy Lee) was not getting sufficient schooling. So Johnny had to get a tutor, and that is how Harriet Hilliard joins the band. Johnny's one chance of getting a good engagement and keeping his band intact was to get to California and give an audition for the Cocoanut Grove management.

The main body of the picture is devoted to their struggles in getting across the country in a trailer, with plenty of music from Harry Owens' Royal Hawaiians on the way. Owens, composer of "Sweet Leilani" plays a part, MacMurray flourishes a saxophone, Harriet Hilliard sings, Billy Lee goes to town on the drums and Rufe Davis does his imitations so things are never very dull.

THE BATTLE OF BROADWAY (Twentieth Century-Fox)

The war has been over for twenty years, but Big Ben (Victor McLaglen) and Chesty (Brian Donlevy) still were fighting it out along the same lines when it came to girls.

With the American Legion, they came to New York to enjoy the convention and to wrest the boss' son from the clutches of a designing woman.

They surrounded Louise Hovick, as the first move in the offensive, not knowing that they had the wrong girl. They did

[*Continued on page* 48]

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS



Vacation time is here, and everyone is reading travel folders and planning vigorously. Dennis O'Keefe and Maureen O'Sullivan pose as "The Spirit of the Holiday" in a scene from their new picture, *Hold That Kiss*

■ Glenda Farrell's German housekeeper, Teresa, is a thoroughly competent little woman . . . and that's what makes this story so funny. Glenda's neighbor, and good friend, is Hugh Herbert, who owns a country home near hers. Hugh loves ranch life, tending his chickens and milking his cows, both of 'em. Obviously, this type of farmer doesn't go around dressed up. But when he calls on Glenda the next time, he will, in his best bib and tucker. And for reason. . . .

When the be-whiskered, be-overalled Herbert recently knocked at Glenda's back door to proudly deliver a dozen fresh eggs, Teresa mistook him for a tramp and chased him off the property with a wildly-flourished broom!

■ If England gains a peculiar impression of the United States in the near future, blame it all on Virginia Field. Virginia, you see, is making a trip to her native land to appear in a picture over there . . . and before her departure collected a bit of Americana to show her friends.

Believe it or not—and I can vouch for the authenticity of the following items—the blonde actress took with her from Hollywood:

Two meat grinders, to make hamburgers,

A case of Wienies (hot dogs, to you),

Two cartons of Coca Cola (it's not sold in jolly old England), and,

An Indian head-dress, with feathers, and a pair of beaded gauntlets.

Those, to the Virginia lass, were typical of America. Wonder what the English will think of us, now?

■ Loud merriment on *The Rage of Paris* set inspired your intrepid reporter to ferret out the meaning of this outburst of laughter. There was Danielle Darrieux,

[*Continued on page* 40]

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Warren William waves a gay greeting from the porch of his home where he will entertain Movieland Tourists at a cocktail party

If you want to see Hollywood from the inside, a trip with the Movieland Tourists gives you the key to the city

You have a very short time to get your reservation in for the *First* Movieland Tour, which leaves Chicago on July 3rd. But don't be too worried if you can't make the First Tour. There are two other tours this summer. They leave Chicago on July 24th and August 14th.

So, all aboard! Let's go!

After your train pulls out of Chicago, it heads straight for the cool north woods—so cool after the torrid heat of the city—and the Thousand Lakes district of Minnesota. When you arrive in Seattle you will get your first glimpse of the Pacific. After a journey across Puget Sound to the Island of Vancouver on one of the "Princess" boats, the train heads for San Francisco. Here you will be conducted to the bright spots of the city including Chinatown, the Embarcadero and many other famous places on the "Gold Coast."

Sunday morning you will arrive in Los Angeles, where you will be greeted by a screen star and presented a key to the city in behalf of the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce. Last year Wayne Morris, "Kid Galahad" himself, did the honors.

The remainder of the morning, after you are taken to your hotel, is left open for anything you may care to do. Shortly after noon, a battery of busses will take you on a tour of Beverly Hills, Hollywood, and surrounding districts where movie stars live.

Then in the afternoon, Warren William has invited members of the First Movieland Tour to drop in on him for cocktails and to meet some of his movie star friends.

If you're a member of the second tour, you will stop off at Harold Lloyd's estate, where he will be on hand to greet you.

Bob Burns is entertaining the third tour at his residence with a bit of southern hospitality including an old-fashioned barbecue with corn pone and all that goes with it. And he probably will play his bazooka for you without much coaxing. If you want to take advantage of his offer of a swim in his pool, be sure to bring along your bathing suit.

For the Sunday night entertainment the sponsor of the Tyrone Power air show has invited the tours to visit the broadcast. Although Tyrone Power will be off the air this summer, there will be other top notch stars in the cast to take his place.

Monday is open for anything you might care to do—shop, browse around on Hollywood Boulevard, or take a short trip to Catalina Island where so many of the motion picture companies go on location.

Included in the plans for Tuesday is a trip through Columbia Square, the new home of CBS where many of your favorite Hollywood programs are broadcast. After that there will be a visit to Universal Studio. Luncheon will be served in the studio commissary where you will see many of your favorite stars. Universal is the home lot of Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey, Henry Armetta, Wendy Barrie, Kent Taylor, Charles Winninger, Boris Karloff, Andy Devine and many others. After a motor tour of the lot, our buses will take you to the famous make-up studios of Max Factor. Here you will be shown all the little intricacies and secrets of how milady's cosmetics are made.

Then comes another gala event of the glorious vacation. A dinner-dance with the stars at the Wilshire Bowl. Les Parker's famous orchestra will supply the music. George McCall, whom you have heard many times on the Old Gold Cigarette program, will be master of ceremonies and will introduce the film celebrities, who also will be guests at our festive party. Last year Jimmy Stewart, Bob Taylor, Judy Garland, Mischa Auer, Hugh Herbert, Rosina Lawrence, Jimmy Fidler (the I-DO-mean-YOU commentator) and many others were there. This year we expect a group of equally famous honor guests. So when we say "Come to Hollywood and dine and dance with the stars," you know we really mean it!

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LUISE RAINER

The appealing winner of last year's Academy Award is preparing still another highly individual characterization for the leading role in M-G-M's *The Toy Wife*, love tale of Civil War Days

THEY CALLED HER "Crazy" AND SHE DIDN'T CARE

When Joan Crawford vacations in New York time is short and there are a thousand things to do. Here's a rather breathless report by a friend who tried to keep up on her last vacation



By KATHERINE ALBERT

■ From the title of this story you have every right to expect that it is my intention to palm off that old one about "the new Joan Crawford". But that's just what I'm not going to do. It is my contention that America's Number One Glamour Girl is a nut and has always been one.

Sure, she can be serious. She's usually in deadly earnest when she talks to interviewers (mostly because she's afraid of 'em) and that's why you read so much about her charm as a hostess, her love of music, (which is perfectly sincere) her cultural activities. But actually she's a crazy kid. And you've got to live with her to know about that.

The last time she was in New York Franchot was tied up in Hollywood making a picture for the first week of Joan's visit so I stayed with her at the Waldorf until his arrival. It isn't exactly what you'd call a chore. But I'm not quite over it yet. And as proof of my admiring conviction that Crawford is goofy, I'd like to tell you some of the things that happened.

First off Joan used her head and got herself a secretary. Last time she was in the big town she answered the telephone herself, saw all the autograph seekers personally, and took care of every letter she received. That left her about two minutes a day to have fun.

I didn't know how a secretary was going to work out. Joan doesn't like everybody by any manner of means. And if a very crisp, brittle, efficient number had appeared Joan would have outcrisped her and there would have been a honey of an atmosphere.

But when Coule arrived I knew everything would be all right. She's a dizzy dame if there ever was one, French and Viennese with a cute accent. (And don't you think it's the last word in *chic* to have a secretary with a foreign accent?). Coule is an actress and looks like Luise Rainer. Joan liked her immediately.

With the three of us there—Coule screaming into the telephone in bewildered amazement, Joan screaming over every new parcel that arrived and me (well, I've never been called placid) it was like a girl's dormitory if the girls had just poisoned the head mistress. Merchants by the dozen were arriving every three minutes. "Would Miss Crawford condescend to look at this little muff of white mouse fur or a leopard shower curtain or cellophane gloves?" Hattie Carnegie's fitters were in and out all day long. John and Fred were sending up their most incredible hats. Daché boxes were arriving on the hour. Joan was discovering Eric Moller and his amazing hats. Tappé was sending gowns which he hoped would throw Adrian into a swoon. Everyone was yelling and laughing and Joan was padding around in the most enormous-shouldered house coat and a pair of fur mules with bells on them. Sometimes you couldn't tell whether it was Joan or the telephone.

That's how things were when Mrs. Travers arrived. To describe Mrs. Travers and her two children will take a bit of doing. She's the minister's wife from Rhinebeck and when she isn't busy with ladies' aid societies and foreign missions she designs petit-point patterns. Joan has been corresponding with her ever since she saw an article about the patterns. Mrs. Travers had a new stitch Joan wanted to learn. She asked her for tea.

Mrs. Travers is a very nice woman—tall, tanned, [*Continued on page* 54]



CARY GRANT AND KATHARINE HEPBURN

The charming comedy, *Holiday*, co-stars again the pair who romped through *Bringing Up Baby*. Here they are in the old play-room scene, recapturing the joy of youth









So——

——YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

■ "A screen test is fun. . . ." "A screen test is the gosh-awfullest ordeal anybody ever goes through in Hollywood. . . ." "A screen test is nothing to be afraid of. . . ." "It gave me an inferiority complex I'll never get over. . . ." "I'd sell my soul for a screen test. . . ."

You can hear anything you want to hear about a screen test. Practically no two people agree. Because every little screen test has a story all its own. There are two kinds of tests: Those given to established stars merely as costume and make-up tests, there being no question as to their ability; those given to unknowns, there being considerable question.

Annabella, Twentieth Century-Fox's importation and certainly not a novice, had quite a seige of it when she first arrived in Hollywood. While hair-dressers fussed over her coiffure or pounced on her with spectacular wigs of all sizes and colors, make-up men made eyebrows grow where none ever grew on a human being; they changed the contour of her mouth and therefore the expression of her whole face; they receded her chin; they made it jut forth; they rounded her face; they elongated it. They worked like demon sculptors on a helpless victim, making a hundred Annabellas out of one. Nobody was satisfied with any of them. The demons stood off, cocked heads, sighed, shrugged hopeless shoulders, rolled mournful eyes, pessimistically photographed *all* the Annabellas, washed their hands of the whole thing after seeing the tests run off . . . and then renewed their attacks.

This went on for days; they got nowhere, unless their goal was reducing Annabella to a state of complete physical exhaustion and mental inferiority. Then the star timidly suggested that they allow her to make herself up as she always did. In fifteen minutes, she was ready for the camera. It turned . . . and smiles spread over the lot. She was lovely, enchanting, alluring—just as she was!

■ RKO tore Katharine Hepburn apart, snarled over her and put her back together again a hundred times before deciding to let nature—and Hepburn—take their course. In this case, the tests were necessary because Miss Hepburn did not fit into the accepted Hollywood mold, and the crew had to learn how to handle her before the camera.

One afternoon on the set of *Dr. Rhythm* I asked Beatrice Lillie if she had ever had a screen test. "And how!" was her characteristic reply. She told me about it with wonderment and gusto, and, comparatively, it didn't amount to a thing. All that happened to her were a couple of hours of having various wigs tried on her head and photographed, for her boyish bob worried the powers that be. (Incidentally, you will see Miss Lillie sans wig.)

There are three angles that are true about screen tests for novices: First, everybody wants one from Grandma to Junior, because that reel or two of celluloid is the knock on the door to fame and fortune. Second, the purpose of a test is to capture a concrete example of the aspirant's individuality so that the producers can know what kind of material they own, how they can change it, how they can enhance it as it is. Third, sometimes a screen test lasts about six weeks!

■ While you're gasping over that last, let's go see one. It is scheduled at Warner Brothers on Stage 12, and the subject is Marion Jones, aged five, an unknown.

Through the giant doors of the giant building we go, and as we step into the vast gloom of its interior, it occurs to us that if this cathedral of shadows is a stage, so is Grand Central Station. Our steps echo as we walk through the gloomy vaults of space. Quiet everywhere. Silent sets stand waiting; stairways spiral out of the darkness and lead nowhere; doors of every description loom suddenly, but open—nowhere. A child's voice saves us from stark terror. "When you want me to start again, just say 'action,'" it pipes. We hurry toward a great flood of light, full of life. In its center stands a little girl.

At the top of this page is a portrait of Annabella, who recently made her first American film, *The Baroness and the Butler*, and who starts her second, *Suez*, shortly. Take a good long look, and then see if you can guess how many of the other pictures on this and the opposite page are of Annabella. Answers are to be found in the corresponding position on opposite page

A SCREEN TEST?

There is much more to a screen test than standing before a camera for a few minutes and putting on your prettiest smile, and here are some of the details

At the rim of this lively brilliance, men murmur and move about. One man sits on the floor at the child's feet and whispers to her. This is the director. Another man runs in with a metal tape measure stretched from the huge camera in the darkness to her shoulder. He makes a note and disappears. Crew men murmur over the lights, the cables, the microphone, the boom. The director murmurs to the child. In fact, everybody murmurs except the little girl upon whom all this intense work is concentrated. She stands carefully upon the spot marked out for her by chalk on the floor and talks to anyone who will listen about her teddy bear as tall as "up to here" and about her daddy's moustache, as long as "out to there;" when suddenly the word QUIET comes, and then—ACTION!

■ Hardly taking an extra breath, little Marion Jones leaps into a lively recitation. This rehearsal is not only for her, but for the men on the cat walk, the men behind the camera, the men at the sound box, the director. The lights . . . do they strike the right places? The sound man . . . can he dial away all the little sharp high notes of the baby voice? The camera . . . at what point should it move in upon her? The hair-dresser . . . should that curl fall over her forehead or be brushed back? The make-up man . . . did I make her eyebrows too heavy? The head electrician . . . should that spot be moved up? The man with the whisk broom (there's *always* a man with a whisk broom) . . . isn't that a thread on her coat? The assistant director . . . well, it's cost about $300 so far.

And in the midst of all this, little Marion Jones goes on with never a break in her recitation even when she sees the tremendous camera bear down upon her. Then it is over. Untouched by the general nervous tension, she smiles gaily at the whole tea party. More murmuring; more checking and re-checking. She is made up in a different way; her hair combed in a new fashion. There is a new chalk mark for her to stand upon; a new system of lighting. And another rehearsal. It all goes on, over and over again. There are twenty-five men working tensely; almost every department in the studio has been touched in one way or another by this screen test; hundreds of dollars have been spent; the resources of the studio have been concentrated this afternoon on this little baby figure in all the light . . . on the minute chance that here might be another Shirley Temple. But it is all a jolly tea-party to Marion, even the final take hours later, which will decide her entire future. She is so young! As she skips away after it is all over, it occurs to us that only *she* could say, "A screen test is fun." And as she runs blithely from the bright spot of light through the shadows, past the dark waiting sets, the stairs that lead nowhere and the doorways that open nowhere, a handsome young electrician, grim with exhaustion, gazes after her. Two years ago he was given a tea party—only it was torture to him. He didn't quite make the grade.

■ Gloria Dickson had her first screen test while still playing in the Federal theatre in Los Angeles, where a scout discovered her. How strange it seemed to her to play a scene before an audience consisting of an impersonal camera and a crew of men who were intent upon every mechanical detail around her but never, apparently, upon her! Only the director watched her. Like a hawk. She had difficulty in adjusting her voice to the microphone.

"In fact," she told me, "when my voice went over the mike for the first time it nearly knocked the sound man out of his chair. I learned immediately that it is one thing to be confidential with a microphone and quite another to be confidential with the man sitting in the last row balcony of the theatre. And I really felt painfully shy about the crew. They were so efficient and—well—busy. They crouched a few inches from my eyes to find shadows and angles; frowned as if there wasn't a single thing about me that was right; measured distances where I was to walk and stand, [*Continued on page* 53]









Make-up artists are magicians in their own rights, and nowhere do they prove it more than in preparing a star for a screen test. ALL of the pictures on these two pages are of Annabella, and if you look closely, you can see how emphasis has been placed on eyes in one picture, on cheek-bones, on mouth, on forehead or on nose in others

No Sooner Said Than *Dunne!*

Some call her impulsive, and some say that she is quick witted, but the fact remains that there are advantages to making up the mind in a hurry

By JAMES REID



Lovely Irene Dunne looks serene and dignified here, but you will see her as another slightly feverish heroine in the new comedy, *The Joy of Living*. Her next film is *The Sisters*

"Impulsive? *Am* I impulsive?" Irene Dunne, curled up in her favorite chair in the library of her Holmby Hills home, asked herself the question I had just asked her. There was a note of amiable vagueness in her voice. As if she had never thought about the matter before. As if she wouldn't know the answer offhand.

I had advanced the contention that, after years of being poised and dignified and always-a-lady, she had gone amusingly unpredictable in *The Awful Truth*. And that public surprise at the extent of her impulsiveness in that script had been partly responsible for public delight with the picture.

Irene, mulling the question, suddenly laughed in self-amusement.

"Well," she said, smiling, "I certainly was impulsive yesterday morning. . . .

"You know, I have a pet car—a little one—that I like to drive around by myself. When I have to go all over town, and be hours in each place, I think it's silly to keep a chauffeur outside waiting for me. So, on days like that, I just drive myself.

"Yesterday morning, I went out to get the car, and it wasn't there. Frank—Dr. Griffin—had just eased out with it, without 'bothering' me. I was furious. My day was, to put it mildly, ruined. I said to myself, between clenched teeth"—she illustrated—"I said, 'If I had him here with me, I'd choke him!'

"I couldn't wait for him to get back from wherever he might have gone. I had to get out the chauffeur and the big car. We were driving down Sunset Boulevard, and I was still fuming, and keeping a weather eye out for my car, when I spotted it coming from the opposite direction. I told the chauffeur to honk at the Doctor and stop him. He honked—but the Doctor didn't stop. Now I was *positive* that when I laid hands on him, I was going to choke him.

" 'I'll bet he has a guilty conscience!' I said. I told the chauffeur to turn around and chase him. We raced back, and as we got in sight of him, the chauffeur kept honking. Still the Doctor didn't stop. Finally, we pulled up alongside and then in front of him, to force him to stop. I started piling out of the car. And—all the things I was about to say died on my lips. The car *wasn't* mine; the driver *wasn't* Dr. Griffin.

"This man looked at the chauffeur and me as if we must be crazy people or as if I was a gun moll out hijacking with one of the gang. 'So sorry—my mistake,' I said, weakly, and shrank back into the limousine. And then started laughing at myself and what my fury had accomplished. And the fury evaporated instantly.

"It's like that, with me. I can get *so* mad about things, so burned up—and then I start laughing at myself, and it's all over."

Having this proof that Irene is at least as impulsive as the next woman whose husband can be vexing at times, I set out to discover if, perhaps, she wasn't a little *more* impulsive. If, perhaps, her whole life wasn't influenced by impulsiveness—unknown to her public.

"Oh, I don't think so," she protested, mildly. "I'm pretty conservative. When it's something that really matters, I consider it pretty carefully."

"Always?" I prodded.

"We-ell . . . perhaps not always . . . This career business certainly didn't start from careful planning . . . You know, I don't think I've ever told before the whole story behind its starting. . . .

"When I was a little girl, I had never been anywhere, and I never expected to go anywhere—particularly after my father died and Mother and I went to live in a little town called Madison, Indiana. I remember distinctly having the idea that I was going to live there the rest of my life. Not that I liked the idea, particularly—but I couldn't get away from it.

"I was sixteen or so when, one day, there was a great flurry in the house. Mother had had a letter from an old school friend who lived in Memphis. And the old school friend said, 'Your daughter must be quite a girl now. Wouldn't it be nice for her to come to Memphis and visit us?' She even said, 'Don't worry about clothes'—which was lucky, because I didn't have many. 'Girls here wear lighter things than they do in the North. We'll see that she gets fitted out after she arrives.' The next day, I was on my way to Memphis, thrilled to death, filled with romantic ideas about the South. Which, by the way, I still have.

"That friend of Mothers' was marvelous [*Continued on page 46*]

On the screen, they think and act with one purpose. How do they differ, once the spotlights are dimmed and the camera runs down?



Smiling at Margaret Sullavan, who has the leading woman's role in their new film, are the *Three Comrades*, who are interestingly contrasted in this story, Robert Young, Franchot Tone and Robert Taylor

Three Comrades

ON THE SCREEN——AND OFF

By SONIA LEE

■ "Reloading," the cameraman chanted.

The brilliant lights winked off. For a brief moment the tension on the set relaxed. Property men lighted cigarettes. Director Frank Borzage consulted his script clerk. There was a buzz of talk.

The three principals walked to their name-marked canvas chairs for that welcome interlude of rest. They sat close together—these three—Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young, the illusion of their parts in *Three Comrades* still on them. In their eyes and attitude lingered the spiritual comradeship of the tale which they were bringing to life for the screen.

Three Comrades, by Erich Maria Remarque, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, is the touching story of three men who together have tasted the bitterness of War. Who together are caught in the maelstrom of post-war adjustment, with its bitterness and cruelty and disillusion. Caught like straws in the unrest and instability of war's aftermath!

The only faith the three comrades have is in each other, in the understanding which binds them together and gives them enough strength to live and love—and die!

This is the epic theme, and events serve only to embroider it. The story itself is fairly simple. The three are owners of a small automobile repair shop, where Franchot Tone has built a phenomenally fast racing car. Robert Taylor meets and marries a girl with the mark of death on her. To give her needed hospital care, Franchot sells the love of his life—his car. Bob Young, active in a patriotic group, is killed in street rioting.

Franchot and Taylor revenge his death. Taylor's wife (Margaret Sullavan) dies.

And so Robert Taylor and Franchot Tone are left to face the uncertain future together—comrades!

Off the screen, the two Bobs and Franchot are friends, certainly, but with none of the deep and thrilling comradeship which they must portray on the screen.

It is a tribute to the individual abilities of Taylor, Tone and Young, that on the screen they create the illusion of being products of the same world, the same thought, and the same troubled times, with similar backgrounds and experiences.

They play their parts with tenderness and integrity. They make the story unfold vividly and brilliantly. They make of friendship a tangible thing. They ARE three comrades, as alike as carbon copies.

■ But in reality, Franchot and Robert Taylor and Bob Young are distinctly different. In fact, they are representatives rather of distinctive types in Hollywood.

Tone—the idealist, the man with the philosophical turn of mind; the cultured product of New England, whose reserve and balance has not been lessened by Fame and Fortune.

Robert Taylor—the Horatio Alger hero, if there ever was one. A youngster who achieved world adulation overnight, became king of a million feminine hearts, but still retained the liking and respect of the men who know him.

And Robert Young—the enthusiastic [*Continued on page* 44]

Don't Bring Rover



Even if he does the cutest tricks, keep Rover in the amateur class for the Hollywoods are full of dog stars

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

■ Want to put your pet in pictures?

If he's smart and cute and you think he has possibilities—he's got a chance . . . about one in a million.

Maybe it's odd and maybe it isn't, but animals are very much like human beings so far as film success is concerned. They either have it or they haven't it, and if they haven't they might as well stay home with the family. And would people try to put their pets in pictures? Indeed they would. Movie struck people the world over are big-hearted that way. They don't draw the line on children who look like Shirley Temple. Anything goes. They'll spend their life savings getting him, her or it a break.

There was that Colorado lad, who had a service station, tourist camp and a bear. On occasion, the bear would annihilate a bottle of pop. It would wrestle with the Colorado lad in the cutest way. The proprietor of the service station plus tourist camp plus bear started writing Hollywood about the bear. He forgot all about the service station and tourist camp.

Eventually his letters found their way to the North Hollywood home and menagerie of one Rennie Renfro, ex-vaudevillian, comedy star, who has trained everything but hooded cobras for screen work. Renfro wrote him a letter asking him a lot of questions. The answers sounded pretty good, so Renfro got the bear a job in a picture. The proprietor closed up his camp, etc., etc., and started for Hollywood in a trailer.

The bear didn't like the trailer. The film company was agog, as they so quaintly put it, and waited with bated breath for the arrival of trailer and bear. Somewhere on the broad plains in the light of the stars the bear and the trailer got a divorce. Weeks later, after another bear had been secured, Renfro got a letter from the proprietor.

"I finally caught the bear," the letter stated, "and have a stronger trailer. We will be with you soon."

"If the bear dislikes Hollywood that much," Renfro answered, "keep him home."

But the man and the new trailer and the bear arrived. The bear drank his pop very well, and he wrestled with his owner and proprietor very well. Renfro decided to do a little wrestling and the bear got tough. Renfro, displeased, socked the bear on the snout and told his friend:

"You and the bear go away. He won't wrassle with anybody but you, and you can't appear in all the pictures with him."

Unconvinced, the man from Colorado spent all his money, six months and anything else handy to get bruin a career. The final pay-off came when Pete Smith, the commentator, a mild man, called for the bear. The bear didn't like Pete, took a swipe at him. The man, the bear and the trailer went home.

■ Then there was the lady from San Francisco who had the cat. This cat was very, very bright, the lady said. So Renfro told the lady she'd better stay in San Francisco, so she brought the cat to Hollywood. She could make the cat sit up by holding a piece of fish about six inches from its nose.

"That cat," said Rennie, "is no good. Take him back to San Francisco."

His real name is "Skippy," though you know him as "Asta" and as "Mr. Smith" in *The Thin Man* and *The Awful Truth*



Below, Rennie Renfro and his remarkable "Buster" go through the reading lesson which is part of special training



"No, indeed," said the lady. She visited studio after studio, finally learning what Rennie had already told her—that she'd have to work in the pictures with the cat to hold the fish close enough to its mug to make it sit up. And that wouldn't do. So after spending a small fortune she went back to San Francisco and, as far as Rennie knows, she's been there ever since.

"Cats are dumb," he says. "You can make 'em come to you, go away, and stay put, like when they are on the mantelpiece. But that's all."

■ Rennie, who has fifty dogs, two mountain lions given him by Clark Gable, six cats, some fowl and a few odds and ends tripping him up as he walks around his house, ought to know. He's been toying with pets—and loving them—since he was old enough to get outside the yard down in Denison, Texas, and bring home a stray mutt.

He's boss of several well-known dogs. Buster, now 15 years old, dozes in a chair in his sitting room. Buster, in his time, has made or has caused to be made, about a quarter of a million dollars, much of which Rennie spent trying to manufacture a dog food which was too good for the dogs. Buster was the star of *Lucky Dog*, with Chic Sale—he was star of the famous *Barkies*, which netted Rennie $1,750 a week—and as a featured player he has netted as high as $500 a week.

Buster is retired to a life of indolence. Dogs today rate only as featured players. A bright dog gets $7.50 a day for doing bits. A very bright dog will get $50 a day, and you can get a college graduate for that figure. Rennie's big number, a mutt with sad eyes and a dead pan who is brighter than you'd think, collects as high as $250 a week, some weeks. But the day of the money dog is gone. Rin-Tin-Tin, greatest of the dog stars, made $1,500 a week every week under the guidance of his master, Lee Duncan.

Strongheart didn't do badly—about half that.

■ The big three of the dog men in Hollywood today are Renfro, with a dozen "pay dogs," Karl Spitz, of the Hollywood Dog Training School, who brought "Buck" to the screen, and Henry East, trainer of Mr. Asta, a wire-hair whose right name is "Skippy." "Buck," who shared the honors with Gable in *Call of the Wild*, and later worked for Twentieth Century-Fox in such pictures as *Beyond the Border*, for a time netted himself $750 a week. Mr. Asta, pal of Bill Powell in *The Thin Man* and *After the Thin Man*, is good for about $300 a week.

"Toughie," technically known as a "mutt Shepherd," is the property of a Wyoming cowboy. He walked into pictures quite by chance, much as a human actor might. Henry Hathaway, director, was on location for *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* with Fred MacMurray, Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda, when he saw the dog. The animal worked for $100 a week. Later he was starred in *Treve* at Universal, but only shared the billing.

"Dogs are the smartest of all animals," Renfro says. "You pick 'em and train 'em for six months, and you have something. I got Buster from Henry Lehrman, the producer. He was the runt in a mongrel litter of nine. Lehrman made me give him $25 for him. Six months later he worked him in a picture, tried to buy him back for $5,000. I wouldn't sell him. I love that dog."

■ Renfro says not to bring your dog to Hollywood if he's a trickster.

"Trained dogs don't mean anything in Hollywood," he says. "The kind of dog that clicks is the animal that's got a smart look in his eye. You take him, see if he's as smart as he looks. If he is, you get him used to you and then work him in pictures. Once on the set, you tell him what to do and he does it. It'll be different every time, so there's no use in training a dog to do a lot of goofy stuff he'll never need. It's not education but natural brains that count."

This spur of the moment stuff Renfro illustrates by pointing out a couple of tricks of Buster. On one occasion, Buster went to a pile of sixteen articles and picked them out one at a time. Renfro called for "black shoe," "brown shoe," "light cap" and "dark cap," and "horn with a bulb on it." On another occasion, Renfro was blindfolded, and directed Buster by means of cards. The dog obeyed several cards silently and then started barking. Renfro had his direction card upside down. He righted it and Buster went on with his work. Walking "cold" onto a set, Renfro got Buster to push an egg across a room with his nose and get it under a bed in five minutes.

■ Hollywood has produced other "money" animals. Pete, the pooch, no longer with Hal Roach, made $500 as a member of "Our Gang"—every week. Henry Lucenay, his master, now has him in vaudeville and successfully, too, while Roach has found his own "Pete," owned by the company.

The late and [*Continued on page* 47]

Pete, the famous purp of Our Gang Comedies, is an honorary Indian chief, and wears a war bonnet with authority



Buck is one of the best canine actors in Hollywood. Remember his performance in *The Call of the Wild* some years ago?









Summer in

■ Even though Anita Louise is busy at work in *Marie Antoinette* and in *Every Woman's Life*, she has time to think about summer clothes. Above and left you see her in a white flannel lounging robe in her own pink and white bedroom which depends on gold stitching for its only decoration.

Above, under the biggest sun hat she could find, Miss Louise poses with her rubber plant, known as the gentlest of all possible pets. Notice the short coolie jacket, worn with slacks to match.

Left, is a corner of the gold and white drawing room which is so suitable a background for the owner's blonde beauty. In the summer, Miss Louise indulges her passion for prints, and this flowered dinner gown is typical of many she chooses for warm evenings.





the South

Above, most sedate is the long cotton housecoat, brilliant with color, but the skirt can be slipped off in a jiffy. Tailored tennis shorts are attached to the blouse.

The library of Anita Louise's home is decorated in shades of gold, beige and brown, with ivory carpeting. Above and right is the owner in a favored costume for evenings at home . . . a sheath-like black crepe dress under shocking pink brocade jacket, decorated with coral frogs down the front.

Right, in the elaborate court costume and high piled hair of her role in *Marie Antoinette,* the actress may be more stately, but she much prefers her own comfortable wardrobe.



Never a Dull Moment!



Caricatures by McGowan Miller

When the postman rings at a star's home, he may be delivering anything from a live crocodile to a stuffed mouse

By GRACE SIMPSON

■ If you want to receive just about every kind of gift under the sun, then become a movie star!

The Hollywood studios and private homes of the film players are deluged with countless packages from cranks, convicts, small-time blackmailers, children and sincere admirers.

■ Often the gifts are of real value and beauty. These frequently are returned by players, who wish to avoid the embarrassment of being obligated to persons who are total strangers to them. But the odd, clever, inexpensive items are accepted in the generous spirit in which they are sent.

Bing Crosby, for example, recently received a tiny, portable "hot dog" stand, complete with stove, fryer, grease, buns, mustard and the quite necessary "dogs."

Rosalind Russell once received what is thought to be the largest fan gift ever to find its way into Hollywood. It was a live oak tree that some Southern admirer sent her for the backyard of her home!

Typical of the presents that seem to be an expression of maternal solicitude, each Christmas brings Jack Oakie a pair of hand-knitted socks from an elderly lady in Sedalia, Missouri.

Another time, Jack received a wide belt, woven of twine, from a San Quentin convict. In appreciation, Jack sent a five dollar bill to the donor. Since that time, indicating the mouching element behind some of the gifts, he has received thirteen such belts from different prisoners.

■ Sometimes there is a lot of humor connected with the sending and the receiving of gifts from the fans.

Attempting to discourage a flow of expensively carved leather gifts from a Mexican admirer beyond the Rio Grande, Joan Blondell wrote and told him she was hereafter passing all the tokens onto hubby Dick Powell. Wallets and such, she added, were a bit too masculine for her.

That would be rebuff enough, she thought, if the gentleman knew his Emily Post! But Joan hadn't reckoned with Latin gallantry, and shortly thereafter received an air mail reply.

Since Joan wished to give those gifts to Powell, she could forget it, the admirer wrote. He, the bes dam caballero in all Mexico, would send the items of leather to Dick himself. As for Miss Blondell, her gifts in the future, would be combs, lace mantillas and other distinctly feminine frippery.

Gary Cooper once received a rusty six-shooter from a rancher in Montana, who claimed he had found the old gun in a cave once used as a hide-away by a notorious local outlaw named Jack Adams.

Not quite so acceptable was the expensive looking box of cigars that Robert Woolsey recently received. They turned out, to his dismay after smoking one, to be the exploding kind!

From a maiden lady in Hamilton, Ohio, Una Merkel receives a sort of a progressive gift. During the past four years, every Christmas, Easter and other holidays have brought Una a lovely piece of Spode china, until now she has a complete set of dishes. But what pleases Una most are the intelligent and charming letters that have come from the gracious donor.

Una also recently received a collection of pennies, dating back to 1859, from an Eastern fan.

■ But think how Joel McCrea must have felt when he applied for a present some fan sent him and it turned out to be a genuine A number 1 cow of no mean pro- [*Continued on page* 56]



DANIELLE DARRIEUX

Although her first American picture, Universal's *The Rage of Paris*, has not been released yet, the little French actress has become the rage of Hollywood, and great things are promised for her



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2



3

All Around the Town

From sets to circus and back by way of some parties went the candid camera, and here are some of the highly contrasted activities of a normal Hollywood day. 1. Cary Grant and Doris Nolan in a scene from the comedy drama, *Holiday*, at Columbia. 2. Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power, each with a handful of peanuts, at the circus. 3. Rita Hayworth, Columbia player, demonstrates the newest thing in dressing rooms. 4. Marlene Dietrich, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Hedy Lamarr and Reginald Gardiner at dinner in the Cocoanut Grove. 5. The war with the Indians still goes on with unabated zeal, as Johnny Mack Brown demonstrates with the help of a couple of redskins in Universal's *Flaming Frontiers*. 6. One of the circus apes bends gallantly over Alice Faye's hand while Tony Martin admires his technique. 7. Lovely Irene Rich has a good time with Edward Everett Horton and Donald Crisp at the Tri-Guild Ball.



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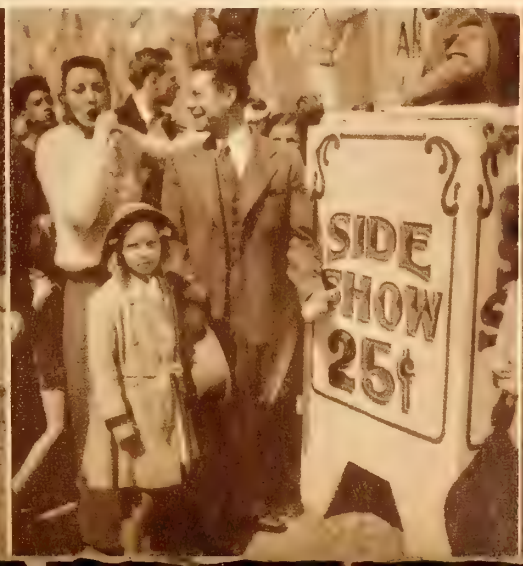
8. Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, caught in the middle of rehearsal for a Maxwell House Coffee broadcast. 9. Carole Lombard and Robert Taylor were interested spectators during that same rehearsal. 10. Something new in trailers was needed when Bill Boyd wanted to take his mounts in from his ranch, so he designed the horse-trailer above. 11. Jane Withers was undecided about giving the peanut to the elephant or eating it herself when this picture was taken, but the elephant won. 12. You've seen her on the screen as June Travis, but the Chicago White Sox think of her as the daughter of general manager Harry Grabiner when she joins them for a work out. That's catcher Luke Sewell in the background. 13. Mary Lou with Papa Joe E. Brown recommend the side show at the circus to Louise Hovick. 14. Mrs. Gene Towne, formerly Betty Brown of the Ziegfeld Follies, and a hat designed by her thoughtful and talented husband. It's guaranteed not to wear out.

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"Gimme Glamour"

She's tired of being called "Moutha" Raye, she sees red when she hears herself named "ultra-violent" Raye, and longs wistfully for a chance to be a fatal woman

By JIM WRIGHT

■ Martha Raye looked very pained, indeed, as she picked herself up off the floor.

She couldn't so much as touch the tingling, afflicted portion of her anatomy. For one thing, a foot-square board was appended there, belted on securely. At each corner of the board was a roller-skate wheel.

Thirty seconds before, on the gleaming deck of the modernistic steamship on which most of the action of *The Big Broadcast of 1938* takes place, six sailors had picked up Martha bodily by arms and legs, swung her one-two-three, then sent her skittering across the deck. And she was horizontal as she went.

So far as we know, no one ever hit a deck in that particular way before. No movie star—certainly no feminine movie star—ever arrived, spread-eagled, on a polished floor by that particular route. Martha was pioneering.

Not that it was her idea. Well, hardly.

A gag writer on the picture dreamed it up. He didn't try to do it, himself. But he thought it would be funny if Martha did it. So did everybody else connected with the picture—except the martyr named Martha. Being a minority of one, she was talked into it.

That's Martha, all over. Can she be temperamental? No. When everybody else is saying "Yes," can she say "No"? No. She's too good a sport. If the bosses want her to try some new stunts, and break the news to her very, very gently—eventually, she'll try it. She'll try anything once. So she does it once, and what happens? She has it to do again. And again, while the camera catches her from an assortment of angles.

I saw her hit the deck, for example, so many times that I lost count. After the last "take," she wobbled toward the sidelines with her knees half-way to the floor—in the manner of Leon Errol just before his rubber-like legs cave in under him. Pained as she unquestionably was, she could still clown for the crowd on the set. That's like Martha, too.

Helpers started taking off her skating harness. I asked her, "Did you ever, by any chance, think of this as an easy way to earn a living?"

She sat down. (To my amazement, she was *able* to sit down.) She exhaled a cloud of smoke from her freshly-lighted cigarette. She said, "Well, I'm still in one piece. That's something."

She didn't shout, as she shouts on the screen. If I hadn't been sitting right beside her, I wouldn't have heard what she said.

That's one of the surprising things about Martha, in person: Her voice is husky, but it's low. You don't believe your ears at first. Any more than, at first glance at her in person, you believe your eyes. She is prettier than you'd suspect after seeing her facial contortions on the screen. She just doesn't open her mouth that wide—in person.

She added, "You know, doing scenes like this is a lot of fun—because I feel so good when I'm all through." She stretched out her shapely legs, luxuriating in relaxation. "It's like hitting yourself over the head with a mallet. It feels so good when you stop.

■ "This scene wasn't so hard. Just the floor was hard. You should have seen some of the other little stunts I've had to do for this picture. Like getting myself tossed out through a big porthole—and landing, sitting, on the anchor hanging outside. The jar nearly brought my wisdom teeth in ahead of time. Then, one other day, I had to flounder around the tank on the back lot, half-drowning, but swimming with a baby seal in my arms.

"Practically every time I turn around, I have to get in positions no other girl in Hollywood even has nightmares about. I can't walk straight across any stage. I have to prance, fall down, jump on somebody. Or something. Something goofy.

"Sometimes, I wonder how it all started. I opened my mouth—and they thought I could do *anything*. So far, I've kept up with their ideas. But, boy, am I getting worried!

■ "I had to catch golf balls in my mouth for *Double or Nothing*. That was the tops in things-to-do. I mean: I thought it was—then. Now I'm getting suspicious. Maybe it wasn't.

"What do you mean—did I actually catch 'em? That stunt wasn't done with mirrors! I'm lucky to have all my teeth still in my head. Not to mention my tonsils. . . . If anybody should step up and ask you: I do all my stunts, myself. I don't use doubles. If I'm hurt, I'll be taken care of. But doubles [*Continued on page* 36]

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, *when applied direct to the skin!*



New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything *like* this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."



Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (*reading down*) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "These We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

FREEZING

THE HARD WAY



Royce Finlay puts a few finishing icicles on "frozen" Harold Lloyd; an assistant stands by with a mirror, his coat collar turned up in sympathy

The thermometer registered 84 degrees on the stage where Harold Lloyd was freezing, but he shudders at the memory

By EMILY NORRIS

■ For two days and nights the unfortunate man had been accidentally locked up in a refrigerator car, coldly designed to deliver crates of frozen lettuce to the East. His clothes were solid ice, smooth and hard as a skating rink. His eyes were frozen shut, with icicles pointing stiffly downwards from the corners, and frost whitening his lashes. His ears and nose were cakes of ice, and his hair needed defrosting.

Miraculously, he could still walk, although with every step he sounded like the breaking up of an ice floe. They had to chop him out of his coat, chisel his vest off, ice-pick him out of his shoes and hack his pants off. A human icicle!

These poor screen stars! What they suffer for your entertainment!

Transforming Harold Lloyd into the animated glacier seen in this picture was quite a problem. But the problem was solved by one of those Hollywood magicians who are expert at making things appear what they aren't. The magic in this case was accomplished by Royce Finlay, Mr. Lloyd's private magician, a good-looking young prop man who works dozens of miracles a day and usually thinks nothing of it. However, he admits that the problem of "freezing" Mr. Lloyd gave him a headache.

The story calls for the star and his new leading lady, Phyllis Welch, to be locked in the refrigerator car of a train for two days. When they are finally taken out at Jersey Junction, New York, in company with several crates of frozen lettuce, they are frozen also!

"Of course, we could freeze the lettuce," said Mr. Finlay, "but it was obviously impractical to freeze Mr. Lloyd and Miss Welch. I began to experiment. I soaked one of Mr. Lloyd's suits in paraffin. It dried stiff, all right, but there was too much ice effect and the paraffin made the suit many shades too dark.

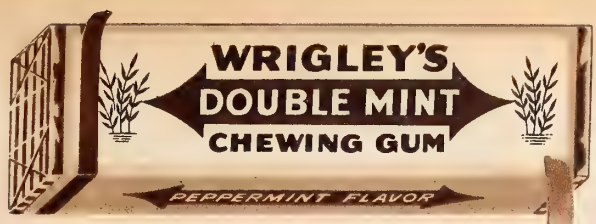
"I appropriated another suit and this time used less paraffin, but there was still too much ice and the suit was still too dark. When I had ruined five suits—suits that had been expressly made for Mr. Lloyd for this picture—and a hundred dollar leather coat belonging to Miss Welch, I had a definite feeling of frustration, a feeling that was shared, incidentally, by the stars.

"Then I got a brilliant idea. Line the suits with buckram and *paint* the paraffin on! Until two o'clock that night, I cut patterns and lined another suit. I'd never cut a pattern before in my life.

"Then I bleached the suit white and dipped it in dye much lighter than its original color. Then I painted paraffin onto it; on top of the paraffin I put rubber cement, then more paraffin. Then I brushed it hard to give it the sheen of ice. As a final touch, I added about twenty-five pounds of clear rosin. And lo! the suit was properly 'frozen' and of the right color."

■ To "freeze" the faces of Harold Lloyd and Phyllis Welch, Mr. Finlay invented a horrible concoction: beaten whites of eggs and epsom salts. He made the icicles dripping from the corners of their mouths and eyes out of silicate of soda—liquid glass to you. Liquid glass, when it sets, is hard and brittle, and not any too safe. All three—whites of eggs, epsom salts and silicate of soda—went on their hair for the frost effect. It took the stars two hours every morning to get into this frozen state and two hours every evening to get out of it.

It required the combined efforts of three strong men to pour Mr. Lloyd into his ice suit. Two men stood up on a packing box, lifted him off the floor and lowered him gently into his trousers, which were held by Mr. Finlay. The only discomfort Mr. Icicle Lloyd suffered



A doubly lovely You this healthful Double Mint way...

HERE is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which refreshing *Double Mint gum* adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise... In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. *Below left,* is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. *Below right,* is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

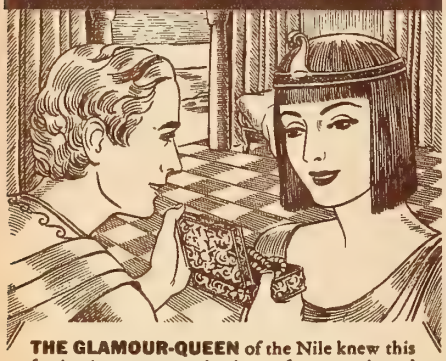
"Oh yes," you say, *"I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style."* Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. *Buy several packages today.*



For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart **DOUBLE MINT** *dress, designed in* **NEW YORK** *and made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **McCALL** *Pattern 9758.* *(Sizes 12-20)*
You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

For Parties — look as lovely as Walt Disney's star **"SNOW WHITE"** *in this Snow White* **DOUBLE MINT** *dress made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **McCALL** *Pattern 558.*
You can buy pattern (6-14 yrs.) at local department stores. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

Are You a MODERN CLEOPATRA?



THE GLAMOUR-QUEEN of the Nile knew this fascinating secret — the lure of a smooth and deliciously fragrant skin...



TAKE A TIP from History's No. 1 Charmer and keep always adorable with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"



—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. C, New York.

... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

was the terrific heat of his paraffin "armor" under the hot studio lights.

Mr. Finlay also tried soaking Miss Welch's dress in liquid glass, to save the trouble of the buckram lining, dipping, dyeing and painting with paraffin. It came out beautifully, giving just the desired effect. Unfortunately, Miss Welch sneezed a minute or so after getting into the dress, and it broke in a number of embarrassing pieces!

One of the simplest requests gave Finlay the most trouble in *Professor, Beware!* In one scene, the star was supposed to eat alfalfa. Finlay was asked to find something that looked like alfalfa, but which was a little more tempting to the human appetite. He tried celery tops. He tried water-cress. He tried parsley. He raided a green market in an attempt to find something, anything, that might be mistaken for alfalfa. But nothing photographed right, so finally the star graciously gave in and grazed his way through real alfalfa, another noble sacrifice to realism.

"Gimme Glamour"

[*Continued from page* 32]

wouldn't be. Oh, they'd get their hospital expenses, all right. But the salary wouldn't go on.

"That happened on *Rhythm on the Range*, my first picture. I was supposed to fall head first down a deep well. A double did it, and got hurt, and that was the end of her screen earnings for a while. I haven't had a double since. I'm willing to try any stunt, once. If I can do it, swell. If I can't—well, we'll just skip that stunt. So far, the only thing I've skipped has been a rope. I've been doing all right by the liniment companies. . . ."

■ On the screen, Martha may have to look as if she were absent when the brains were passed around. Off the screen, she doesn't have that blissful vacuity.

She proved it with what she said next: "But it isn't a question of how long I'll be able to do these crazy stunts and like 'em. It's a question of how long I'll be able to do them and have the public like 'em. So far, there haven't been any complaints. Well, not many. Not enough to count. But I'd sure like to be able to do something when, and if, the turnover comes.

"That's why I want to be a glamour girl. Glamour girls last forever.

■ "I'm not kidding. I mean it. That's what I want to be: a glamour girl. More of one than I am, anyway. *That* ought to be possible.

"Don't get me wrong. I don't want to pull a Garbo or a Dietrich or a Hepburn on the folks. I just want to have people think of me as something besides a wild woman who plays rough. Something besides 'ultra-violent Raye.'

"I know they go to see that wild woman, and I'm grateful. Where would I be if they didn't? But I'd like to spread the idea around that, maybe, in person, I'm different. Maybe I'm not that scatter-brained. Maybe I'm not that noisy. Maybe—maybe I've even got sex appeal. A *little*, anyway.

"How would *you* like to go skating across a floor, with the skates anchored where you sit down, and have people thinking that you probably do that every morning, before breakfast, just for exercise? How would *you* like to have golf balls popped into your mouth, and have people think you'd rather do that than be kissed, any day in the week. See what I mean?"

What really sears her sensitivity, though, is that nickname "Moutha."

"I kid about it, out loud, but—I can't



Toby Wing, now playing on the New York stage in *You Never Know*, helped Philco television engineers demonstrate that images of blondes may be sent over waves just as easily as those of brunettes. She is sitting before a television camera, ready to see her televised image in receiving set.

help feeling it, inside. I'm human. *No* girl would like a nickname like that. And, believe it or not, a lot of fans object, too. They put themselves in my place.

■ "Between pictures, I went on a personal appearance tour a while ago. And do you know what was the swellest thing about that trip, to me? The number of people—fans and reporters and the like—who said, surprised-like, 'Why, you're a lot nicer off the screen than on!'

"When you know a million people think you're the same, on or off, it's sweet music to hear a hundred say they think otherwise and that they like *you* better than the character you've created. You wonder what would happen if they got to thinking of you as a person apart from your roles.

The way things are now, when the camera isn't turning, people right here on my own set think I'm sick if I'm serious five minutes at a stretch. You hear Hollywood people talk about the too, too ghastly experience of having to live your private life in public. I'd like to see an article sometime about being expected to live your public life in private.

"Being so rough on the screen, I try to be as plain and subdued as possible off it. I have to wear such crazy loud clothes on the screen, my off-screen clothes have to be twice as simple as little Dolly Dingleberry's. Otherwise, I'd be 'trying to attract attention' in private life, too. But nobody seems to have thought much about that non-violent Raye person. I'm going to have to do something drastic. I'm going to have to go languorous, or something, in my photographs. And, boy, is that a suppressed urge of every girl—to be languorous. It's another word for 'glamorous.'

■ "I said to somebody the other day that I'd like to do a picture without doing some hi-de-hi singing. And look at what happened. Somebody else accused me of going high-brow, wanting to sing opera, instead. What I meant was that I'd like to do a picture without having to sing at all. Just for a change. Just to see what would happen.

"It certainly is easier in this town to be pretty than what I am now. When you're pretty, other people worry about how you look. When you're not, you do your own worrying. Of course, that keeps you on your toes. But, on the other hand, you have to do so much more to get attention.

"I'm not battling with the studio about what I'll do on the screen. I'm just selling them an idea by easy stages, the way *they* sell *me* an idea. They're beginning to design some good-looking clothes for me. Wally Westmore—the make-up chief, himself—is making me up these days. In appearance, I'm improving a little bit, if possible.

"Watch my smoke. Maybe I'll be a glamour girl yet."

And maybe she will. Stranger things have happened. Even in Hollywood.

Three mistakes ...in the bride's house!



The bed spread was a beauty when she bought it—snow-white muslin with bands of embroidery and yards of perky flounce! But the poor little bride made a sad mistake! She washed her spread with lazy soap—and left it full of tattle-tale gray.



Spic-and-span new, the vanity skirt was something to make friends chirp with delight. But not after the little bride tubbed it. Her lazy soap just couldn't wash clean. And nobody had the courage to tell her—"Change to Fels-Naptha Soap. It gets all the dirt!"



Tattle-tale gray spoiled this slip-cover, too—and all the bride's wash—until Aunt Ruth got her Fels-Naptha. Thanks to its richer golden soap and lots of naptha, that stuck-fast dirt had to let go! Now the bride's washes sparkle like snow! And everybody raves about her home!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

Stops
PERSPIRATION
FOR ONE TO THREE DAYS
ZIP CREAM DEODORANT
Destroys body odors. Easy to apply; harmless to clothing; and ideal on sanitary napkins. Just a little under the arm and ZIP!—you're free of perspiration odor.
MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
THE BEST TO BE HAD
10c • 25c • 50c
STOPS PERSPIRATION
ZIP
Cream Deodorant
A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION
For unwanted hair—
ZIP Depilatory Cream

HAIR ON FACE ARMS, LEGS and BODY
REALLY GONE!
ZIP
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
EPILATOR
Treatment or Free Demonstration at
Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York
Simple. Quick. Leaves no trace of hair. With each package of ZIP Epilator, you get a large bottle of BOUQUET JORDEAU, a refreshing fragrance. This is a double value offer. Do not miss it. All good stores.

BE A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE
Study at home—train the "Pierce Way." Home Study Course or 6 months Practical HOSPITAL Course for resident students. THERE IS A DEMAND FOR PIERCE TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSES. Write for free book.
PIERCE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING
702 West 17th St., Secretary C-30, Los Angeles, Calif.

Picture your hair WITH SOLO Curls

Jean Parker
Featured in the
COLUMBIA PICTURE, "PENITENTIARY"
A few minutes and a few Solo Curlers are all you need to transform straggly, unattractive hair into soft, lovely curls. No lotions . . . no heat . . . no fuss.
SOLO RED TOP
5¢
SOLO Curlers
SOLD AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



An important part of Ann Miller's career is her beauty, so she gives it particular care in the summer months, so hard on skin and hair. You'll see the little dancer next in Columbia's *You Can't Take It With You*, and after that with the Marx Brothers in Radio's *Room Service*

BE A SUMMER SIREN

A drop in time of just the right beauty article may save many tear-drops under the hot summer sun

By ANN VERNON

■ Take a look at Ann Miller's pretty dressing table and you'll see one of the reasons why she and all the other Hollywood girls are eyefuls. Ranged in neat rows are all the jars, bottles and tubes that help to accent natural beauty and to hide or correct any imperfections.

Ann's dressing table is always more completely arrayed during summer than in winter, for she has discovered that the outdoor life she leads, comes hot weather, plays tricks on her skin and hair—unless she resorts to antidotes in bottles and jars. Then, too, so much more of her is visible in warm weather, that there's more territory to c o v e r—beautifully

speaking . . . Her toes, for instance. She could get by without tinting them to match her fingernails in winter, when they're incased in shoes—but when they make their debut in smart toeless clogs, they must have the accent of polish in tropical tones.

A bottle of sunburn preventive is another "must" item on any clever girl's beauty list. Peeling nose and shoulders, or a skin that is tanned beyond the smart limits of bisque or beige softness, just don't go with the new deal in women's fashions—a heightened femininity. . . . Soak up the sunshine, for health and fun, but eliminate the harmful rays with a screen of protective liquid. How about the one that was developed, several years ago in Sweden, to protect skiers' faces from the painful burning caused by sun on snow? It's a thin, almost colorless, liquid which applies and dries fast. . . . There are sun glasses impregnated with the same filtering ingredient that's in the liquid.

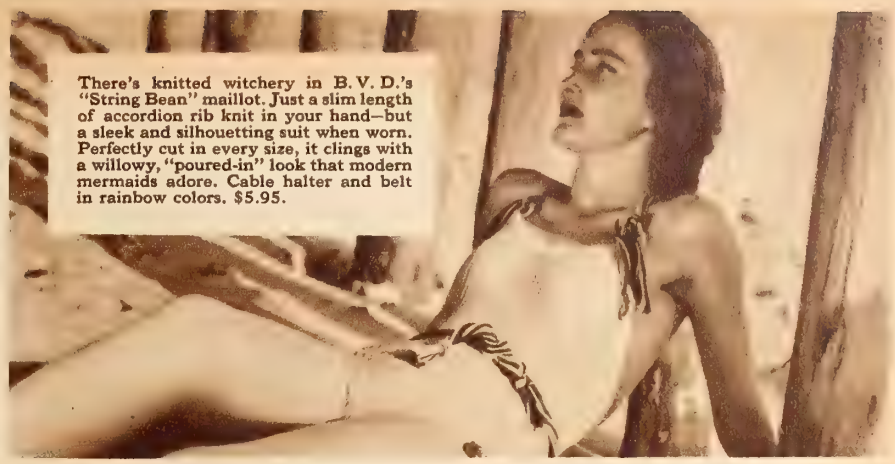
When you pack your beach bag with suntan lotion and all the odds and ends that make for beauty at the beach, tuck in a box of small cotton squares for applying the lotion. The ones I refer to are out now in a new mauve-pink window package, as decorative as it is convenient. You'll find that the application of *any* lotion is easier, more economical, when you use these sanitary absorbent cotton squares. They make grand eye pads, too.

Ever noticed how leathery fishermen's and farmers' skins get? That's because they are out in sun and wind most of the time. *Your* skin will react the same way, unless you use a sun lotion, when actually outdoors, and then replace missing oils each night by slathering on a good emollient cream. Which cream? Well, I can recommend a new all-purpose blend of vitamins A and D, created by a house that is definitely not new. . . . The cream is white, light and fragrant, and the vitamins in it are the result of y'ars and y'ars of chemical research. You can buy the jars, with their green and black labels, at the V and X for 10 and 25 cents.

■ Once your skin takes on the richness and depth of pigmentation that old Sol brings, better no rouge and powder at all, than the same ones you've used all winter! Let your cosmetics deepen. Wear, for example, the new champagne shade of a famous face powder. It goes beautifully with your summer skin, with the new wheat-toned hats and accessories, with all pastels. . . . There's a companion lipstick of a warm, coppery red that's just

[*Continued on page* 49]

If you'd like to have the names of any of these summer beauty aids, or special help with your summer beauty problems, why not write Ann Vernon? Her expert advice is free—just send a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) return addressed envelope with your problem letter. The address is Ann Vernon, in care of HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



There's knitted witchery in B. V. D.'s "String Bean" maillot. Just a slim length of accordion rib knit in your hand—but a sleek and silhouetting suit when worn. Perfectly cut in every size, it clings with a willowy, "poured-in" look that modern mermaids adore. Cable halter and belt in rainbow colors. $5.95.

For a more beautiful YOU

...we designed these *B.V.D. beauty-line Swim Suits!

● That flash of slim grace is you—that beauty line is yours—in one of these B.V.D. Swim Suits. For B.V.D.'s superbly fitting fabrics and alluring fashions make every girl a goddess in her swim suit.

B.V.D.'s "Crow's Nest" skirted suit (*right*) fits like a dream. It gives you such triumphs of B.V.D. design as the new "Crosstide" stitch, self-adjusting elastic uplift and extra seat-fullness. The heart-shaped bra is smoothly lined (*all* B.V.D. skirted models feature bust-lining—maillots are fully lined). **$5.95.**

"Egyptian" (*below*) — gay hieroglyphics leave their imprint of beauty on this shimmering "*Sea Satin by B.V.D." Lovelier than ever in texture, and in colors that defy fading in sun or salt water. Designed with B.V.D.'s exclusive *Fantom Skirt* — a slim panel attached in front to give a smooth and slenderizing line. **$8.95.**





The Sea Horse is the sign of beauty, of sculptured lines and exclusive features. Look for this emblem on the smartest swim suit fashions of 1938!

B.V.D. Swim Suits

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The B.V.D. Corporation,
Empire State Building, New York City







Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 10*]



Wallace Ford is accustomed to a stream of visitors rushing back stage crying "Magnificent" over his performance in *Of Mice and Men*, voted the best play of the season by the Critics' Circle. Stuart Erwin, who just has finished *Three Blind Mice* at Twentieth Century-Fox wanted to do something different, so he brought a custom built mouse with him as a tribute. Mrs. Ford and Una O'Connor watch the presentation ceremonies with evident pleasure

the new French star who enacts the title role, standing helplessly in the center of a room.

And the reason? Danielle couldn't say, "sour puss," that good American expression. She was supposed to tell Doug Fairbanks, Jr., "You come from a long line of sour pusses," but couldn't for the life of her manage to twist those two words around her tongue. Time and again she tried, but finally the lines had to be re-written. The same thing happened one time when Lily Pons couldn't utter the word, "Bunk."

■ When Johnny Downs walked on the set of *Algiers* for his first day's work, the head electrician approached him with a grin. "I'm glad you won the part, Mr. Downs," he informed the astonished Johnny, clasping his hand heartily. "I just collected $18 on you."

Eighteen candidates had been tested for the role, it appeared, and eighteen set workers each had chipped in a dollar on a name. The electrician had taken Johnny's name, and when he was cast in the part won the $18 pot.

LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOODS: Rita Johnson now wears the screwiest hats in Hollywood . . . her latest could double for a lampshade . . . Charles Boyer resembles Paul Muni while working . . . he doesn't like to speak to anyone while on the set . . . Mitzi Green had no sooner arrived in town than Anne Shirley was on the wire . . . they've seen each other daily ever since, renewing old acquaintance . . . so enthralled did Lucille Ball wax over the trailer she and Joe Penner used in *Go Chase Yourself* that following completion of that film she hied herself to the nearest dealer and bought a beauty . . . that reminds us that Fred Astaire purchased a new car . . . he bragged all over town about it, and all his friends thought it would be at least a nineteen cylinder de luxe model . . . instead, it was a second-hand station-wagon . . . to Fred, though, it still was sumpin . . . first act of Mary Maguire under her new Fox contract was to ask her wardrobe woman's daughter to be her stand-in . . . nice gesture, that. . . .

It must be really something to be a movie star—Freddie Bartholomew is said to have received more than fifteen hundred presents on his birthday . . . how'd you like to acknowledge that many? Freddie, incidentally, attends school with that new glamour-girl, Lana Turner . . . yep, it must great to be a star . . . Bert Wheeler's recent venture into the haberdashery business ended in his getting the gong . . . it went plop . . . Hugh Herbert can pick up honey bees in his hands without being stung—if you care . . . add goofy touches—Glenda Farrell tints each finger-nail a different color . . . just try it gals, and see what happens when the boy friend arrives . . . both Carole Lombard and Alice Faye are confirmed bicycle riders . . . they travel back and forth

between their dressing rooms and the sets, if they aren't wearing too billowy skirts . . . it's a thrill to glimpse Frances Drake doing the rhumba with Tony Moreno . . . as this is being written, the James Cagneys and the Robert Youngs have just gone east for a holiday on their respective farms . . . Cagney at Martha's Vineyard and Young in Connecticut . . . wonder why they don't buy farms closer to Hollywood. . . .

Tony Martin attends the fights every Friday night with George Burns and George Raft, while Alice Faye remains home and throws a party for her girl friends . . . when Louise Hovick (but she'll ALWAYS be Gypsy Rose Lee) dropped by one of Los Angeles' most exclusive furniture shops to buy linoleum and such for her trailer, she was stopped by a snooty clerk telling her——"Madam, we do not furnish trailers" . . . for the first time on the screen, George Raft will sing in *Spawn of the North* . . . he's danced aplenty but never warbled . . . if you'd like to get in good with your friends, give 'em hand-done needlepointed backgammon covers . . . that's what Kay Francis is doing . . . she's become unusually expert at the art . . . good news that William Powell is up and out again . . . many believed he'd never make another picture, but he's already considering two. . . .

Frank Morgan now is the proud owner of the yacht, Katinka, the one that took Director Tay Garnett around the world a year or so ago . . . it's a prize-fighter now for Robert Montgomery . . . the actor is backing a young fighter whose mother is a waitress at Metro.

■ Oddity of the month concerns Ned Sparks, the dead-pan comedian, and his pet bulldog, Betsy Ann, who snores like a retired army colonel.

Betsy Ann sleeps in a bed the perfect



Warner Baxter has finished his part in *Kidnapped* at Twentieth Century-Fox, and all of his thoughts are on his swordfish tackle. The chairs, with built-in rests for heavy duty tackle, are part of the special deep sea fishing equipment for his 51-foot yacht, *The Warwynne*



NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT

Is greaseless and actually cooling —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has *everything*—an ICE DEODORANT!

It's easy to put on! It's actually cooling! It's absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It *checks perspiration!*

The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

And here's another thing about this new ICE that will thrill you. It checks perspiration the instant you apply it . . . banishes worry over stained dresses and offending odors up to three days!

Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, wholesome smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it's on, leaving you fresh, dainty —cool.

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Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow . . . only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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Corns or callouses soon lift out when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medication,* included in every box. Made THIN and THICK in all sizes and shapes for all conditions. For FREE sample of Corn size also Dr. Scholl's FOOT Booklet, address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

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ALL HOLLYWOOD is talking about LaBELLE, the new Mildly scented DEPILATORY, for use to EASILY REMOVE and GET RID OF SURPLUS HAIR. Ideal for face and neck—as it is PURE AND HARMLESS. See your druggist, or by mail send only $1.00 for GENEROUS SUPPLY—probably all you'll ever need—$2.00 for large size. If not satisfied, money refunded. **LaBELLE LABORATORIES, Dept. K-1, Suite 1124, 210 W. 7th Street, Los Angeles, California.**



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To be certain you will continue to look as lovely as the minute you set out—carry RUN-R-STOP in your purse. One drop will stop a run or snag *permanently.* Once used you will never want to be without it. A HANDSOME RED & BLACK VANITY protects the tube in purse. Ask for it at drug, chain, department and shoe stores. **10c**

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NEW FREE OFFER Send 10c for Camille's sensational new Mascara and brush in handsome plastic vanity for carrying in purse and we'll also send **FREE** a purse-size case of Nail White in a new convenient form. Address Dept. B.
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replica of the one occupied by her master. It stands beside Ned's, and even the brilliant bed-spread is the same. "What's good enough for me is good enough for my purp," Ned confides, as he exhibits Betsy Ann's sleeping quarters.

Incidentally, it may be noted that Betsy Ann lies out straight, instead of sleeping —as other dogs do—curled up in a ball.

■ If you'd like to know how a star reduces, here's the actual diet Madeleine Carroll uses to lose poundage. When she returned from England to continue her screen career, she discovered she was ten pounds over-weight, and immediately set about to remedy that.

Breakfast—black coffee and orange juice.

Luncheon—cottage cheese and a tomato.

Dinner—fish and spinach.

■ The next time Claire Trevor decides to play a joke on her gang at the radio station where she broadcasts once a week with Edward G. Robinson will be way, Way, WAY in the future.

Claire arrived for her broadcast with a large diamond adorning the third finger of her left hand. Nobody knew it, of course, but it was a prop ring she wears in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse.*

No more had she finished her broadcast than the company as a whole demanded to know the meaning of the ring. When she reached home, her telephone was ringing, with both friends and newspapers hot on the trail of her "engagement." Not until dawn did the phone cease ringing, with Claire almost a nervous wreck from loss of sleep denying she was on the verge of an elopement.

■ Are you a short-wave addict? John Boles is, and in his home has more than $3,000 worth of radio equipment, through which he converses with unknown friends in various parts of the world. South Africa, Australia, Europe, Siberia . . . those are only a few of the locations he speaks to regularly over his broadcasting set. At least once a week he'll devote an entire evening to such talk. Mebbe, if you're lucky, you can tune in and hear him.

LOVE IN BLOOM:

Constance Worth, once Mrs. George Brent, glimpsed frequently with Charles Richards, one of Hollywood's most popular casting directors. . . . June still a romantic name to Vic Orsatti . . . formerly wed to June Lang, he's often seen with June Knight . . . Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Alexander D'Arcy, the Egyptian actor, vying for the smiles of Jane Stanton, ace tennis player . . . you can always depend upon Simone Simon to do something different . . . she's tossed Hollywood overboard for a University of Southern California football player . . . and is HE the popular one on his campus. . . . That Arleen Whelan-Richard Greene two-some still going strong. . . . Hollywood can't figure out the status of Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel . . . seems to be one of those off-again-on-again matters . . . in case you're interested, it's *GLORIA* Brewster and *CLAUDE* Stroud who are so much together and its *BARBARA* Brewster who is seen with Don Terry.

CUPIDATINGS:

Just TRY to find Priscilla Lane without Wayne Morris . . . and vice versa. . . .



Fearless Bob Burns shows clinging-vine Martha Raye the best way to start a bull fight in Paramount's *Tropic Holiday*

The Winnah!



The engaging Dopey is outstripping all the other dwarfs by many thousands of votes in the Seven Dwarfs Contest. Grumpy is the runner-up, but it was evident, even in the first week of the voting, that Dopey would walk away with the honors. As this magazine goes to press, the judges are tabulating the final returns and arguing strenuously about the prize winners. The list of those who win the handsome awards will be printed in August Hollywood

■ Anthony Averill—he's the new beau gallant of Hollywood . . . on successive nights he was seen with Dennie Moore, Jane Bryan, Margaret Lindsay and Susan Hayward . . . and he's been reported wed twice already . . . one of the handsomest couples we've seen lately is Ilona Massey with Gene Markey . . . Vicki Lester, Radio's blonde of blondes, admits she and Dick Purcell will wed . . . and soon . . . the Andrea Leeds-Jack Dunn (he was Sonja Henie's skating partner) romance seems serious . . . so, too, that of Barbara Pepper and Craig Reynolds . . . Dick Baldwin and Cecilia Parker . . . and Helen Mack and Gordon Oliver . . . "Mr. Wanger is not divorced," Joan Bennett answers those who ask the blonde star if she will wed the producer . . . well, that's an answer . . . Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs have split up, romantically, but it's nice to see that they attend each other's previews with each other . . . mebbe there's hope yet of their reconciling . . . add new combination—Carol Stone and George Mason, who once was engaged to sister Paula . . . is Rosalind Russell forgetting Jimmy Stewart for Producer Davis Lewis? Romances marching month after month include Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant, Frances Langford and Jon Hall, Lucille Ball and Al Hall, Lona Andre and Bill Faye, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power, Cynthia Hobart and Russell Gleason.



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. . . gum helps keep you "on your game" . . . it helps steady your nerves . . . keeps mouth and throat moist.

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"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier" . . . helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.

Always worth stopping for.

When *Excitement* Makes You Perspire

dew

WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET

Careful women avoid underarm odor with DEW, the easy deodorant

Hot weather and exercise are not the *only things* that increase perspiration. When you are excited, you perspire. And it is in exciting, intimate moments that you want to be *sure* underarm odor does not offend. The other person will never mention it. You must be on guard in advance. Use DEW.

DEW is kind to your skin and easy to use. DEW is the choice of smart women who want the poise, the charm, the assurance that come from freedom from perspiration odor. Ask for DEW today at drug stores, toilet goods counters, 10¢ stores. Three sizes: 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. *DEW will keep your secret.*

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Three Comrades On The Screen—And Off

[*Continued from page* 23]

lad to whom Fame came slowly; who worked for what he has achieved over a period of years, who is similar in many respects to ambitious men his age in every walk of life.

■ By the very nature of his character, Hollywood knows Franchot least of these three. He is sensitive and intuitive. He is not one of those hale and hearty individuals who slaps a person on the back on short acquaintance, tells the story of his life, or reveals his cherished thoughts at the drop of a hat.

As a matter of fact, his sole complaint about the business of being an actor is that the private affairs of a player become the property of the world at large. The one thing which made his courtship of Joan Crawford less than ideal was the minute report of its progress in the public press.

His circle of intimates is small. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are frequently on the guest list of those attending the charming dinners given by Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone, when they entertain a famous musician, a world-renowned savant, or others who have won distinction outside the Hollywood world.

With the exception of the reception Joan and Franchot gave for Leopold Stokowski, they have never entertained on a large scale. That is in keeping with the graceful, gracious background which is Franchot's. Son of an important figure in America's business world, his childhood was serene, his education comprehensive.

He attended private schools here and abroad. He had tutors during the time when family travels made school attendance impossible. He is a graduate of Cornell University. He has been awarded the Phi Beta Kappa key—the mark of scholastic excellence.

Franchot Tone is serious and studious—with deep, untapped wells of reserve. He makes friendships slowly, but once his allegiance is given, it is lasting and loyal.

Few know him, for he is not an easy person to know well. But his brilliant mind, his deep understanding of human nature, his fine artistry as an actor have achieved for him a deep respect in Hollywood, which is unmixed by envy or resentment.

His interests are wide. Books, the progress of the theatre, music, new trends in thought and world events, engage his attention. He takes his life and his work seriously, but not himself.

■ The meteoric rise of Robert Taylor has obscured to some extent, his worth as a fine person. It has interfered with



Rudy Vallee and the Schnickelfritz Band join in some violent melody. You'll see them in *Golddiggers in Paris* in even madder activities than this

the honest appraisal of him not only by the world at large, but even by a few in Hollywood.

As the calendar tells the story, he is very young—just about the age when the average young man is getting his first foothold on the rungs of the success ladder.

Taylor reached the top instantly through the force and pulling-power of personality. The world has given him Fame—but nevertheless has been unfair to him. It has forced him into a manufactured shell as protection against unjust barbs, criticism without basis, and a watchfulness of his every action which is an emotional load for any one to carry.

I remember Bob Taylor before this burden called Fame came to him. He was gay, carefree, ambitious. He had a refreshing frankness. He was a wholesome boy, just out of college, hopeful of the future, eager to make friends, to be liked. He was YOUNG.

There were no hidden places in his personality. He was a worthy product of substantial, middle-western Americanisms. His life has been well-ordered. Son of a physician, he has the average number of advantages—music lessons, school activities, college, all well-balanced by the stiffening influence of vacation jobs, a sense of responsibility to himself and his heritage.

His becoming an actor, as you know, was an accident—the result of being seen in a school play by a studio scout, who took Bob's mind away from his planned profession of medicine and bent it to the exciting life of acting.

Fame is a responsibility, make no mistake about that. Robert Taylor has paid a considerable price for his prestige. He has learned many a bitter lesson through it. That there is injustice and envy. That a man can be helpless even with a world at his feet.

It has sobered Bob. It has taught him to spot lip-service. It has taught him to limit his spontaneous desire to be friends with everyone. And it has taught him that frankness can be a boomerang. In self-protection, he has become reserved.

Not since Valentino has anyone been subjected to such a vicious, malicious attack as Robert Taylor has been. If his eyes are a little tired, if he is older than he should be, there is ample reason for it.

And so the Bob Taylor that Hollywood first knew—the boy so eager to live life fully, to meet and know people, to be seen everywhere, has given place to a man who is quieter, far more self-assured, with an active sense of what is reality and what is illusion.

He differs from Franchot in that what he is, he became quickly, and so is representative of all of Hollywood's skyrockets. He differs from Bob Young in that he learned everything in the pitiless and merciless glare of a spotlight, rather than in the comfortable twilight of a career built step by step.

■ The third comrade, Robert Young, is the essence of the new Hollywood, which works hard, lives unostentatiously but normally, which is interested in the multiple, small concerns of everyday life.

Unlike Franchot and Taylor, Bob did not have the advantages of advanced education, of ample funds, of a well-set plan of life. His talents indicated that his place was in the theatre. But his own and his family's need again and again forced his feet into other occupations.

But once begun, his acting career progressed surely, steadily. Today he is one of Hollywood's substantial leading men, with none of the discomfort of sudden and sensational Fame.

He lives quietly, and only on occasion does his exuberance manifest itself in a super automobile, or some other extravagance. He is married to his school-day sweetheart. They have two small daughters. With singularly few exceptions, Bob's life is in nowise different than if he were the crack salesman for some large business concern.

The three close comrades on the screen are casual comrades in their interests and their work. But the vital differences not only in their beginnings and their backgrounds—but in their personalities and their present lives—make a good, if not an intimate friend of the other two.



CORNS Here's proof Blue-Jay removes corns Root* and All





Famous model removes painful corns this easy way

IF YOU suffer from painful corns read what Miss Jerry Harding says: "For the past 3 years I have been paring my corns. They always came back bigger, harder, more painful than ever. I decided to try a Bauer & Black Blue-Jay. Blue-Jay was marvelous—the pain stopped instantly and then in just 3 days the corn lifted out Root and All." Blue-Jay is scientific, easy to use. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

YOUR YOUTHFUL SKIN A MASS OF PIMPLES?

Take steps now to help keep your blood free of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being an object of shame and scorn among your friends. Find out what often causes those repulsive-looking pimples . . . and get rid of them.

Between the ages of 13 and 25 your body is changing rapidly. Important glands develop. These gland changes upset your system. Waste poisons from the intestines are often thrown into the blood stream and are carried to your skin, where they may bubble out in ugly, shameful hickies.

You must help keep your blood free of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have done so, just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. The millions of tiny, *living* plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help you fight pimple-making poisons at their source—in the intestines, before they can get into the blood. Many get amazing results in 30 days or even less! Get Fleischmann's Yeast *now*. Eat 3 cakes a day—one before each meal—until your skin is clear and fresh again.

No Sooner Said Than Dunne!

[*Continued from page 22*]

to me. I had grander clothes than I ever had before. I had dates. I went dancing. I 'rode to the hounds.' Every day brought something new. I stayed four months. And every moment of it was like a dream. I went back to Madison, convinced that I could never be contented there again. But it still looked as if I would have to be.

"I had always sung. Mother had always wanted me to 'go on with my music.' But I didn't see how that particular dream would ever get me out of Madison. Music study would take money—and money was something we didn't have.

■ "Finally, I got tired of just sitting around, doing nothing. I decided, impulsively, to try an examination to be a schoolteacher, I passed it and was given a school in Hammond, Indiana—which happens to be quite near Chicago. I went up early, a couple of weeks before school was to begin, to get settled and, maybe, find a choir-singing job on the side. Somebody happened to tell me about the Chicago College of Music—the one founded by Florenz Ziegfeld's father—offering three musical scholarships, in public tryouts.

"I obeyed that impulse. I got on a trolley one morning and went up to Chicago and sang in the tryouts with fifty other contestants. I don't know how, but I won one of the three scholarships. I resigned the job I never actually held—the one as a teacher. Some relatives in Chicago took me in—some relatives I barely knew until then. And I went to music school. . . ."

■ After the long course was over, and Irene had won the gold medal at the final concert, she went on to New York to try to get into opera. In Chicago she had known a friend of her mother's with a daughter about Irene's age, for whom she had stage ambitions. They went on to New York at the same time Irene did, and the woman mothered both girls. Irene sometimes went along when they went looking for jobs. And that was how, at the tryout for the road company of the musical comedy, *Irene*, she was picked off the sidelines for the title role, and "went to all the little towns in the world."

Back in New York after that road tour, she walked into the New Amsterdam Theatre Building to see a producer about a job. Waiting for the elevator was a man whom she recognized as Florenz Ziegfeld.

"On an impulse, I was about to smile recognition. On another impulse, I didn't. On the way up in the elevator, I felt him looking at me. At his floor, he stood aside to let me off first. I indicated that I was going up farther . . . I had been in this other producer's office about two minutes when in rushed a girl who said, 'Are you the young lady who just rode up in the elevator with Mr. Ziegfeld? Why yes, I was. 'Well, I'm Mr. Ziegfeld's secretary. He'd like to see you right away.'

"It seems he had guessed I was one more girl coming to ask him for a job, and when he had guessed wrong, I was of tremendous interest to him. He had his secretary ask the elevator man what floor I had gone to, track me down, and ask me to see him immediately. The *Show Boat* engagement came out of that. If I had *tried* to see him, probably I'd never have got past the application desk. That's life."

■ And that's what a couple of impulses did for Irene Dunne's career before Hollywood. Pin her down—and you can get a further admission that one little impluse led her into the present cycle of comedies.

"I was *so* sick of magazine stories about 'Irene Dunne, the perfect lady.' I was *so* tired of playing heroines who were always on their dignity, no matter what. I was hopelessly typed. Finally, making *Show Boat*, I asked Jerome Kern, 'Isn't there *something* I could do that would be a little



Of particular interest to those who shudder away from brushed-up hair is Norma Shearer's modified page-boy bob, a very simple and effective hair dress in striking contrast to the towering wigs she wears in *Marie Antoinette*

different?' He said jokingly, 'Well, you might do one of those blackface mammy dances.' I said, 'That's it! That's just what I'll do!' He was flabbergasted. The studio was dumbfounded. They tried to argue me out of it. I kept insisting. 'This is pretty important to me,' I said . . . And, well, you know what happened. People collapsed when they saw me do that shuffle dance in blackface . . . That led to *Theodora Goes Wild*. Then *The Awful Truth*. And now *The Joy of Living*."

So Irene had "never thought much about being impulsive"? I asked her about those surprise trips she is forever taking without letting anyone, including her press-agent, know. Are *they* carefully planned?

"No-o, I guess they aren't," she admitted, reluctantly. "I guess they wouldn't be as much fun if they were. Doctor and I just got back from the grandest trip. We were sort of planning a little cruise somewhere, maybe to Hawaii. Then, one night at a dinner party, someone happened to mention a place called Painters' Cottage. I'll bet you never heard of it. I know I never had until that moment.

" 'Where is it?' I asked. It's a crispy white little place run by a Mr. and Mrs. Painter, on a little island near Victoria, British Columbia. Nobody ever goes there except artists, and not many of them. And besides seclusion, it has wonderful fishing. . . Well two days later, we were on our way to Painter's Cottage, which we liked so much that we stayed three weeks. We left for there in such a hurry, though, that we didn't have time to shop for outdoor clothes. We got those on the way, in San Francisco."

■ She is full of impulses whenever she is in New York. She always stays at a certain hotel on Fifth Avenue in the early Sixties—not because it is on Fifth Avenue, mind you, but "because it's so near Central Park Zoo." If a zoo is anywhere around, she can't stay away from it. And she always eats the strangest things, once she arrives in New York. Like the time—one of the coldest nights of the present century—when she and Mildred Knopf walked forth in a blizzard to find the nearest Schrafft's because they had a hankering for Schrafft's ice cream cakes. They consumed two apiece and were still shivering three days later. They weren't sick after the first twenty-four hours, though.

Not that she is exactly unimpulsive in Hollywood. Prop men at Columbia still talk about the time, on the set of *Theodora Goes Wild*, when Irene turned cartwheels—on a dare. When she has some question on her mind about a picture, far be it from Irene to mention the matter to go-betweens. She obeys that impulse and goes direct to the Top Man. ("I like to know where I stand," she explains. "I figure I'll keep out of trouble that way.")

■ The fact that Irene's adopted baby is the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Mary Frances—not some other child—also is traceable to a spontaneous Dunne impulse. Under pressure, she will admit it; but only under pressure.

"Yes, I did think I wanted a boy. But when I laid eyes on Mary Frances—well, it had to be Mary Frances. I didn't want to look any farther."

In short, there is an accumulation of evidence that Irene wasn't unnaturally impulsive in *The Awful Truth*. Enough evidence for Irene herself, curled up in her favorite chair in her library, to say amusedly, at the end of our interview:

"It sounds to me as if you almost have a story that could be titled, 'No Sooner Said Than Dunne.' "

Don't Bring Rover

[*Continued from page 25*]

lamented Jiggs, the monkey, drew $300 a week.

Lesser monkeys get from $10 to $20 a day. Trained lions get about $50 a day. Renfro has had wild experiences with lions. One bit his hand and he got so mad at it he chased it into the corner of a cage with a splinter of wood and smacked it on the nose. He had no more trouble with it but in a few months it was credited with killing two other so-called trainers. The mortality rate in this field, among humans, has been rather high.

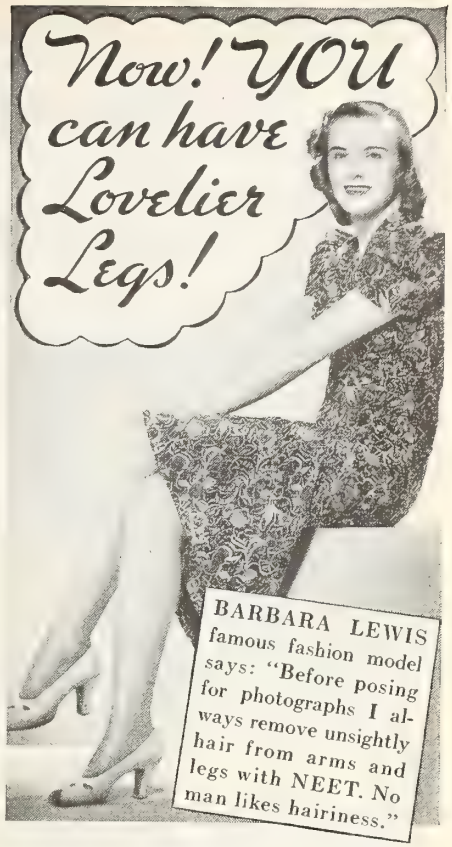
"This is good money," Renfro says. "It's good money when you get $150 a day for an elephant, too. But you've got to figure on feeding the elephant on the days it doesn't work. There are a lot of days. I worked a hundred dogs in *Two Black Crows* with Moran and Mack. I got $7.50 a day apiece for those animals, which were used in the dog-catcher scenes. But not for many days. You've got to figure that angle before you start bringing trained animals to Hollywood."

Rennie is kind to his animals. In fact, he's gotten so kindly that he now has stand-ins for them. Jerry, who worked with Ronald Colman in *Lost Horizon*—he's a St. Bernard—had Tom for a stand-in. Squeegee, one of the few trained Pekes, who worked in *Tovarich* with Boyer and Colbert, had Shanghai, his mother, to go before the lights and cameras until work really begins.

Why?

"Heat and lights and excitement bother dog actors just as much as they bother humans," he says. "They deserve a break."

Renfro rates police dogs as most intelligent of all motion picture animals, mainly because they have wolf in them, and the wolf is the smartest of all animals, he says. Danes, St. Bernards, mastiffs and terriers come next, with greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, and English bulls well down on the list.



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In a bathing suit . . . evening gown . . . even through stockings . . . unsightly hair spoils your charm and drives away romance.

Now you can easily have *lovely legs and arms*—free of ugly hair. Just spread on NEET, as you would a cold cream. Then rinse off with water! NEET removes all hair—delays re-growth—leaves your skin petal-soft and satin-smooth.

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NEET removes hair *below* skin surface — delays re-growth—*no razor stubble.*

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NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair



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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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Please send me your clever purse-size container of Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay. Enclosed you will find ten cents to cover cost of handling.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Gentle James the Peaceful Irishman

[*Continued from page* 19]

alist who is continually taking arms against a sea of troubles and in the battle ending them—pardon me for taking liberties with Mr. Shakespeare—is all wrong. I carry neither chips on my shoulders nor shillalahs in my hands and as for me going around looking for a fight to happen so I can get into it, why, that's as far from being the truth as it possibly could be! The impression that motion picture fans have of me has been gained through roles I've played. Maybe it's my fault—perhaps I shouldn't have played them so sincerely, but my reel life and my real life are as far apart as the two poles. I'm a friendly, mild-tempered, easy-going Irishman who keeps away from crowds and arguments, a guy who permits himself to get pushed around quite a bit before voicing an objection. I know—you don't have to tell me. I'm supposed to be a fellow who'd rather fight than eat, but that is even farther from the truth than the two poles."

This, to us, was a confession of such a startling nature that we inadvertently let the little finger of our right hand slip into our coffee cup and by so doing lost another point in the doughnut dunking contest; but fortunately, we retained enough control of our jangled nerves to remind Jimmy of the two and one-half year battle he had had with the very studio for which he now was working. If that, we said, wasn't one of Hollywood's supercolossal arguments, neither was it a supercolossal love feast. Maybe, as he claimed, he'd rather sit by the fireside and read a good book than get up and swing a couple of hay-makers, but he could never prove it by Exhibit A, the longest argument on record in Flickertown where arguments are as long and as frequent as gun-fights in a 15-reel horse opera.

"That wasn't an argument in the true sense of the word," Jimmy explained in his best Irish manner. " 'Tis true we did take a few verbal pokes at each other and 'tis a fact that we used up a dozen or so of our best dollar words when the going got a little rough, but no damage was done outside of the loss of time which probably hurt me more than it did the studio. Well, you can see for yourself. Here I am, back in the fold and happier than I've been in a long, long time. You know, there's something about this studio— and it's no plug for Warners, either, but the truth—that I like. You have all the freedom you want or need, everybody's friendly from prop boy to front office, the story department leans backward to acquire the stories you'd like to play in and if a guy can't get along I'd say it was his own fault. So I'm a softie? Well, you can put it down that if I am, it's because I'm happy, and if anyone wants to say there's anything sappy about that I'll" Jimmy unclenched his fist and made a graceful swipe at his coffee cup. ". . . . I'll be quick to deny it!"

Well, he, himself, says that he is the mildest-mannered, easiest-going Irishman in these parts, that he is soft of tongue and of fist, and that nothing makes him mad, and frankly, we don't believe him.

But that doesn't mean that we don't admire him immensely for fighting his reputation as a fighter.

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 8]

not discover their error until many battles had been fought with bottles up and down Broadway and the convention was drawing to its uproarious close.

There is nothing subtle about this comedy, but it moves the energy of the convention, and from all we hear, the boys had a good time.

GO CHASE YOURSELF (Radio)

■ Wilbur (Joe Penner) was a bank clerk who did not know from nothing. Many people will readily appreciate just why his wife (Lucille Ball) was so irritated most of the time. When Wilbur won a trailer in a contest, and was kidnapped in it by some bank robbers, just what you might expect happened. With the exception of a truly breath-taking dash of the runaway trailer down a steep winding road, the appeal of the picture is mainly for Joe Penner fans.

COLLEGE SWING (Paramount)

■ This energetic film has one of the most promising openings seen in many a day. The time is exactly 200 years ago, and Gracie Alden (Gracie Allen) once more has failed to graduate from schoolmaster Edward Everett Horton's class. Driven to frenzy, her grandfather (Tully Marshall) swears a mighty oath that his estate shall not go to his heirs until a female of the line shall pass final examinations.

The scene changes to 1938. Another Gracie is up for another final examination, and after no more than two of her speeches, it seems certain that she, too, will fail.

But an enterprising tutor (Bob Hope) has a different idea. He catches her with the understanding that he will receive ten thousand dollars when she passes the test and inherits the college. Early in the game he abandons any attempt to make a permanent impression on Gracie's mental blank, relying instead on the filching of questions and on a short wave radio.

Gracie's first act as president of the college is to install herself as dean of men. Then she appoints Martha Raye as professor of love and Ben Blue as physical director. Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan do a spirited version of the "College Swing," but don't miss the first . . . it's the funniest.

Be A Summer Siren

[*Continued from page* 39]

right with the golden tan skin. Powder costs 50 cents and lipstick, 75 cents.

Skin does not present the only summer problem. Hair acts up, too. Not that you can blame it, the way we cavort about in salt water, dust and broiling sun. Here's how to prevent your hair from getting as dry as mattress stuffing: Wear a bandana while outdoors; brush and brush at night; use a shampoo especially made for dry hair. This product has been on the market since the first of the year, when it was introduced as a companion product to its already wildly successful sister—a shampoo for normal and oily hair. The new liquid lathers copiously, rinses out with speed, and leaves your hair highlighted and manageable. The blue and yellow package can be found at five and dime stores in a trial size, at drug stores in 60-cent and $1 bottles.

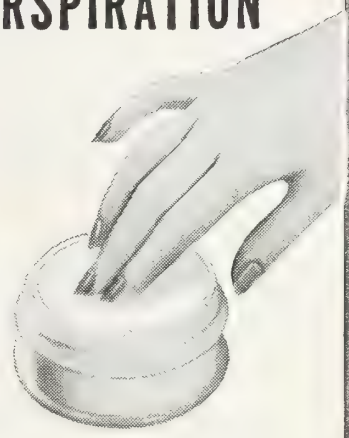
■ I can't close a summertime beauty article without a word or two on cleanliness and personal daintiness. . . . Especially when I have three such grand products as a milk bath, a cream non-perspirant, and a new, inexpensive version of perfume to tell you about! . . . The first is a terry cloth bath mitt filled with powdered milk and a blend of other beneficial ingredients. You soak this in water, then use it as you would a wash cloth—in your bath or shower. One lasts for an entire body cleansing, and the results are an epidermis that is clean as clean, and deliciously white and soft. . . . Ten cents each, or ten for 89 cents.

The cream non-perspirant (that means that it checks as well as deodorizes perspiration locally) is as easy to use as a hand lotion. . . . You simply rub a bit under the arms—immediately after shaving if you like—and go on with your dressing. It is perfectly safe, of course, and as effective as it is pleasant to use. A pale blue and white jar of this "social security" sells for 39 cents.

■ A French perfumer whose exquisite but costly scents have always set me to dreaming, has my undying gratitude—personal and professional. He has brought out his six swooning fragrances in what he calls "a new version of perfumes" at *$1 for a large flacon*. . . . This means, dear reader, that you can now go wrapped in the breathless aura of priceless Parisian odors—for the price of a pair of Sunday-go-to-meeting hose! You get the same effect as Mrs. Muchmoney—because you apply the fragrance more liberally. And when I say liberally—I don't mean dabbing it behind your ears or eyebrows or on your hankie. I mean for you to slosh it all over your body as soon as you step from your tub. . . . Then you'll be fresh and lovely all through the day or night. . . . Besides being presented in the six famous odors, there are some new floral fragrances in this same preparation—honeysuckle, magnolia, sweet pea, verbena and gardenia.

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
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3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days—removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being HARMLESS TO FABRIC.

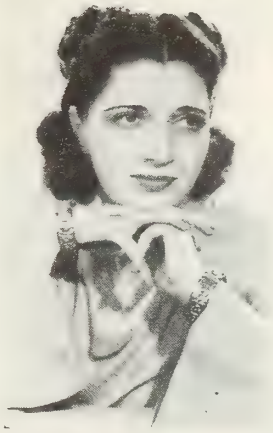


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Gail Patrick takes careful notes while Frederick of the Brown Derby shows her a secret

HOLLYWOOD COOKING SCHOOL

One way to learn about cooking is to marry a restaurant owner, another is to read what one expert has to say

By BETTY CROCKER

Lucky is this Hollywood bride, whose cooking problems are so neatly solved as those of Gail Patrick who married Robert Cobb, manager of the Brown Derby restaurants. When Gail wants any advice on cooking she just asks the head chef!

"And if you don't think it's a handy arrangement, just come with me," invited the lovely Mrs. Cobb. "I'm going to get a strawberry cake recipe from Frederick."

"Frederick" is Rudolph Friedrich, chef at the Hollywood and Vine street Brown Derby, familiar to all Hollywood visitors.

Rudolph Friedrich is his name. But he is called "Frederick" by the screen and radio stars who gather at the Hollywood and Vine street Brown Derby. His specialties are world famous. The way he cooks brook trout, smothered in almonds sliced thin as paper . . . but Gail has led us into the kitchen.

Frederick had a gorgeous strawberry cake already cooked when we arrived, and was starting another.

"One most important thing I've learned from Frederick," said Gail, "is the value of accurate measurements in following a recipe.

"We even weigh ingredients," smiled Frederick. "And also I tell Mrs. Cobb to use only the best materials. A recipe is only as good as the things you put into it!"

Frederick knew the recipe by heart, and Gail copied it carefully. Then we tasted the cake, and it was delicious. Here is the way it's made:

STRAWBERRY CAKE A LA BROWN DERBY

1½ cups whipping cream (35-38% butter fat)
3 eggs
2¼ cups cake flour
or 2 cups all-purpose flour
3 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1½ cups sugar
1½ tsp. vanilla

Whip cream until stiff. Beat eggs very thoroughly and fold lightly into whipped cream. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together twice. Sift flour mixture slowly into the cream mixture, folding it in gently with a flat wire whip. Blend in flavoring and mix well. Pour into well greased and floured layer pans and bake 30 to 50 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. When baked, remove from pans and turn onto

wire cake coolers. AMOUNT: Two deep round 8-inch layer pans 1¼ inches deep or two round 9-inch pans.

Put layers together with a whipped cream filling. Whole hulled strawberries have first been folded into the whipped cream. (If desired, a little gelatin may be added to the whipped cream, ½ tsp. gelatin to one cup of whipping cream. Soak the gelatin in ½ tbsp. milk, dissolve it over hot water and blend it into the whipped cream.) Sweeten the cream with 2 tbsp. confectioners' sugar. Spread a thin layer of the whipped cream over the top of the cake and decorate with whole, unhulled strawberries.

"Mrs. Cobb has a recipe of her own which is very good," said Frederick. "We serve it at the Brown Derby. Why don't you ask her about it, Miss Crocker?"

"It's an Apple Sauce Cake, and really quite easy to make," said Gail. "Come on into the Derby and we'll have some tea while you copy it." And here it is:

MRS. COBB'S APPLE SAUCE CAKE

½ cup shortening
2 cups sugar
1 egg
1½ cups unsweetened apple sauce
2⅞ cups cake flour
or 2½ cups all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. cloves
½ tsp. allspice
1 cup chopped raisins
½ cup broken walnuts
2 tsp. soda
½ cup boiling water

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Blend in well beaten egg. Add cooled apple sauce. Sift flour once before measuring. Use a little of the flour to dredge fruit and nuts. Sift remaining flour with salt and spices. Dissolve soda in boiling water. Add flour mixture to the cream mixture alternately with the water. Add the floured raisins and nuts. Pour into 2 well greased and floured pans 8 inches square. Bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F.

While I was busy with my pencil, Gail Patrick was receiving congratulations from her friends on her performance in *Mad About Music*, in which she plays the role of a movie star forced to conceal the fact that she has a fourteen-year-old daughter. Not many Hollywood actresses, so young and pretty as Gail, would dare play a mother part like that, but Gail enjoyed this test of her dramatic ability. She was just as convincing as a mother in this Deanna Durbin picture as she was convincing as a calculating golddigger in *Stage Door* with Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers. In private life she is just as you would picture her, poised, beautiful, intelligent, a most happily married young bride.

When I had finished taking down her recipe for apple sauce cake, Gail brought out another recipe—the one for the delicious Cocoanut Butter Icing to be used on the Apple Sauce Cake:

COCOANUT BUTTER ICING

¼ cup sweet butter
3 cups confectioners' sugar
⅓ cup thick cream
½ tsp. vanilla
6 ounces grated fresh cocoanut

Method: Cream butter and sugar together until smooth. Add cream and vanilla and beat thoroughly (if necessary, a little more cream may be added). Add one-half of the fresh cocoanut and mix thoroughly. Put between layers and on tops and sides of the cake. Put remaining cocoanut on top and sides of cake.

I have kitchen tested these three recipes and the results are excellent. And as Frederick advised, be sure you use a good cake flour and measure the ingredients carefully.

In my files are thousands of recipes—perhaps I have the very one you've been searching for. Won't you write me, in care of this magazine, describing the recipe you want? Or use the coupon below for this month's free recipes.

Betty Crocker,
HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
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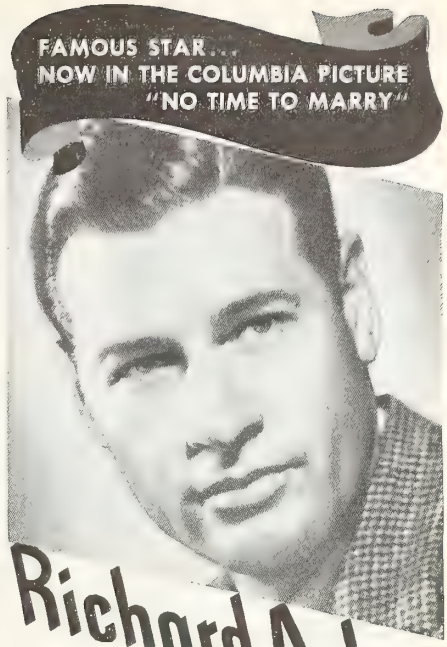
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EXPECTANT?

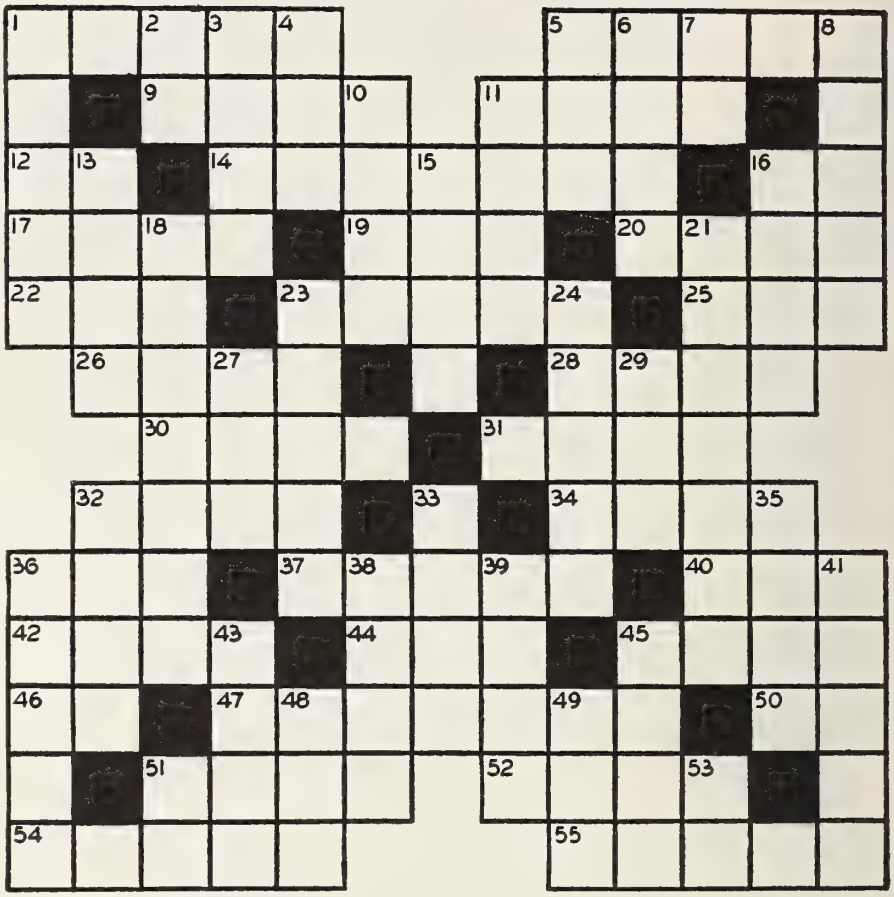
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Swedish film star.
5. What Billy and Bobby Mauch are.
9. She had title role in *Torchy Blane in Panama.*
11. Dick Powell's wife.
12. Reginald Gardiner's initials.
14. *Phillip Chester* in *Fools For Scandal.*
16. George Brent was *The* ——— *Getter.*
17. *Swing Your* ———.
19. Actresses wear dark glasses as protection from this.
20. It identified Muni as *Scarface.*
22. Standing Room Only (abbr.).
23. *Wide Open* ———.
25. Successful motion picture.
26. Popular place for film elopements.
28. Place for either of western stars' spurs.
30. *Eddie Edwards* in *Over the Wall.*
31. Part of instrument played by Baur in *Life and Loves of Beethoven,*
32. Mr. Boles but not John.
34. What Hollywood's performing penguin is called.
36. Donald Cook's native state (abbr.).
37. *The First Hundred* ———.
40. Initials of Director Marin.
42. Edith Fellows portrayed *Little* ——— *Roughneck.*
44. *Women* ——— *Like That.*
45. *You're in the* ——— *Now.*
46. *She Married* ——— *Artist.*
47. Hanging screen in a theater.
50. *Double* ——— *Nothing.*
51. Bing Crosby has four.
52. Jean Hersholt is one by birth.
54. Her last name is Louise.
55. *Mrs. Carpenter* in *the Crime of Dr. Hallet.*

DOWN

1. Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis played opposite in *Gaiety* ———.
2. Initials of a sister of 9 Across.
3. *Bringing Up* ———.
4. ——— *in a Million.*
5. *Bob O'Leary* in *In Old Chicago.*
6. *This* ——— *Please* (pl.).
7. *Island* ——— *The Sky.*
8. Two-reeler.
10. Charles Laughton's wife.
11. She had title role in *Checkers.*
13. A star of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.*
15. *The* ——— *Of Roaring Camp.*
16. Deanna's screen mother in *Mad About Music.*
18. Players who prepare to act as substitutes.
21. First name of comedian Conklin.
23. *Baby Snooks* in person.
24. What leader of Rippling Rhythm Orchestra is called (poss.).
27. One of Three Stooges.
29. Joan Crawford has blue ones (sing.).
32. Stan Laurel's smile.
33. Nickname of Herbert Marshall.
35. Remember ——— Lincoln as *Tarzan?*
36. Fred Astaire's native city.
38. You must use these to enjoy sound films.
39. Featured actress in *Midnight Intruder.*
41. *Ann* in *Test Pilot.*
43. Ella Logan is one by birth.
45. Mrs. John Howard Payne.
48. Stuart Erwin's girl friend in *Checkers.*
49. His last name is Keith.
51. What Mr. Wills, Joan Davis' husband, is called.
53. Initials of 10 Down.

(Solution on page 57)

So You'd Like To Have A Screen Test?

[*Continued from page 21*]

changed my make-up and coiffure a hundred times. I'm still being tested all the time. I never have a dull moment trying to please everybody."

■ We go over to New Universal to see a girl rumored to be this year's screen find. Inasmuch as it's all still in the sub rosa stage and the girl herself hasn't a glimmer of her sudden importance, we will call her Mary Lou. A talent scout discovery, she has had two screen tests and is preparing for her third.

We find her panting in the school gymnasium on the lot. Badminton. In quest of grace and co-ordination. All screen possibilities discovered by talent scouts are sent to studio schools for about six weeks before their screen tests. Tests cost money. Plenty. Hence the six weeks of training.

After the work-out in the gym, she goes to the little school room, and "this year's screen find" starts biting her lips over the names in a mythology book, reading aloud, snipping down a slight lisp which a microphone loves to amplify a hundred times. Around her sit about eight young men and women Hired to Study for six weeks—such is the faith Universal has in them to become "good material." All different, distinct personalities. All types, with one similarity—individuality. "Guard the personality—keep it," is the credo of every dramatic school on every studio lot in Hollywood.

■ We ask Mary Lou if she was frightened or uneasy when she took her first test.

"Not at all," she says, "but that was because I was so ignorant. I'd never seen myself on the screen and I *just didn't know*. I had to watch that hateful test run off in the projection room seven times and note down all the things I did wrong. My left eyebrow moved up and down on every other word. And my upper lip curled strangely. Things like that aren't noticed at all in daily life. I had to wear adhesive tape on my lip for days as a reminder. After two more weeks of training, came my second test. This time I was scared. So it was a flop. There were so many little mechanical things to think about I forgot my lines, my characterization—everything."

Three more weeks of training. Daily practice, concentration, coaching. "Why did you look down at the floor at that moment? Watch your eyebrow. Keep your lip still. Don't cross your legs. Look up, but never at the camera. Why did you pluck your eyebrows so high? Let them grow in."

These are the eternal admonitions of Speed Margolies, day in and day out. Each student has his own particular problem. Some have Southern accents that must be modified, or nasal tones. Some have bad facial habits. Some are afflicted with a star fixation and unconsciously imitate the star they most admire. All these problems are handled at Universal by school-and-screen-test-director, Speed Margolies, and his assistant, Peggy Vaughn. Speed, so-called because he always moves at such a slow, steady pace, is a slim, black-haired young fellow with constant humor in his all-seeing eyes. He knows theatre. He was born into it. His easy manner and clear-cut guidance are a godsend to the bewildered neophytes preparing for their first screen tests.

We see Mary Lou's third test this afternoon. One of her scenes for the test lasts three minutes. She is supposed to be angry at her boy friend; then she decided to forgive him. She must get that into pantomime completely within the allotted time. And she does.

"This year's screen find" is told it is "pretty good," and that with "some more study she may have a few lines in a picture here and there." And so Mary Lou returns to the school room to bite her lips over some more vowels and consonants and dipthongs.

All of which tends to show that one good screen test leads to another—and another. The first one settles only one thing—whether or not you are worth the next.



Robin Hood was completed months ago, but its influence still is felt on the Warner Brothers' lot. On their way to luncheon, between scenes of *Four's A Crowd*, Patric Knowles and Errol Flynn met. A duel for the benefit of innocent bystanders was the result

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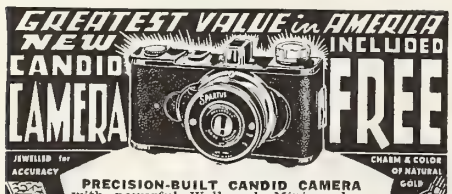
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They Called Her Crazy but She Didn't Care

[*Continued from page* 16]

vigorous, country. Her children—one of each sex—aged about thirteen and fifteen, are nice, polite well brought up kids. The Travers are backbone of America, salt of the earth, worthy citizens. They came in with a tide of eight fitters, six hat boxes and a man with five fur coats.

The Elizabeth Arden girls had been having their way with Joan so she just slipped on the padded, rose sprinkled house coat and tinkling mules and, brushing aside eighteen yards of sequins and a hat made to look like a cock's comb, greeted Mrs. Travers,

"And now, dear," said Mrs. Travers, "I want to show you how this stitch goes." And there in that typically actress atmosphere, set and incidental characters right out of "Royal Family", Joan and Mrs. Travers surrounded by a dress called "Daughter of the Regiment" and a hat called "Carnival" put on their glasses while the minister's wife from Rhinebeck taught Joan Crawford a new stitch.

"That's right, dear, put the needle in and skip two—careful of the corner."

And Joan, trying so hard to please, saying as she peered through her horn-rimmed glasses, "I think I have it right, now."

After she had learned the stitch and bid Mrs. Travers and the children good-bye she bought two fur coats and fitted a white evening gown with a decolletage that would make a foreign missionary do penance for a moment.

And the funny thing is that Joan didn't see anything funny about the scene until I pointed it out to her. She was too busy trying on hats.

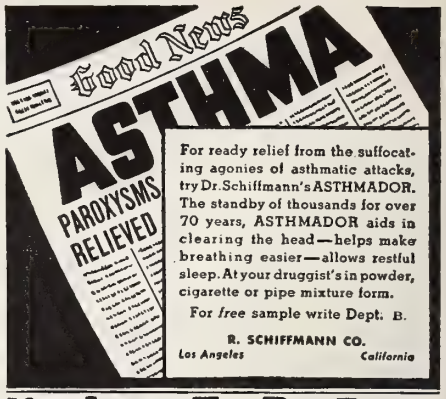
How many she bought while she was in New York I wouldn't know I never got to the multiplication table in arithmetic. But since Joan has the perfect hat face all the fancy milliners in town pounced on her. Each creation looked more lovely than the next and the creators of the hats just stood around and gasped and she gasped when she tried them on.

She graciously told every milliner that his (or her) hats were divine and she simply adored them and then, one day she had a brain storm.

She had just shut the door on the last beaming designer. That was the day, I think, when she bought ten hats. Then she turned to Coulé and me with a wild look in those big blue eyes. She came toward us stealthily as we backed away and in a low, Boris Karloff voice she said, "If I tell you girls something will you promise me you'll never, never breathe it?"

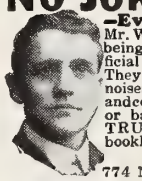
We expected nothing less than a confession of murder. "No one—no one must ever, ever know this," she went on. "Listen! I hate hats! I hate hats! I hate hats!"

"There, there," we said gently, "everything will be all right. You've just seen too many hats today."

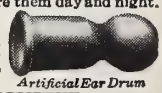


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NOXACORN

"No," said Joan and her eyes were wild again. "I've always hated hats. When I was a baby I used to tear my bonnet off my head."

"Then why?" we were going to ask why she had bought so many but we saw she was in no state to be questioned. Besides she was no longer in the room. She had to leave to get dressed for the theatre and presently she appeared looking a little worn but quite sane and wearing an utterly adorable black velvet dinner hat with real violets on it.

Her escort had arrived. "What a lovely hat, Joan," he said.

Coulé and I cowered in a corner. We expected another outburst. Did we get it? Not at all.

Miss Joan Crawford, star, turned her star sapphire eyes on the young man and said, "I'm awfully glad you like my hat. It's one of my especial favorites."

"You're crazy!" we told her. But she just gave us a sweet, understanding smile.

■ I think it was the next night that she had what in future Crawfordana will be known as her "coming out party."

She went to the theatre with Jerry Norris, a lad she's known a long time, and afterwards she and Bill Kirkland and Peter Van Beuran went dancing. Although Peter is now in the theatre it seems he's society and he had an invitation to a coming out party of a local deb. He suggested that they all go. (I got this story from Jerry who'll never get over it.)

Joan demurred at first. "I wasn't invited," she said. "Nobody knows me there. What will they say?"

It took quite a while for the three boys to explain to her that her name was Joan Crawford and that just having her there would simply make a deb's party. Finally she was persuaded to go (she had wanted to go all along to see how the other half lives) but when she arrived she sat in a corner and said "yes, sir" and "no, ma'am."

This was Society and she didn't know how they were going to take her. The boys did, at once, as you can imagine. And she felt better about crashing when the father and mother of the debutante told her they were happy to have her. But the girls—well, it is sort of rough on a bunch of little debs to have a dame like Crawford in her ermine cape and those Lily Daché flowers in her hair breeze in with three young men.

She danced with Peter first and the stag line made a circle around her. They made that low animal noise peculiar to stag lines when happy. It goes "Ooooooooo-wooooooo." The boys tried to cut in but Peter knew if she started dancing with stags the whole party would go to ruin. So he refused for her and the girls sniffed and said, "I knew she wouldn't dance with anybody."

■ Maybe it was a catty girl or maybe it was everyone's idea but somehow a Big Apple started. Benny Goodman's orchestra had been hired for the occasion which will give you a rough idea how rich these people are. And a girl said, "*She'll* never dance the Big Apple. *She'd* think it was beneath her dignity.

Jerry overheard this and repeated it to Joan. It was all she needed to get right in there fighting. She had never danced the Big Apple before but, if you remember, she used to do all right on the Charleston.

Suddenly someone called, "Shine, Miss Crawford." Which meant they wanted her to get into the middle of the circle and go to town. By this time the girls had stopped saying, "*She'd* never do that." For Miss Crawford got out in the middle of the floor and shone. The sun, which was just coming up over the Empire State Building, ducked under a cloud when it saw Miss Crawford shining. Too much competition.

She got home at dawn with eight bruises on her shin bone and her stockings in tatters. Miss Crawford had not only shone, she had come out!

■ Joan is the demon shopper. She can do more in an hour than I can in a week, and she does it with crowds following her constantly. But—a thing she can never make anybody understand—she loves it.

One day we went to Dunhills where everything is so too, too, divine you can't bear it. The clerks all speak with such thick British accents that you have to take along an interpreter to buy a pack of cigarettes.

There was, of course, a bowing and scraping you could hear all the way to the Battery when Miss C. put in her appearance. And if anybody ever rushed in Dunhills (which nobody does) you could say the clerks (pronounced clark) rushed around to show her all the fascinating little gadgets which make the shop so different.

Everything was going very well and very Dunhill when suddenly the doors burst open and the howling fans mobbed the place. In the midst of the hub-bub a long distance call came for Joan. (That crazy Coulé over at the Waldorf had calmly transferred the call to Dunhills.) Everyone was thrown. How in the world could Miss Crawford possibly talk on the telephone with all those people milling about?

She fought her way through the crowds. She picked up the gilded 'phone and then, in a sudden burst of inspiration, she put her head in a glass show case to keep out the noise. And if I live to be a thousand I'll never forget Joan and the telephone in that show case along with a gentleman's gold tipped evening wallet, a meerschaum pipe and a platinum pencil with a watch in the end of it.

"I'm terribly sorry, Miss Crawford," one of the Dunhill attendants said, "I'll have these people out of here in a moment so you can shop in peace."

But Joan didn't hear him. She was, at that moment, engaged in deep conversation with a fan she had never seen before. The fan was saying, "I love the way you wear your hair in *Mannequin*."

And Joan was saying, "Do you really? You know, I'm awfully proud of that because I did it myself—rolled it up on curlers every night."

And I honestly think that if at that moment the completely demoralized Dun-



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NEXT MONTH

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hill staff had not called the police to clear the place Joan would have shown the girl just how she had rolled her hair up.

Dunhills, so used to the sweeping lorgnetted ladies who will have no truck (or is it truckin') with the common people, had never seen a star like Joan Crawford before. And I'll bet they're still talking about it, with or without British accent.

■ I like Franchot and all that but I did wish Hollywood had kept him just a little longer. When he arrived I had to move back to my own little hovel and although I was beginning to show the strain of a week with Crawford it's nice to live in luxury at the Waldorf. And when I thought it all over I decided that some of the things I had seen happen with my own eyes just weren't true. Crawford just won't be a picture star, that's all. She just won't run true to form.

Then, the other night, I turned the radio on to the Lux Theatre of the Air and heard a great actress give a beautiful and touching performance. You've guessed it, it was Crawford. That girl is here again. Her reading of the part was nothing short of magnificent and I found myself crying because her voice was so beautiful and her interpretation so sincere.

And then I got mad. "She can't do that to me," I said to myself. "That actress on the radio, that artiste with the ability to move me deeply—why, that's Crawford, that's that goofy girl who dances Big Apples and learns petit-point stitches from ministers' wives and hates hats and talks long distance in Dunhill show cases."

I haven't been the same since. I may never be again. Besides, I can't figure it out. The only conclusion I can come to is the one I originally concluded at the beginning of this yarn. The girl is crazy. But it's a kind of craziness that's a lot of fun to know!

Never A Dull Moment!

[*Continued from page* 28]

portions. It was shipped to him by a man who read in a magazine that Joel was collecting blooded stock.

Going from cows to ants is a step, but Betty Furness recently received from some well-meaning fan a real "ant palace." This odd gift was marked "special delivery, handle with care, ants inside in glass!" The palace is housed between two plates of glass with a three-inch space between them. Vents at the top supply air, and there is a stopper through which honey can be fed to the ants. Within is a small ant hill, with miniature houses and the ants busily toiling everywhere.

A fan sent an unique gift to Joan Crawford, a beaded bag into which is woven descriptions of nearly every important incident in her life!

■ A seemingly harmless interview started Glenda Farrell getting a bunch of presents—all the same thing!

The interviewer mentioned the fact that Glenda wore a faded tan smock over her

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Romantic Story

costume between scenes at the studio. He also mentioned casually that it would be nice if Glenda could dig up something just a trifle more colorful. About a couple of weeks later smocks began to arrive from fans. The first was decidedly colorful—red, white and blue stripes running in barber-pole fashion! A Nashville lady was the giver. Glenda was tickled, but since she has received an average of three smocks per week from all sections of the country. Her thirty-third garment was from a gentleman doing a long stretch for forgery in a middle-western prison.

James Cagney is still wondering why a fan sent him a small, handcarved wooden alligator with the urgent request that he always call it "Genevieve!" Yes, Jimmy kept the odd gift and does call it "Genevieve!"

Luise Rainer was even more baffled by the gift of a very much alive baby alligator.

The oddest gift Maureen O'Sullivan ever received came the other day in the shape of a phonograph record that played "I Love You" over and over, with the fan "signing off" with "That's How I Feel About You!" But her favorite gift of all is a hand-made rug for her dressing room sent her by a sailor admirer aboard the *U. S. S. Lexington.*

Paul Muni was pleased, if a little baffled, to receive a year's subscription to a Chinese newspaper shortly after he played Wang in *The Good Earth.*

Jean Muir was likewise pleased but just a little bit astonished, too, to recently receive the biggest set of bagpipes she'd ever seen, sent her from Scotland by a fan named Donald Matheson.

Claudette Colbert recently received a sterling silver vanity case, inlaid with ziron, from Bangkok, Siam. A gift from America which pleased her a lot was a pair of hollow glass book-ends, which form a miniature tank for tiny tropical fish.

Virginia Bruce feels that she has to be lucky from now on. Why? Because several weeks ago, a fan wrote from Kentucky saying he was going to "comb the state" for a gift—which turned out to be a pressed four-leaf clover, which Virginia now carries as her good luck charm.

The wide publicity given to Warren William's two wire-haired terriers, Jack and Jill, resulted in a flood of rubber bones. To one enthusiastic contributor, who sent rubber bones every other day, Mrs. William eventually had to write, asking her to please, O, please desist!

They run from the sublime to the ridiculous, do these strange gifts that fans so delight in showering upon their favorite celebrities. For Dick Powell came the world's largest watermelon, weighing a mere 195 pounds! And for Hugh Herbert came a trained flea, weighing hardly a fraction of a sixteenth of an ounce!

Kay Francis is still puzzling over why someone should send her a large collection of oil-cloth tie-backs for window curtains, plus a ball of red twine. And someone sent Mae West a paid-up life membership to the "Goody Goody Club" of New York City, made up of six thousand school children who are pledged to purity of thought and deed. Recently a Texas fan sent Robert Taylor a bulky package containing a rubberized suit "to protect him against the onslaughts of his admirers!" Wrote this fan: "I hear that when you appear in public, people almost tear your clothes right off your back. This suit, which I have invented, will STAY on you and save you much embarrassment." Taylor has not worn the suit in public—yet.

Patsy Kelly got a sport shoe through the mails. A letter with it said, "Send me your autographed picture and I'll send you the mate to this!"

Sometimes these gifts are a real benefit to the stars. For instance, fifteen famous Juliets of the past fifty years stepped out of an envelope when Norma Shearer opened her morning's mail one day just before starting *Romeo and Juliet.* They came from a musty theatrical trunk, accompanied by a brief note explaining that the writer had prized the collection for more than a quarter of a century, but wished Norma to hang them in her dressing room to serve as an inspiration for her own Juliet.

If you plan to send your favorite something bear in mind that gifts of food are always taboo. Fear of cranks causes studios to destroy them all.

An example of how much waste results from this practice follows:

In a magazine yarn recently, Olivia de Havilland mentioned fruit cake as her favorite delicacy. To date, Warner Brothers have had to destroy 12 large cakes. The amount of fruit, candy and jam that suffers the same fate in Hollywood each week would actually stock a huge store.

Just one other "don't" if you're thinking of sending something to some star. Don't send it COLLECT! Of course, you probably wouldn't dream of doing such a thing, but just the same, one fan did! And heaven help the fan who sent Mary Boland twenty quarts of ice cream, a piano, and a truckload of furniture, collect, when she catches up with him.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

G	A	R	B	O			T	W	I	N	S	
I	■	L	A	N	E		J	O	A	N	■	H
R	G	■	B	E	L	L	A	M	Y	■	G	O
L	A	D	Y	■	S	U	N	■	S	C	A	R
S	R	O	■	F	A	C	E	S	■	H	I	T
	Y	U	M	A	■	K	■	H	E	E	L	
		B	O	N	D	■	K	E	Y	S		
	G	L	E	N	■	B	■	P	E	T	E	
O	R	E	■	Y	E	A	R	S	■	E	L	M
M	I	S	S	■	A	R	E	■	A	R	M	Y
A	N	■	C	U	R	T	A	I	N	■	O	R
H	■	S	O	N	S		D	A	N	E	■	N
A	N	I	T	A				N	E	L	L	A



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Gay colors and new fabrics are making the biggest splashes in swimming suits this year. Right, Marion Martin, Universal starlet, poses with pride in her Matletex suit of gaily flowered cotton. Below, Gene Price, featured in *Swiss Miss*, likes the adjustable straps of the sea-going print, made by Gantner and Mattern.









Above, Eadie Adams is ready for a long swim in BVD's wool suit which features a simulated crochet stitch, and a removable skirt. Left, June Martel poses as the spirit of Splash in her gay little Allen A one-piece suit

Splash!



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View of the main lodge and one of many cabins

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No phone calls! No dates! As the lonely summer passes, Joan wonders why. (*Joan doesn't know that men would think her lovely if she hadn't let a dingy smile spoil her good looks!*)



Here's news little Doris could tell her big sister Joan. Smiles are always lovely when teeth get proper care! (*Doris knows you must massage your gums as well as clean your teeth.*)



Wishes come true—when girls have the kind of smile men find appealing! (*Joan could have that smile. Joan could be popular! But Joan should start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage to help keep gums healthier and teeth more sparkling!*)



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"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A GIRL SMILES—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (*Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.*) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (*Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.*)

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Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

* * *

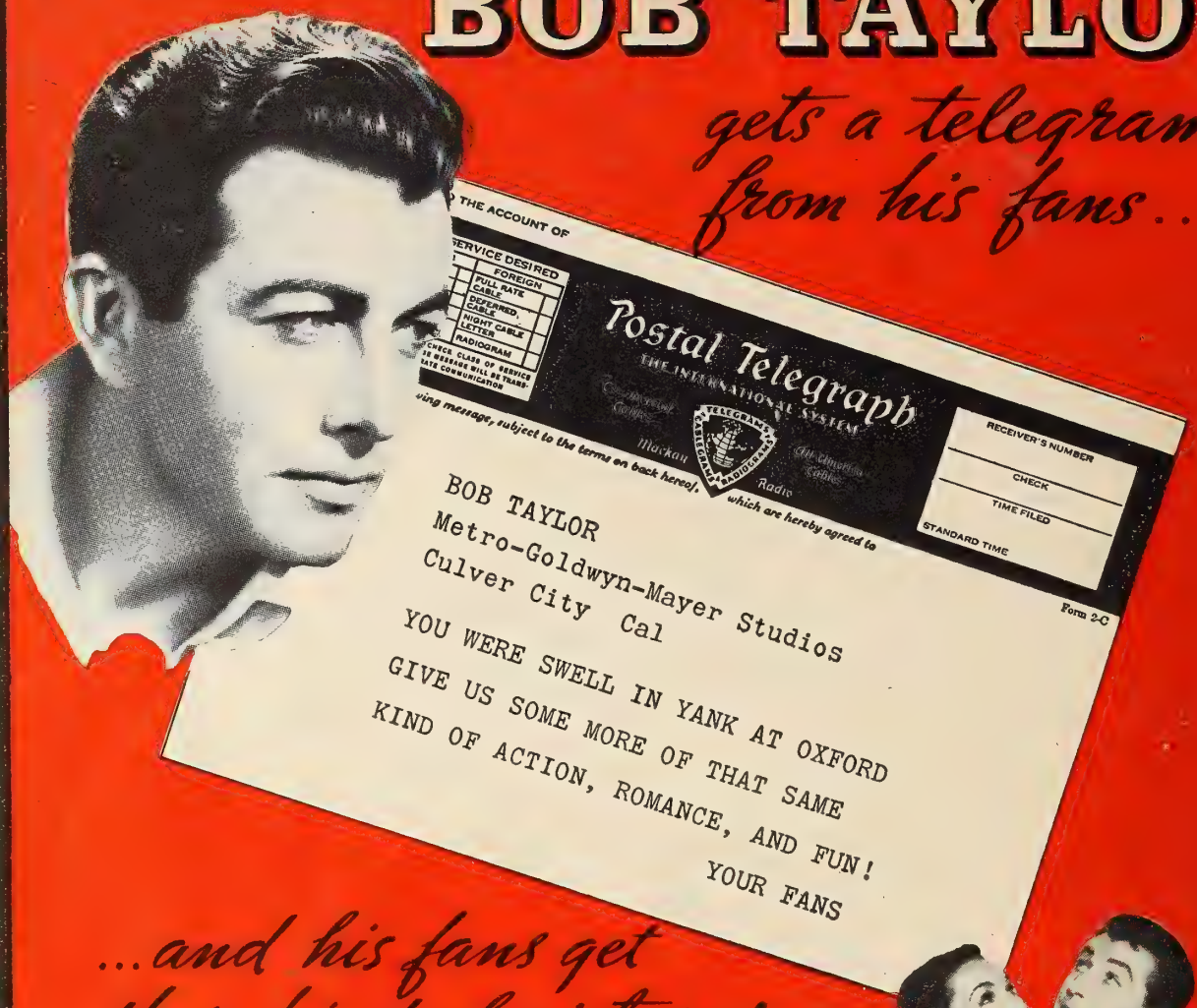
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with
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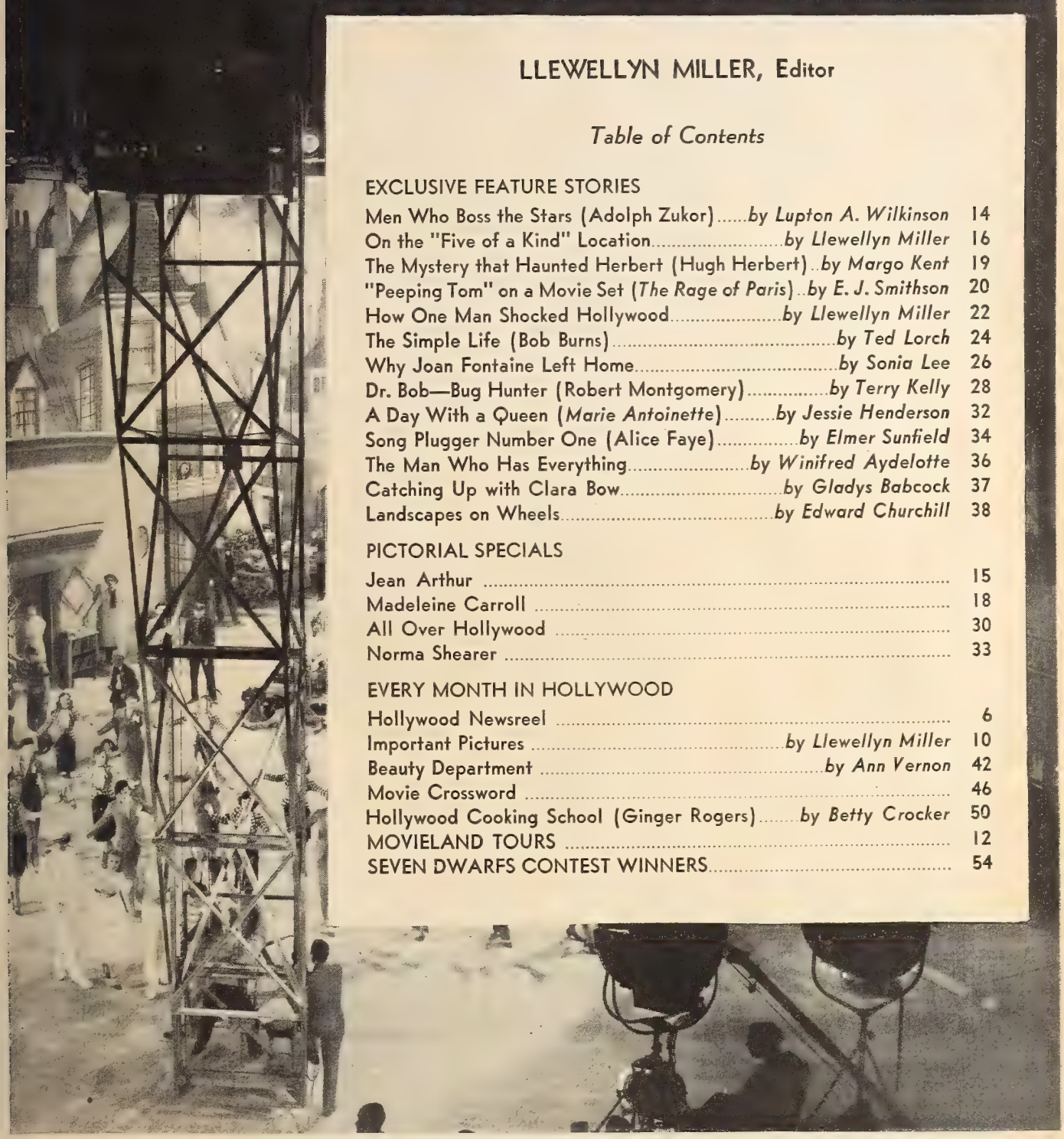
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Sam Zimbalist

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AUGUST, 1938
Vol. 27 No. 8

Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher



LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL



Gary Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Basil Rathbone, Myrna Loy and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., snapped at the wedding of Rathbone's son



Cesar Romero, Mary Pickford and Olivia De Havilland were among the many distinguished guests who filled the garden for the ceremony

■ The hottest new romance of the month is the revival of an old one, that between Sonja Henie and Jack Dunn, the two greatest ice skaters in the world today.

Hollywood broke up their romance two years ago, after Sonja was suddenly hoisted to stardom by 20th Century-Fox studios. Jack just drifted for a while, but after he signed his recent long-term contract with Edward Small Productions, he started stepping out with Sonja again.

Jack's intimate friends say that they have been friendly all the time, but that Jack did not want to seem to be usurping any of the Sonja glory. Now that he is about to start work on his first picture as a star, playing the role of a West Point cadet, Jack apparently is taking up his romance with Sonja where they left off.

Incidentally, Dunn's first picture will give him a chance to show his talents not only as a skater, but as an all-around athlete, since he is considered expert in tennis, golf, boxing, riding, swimming and high diving.

■ Discovered at last! A poetic Dale Carnegie in Hollywood and none other than Wayne Morris who recently sent in the following tender little four-liner to yours truly:

Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak,
Was once a nut like you!

■ Front-paged the country over, the Jackie Coogan case is attracting attention to the film colony, but it fails to call attention to another side of the issue.

Meaning that stars, in the money, are cursed—and that is not an unfair word, either—by relatives.

It's too bad that a listing of 'relatives' cannot be published.



Rodion Rathbone takes his pretty bride, the former Carolyn Fischer, down the flower decked aisle in one of the most picturesque and pretty ceremonies of the season

One feminine star has 16 relatives on her pay-roll—and we don't mean that they are doing anything in the way of labor to earn their checks, either.

And of the 16 'relatives' eight of them are far removed, fourth, and fifth cousins whom the star had never heard of until they arrived in Hollywood.

Rather a tough situation but nothing can be done about it.

■ An international star of stage, screen and radio is about to be divorced by his wife of many years. Which is nothing unusual in Hollywood. But this particular case IS unusual for if the suit is contested it will be revealed that the wife suing is actually the star's aunt. They are legally married.

■ Hank Luisetti, Stanford University student, famous as a basket-ball player and rated the best goal maker that an American college has ever produced, has been signed to a contract by Paramount and will show some of his prowess in his first picture at that studio.

Luisetti, a handsome chap, has made as many as 50 points in a single basket-ball game.

Harold Hurley, who will produce the picture starring Hank, has a great theme song for the basket-baller's screen debut.

It's to be called Tip-It-In!

■ Norma Shearer made a special trip to New York to see the stage production of *Susan and God.* Therefore you can make a bet that this brilliant play will be Norma's next screen vehicle and that she will play the role which brought so much fame to Gertrude Lawrence.

■ The Paramount gang is getting a great kick out of the request Frances Farmer and Lief Erickson made of the studio for a leave of absence from their contractual obligations at that studio.

They said they wanted to 'learn acting' on the New York stage, which was quite all right; but asking for a leave of absence for five years to learn is what produced the chuckles.

Incidentally, Paramount has served notice on Frances and Lief that they had better hold their punches when talking about pictures and picture people in their credited New York interviews.

[*Continued on page* 8]

TOGETHER *again!*

Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero."... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slaphappy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!



Starring

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JAMES CAGNEY *and* PAT O'BRIEN

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NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 6*]

Frances, you movie fans may recall, was once an elevator girl, and might be expected to know that elevators—and some people—can go down as well as up!

■ Marie Wilson, bless her pretty blonde head, is always thinking up nice things to do for other people. Different things. Last week, for instance, she played hostess at a party which she gave in honor of all the fan magazine writers who had ever written stories about her! A thoughtful, dog-gone nice girl, this Marie Wilson, and long may she wave! And while we're on this pretty blonde subject, you can discount that newspaper rumor that stated that Marie and her boy friend, Nick Grinde, had called the whole thing off. They are still very much that way.

■ You've often heard or read of the famous 'long-term' contracts which are issued to motion picture players. Usually they start at a very low wage and increase as time goes on. What is seldom mentioned is that an option comes up every six months and rarely does a contract remain in force for its full length, except in the case of top ranking stars.

Mary Brian is the only feminine player known to have acted out a contract of that nature for seven years. After *Peter Pan*, her initial picture, was finished at Paramount, Mary was given one of those 'long-termers' that started out at $75 a week and winded up with $2,000 a week, and every six months the option was picked up—which ought to be a record worthy of an Academy Award. And here's a funny sidelight. In all that time Mary was never starred. When the contract ended she decided to freelance and set her wage at a minimum of $2,000 per week.

■ San Francisco is noted for its lack of sunshine and recently Richard Arlen, who was in that city for a golf tournament, telephoned Jobyna, his wife, that he would be delayed a day or two.

"We're having a rainstorm," Joby. "How's the weather up there?"

"I dunno," said Dick. "I'll have to wait until the fog lifts to find out."



"Oh, take me back to my coaster brakes and punctures," warbles Dick Foran as he spurs his faithful bike over the range to *The Cowboy from Brooklyn* set

■ Henry Fonda's heart grew fonda on Mother's Day and among his gifts to his wife was half a horse! Both the star and his wife's rancher brother wished to buy the same animal at a Hollywood horse auction, but finally arranged a deal which satisfied all concerned. Fonda bought the horse and presented it to his wife; then gave it to her brother to have and to hold excepting at such times as his wife might be a visitor at the ranch.

■ The lengths to which producers of motion pictures customarily go in order to provide authentic atmosphere and backgrounds for their screenplays is aptly illustrated by *Algiers*, the Wanger opus starring Charles Boyer and Hedy (*Ecstasy*) Lamarr.

Having decided to film the picture Wanger sent detailed instructions regarding certain needed scenes to the United Artists offices in London where they were relayed to Cameraman Lloyd Knechtel. The latter journeyed to the Algerian capital on the northern coast of Africa and after obtaining the required permission from officials, shot more than 10,000 feet of the native quarter for background scenes. This footage was immediately rushed to the United Artists studios in Hollywood so that the selected bits might be incorporated in the picture. Then Knechtel returned to his base in London to await another call to some distant point in Europe, Africa or Asia.

■ Ed Wynn is the favorite marrying justice of the peace for filmdom's elopees.

[*Continued on page 47*]



Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power evidently found the excitement of the *Alexander's Ragtime Band* preview a lot of fun as they strode down the long runway to the theatre



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

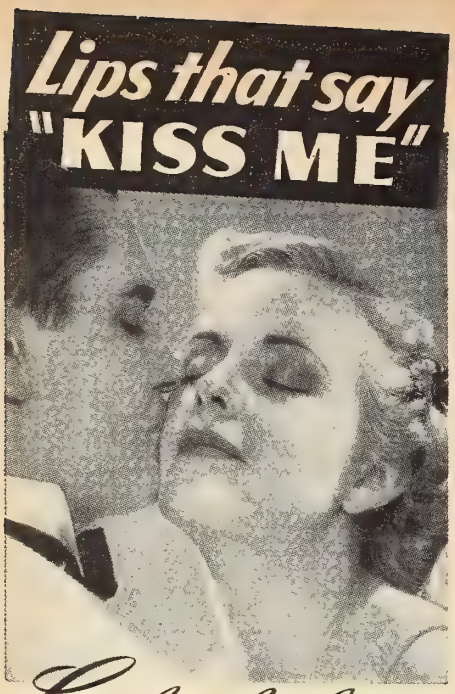
You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

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THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



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Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

KIDNAPPED (Twentieth Century-Fox)

A law went into effect not so long ago calling for the death penalty for members of the snatch racket who mutilate or injure a kidnapped person.

So far, there is no law providing any penalty for the gentlemen of the films who mutilate or injure a well-known story when they put it on the screen.

In the filming of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped,* a number of changes have been made, but, in this case, the "crime" is its own punishment, for the drama has been injured rather than aided and the very handsome picture probably will be only a moderate success.

Robert Louis Stevenson was not fond of writing love stories. He left one out of *Kidnapped.* So the film company put one in.

Kidnapped is not an ideal screen story, to start with. It deals with the adventures of young David Balfour whose wicked uncle has him kidnapped by a rascally sea-captain so that the boy will not claim his rightful inheritance. David (Freddie Bartholomew) has numerous exciting adventures, by sea and by land, and eventually wins his estate.

The second most important character in the book is Alan Breck, Scottish loyalist who is fighting the English king and his tax collectors. Warner Baxter plays the part and plays it splendidly. Little Arleen Whelan makes a charming heroine in her first screen appearance, but the bitter fact remains that, in building up the love story of Alan Breck, the story of David Balfour loses some of its vitality. Many theatre goers, even if they never have read the book, are going to feel that they are seeing two stories at the same time on the screen. And those who know Robert Louis Stevenson are apt to complain with some passion.

The film is beautifully photographed, has many telling scenes and characterizations, a huge, brilliant cast, but just a little too much of a good thing when it comes to story.

YELLOW JACK (M-G-M)

Love is a wonderful thing, and most people are more vitally interested in it than in any other subject. No argument there! But, for the second time in a month, we have a striking example of a film slowed, delayed, made something less than gripping and great because love interest was dragged in by the heels in the studio rewrite of the story . . . and let me be quick to say that the expression "heels" is used metaphorically and does not refer to the canny gentlemen who gamble many thousands of dollars on such productions as this.

Yellow Jack is the story of the grim fight to stamp out the deadly, mysterious fever which killed more men in the Spanish-American war than did sharpshooters' bullets. It was a gripping tale when Paul de Kruif wrote it in his *Microbe Hunters.* It was a successful play. And it became a very good movie, though it is not a great one, and it might have been.

Robert Montgomery does a most engaging job with his part as the Irish sergeant who has made his rollicking way through the army without plan or ambition, unless it is to attract the attention of the serious young nurse, played by Virginia Bruce.

When the call comes for volunteers to prove the theory that yellow fever is carried by one kind of mosquito, the whole army holds back. It has seen men . . . too many men . . . die in horrible torment from yellow jack. Finally five men volunteer for what later were called, "the greatest acts of individual bravery the army has ever known."

What goes on in those little experimental huts built on a lonely small hill in Cuba is a tale to fire the imagination and stir the heart.

Of course the sergeant gets the girl, but somehow you don't care, particularly. Your imagination still lingers with the scene where the gay young man, who is having a fine time with his life, allows the death-carrier to alight on his arm, and watches with a little smile as it pricks his arm with its deadly sting.

THREE COMRADES (M-G-M)

When *Camille* was written, no one knew that tuberculosis was contagious, so the lovely young invalid's tragic love affair had no distressing overtones. No one thought Camille irresponsible or criminally selfish, and sympathetic audiences by the thousands wept over the touching story.

But since that time, science has marched on. No matter how touchingly told is the tale of a heroine who marries, knowing that she has consumption, the sympathy of an audience cannot be won for her.

That is one reason why *Three Comrades* fails somewhat in appeal.

When three boys come out of the German army in 1918, they return to a world of turmoil and hunger and unrest. The conscience of one (Robert Young) draws him to a secret movement which is combating forces which later will take shape, one guesses, as the Nazi party. He is killed in a street riot for his belief.

One (Robert Taylor) falls in love with a disillusioned girl (Margaret Sullavan) who deliberately takes her own life when she realizes that recovery is hopeless.

The third (Franchot Tone) exemplifies the staunch loyalty a man can have for his comrades.

Performances are excellent, and you'll be interested as you watch it move across

the screen. But, unless you translate it into an argument against war, it will have little connection with life today.

THE SAINT IN NEW YORK (Radio)

■ "It's a pity there has to be such violence," murmurs "the Saint" in well-mannered regret as he pops off his seventh victim (I think it was the seventh, but I lost count about the middle of the film).

Well, none of my friends think it is a pity. You can have a lot of fun muttering "Bang, bang, you're dead!" to your theatre companion every time a new character is introduced, and see how many times you and "the Saint" agree on rubbings out.

This film is the start of another series. "The Saint" (Louis Hayward) is an imperturbable gangster who has a striking peculiarity. He preys only on criminals. Kay Sutton, Sig Rumann and Jonathan Hale head the supporting cast of this story which deals with the wholesale slaughter of enemies of society in New York.

SON OF THE SHEIK

■ If you are one of those who remember seeing Rudolph Valentino on the screen, by all means make a point of seeing this film which has been equipped with a music score and some sound effects and is being reissued.

It was made shortly before Valentino's death, was one of his great successes, and will be a most interesting experience in that it is a vivid reminder of your movie-going past.

Times have changed and the movies have kept pace. There is much that is quaint, much that is a little absurd in the film, but there is also charming photography and you cannot fail to find plenty of interest.

In the supporting cast are Vilma Banky, George Fawcett, Montagu Love, Karl Dane, Bull Montana, Binunsky Hyman and Agnes Ayres.

Valentino played two parts with the vigorous dash and fire that made him the idol of millions, and there are splendid fights and gallopings to the rescue.



Joan Bennett, who will be seen next in *The Texans*, snapped leaving the Ice Follies with Walter Wanger, producer

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS . . . "DARLING"



No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her*. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. Certainly she is pretty enough—and easy to talk to! And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person*. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol—to trust a bath alone to keep her sweet. For underarms must have *special* care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! It takes just half a minute to smooth a touch of Mum into each underarm. How easy that is!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin—you can use it right after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT



Use Mum this way, too! *Avoid worry and embarrassment by using Mum on Sanitary Napkins. It's gentle, safe, sure.*

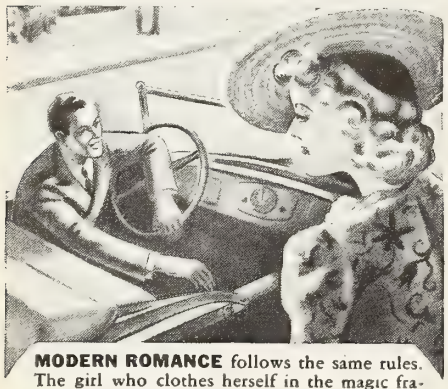
MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Do You Dream of a KNIGHT OF ROMANCE?



FAIR DAMSELS knew that the bravest knight could be a willing slave to an alluring perfume...



MODERN ROMANCE follows the same rules. The girl who clothes herself in the magic fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc has her gallant knight always at her beck and call.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"



—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. F, New York.

...genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear-Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS



Left, Bob Burns on the steps of his home in which Movieland Tourists are to be entertained



Right: Harold Lloyd is shown practicing putts on his own green which Movieland Tourists will see this summer, for the stellar comedian plans to entertain them in his home, one of the show places of the Hollywood hills

LAST CALL FOR HOLLYWOOD!

There is still time for you to join one of the Movieland Tours and see Hollywood from the inside on your vacation

■ Almost as you are reading this, there is a happy-go-lucky group of people seeing Hollywood at first hand. They are meeting stars . . . they are seeing the sights of the movie capital. They are out here where it is cool by night and pleasant by day. Soon they will return to the Clark Hotel to talk over the grand day they have spent, and to look forward to an even more exciting evening. They are members of the first Movieland Tour of the summer.

There is still time for you to get your application in and to join one of the last two tours, though time is growing rather short. Read the following starting dates carefully, make out your application blank NOW and plan for the time of your life.

Tour No. 2 leaves Chicago on July 24th and reaches Hollywood July 31st, and Tour No. 3 leaves Chicago August 14th and arrives here August 21st.

As your train pulls out of Chicago station, you will travel across the vast plains and towering mountains of the northwestern part of this country. Your first sight of the Pacific Ocean will be at Seattle, Washington. There you will board a steamer and cruise the Puget Sound, returning the same day to Seattle where you will again board the train and head for San Francisco.

And what pleasures the Bay City will have to offer you . . . the famous Golden Gate bridge, Chinatown, preparations for the big fair next year, ships arriving in the huge land-locked harbor from all parts of the world. The trip down the western coast is one of spectacular beauty, and at the end you will find the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce on hand with a great big key to the whole city.

■ After welcoming ceremonies at the station, you will be taken to your hotel, The Clark, to unpack luggage and

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

call friends. Many of you will want to attend church that morning. Others will want to rest for the afternoon's activities for your first afternoon here will be a big one.

Early in the afternoon, comfortable big busses will be waiting to take you all on a general tour of Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the beaches. Screen stars' homes will be pointed out to you. You will be shown their favorite night spots, their shops, their country clubs. On the same afternoon, another thrill awaits you. Members of the second tour have been invited to join Harold Lloyd in his magnificent Benedict Canyon home for an informal get-together. Members of the third tour have been invited to join Bob Burns for a swim in the pool of his new Bel Air estate.

Both tours have been invited to the Sunday night Tyrone Power-Woodbury radio show. Power, himself, will be off the air for the summer, but the producers of his show promise to have a good cast lined up for the shows on both nights.

Monday has been left open for those little side-trips that everyone will want to take, or for exploring Hollywood's famous shops. The beaches will be inviting on that day. The mountains are near. So are the desert and Catalina Island.

Tuesday will be the grandest day of all, for that day has been set aside for you to lunch at Universal Studios. Right after lunch with the stars in the commissary, you will be taken on a trip through the famous lot where you will see exactly how movie sets look and find out what goes on inside the gates.

After our very thorough tour of inspection, we leave the studios for a tour of Max Factor's world-famous make-up establishment.

Back to the hotel to prepare for an evening of dancing at the Wilshire Bowl. At the grand farewell party you will meet still more stars and dance to the tunes of Les Parker's orchestra. George McCall, ace air reporter, will entertain you as Master of Ceremonies, introducing the stars and telling the latest news.

Last year our guests had a chance to meet Robert Taylor, Hugh Herbert, Mischa Auer, Judy Garland, Jimmy Stewart, Wayne Morris, and many others.

Hollywood's gates are wide open to the Movieland Tourists, but we warn you,

FILL OUT YOUR COUPON NOW . . . THIS IS THE LAST CALL!

H

USE THIS COUPON

Fawcett's Movieland Tours,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Ill.

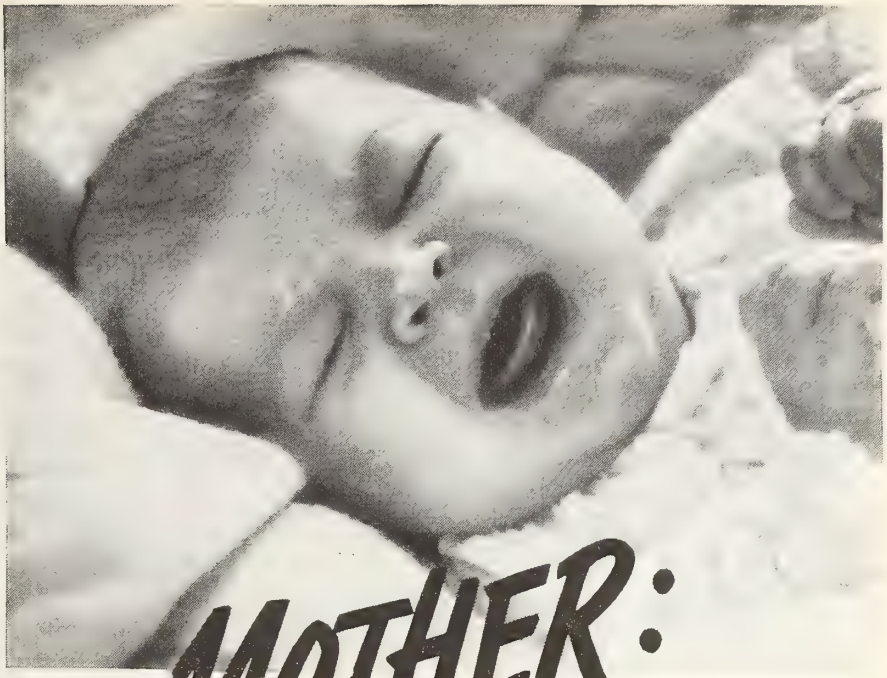
Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

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Address

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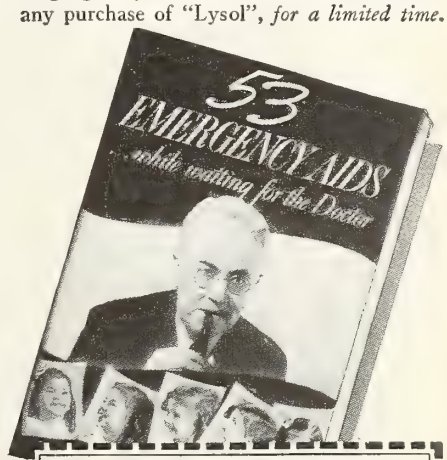
When your baby is suffering KNOW what to do!

DON'T be *helpless* when an emergency arises! Every mother should *know* what to do. Don't trust to luck that your household will *escape* emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's new book—*free* with a purchase of "Lysol" disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, *free!* Accept "Lysol's" offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy "Lysol", for your copy of Dr. Dafoe's book.

FREE! Dr. Dafoe's Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections.

Do you know how to . . . Dress a wound? Treat animal bites? Give artificial respiration? Relieve sudden illness? Stop hiccups? Revive an asphyxiated person? These are just a few of many subjects this book covers, in clear, simple language anyone can understand. Free with any purchase of "Lysol", *for a limited time.*





Used in the care of the Quintuplets since the day they were born . . .

Lysol Disinfectant

If your drug store cannot supply you—mail this to

LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. 8-H.

(Enclose "Lysol" carton front. Dr. Dafoe's book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

Name _____

Address _____

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Men Who Boss the Stars

ZUKOR—DEAN OF THEM ALL

By LUPTON A. WILKINSON

Adolph Zukor is not only the dean of the motion picture business; so far as the American feature picture is concerned, he is the father of it.

Moreover (hold your breath!) he *invented* the motion picture star.

"Papa Zukor," as his New York office nicknamed him (it's a lie; he's the proud grandfather of five) was born in Ricse, Hungary, nearly seventy-five years ago. One side of his family had been respectable, small storekeepers for centuries; the other side had bred teachers and Rabbis for generations.

Adolph and his brother, Arthur, were orphaned early. An uncle, himself threadbare poor, took care of the very small, earnest boys. Arthur followed the career the family chose for him and became one of the most famous Rabbis in Europe.

Adolph asked for a business career. He got it. At thirteen, just out of grade school, he was apprenticed to a storekeeper for three years.

The storekeeper had five children. One of them smuggled into the house Hungarian translations of Deadwood Dick, Nick Carter and Frank Merriwell at Yale. Other translations, too: Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which Zukor still re-reads frequently; The Count of Monte Cristo; Robinson Crusoe. The very small Adolph (he has never reached five feet four) dreamed of stories—and America.

After three years, he started drawing a salary—two dollars a month. The orphan was to receive a tiny inheritance at 21, but he couldn't wait. He persuaded the State Orphan's Board and his stern guardian to give him the pittance and begged the storekeeper, who didn't want to lose such a clever clerk, to release him.

The money was enough for a steerage passage, plus forty dollars, which Adolph sewed inside his shirt. He was afraid to take off his clothes during the dirty, seasick, seventeen-day voyage. He arrived in New York, eighteen years old (there was just one skyscraper then, twelve stories high, No. 1 Broadway) and soon was doing better. After breaking down at manual labor, he landed a job in a fur novelty shop—two dollars a week now instead of two a month!

Adolph rose. A clever workman, he was a showman, too. When somebody conceived the revolutionary idea of a fur-piece composed of the whole skin of an animal, with the head attached, and bead eyes, Adolph took his savings, jumped to Chicago and capitalized there on the new style. There he made the even more radical step of making neck-pieces of *two* animal skins, each with head and bead eyes.

Zukor guessed ahead of his time on short fur capes and went bust. He made substantial stakes and again went bust several times in the fur trade. But he always found some more money, hatched some new ideas and paid off every cent he owed.



Adolph Zukor of Paramount looks back along the exciting road which brought him as a lad from Hungary. His career has been a series of dramatic gambles with success, and his story also is the story of the movie industry from the very start

About the time Adolph started for America, two Hungarian families, the Kohns and the Kaufmans, took up government homesteads in North Dakoto, to raise wheat. Their story is epic. Early snows, droughts, prairie fires made their lives uncertain. But they stuck it nearly ten years, piecing out their living by trading with the Sioux Indians, for fur pelts on behalf of a fellow back East named Zukor.

The Kaufmans chucked the prairie first. Their three daughters had grown beautiful. Mrs. Kaufman thought they ought to have a chance in the city. All three married well. Lottie married Adolph.

Lottie Kaufman Zukor is fit subject for a scenario. Many times she was quietly to sell the jewelry Adolph had given her in prosperity and hand him cash in hard times; many times she was to move from a fine home to a tiny apartment and start over again with the daring, hard-working husband whose credit was always good, who always came up with new ideas, new success, new clean-up of all debts. Her faith has been gloriously justified. No woman asks more than that.

Adolph went into motion pictures because he couldn't help it. It was a gamble in a new field and he couldn't resist it. He was a principal partner in the original Penny Arcade, on Fourteenth Street, New York, where you peep-showed thirty seconds (but no dirt, not with Adolph) for a copper cent.

Then he and William A. Brady were partners in a chain of gadgets where the patron sat in a fake railway car that bounced up and down while the scenery ran past on a screen at the end of the car. Customers came once for the novelty. Then—blooie! The equipment had been expensive. Before you could say Freddie Bartholomew (in fact, thirty years before you could say it) the firm was $80,000 in the red.

"It's amusement luck," Brady shrugged. "We can't hang on. Let's put the company in bankruptcy."

Long afterward the large Mr. Brady chuckled: "That little man came at me with both hands outstretched, like he was going to beat me up."

They compromised. Adolph could go ahead, but no more dough. Adolph had some savings left, and one-reelers were coming in. This was an example of the times Mrs. Zukor sold jewels and moved to a cheap flat.

Zukor rented old stores, put benches in them or borrowed chairs from undertakers. He exhibited none of the filthy junk that was beginning long years of police and censorship attention to the struggling art-industry. In two years he had met all obligations and paid Brady a twenty per cent dividend on the original investment.

[*Continued on page* 49]



JEAN ARTHUR

and the brilliant big cast of Columbia's *You Can't Take it With You.* Left to right, Halliwell Hobbs, Donald Meek, Mary Forbes, Edward Arnold, James Stewart, Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Miller, Mischa Auer, Spring Byington, Sam Hinds, Dub Taylor, Lillian Yarbo and Eddie Anderson

ON THE "Five of



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Above, right to left, Cecile, Annette, Marie, Yvonne and Emilie demonstrate their varying ideas of the dance which they will perform for their new film, *Five of a Kind*



"We won't treat the children like a circus," says Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, above, and his consistency has won respect and affection of the movie company

Here is the first story on the new Quintuplet film, with news of how the babies prepare their parts

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

"And I want one, too, Doctor!" said the breathless lady tourist, running up to join the group around Jean Hersholt, and handing him a picture of the Dionne quintuplets to autograph. "I think you're just wonderful, the way you've kept them alive!"

We were standing at the entrance of the Dafoe Hospital in Callander, Ontario, in the gentle sunlight of a May morning waiting for director Herbert Leeds and cameraman Daniel Clark. It was an exposed position, and the actor had been kept busy.

Hersholt smilingly pointed out that he had no claim to the title, "Doctor," though he was in Ontario, to play, once more, the country doctor in another quintuplet film, *Five of a Kind*. He reminded the breathless lady tourist that it was Doctor Dafoe who was the very great man responsible for guiding the five little girls to lusty health on their fourth birthday.

"Of course, if I'd stopped to think!" said the lady tourist and retired in somewhat flustered triumph with her prized autograph.

Hersholt rather ruefully admitted that the confusion is not unusual. He gets a considerable amount of mail all year long asking for medical advice and for instruction in the care and feeding of children.

I meant to ask Dr. Dafoe if he, in

a Kind" LOCATION

his turn, received many requests for pointers in acting in the movies, but forgot that question in the interest of his conversation about his famous little charges. The talk with the "little doctor" came later in the day, and hours intervening were packed with such absorbing events that no reporter could be blamed for missing one un-

It has been two years since the five little girls made *Reunion*. They were babies, then, and naturally no effort was made to plan any special parts for them in the film. Now they are talking, so in the new film they will have rather more to do with the plot and will be revealed as singing stars, in addition.



Above, the house where the famous babies were born, four years ago, and in which the parents still live

important follow-up question.

The first contingent of the Twentieth Century-Fox had been in Callander only three days when I took off from the Newark Airport in a driving rainstorm to see how the quintuplets were handling their parts in the new feature length film, *Five of a Kind*. The vast outlines of greater New York fell out of sight almost immediately and the big plane swept smoothly through thin grey mist, tossing hundreds of miles behind it in a few hours. The speed and comfort of the flight on the powerful transport marked the sharp contrast between the overwhelming wealth, the nervous enterprise, bustling uproar of the biggest city on this continent and the primitive peace of the little village tucked away in the lake country of backwoods Ontario.



Above, Director Herbert Leeds and Llewellyn Miller inspect the washing in the Dionne side yard

Right, Jean Hersholt, Azalee Leeds, wife of the director, and cameraman Daniel Clark show the editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine sights of Callander

■ Never were parts more painlessly learned. The children do not even know that they are busily preparing for a picture that will carry their images to millions of people. They love to sing, and their repertory of songs in French is quite large. Their chief contribution to *Five of a Kind* will be a pleasant jingle dealing with their unbelievable similarity of appearance.

"Who am I?" chirps one. "You're Cecile . . . no . . . you're Annette," sing the others. "No, I'm Annette, so you're Yvonne," protests another, and so the song goes.

The children love it, and put a good deal of spirit into the rehearsals. The song is being learned, along with others, as part of their well-organized routine of work and play.

One of the nurses sings it as she plays it on the piano. The children repeat the words with her. Before they have a chance to grow tired or bored, the tune is changed, or the singing lesson gives way to sandpile digging.

■ On this particular morning, Herbert Leeds was responsible for breaking up his own rehearsal. Ever since his arrival in Callander, Leeds had been "conducting" rehearsals by sauntering quietly into the playground with Jean Hersholt and Dan Clark and sitting for an hour in the sunlight while the children went through the regular routine of the day. This system had been wisely decided upon to accustom the little girls to the presence of strangers, so that the sudden introduction of many new people would not be upsetting to their carefully controlled lives, and so that they would not be self-conscious when actual filming started.

On this particular morning, all five were sitting in a lawn swing when Leeds passed by the sentry at the stout gate, and dropped down [*Continued on page* 57]





MADELEINE CARROLL

will be seen next in Walter Wanger's dramatic story of war-torn Spain, *Blockade*

The Mystery

THAT HAUNTED HERBERT

All Hugh Herbert wanted was quiet and fresh air when he bought a ranch. And then he found that the place was haunted

By MARGO KENT

■ "You think the smoked salmon is good?" Hugh Herbert inquired.

"It's fresh—it's fresh. It should be good—it should be good." The waitress was committing grand larceny right under Hugh Herbert's nose, taking unto herself his trade-mark, and double-talking her recommendation of a luncheon goodie.

"But I don't like cold fish. Heat 'em up for me, will you?"

The waitress was obliging, but the culinary soul of the chef rebelled. The girl came back bearing disquieting tidings.

"The chef says, Mr. Herbert, that it'll spoil the fish to heat them," she retorted.

"Well, I don't like cold fish; never could eat cold fish. Tell the chef to spoil a couple of pieces for me. Woo—Woo!"

With the luncheon problem well out of the way, we turned our attention to the fascinating tale of the cows who found the gold-mine.

Every man has a secret yearning. Hugh had suppressed his successfully for years, but eventually that suppressed desire could no longer be held in check. Visions of the simple life of a farmer made his nights restless and his days incomplete.

If the glamour gals and boys could go in for raising race-horses, in dungarees by Adrian and Travis Banton, there was nothing to stop him. Of course, he might not make the fashion gazettes in *his* overalls, but he would certainly get a lot of fresh air.

A cow or two, a flock of chickens, and maybe half a dozen orange trees, from which he could snatch his breakfast every morning, would





be just the sort of thing to make a man feel at peace with the world. And so Hugh went ranch hunting. Real-estate agents heard about it, and his life became so complicated that he had to sneak home after dark, and sneak into the studio for his daily laugh chores in a Mickey Mouse disguise.

The great discovery was made on a placid morning when the only clouds were on the face of the gentleman who was temporarily squatting on the acreage. It was a perfect spot; the ground was gently rolling and a mosaic of mountains in the distance made a breath-taking background. The air was uncontaminated by fumes from motor exhaust pipes.

"You lookin' at this place 'spectin' to buy it?" the temporary tenant inquired. " 'Tain't what it looks like," he added, with an ingratiating air. "I wouldn't want honest folks to get stuck with it. Maybe I better let you drink the water from the spring in the south pasture. It's bad. My dog took a drink of it and I ain't seen him since."

Hugh obligingly walked down to the spring, but he didn't have to drink it. He could smell it ten feet away. There was undoubtedly something the matter with it.

However, except for the water, the place was ideal. So Hugh signed on the dotted line and became a rancher, with a spot of his own, forever entitled to pull weeds and worry about too much rain and not enough rain.

He and Mrs. Herbert built a small house and moved in. They then acquired a couple of cows, a horse and sundry chickens, ducks and geese. There was no doubt about it—this was the life, even though they had to haul water in. After all, they couldn't ask self-respecting cows and their little feathered [*Continued on page* 44]

"Peeping Tom" ON A MOVIE SET

Hollywood Magazine's favorite extra reports with unmistakable enthusiasm on Danielle Darrieux and her first American picture

By E. J. SMITHSON

Dear Editor:

Well—you've lived in California and know how it is. The native sons claim the air is almost good enough to eat, but I haven't found it so, although I'm willing to admit that it's very invigorating, and well worth an extra sniff or two providing you have the time and the strength to make the effort. But so far as I'm personally concerned, I haven't been able yet to consider our sun-saturated ozone as food. At least, not the kind I've been accustomed to eat between five and six o'clock and two pretty blondes at Joe's De Luxe Open Air Hamburger Stand, and which I couldn't eat, now, unless I could find a dib or two in my pantaloons since Joe refuses to take markers or let you put it on the cuff. "Pay First—and Then Eat" is Joe's hard and fast rule.

Well, there I was with nothing in my pocketbook but a leak! I called up my agent (maybe I forgot to tell you that after working in *Professor, Beware,* I got myself one of these ten per-centers for no reason at all except that he promised me steady work with only half of his usual cut) and gave him the nudge for a couple of bucks so I could eat and he gave me a turn-down colder than an old maid's kiss. I could take my pocketbook to a garage, he said, and get it vulcanized. Not only that, but I could take our agreement and try peddling it off at Joe's place for a "cuppa coffee anna sandwich"—if Joe was that dumb! Well, it turned out that Joe wasn't that dumb, so it became very clear to me that unless I wanted to eat the wolf at my door I'd better see about landing a job.

Extra work, I discovered as soon as I started phoning, was harder to knock off than a rebate on your income tax, and it wasn't until I called up the publicity director at Universal Studios, that I finally promoted a couple of days' honest labor in *The Rage of Paris.*

Believe me, it was a revelation—when shooting of the first sequence began Monday morning. Danielle Darrieux, the French beauty who plays the leading feminine role, was revealing; the polished performance of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., playing opposite her, was revealing; and lastly, the directorial technique employed by Henry Koster was likewise revealing.

Now let me reveal what actually happened.

That first sequence was a honey—and I'm not forgetting to put in a good word for the delectable Danielle who is as lovely an eyeful as she is a fine actress.

Frank Shaw, the 1st assistant director, and Vaughn Paul, the 2nd assistant director, took me aside after I'd been on the set about ten minutes and patiently told me what I had to do and just how I was to do it and then, after priming me with directions, informed me that I could take it easy since I wasn't to be in the first scene. Which was okay by me since it was about as easy a way to earn my wages as I could hope for.

The set represents the luxurious office of a great advertising agency operated by Fairbanks, and when the cameras begin to grind, Danielle, as a lovely, unsophisticated French girl, comes tripping in, starts to undress—and you should have heard the gasps that literally whistled from the throats of the two hundred visitors who stood around. The director says, "Cut!" and looks mad enough to toss everybody out on their respective ears, but he thinks better of it, being a kindly man, shrugs his shoulders, smiles a little, and says, "Let's try it again," and a minute or two later, Danielle, looking a trifle nervous, comes tripping in again.

Off comes her hat. Off come her gloves. Off come her shoes. Then she slips out of a tight-fitting sweater. Then she slips out of her skirt. Then she slips out of a couple of silky thingamagigs—and I come mighty near slipping off the chair I'm sit-



Lovely Danielle Darrieux is fast becoming the rage of Hollywood. You'll see her first American picture, *The Rage of Paris,* soon

ting on! I'll confess that I don't know much about acting, but I doubt very much if there are many American actresses who could have done this scene as splendidly as did Danielle. I doubt very much if there will be much of this disrobing act in the finished film, but I'll say this—if there is, neither the Mr. Pecksniffs nor the Mrs. Grundys will find occasion to take offense. The whole thing was done with a delicacy and charm happily combined.

The "how come" of this clothes-shucking business was explained to me by Vaughn Paul, the 2nd assistant director. Danielle plays a girl stranded in New York who becomes desperate when a Model Agency refuses her work. From a clerk's desk she grabs a slip of paper bearing the address of an artist who has requested a girl to pose in the nude, and with this paper in her hand she dashes from the building. Unaware that in her haste she has taken the wrong address, Danielle goes to the office of James Trevor (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,) and timidly starts to disrobe. This takes us right up to the point where she starts pulling off her stockings and right up to the time when Trevor enters and lets cut a yell (but not until he takes a good, long look at Danielle) that he's being compromised, and that she's trying her lovely best to trick him. Well, you can imagine Danielle's embarrassment! Sans hat, sans gloves, sans shoes, sweater, skirt, and stockings, she finally realizes her terrible error, somehow manages to fling on her duds, and then flees in tears. Director Koster says, "Cut!", and smiles as though Santa Claus had just paid him a visit.

■ After the cameras stopped turning, Danielle borrowed a cigarette from her husband, Henry Decoin, put on a blue dressing gown, and came over to where I was and said: "I was very nervous that time, but I can do better. You watch."

Director Koster, who, with her husband, used to write screen plays for her in Europe, spoke to her in French. When he was through with his parlez vousing she smiled and then said very emphatically: "No! I speak English!"

The dainty little French girl not only speaks English fluently, but must possess a camera mind. And I'll give you an example.

Bruce Manning, who, with Felix Jackson, collaborated on *The Rage of Paris* script, wasn't satisfied with the dialogue of the sequence that was to follow and neither was Director Koster so, while the lights were being arranged, Bruce jumped to his typewriter, rewrote two full pages of dialogue, handed Danielle her copies and believe it or not just as you chose, it wasn't five minutes before she had every word down pat and was ready to rehearse! And nary a single prompting did she have to have from either Manning or the director!

The next scene was where I was supposed to earn my money, but didn't, due to another quick and clever rewrite by Scripter Manning; but being eased out of the film made no-never-mind with me because by now I'd rather watch Danielle than go through with my awkward motions of trying to be an actor.

When Director Koster said, "We're turning 'em," again, we were on a set representing the bedroom of Trevor's mountain lodge and Danielle, looking as pretty as you please and maybe prettier, was in Trevor's bed telling him that she isn't as "bad" a girl as he thinks. It's a tender, pathetic, tear-jerking little speech that finally gets under Trevor's skin and he admits that he believes every blessed word she says.

This scene didn't go so well for some reason and Koster, who has the happy faculty of keeping the cast in good humor, kept blaming himself for the mishaps that necessitated the eight "takes." Doug, not to be outdone, kept walking around while he muttered "ham" to himself, and Danielle kept pretty close to her handsome husband, who kept patting her hand while he consoled her in whispered French. When the ninth "take" won a "print it!" order from the director everybody patted everybody else on the back.

■ When the hired hands were called for lunch that first day only two were fast enough to beat me to the studio commissary. Gordon Clark, stand-in for Fairbanks, was one; and Frances Hayden, stand-in for Danielle, was the other. And both very interesting youngsters, by the way.

Gordon could easily be mistaken for an identical twin. He looks like Doug, little moustache and all, he talks like him and displays all of the mannerisms of the talented actor. He was born in New York state but has spent most of his life abroad where he has been very active in the theatre. He springs from the Von Thranes, for more than 400 years a family of the nobility in Denmark and he could, if he so wished, tack on the title of "Baron" to his name. "The family dropped all titles seventy-five years ago," he says.

Gordon has appeared in a number of French films and came here primarily to study our modern studio methods which he plans on applying abroad when he goes into the business of producing foreign films. He was visiting the Selznick studio while *The Prisoner of Zenda* was being filmed and there met Fairbanks whom he had known previously in England. More in jest than anything else, Doug suggested that he stay and act as his stand-in and Gordon agreed.

■ Frances Hayden, as pretty and as wholesome a little trick as one could ever wish to gaze upon and who will go places once she is given a start, was a child actress from the age of two until six. Her mother is a famous character actress and her father, Frank Richardson, worked as assistant director for Fairbanks, Sr. Richardson has been making pictures in England for the past eight years and is regarded as one of the top men in his field by our over-seas cousins.

Well—the gabfest went on and on and the only sour note that sounded from soup to nuts was when I said *The Rage of Paris* had all the signs and portents of being another of those semi-slap-stick comedies. It took Frances to "mow me down" on that one.

■ "*The Rage of Paris* is definitely NOT a slap-stick comedy," she informed me. "On the contrary it's a gay, romantic, adventure story—and you're going to see the difference when it's released. You see, it's this way—

"Musette—that's Danielle—is stranded in New York and she's alone, penniless, and very hungry and when the Model Agency refuses to give her a job she becomes desperate. In the first scene this morning you saw what happened.

"A casual acquaintance, Gloria—played by Helen Broderick—sees a chance to make some money in the unspoiled Musette and she persuades a guy named Mike—played by Mischa Auer—to sell his cafe and back her scheme to land a wealthy hubby for Musette. Mike agrees and the three of them move into a fashionable suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. Gloria poses as Musette's aunt, and Mike becomes "The Count." His job is to make violent love to the girl so that eligible millionaires will become interested in her. She is introduced as "The Rage of Paris," in this country so that European noblemen will stop killing each other over her.

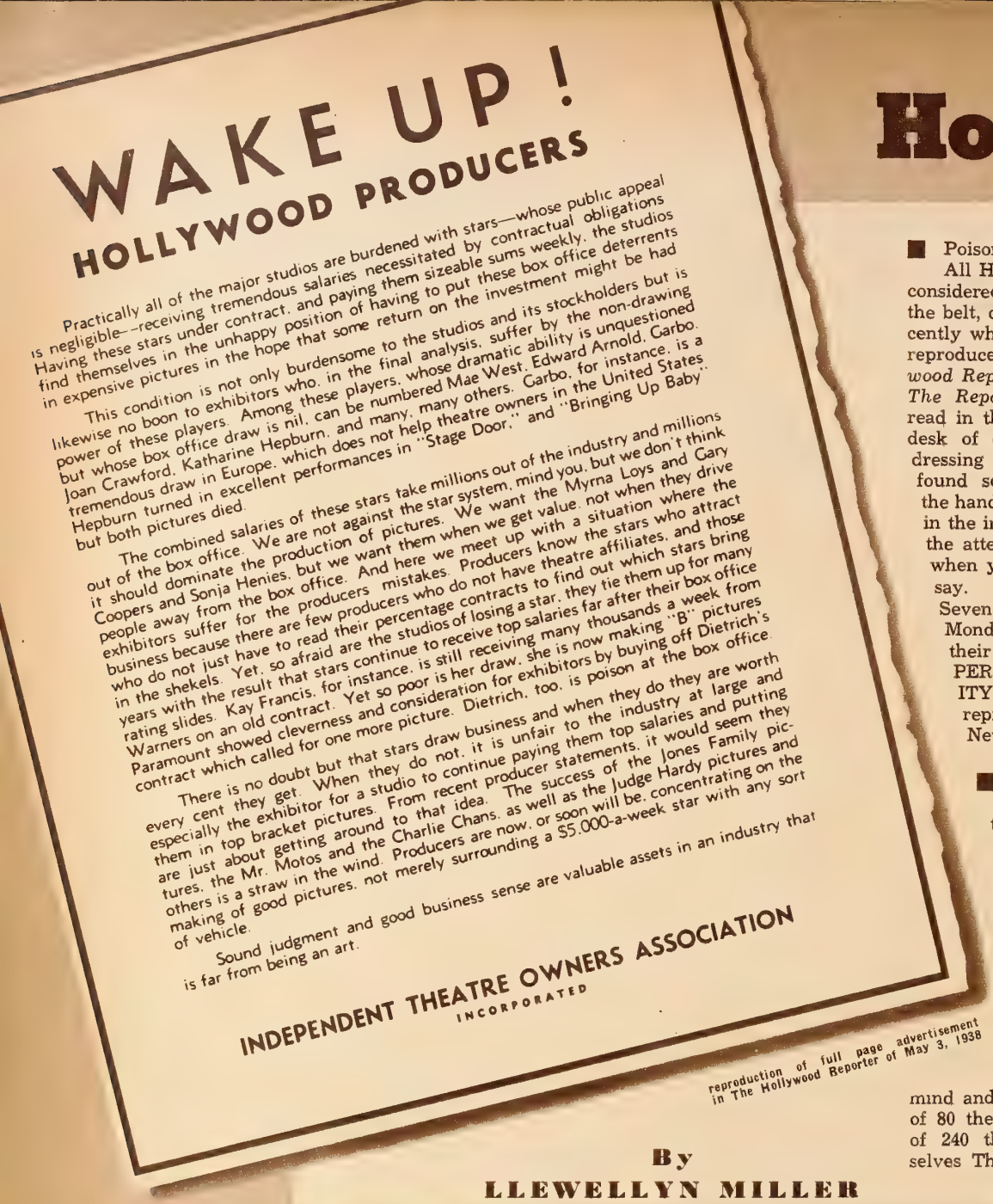
"Musette soon becomes a sensation in New York. Bill Duncan, young, wealthy and of good family, seeks to marry her, but her heart is filled with dreams of James Trevor who is always popping up at odd moments and threatening to expose her. He warns Bill about her and Bill smacks him on the jaw for his trouble. To save his friend Trevor kidnaps Musette and takes her to his mountain lodge. You saw that scene this morning, too. Musette, after telling Trevor all about herself, runs away and returns home. Back in her own little nest she gives friend Bill the air, packs up her bags and disappears. Trevor discovers that she is working in a gown shop, goes to the shop and orders a wedding gown demanding that it be modeled on the girl. When she appears he leads her out into Fifth Avenue where, wedding gown and all, they walk up the street and head for a church, wedding bells and rice."

After this recital there was nothing to do but agree with Frances about the type of story. It certainly *wasn't* a slap-stick and it *did* look like a gay romance.

Well—I'm eating at Joe's De Luxe. Open Air Hamburger again between five and six o'clock and the two pretty blondes. I was on *The Rage of Paris* two days and unless they shot me when I wasn't looking, I wasn't in a foot of celluloid! There were times when I thought I would be but ever so often Director Koster and Bruce Manning would take the script, give the scenes I was scheduled to appear in a swift rewrite and I'd find myself crowding up to Joe Valentine, the cameraman. I remember Joe saying "Thank God!" when I told him I was through.

Maybe you'll say the same thing when you reach this last line.

How One



WAKE UP!

HOLLYWOOD PRODUCERS

Practically all of the major studios are burdened with stars—whose public appeal is negligible—receiving tremendous salaries necessitated by contractual obligations Having these stars under contract, and paying them sizeable sums weekly, the studios find themselves in the unhappy position of having to put these box office deterrents in expensive pictures in the hope that some return on the investment might be had

This condition is not only burdensome to the studios and its stockholders but is likewise no boon to exhibitors who, in the final analysis, suffer by the non-drawing power of these players. Among these players, whose dramatic ability is unquestioned but whose box office draw is nil, can be numbered Mae West, Edward Arnold, Garbo, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, and many, many others. Garbo, for instance, is a tremendous draw in Europe, which does not help theatre owners in the United States Hepburn turned in excellent performances in "Stage Door," and "Bringing Up Baby" but both pictures died.

The combined salaries of these stars take millions out of the industry and millions out of the box office. We are not against the star system, mind you, but we don't think it should dominate the production of pictures. We want the Myrna Loys and Gary Coopers and Sonja Henies, but we want them when we get value, not when they drive people away from the box office. And here we meet up with a situation where the exhibitors suffer for the producers mistakes. Producers know the stars who attract business because there are few producers who do not have theatre affiliates, and those who do not just have to read their percentage contracts to find out which stars bring in the shekels. Yet, so afraid are the studios of losing a star, they tie them up for many years with the result that stars continue to receive top salaries far after their box office rating slides. Kay Francis, for instance, is still receiving many thousands a week from Warners on an old contract. Yet so poor is her draw, she is now making "B" pictures Paramount showed cleverness and consideration for exhibitors by buying off Dietrich's contract which called for one more picture. Dietrich, too, is poison at the box office.

There is no doubt but that stars draw business and when they do they are worth every cent they get. When they do not, it is unfair to the industry at large and especially the exhibitor for a studio to continue paying them top salaries and putting them in top bracket pictures. From recent producer statements, it would seem they are just about getting around to that idea. The success of the Jones Family pictures, the Mr. Motos and the Charlie Chans, as well as the Judge Hardy pictures and others is a straw in the wind. Producers are now, or soon will be, concentrating on the making of good pictures, not merely surrounding a $5,000-a-week star with any sort of vehicle.

Sound judgment and good business sense are valuable assets in an industry that is far from being an art.

INDEPENDENT THEATRE OWNERS ASSOCIATION
INCORPORATED

reproduction of full page advertisement in The Hollywood Reporter of May 3, 1938

■ Poison at the boxoffice!

All Hollywood winced under what it considered a foul blow, decidedly below the belt, one bright Monday morning recently when the full page advertisement, reproduced above, appeared in *The Hollywood Reporter*.

The Reporter is a trade paper widely read in the cinema capital. It is on the desk of every executive. It is in the dressing room of every star. It is to be found sometime during every day in the hands of every person of importance in the industry. It is a fine place to get the attention of the entire film colony when you have something startling to say.

Seven stars gasped on that bright Monday morning when they read that their outstanding quality was not PERSONALITY but POISONALITY, according to one man who represented 240 theatre owners in New York.

■ Then the fun began. Telephones started to ring, and the words that went over some of the wires were scorching with indignation. Reporters jumped into their cars and dashed for studios and interviews. Friends called stars. Stars called producers. And a number of producers called a certain gentleman a few harsh names. And all because one man had decided to speak his mind in public.

Let's take a look into that mind and see why Harry Brandt, owner of 80 theatres and president of a group of 240 theatre-operators calling themselves The Independent Theatre Owners

By
LLEWELLYN MILLER







Man *Shocked* Hollywood

He called the people whose famous faces adorn these pages "*Poison at the box-office*" and started a fight that is apt to rage all year. Then he started a campaign for single bills. Unless you understand what is behind this fight, you don't know what is going on in Hollywood's inner circles

Association of New York, decided to wage a one-man battle on the picture industry.

In the first place, he denies that he and the exhibitors he represents are waging a "battle."

"We are in *love* with the picture business," he says emphatically. "It has given us everything we have. And we are not trying to destroy stars. We are not trying to beat down star salaries, when they bring money into the box-office. Any star is entitled to as much money as he or she can get, provided the cash customers come to the theatre. But we are trying to see that stars who no longer make money for us are not used *against* the box-office. After all, it is the theatre-owner who created the star in the first place. It may be the producer who actually signs the pay check, but it is the nickels and dimes and quarters and dollars that go through our box-offices that really pay that salary. We are the final paymasters, and because of that we think we have a right to complain when a star's salary is all out of proportion to the money that star brings into our houses."

■ To understand the complaint of Harry Brandt and his fellow exhibitors, it must be remembered that major studios sell a year's product, usually 52 features, in advance to theatre operators. The theatre man has the privilege of cancelling about ten percent of those films, if he does not wish to play them, but the rest he must pay for, whether he plays them or not. This system is called "block-booking," and has many advantages and many disadvantages. An advantage is that it allows the owner of a small house to book a year's pictures without maintaining an expensive booking office. It also saves him from sharp competitive bidding from his neighbors for the more important films. A disadvantage is that the theatre owner may have to play, at high cost, a picture that was intended for a super-special by the producers, but which, after the investment of a million or more dollars, has proved to be something less than a smash hit.

■ It also should be remembered that no producer deliberately sets out to make a picture that is going to lose money, that no producer deliberately tries to lessen the value of his contract stars by making poor pictures. The show business always has been one of immense gambles, immense rewards, immense losses. No one can estimate in advance just how a film will be received. That is why so many harsh words were to be heard about Harry Brandt for many days after the bright Monday morning when his first advertisement appeared in *The Hollywood Reporter.*

■ Joseph M. Schenck, chairman of the board of Twentieth Century-Fox, dismissed the whole matter with "Ridiculous! How can any exhibitor, on the basis of what a film does at his theatre, know how it goes generally? He has to have more information than his own box-office receipts to gauge the drawing power of stars. Statements of that kind don't do the business any good, and they harm those who make them. They boomerang."

It is interesting to notice that Mr. Schenck's indignation is quite impersonal, since none of the stars mentioned by name are on the Twentieth Century-Fox contract list. [*Continued on page* 55]









The $imple Life

It's easy to buy diamonds and sables and imported cars in Hollywood but the simple life is harder to find and very expensive to maintain

By TED LORCH



Above, Bob Burns at ease in front of his study. Right, the most expensive log cabin in all of the Hollywoods

■ Lincoln did a lot of thinking while splitting rails. Theodore Roosevelt preferred deepest Africa when things got complicated. Then consider the case of Bob Burns, who's stuck in Hollywood while spinning the simple philosophies of the Ozark people.

You can get rich in Hollywood if you're lucky. You can develop a broad "a". You can be fashionable as all get out. But brother, if you want to remain simple and unchanged—that's hard! Yep, it's got Robin Burns, the sage of Van Buren, a trifle worried.

He couldn't take to splitting rails. He couldn't move to Africa. In fact, he can't even get very far from Hollywood, because he has to be in the heart of it nearly every day. That's why Bob did everything but advertise for the simple life.

Bob has been an expert on such things as poverty. He spent a good portion of his life doing enforced research along those lines. Bob can still remember when the smell of good food inside a restaurant while he was passing by had to serve as a square meal. But it doesn't change the lamentable fact that Bob has struck it rich.

"Sure, it's lamentable," Bob says quite frankly. "I got where I am because life was so doggone simple for me. Back in Van Buren we didn't have any complications to keep us from seein' things the way they were or ought to be. But now—well, it's a heap different."

A film star has many obligations that come with fame. In the first place, he must dress the part. In the second, he must live it. Bob was told all these things when he "arrived"—was told them even while a brand new business manager was delivering the usual "don't be a spendthrift" lecture.

Much against his wishes, Bob did what everyone advised. He got himself a nice home out in Bel-Air. And if you don't know what that means, then use your imagination. In Bel-Air they look you over carefully before selling you a lot. They tell you what you can and cannot build. They even supervise your building it, just so you won't get the economical jitters at the last minute. In a word, Bel-Air is exclusive.

Well, one bright morning Bob awakened to find himself in the lap of luxury. It rather appalled him. Some men seem to their best cogitating amid a nightly mass of modernistic mahogany masterpieces, or at least a considerable collection of chromium calmatives. But not Bob.

No, sir. His pappy found solace and wisdom in a simple home in Van Buren, and his grandpappy before him lived happily in a cabin constructed of heavy logs. There was nothing in this scheme

to get in the way of a man's thinking.

All these things occurred to Bob in due time. Of course he had to have that initial period of trying out things. Overstuffed furniture was easy on the spine. Beds so soft that he fairly disappeared in their luxurious laps were highly tempting. Oh, Bob found it all pleasant enough —until he began realizing that it drugged his priceless common sense. And at that stage it became alarming.

Finally he went to the Mrs. about it. She had seen it all coming, of course, but had decided to let Bob find out for himself. So when he finally confessed his confusion, the wise Mrs. Burns merely said, "Well, Robin, you'd better do something about it." You see, she had a hunch that Bob should work it out for himself.

■ So Bob got to thinking, and he remembered that a man's best friend was his dog. Maybe things would seem less complicated if he had a pooch or two around to keep him human.

"I knew well enough what I wanted in the line of dogs," Bob confessed one day, "but I thought maybe Bel-Air had some building restrictions in the matter of breed. So I did a little investigatin'. You know, I had an Uncle down in Arkansas who was a detective once, and he always told me that I had the makin's of a first class Sherlock Holmes if I'd develop my intuition a bit.

"So this seemed like a pretty good time to take my uncle's advice, and I went prowlin' around the neighborhood. You know, it's surprisin' what I found. Most of them people with imposing brick homes topped with a coat-of-arms went in for the finest blue-bloods of dogdom. Their canines were so doggone snooty that they practically carried their pedigrees around on the end of their noses.

"But it's always been my private opinion that the smartest dog is one that can't explain his ancestry at all. If he's a common pooch he has had a chance of pickin' up some sense somewhere along the line.

So after sizin' up the neighborhood, it seemed like a good idea to run down to the police station and inquire. I got down there and found the desk sergeant was a pretty square guy. 'Good morning,' I says, and he nods pleasantly. I'd like to ask you just one question, mister sergeant. Is there any buildin' restrictions in the matter of dogs in Bel-Air?'

"The sergeant looked at me kind of funny and said, 'Dog houses have got to be decent lookin' and in accordance with the architecture of your place, Mr. Burns. And Bel-Air frowns on large kennels.'

"Mister sergeant, I aint a-talkin' about acquiring a pound,' I explains carefully. 'I aim on building a dog accordin' to my own specifications. And I don't want no blue blood. I'd a heap rather find some almost-cocker spaniel, with some airdale in him. But I was wonderin' if the community is too exclusive for that?' "

Bob poured himself a drink of nice cold ice water and prepared to finish his story. "Well, the sergeant promised to keep my secret, and said maybe he'd like a dog of that type, too. So I made arrangements, and one day two pups were delivered to me. They were cuter than all get out—little black fellows with white chests. Brothers, about six weeks old.

"Well, at first we couldn't tell them apart, but now they're growin' up, there's very little the same in either of them. That's what comes from mixing breeds, and that's what makes them good dogs."

■ Bob paused, and we found an entering wedge. "And did they make life simple for you?"

He looked a bit disgusted. Naw, they didn't. I love those dogs like nobody else could, but the little devils just took too much of my time when they were in the house. I couldn't think at all. If I wasn't pettin' them, I was answerin' the phone twelve times a day, or pryin' into household matters that should concern no one but the missus. So finally I struck my solution."

Bob was smiling now, and looking pretty pleased with himself. "I told you," he resumed, "that my great grandpappy found everything to his likin' in a little old log cabin that was just barely nailed together." We nodded. "Well, I decided then and there to build my own log cabin."

"What—in Bel-Air?"

"Yep—in Bel-Air. You see, I figgered that if I could have dogs the way I want them, I might be able to fool the boys some more. But it wasn't no easy job. Not by a long shot.

"A mess of building inspectors and other officials came out and tried to reason with me. But I took 'em all to the back end of the property, which is pretty rustic anyhow, and showed them just what I wanted to do.

"You know, even a buildin' inspector is human. Those fellows thought it was a pretty nifty idea, and kind of wished they could have one, too. But don't get me wrong—they sure had their ideas on what a Bel-Air log cabin is like.

■ "And friend, my grandpappy would blush with shame to see what resulted. It is positively the most luxurious log cabin, from the outside, that you ever saw. It's a wonder they didn't make me use solid mahogany logs. It's so purty, even so, that it looks like a fake. But only on the outside!

"I got the inside of that place fixed to my suitin'. There's no phone in it, and nothin' else that seems too civilized. Sometimes I kin plumb forget myself and think I'm back in Arkansas. If I want to, I can take off my shoes and wiggle my toes comfortable-like. There's no one in there to tell me different, and there's goin' to be no one.

"When I settle myself to write for the newspapers or the radio, I just stay there until the thoughts come tumbling out. And if they don't tumble right away, then I sit and think about the old Arkansas River, the one that goes through Van Buren, and how I used to take an old wobbly houseboat down the river when I was a kid. Then suddenly things seem awful clear, and I start to scribblin'. Yes sir— I guess I've found the simple life at last."

■ Bob finished off his long explanation with a pleasant grin. We grinned, too, and said that the solution came pretty easy after all. But Bob didn't agree. He found simplicity, yes—but it wasn't a simple task. He still had a lot of fresh visions about those building inspectors, you see.

"Why, those fellows wouldn't let me get by with one single simple thing on the outside," he explained, working himself into a reminiscent frown. "I had to have every log just so—it was against the law to have the place look natural.

"In my grandpappy's day things were easier. He'd just say, 'Son, hustle down to the store and get me a dime's worth of nails. We're agonna build a cabin today.' I'd get the nails and there we were. No more expense a-tall. Grandpappy would chop down a few choice trees, then hand the axe to me while he marked the ground with a stick. I'd trim the logs, notch them so they'd cleave together. Then we'd stack 'em up, build a little fireplace, and you had it.

"But here—why, the hardware for the door cost me mor'n a whole cabin down in Arkansas.

■ Bob's a persistent cuss when he begins something. There was a lot of grief before he finally had that cabin finished, but it's done now, and how Bob uses it! It's confidential—but we'll tell you one more plan of his. He's going to put in a horse shoe pitching ground, and ask Bing to bring a few shoes from his racing stables.

Of course Bob hasn't asked the building inspectors about it yet. We don't want to borrow trouble for him, but he's liable to find that indulging in this simple pastime is frowned on in Bel-Air.

If you see him tossing gold-plated shoes at shiny spikes in the sod, you'll know they read about his plans and caught up with him. You've got to do things right in Bel-Air!



Even though a good deal of finery seems to have gone to his head in *Tropic Holiday*, Bob Burns remains quite unimpressed with bull, alive stuffed or verbal



Why JOAN

The average girl of twenty would not dream of living alone. The average girl of twenty would not be allowed to live alone by her family. But fame does strange things to people. And those who win fame are exceptional enough to make rules of their own. Read how one girl felt when fame chose her, as well as her sister, for the spotlight







A background of quiet beauty and charm is the quality Joan Fontaine sought for in her new home. Above is the house of her choice. The living room with its Georgian influence uses as a color motif desert sand, French blue, beige and coral. The dining room, right, has a mural design in dubonet toning into an off-white, and silk poplin drapes. The graceful lines of the exquisite Duncan Phyfe furniture lends added charm and beauty

■ Can a girl be too sheltered? Yes, says Joan Fontaine. Particularly so if she wants to be an individual, if she wants a sturdy, well-balanced career, which requires periodical solitude for progress.

Less than two years ago, a girl as fragile as a cameo, as delicate as a miniature on ivory, was introduced to the public as a potential new. She carried the intriguing name of Joan Fontaine.

No mention was made by her studio that her sister was Olivia De Havilland, already entrenched with Fame.

In a town where every family connection is capitalized,where every lasting bit of pull is used, this was a curious and an amazing situation. Without equal in an industry where forty-second cousinship is claimed, if it will do any good.

Neither Joan nor Olivia ever discussed the other. Interviewers caught on to the idea, and tactfully refrained from asking the wrong questions.

Yet the reason for this was simple. Here were two girls who had made a pact not to be a sister act, but to be individuals, to develop independently as human beings, and not to borrow Fame one from the other.

Recently—and this is known to less than half a dozen people even in Hollywood—Joan rented a house of her own, and established herself as mistress of it.

She explained the reason for it in this way: "I happen to be one of those who easily borrows the mannerisms, the voice inflections, even the habits of thought, from

FONTAINE LEFT HOME

By SONIA LEE



those I love. If I want to develop a distinct personality, one that will be marketable at the box-office, I must not be in too intimate contact with others.

"I am one of those," and her broad, gray eyes were wells of seriousness, "who must live alone. If I don't I can't possibly maintain the integrity of my individuality."

Joan is young—just twenty. For her, this separation took courage—for the home nest is sheltered and comfortable. But she is a girl with an unusual history, which is the key not only to her courage, but to the personality which requires solitude.

She has the will-power to do things as she sees them. The same will-power which has saved her life time and again, by the very tenacity to remain alive.

From infanthood, Joan was frail. How the spark of life continued in that little body was a miracle. Wise physicians couldn't quite understand it. It seemed so impossible that a veritable baby would have so much fight in her.

She was born in Tokyo, Japan, and for the first two years of her life lived in the International Settlement. Her father had business interests in that country.

For the sake of Joan, the mother took her two small daughters to the United States, where the climate was more equable. They settled in Saratoga, California, where Olivia and Joan grew up.

■ Childhood for Joan Fontaine was defined primarily by long weeks in bed, interspersed with only occasional periods of well-being, when she could play and study like other children.

So, from the very beginning, loneliness was part and parcel of her life. She learned to depend on her own resources. She learned the value of doing only those things which were good for her. [*Continued on page* 48]







The game room, left, for those occasional bridge games has a cool green leather card table set, light yellow sofa, dark brick red chairs and antiqued knotty pine walls. Above, one of the bedrooms. The massive bed has a luxuriously tufted head in shades of peach. Color motif is French blue, aqua blue and green. The breakfast room is blue and white with growing plants in the window. Certainly all this is the perfect background for her blonde loveliness. Top, Olivia De Havilland

Dr. Bob—BUG HUNTER



In his role of the reckless Sergeant O'Hara, Robert Montgomery gazes with a fatalistic humor at the imprisoned mosquitoes which may mean death to him and safety to millions

Inspired by *Yellow Jack*, Robert Montgomery undertook independent research into the cause and cure of the dread disease "Hollywooditis"

By TERRY KELLY

■ Yellow hell was loose in Cuba.

It was the turn of the century, and thousands were dying of a plague—a plague of inexplicable cause, and therefore all the more horrifying. People were normal one minute, then delirious with wild fever the next.

They called it Yellow Fever, and it wiped out whole families at a swoop, or again picked out one victim among twenty huddled together. Superstitions about the plague ran wild—people fled in terror when each new case developed. More American soldiers were dying from it than from the booming cannonades of the Spanish-American war. . . .

The great turning point of this Yellow Fever siege was being re-enacted on Stage Fifteen of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios when I walked on the set. It was a critical, dramatic moment.

The scene was an accurate, detailed replica of Camp Lazear, at Quemados, Cuba. It was so real that you forgot this was Hollywood, and wished silently that you had a gas mask or something better than that to protect yourself from this dread disease.

■ It is a brilliantly sunny day—and hot. The sun and heat is supplied by the biggest sunlamp in Hollywood—an apparatus scorching the set with 1,000,000 candlepower.

Isolated in a hot tent is a young man of the American army who is about to verify, he hopes, the conclusion of the great Dr. Reed that Yellow Fever is contagious only through the bite of one lone type of mosquito. The soldier keeping a rendezvous with death is Sergeant O'Hara (Bob Montgomery). His doctor-superior is played by Lewis Stone. And the woman who urged Sergeant O'Hara to thus sacrifice himself is a young nurse, played by Virginia Bruce.

All around the camp people pause, terrified by the inexplicable spread of this deadly disease. They cover their faces with cloth, hoping to avoid contagion. The desperate doctors of the Yellow Fever Commission, are preparing to gamble with death for the life of the man, in order to save lives of millions.

■ O'Hara, alone in his tent, holds a jar full of mosquitoes in his hands. His tent is sterile, isolated, comfortable, airy, but death is locked in with him if the doctors are right in believing that mosquitoes carry the disease that is wiping out the army. Will they kill him, thus proving that one single type of insect is to blame for this horrible massacre?

O'Hara slowly unfastens the lid of the jar. For a moment he shudders involuntarily. Then he hesitates no longer. Firm to his purpose, he allows the mosquitoes to crawl out upon his arm.

One of the insects poises as if to bite. O'Hara lifts a hand to slap it into eternity, then stifles the motion in mid-air. He must be bitten, not once, but many times. Calmly he holds still, and his arm is punctured by tiny beaks.

Everyone is grimly silent as the cameras record this fateful moment. You feel as if you, yourself, are undergoing this awful experiment. And then, suddenly, it is

over. Sergeant O'Hara has been bitten. Inevitably, he comes down with Yellow Fever. Nurse Virginia Bruce and Doctor Lewis Stone, radiant over proving a great point, suddenly turn to the grim task of trying to save a hero's life. . . .

Robert Montgomery, who for years was the screen's ideal playboy, is horribly convincing in this dramatic moment. Just as he scored so triumphantly in the weird film, *Night Must Fall*, again he turns serious in *Yellow Jack*, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film version of the famous stage play.

And that is the astonishing contradiction of the man. He is superb in both types of roles, and off the screen he can be equally versatile as a human being.

■ I talked with him soon after he finished this critical moment of *Yellow Jack*. Was he serious—in a mood inspired by such a performance? Well, let us see . . .

"I've been a bit of a scientist myself since the start of this picture," Bob Montgomery said, in all seriousness. And I suddenly had visions of him working alongside scientists in a clean white laboratory, searching for new discoveries to help human beings.

"Yes sir, I've had quite a project under my scrutiny. In fact, I designed a microscope of my own—a very unusual one—that I might study a type of alleged infection peculiar to our modern times."

Whatever it was that the unpredictable Montgomery was going to say after that, was suddenly cut off when they called him back for another scene. It was out of sequence—that is, in the finished film this latest "take" will appear before the one I have just described for you.

■ The scene was supposed to be anything but funny. Bill Henry, playing the role of one of the martyrs to science down in that Cuban hell hole, has just collapsed, a victim of Yellow Jack.

Natives and soldiers alike are alarmed. Perhaps they, too, will get Yellow Jack by contagion!

In this scene Montgomery goes over to the prostrate figure of Bill Henry, picks him up without hesitation, and strides across the camp grounds with the latest victim of the disease. It is a moment of momentary heroism, revealing innate courage and strength, his ability to meet hidden danger. Psychological stuff, building toward that climactic moment when he, himself, falls victim of the disease.

The cameras are all ready. Lights flare up. A make-up man walks over to Montgomery with a fly spray, squirts mineral oil on his face. On the film, it will look like sweat from the intolerable heat.

Montgomery stands there while a last minute adjustment is made on the camera. Then the sound man calls, "Speed." That means film and sound are both going.

Bob steps before the camera, stoops over to pick up Henry. He tugs. He tugs again, surprised, he lifts hard, and finally gets Henry's body over his shoulder. Funny a man of 165 pounds seems so heavy! Honest perspiration breaks out on Bob's face. But he hides the surprise and staggers off with his burden.

Suddenly Bob's face portrays realization. It is not called for in the script. Bob staggers on another step or two, and then suddenly makes up his mind. Quite unexpectedly he gives a little lurch, and Bill Henry crashes to the floor with an awful thump. Anything softer than oak planking would have been splintered.

And Bill Henry was wishing for something softer. As he hit the floor, the grin on his face disappeared magically—and out of his blouse tumbled hunks of heavy lead. One, two, three, they rolled out—and more. They must have weighed seventy pounds.

Ruefully, Bill Henry found his little joke backfiring, with Bob Montgomery and everyone else roaring cheerfully as Bill got up, rubbing a couple of places gingerly.

■ And that's the way it continued to go on the set—always some ribbing to mitigate the grim drama of the film. As Bob came back to the subject of his research, I ought to have known what was coming!

"This has been a desperate research I've been doing," Bob said without a smile. "If this microbe exists, it is a very deadly bug, indeed.

"For the purpose of my discussion, I shall label this frightful disease *Hollywooditis*. It is an allegedly deadly result, revealed among allegedly great stars, produced by an allegedly murderous microbe. We will assume, for the moment, that the bug has not yet been isolated. I, of course, have held firmly to the assumption that it has never bitten me. In fact, I have never seriously believed in its existence.

"The presence of a disease does not prove a microbe is there, too. A man may have the big head, but you cannot assume as a consequence that he is a bit buggy, too.

"In this case one might say that a person comes to Hollywood, he becomes famous, and certain frightful things result. Why? Well, the man in the laboratory tries to find a theory and then prove it. So I formulated one, too. I assumed that all actors are bitten first by an often-discussed microbe—the bug for acting. In itself it seemed to be a deadly creature. But does this bug also give you Hollywooditis?

"In my own s a c r e d laboratory of thought, I built a new type of ultra-microscope. I began a desperate search. I examined every alleged case of Hollywooditis I could find, but in no case could I isolate the microbe.

■ "After great research I concluded that Hollywooditis, if the disease really did exist, was a psychological reflection peculiar to the unusual condition of being famous.

"Let's take the sad case of Mr. X, assuming he is a great star. Perhaps people say he has 'Gone Hollywood.' Chief symptoms are head swellings, brain reduction. He doesn't speak when spoken to, with a lot of et ceteras, celery and bologna.

"We take our star back to his home town for a moment. We tell him to act like he did in Hollywood. And what happens? He wants a new car and gets it. The town sees nothing wrong in that. He wears good clothes—and why not? He sparks with the girls. They love it.

"But bring him back to Hollywood—and look out! He does everything wrong, my friend—even if he is acting just like he did back at home. He is under the scrutiny of a harsh, discerning world. He is heartily criticized along with the home town drunkard, the Einstein theory of relativity, and the Reorganization Bill.

"In Hollywood, a great many things indicate the dread disease. Let a star buy and fly a plane—he's gone Hollywood, developed Hollywooditis. If he demands a pay raise or forgets to autograph some fan's book, his head has started to swell. If a star stays quietly at home in Hollywood, he's a darned recluse. If he goes out, he's trying to get publicity. If he dresses well, his money has warped his sense. If he doesn't, he's a tight-wad. If you aren't married, you ought to be to stifle rumors. If you are, they all say it won't last.

"So, after all this careful study under my special microscope, I cannot help but conclude that these symptoms, developed elsewhere, are innocent enough. But here in Hollywood, they suddenly point to the lamented, dread disease of Hollywooditis. And all the time there isn't even an Irish microbe around."

■ Having thus concluded that it is all a state of mind, our eminent scientist, Mr. Montgomery, still has a cure for this imaginary ailment which does not exist. I shall allow him to continue, unmolested:

"Critics without portfolio make good doctors if a star will only listen. Some movie fans are kind enough to pan an actor. I seem to have many considerate followers.

"Some of the letters I get seem downright insulting, but boy, what a cure they are for this alleged Hollywood plague! A man couldn't ail for long with Hollywooditis if he read the comments that Uncle Sam brings in every day. And I'm glad to get the adverse remarks, because no man ever gets better through flattery.

"I take those letters home at night, read them carefully, study the intelligent ones to discover my weaknesses which they are frank enough to point out. Some of those letters have had a profound effect. They are, perhaps, clinical diagnoses, aimed to save me from the microbe I claim does not exist. They have, I must admit, helped me in my career.

■ "Whenever I think I am getting somewhere—getting a little bit good, I get out those panning letters. A couple of them will deflate the worst ego. Usually I don't sleep that night, but at least I go to work the next morning with greater determination."

So there you are. Bob Montgomery couldn't find the dread microbe of Hollywooditis. And he searched hard enough, at that. But perhaps his diagnosis is just as good—it's a state of mind. Behind Bob's humorous analysis, in any event, is something worth thinking about—something of value both to the stars in Hollywood, and the carping critics of the world. Right?







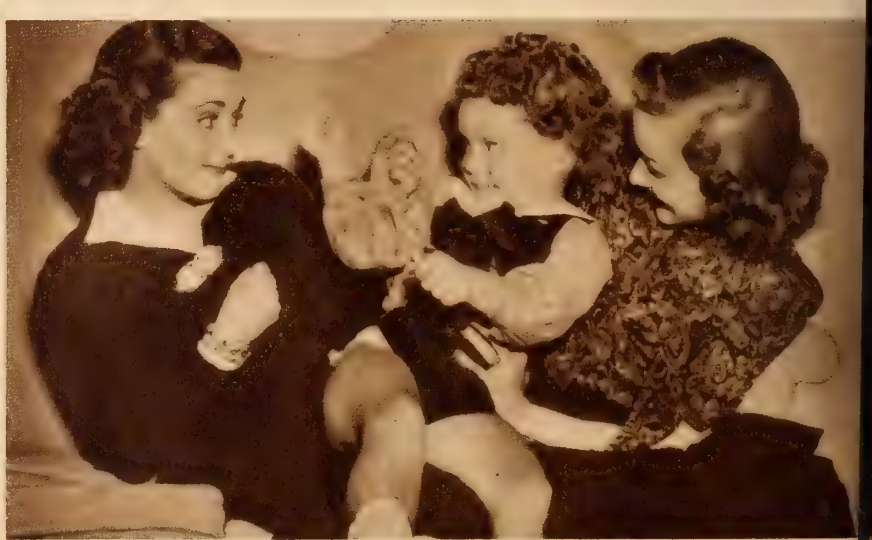


All Over

Never a dull moment in the life of a cameraman! Here are some of the brighter moments. 1. William Powell and Carole Lombard enjoy a radio rehearsal in different fashions. 2. Little Edith Fellows takes time out between scenes of *City Shadows* for some exercise. 3. Cesar Romero and Ethel Merman had a sudden attack of shyness at the preview of *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and avoided the crowds by entering under the ropes. 4. June Martel, Mabel Todd and Lillian Bond take a long look at Hollywood's newest fad, the star-autographed kerchief. 5. Patricia Ellis and Robert Coote forestalled gossip by a neat little sign when they lunched together at the Brown Derby. 6. Vilma Banky and Rudolph Valentino in a scene from *Son of the Sheik*, now being reissued. 7. Ruby Keeler, Donnie Dunagan and Anne Shirley during the filming of the beloved story, *Mother Carey's Chickens*











9



10



11

Hollywood

8. Ilona Massey's spectacular evening wrap is white wool, heavy with brilliant embroidery. She wore it with sensational effect when Michael Whalen took her to the preview of *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. 9. This picture was one of a series showing Victor McLaglen posing for "What the well-dressed man will wear," and pretty unhappy he looks about it, too. You'll see him next in *The Devil's Party*. 10. For the first time in 19 years, Dorothy Gish returns to Hollywood. She flew in from New York to make a test for a part in *The Young in Heart*. 11. Rosalind Russell tucked a copy of *The Citadel* under her arm when she left, with her mother, for England to make the film version of the best seller. 12. Jack Dunn, world's champion male ice skater and former partner of Sonja Henie, is in Hollywood to star in Edward Small's *The Duke of West Point*. He is shown greeting Laverne Busher, featured skater in the Ice Follies. 13. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien have fun in the costume department in *Boy Meets Girl*. 14. Mischa Auer does not seem impressed by Helen Broderick's first sweater. Snapped on *The Rage of Paris* set



12



14



13



The exquisite Marie Antoinette knew only vaguely that there was starvation in France, and misery and injustice, until a rabble, such as the one pictured above, burst into her palace. Norma Shearer plays the colorful life of the tragic queen

A Day With a Queen

Here is an absorbing report of one day spent on the set during filming of *Marie Antoinette*

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ Marie Antoinette was fed up, trying to get married. Finally she laughed, plumped down on the scarlet cushion that lay on the altar steps, heaped her hoop skirts in a diamond-sparkle froth, and hugged her knees. The Dauphin (Louis-Sixteenth-to-be) slid out of his splendid ermine cape and lighted a cigarette.

"Save the candles!" shouted Director William S. Van Dyck.

A grip in overalls flitted through the Versailles palace chapel and, using a hooded contraption on a long rod, began to kill the gigantic candles behind the carved stone altar. Plop! went each orange flicker of light, and shadows deepened around the wedding party. Marie Antoinette leaned her chin on a hand that flamed with jewels. This was the fourth attempt she and Louis had made to get married that afternoon. Something went haywire on each occasion.

"These royal weddings take time," observed Marie Antoinette-Norma Shearer with a smile.

"Back in the 1770's they negotiated three years for it," admitted the Dauphin bridegroom resignedly. He's Robert Morley, the personable young actor whom M-G-M "discovered" not long ago in England.

Just now the delay in the nuptials was due to a camera angle. So the entire French court relaxed right where it stood, flopping to the floor in a rustle of taffeta and a clink of swords. The Dauphin strolled outside for a bottle of lemon pop. The bride, pausing for a word with brother Douglas Shearer, chief sound technician for M-G-M, went billowing away to her portable dressing-room that was equipped with garage doors eight feet wide to accommodate those farflung hoops. She had every right to rest between takes. Norma weighs 110 pounds, and the silver and jewel studded wedding gown, plus train, weighed 108!

■ While, for a very special shot, the camera crew tinkered over gadgets eighty feet above the sound stage, the French court broke into animated talk. They chattered casually of things that would have made the original French court's powdered hair stand on end in superstitious [*Continued on page* 40]



Song Plugger Number One



It is amazing but true that Alice Faye can't read a single note of music but just the same she is adding to her musical laurels with many songs in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*

By ELMER SUNFIELD

Alice Faye can't read a single note of music.

A flat, to her, is just a place to live in; a cleft has something to do with the palate; a minor is a child under age; a major is an officer in the army; and if someone tossed such musical terms at her as fortissimo, nonlegato, rinforzando, and diminuendo she'd probably say "Cut out the double talk!"

All this may be a trifle on the exaggerated side, but it still remains startlingly true when one considers the astounding success that has come to her since the day she was led out of the manager's office of the Zeigfeld Follies and told to go home and grow up before bothering him about a job in the chorus:

Alice can't read a single note of music. She's never taken a music lesson in her life.

Yet Cole Porter and Irving Berlin say they'd rather have her plug their songs than any singer in the country. The late George Gershwin said the same thing which should, and does, make it unanimous for the rest of us. Just let her have a new song and sing it for the first time over the air or on the screen and that song within a week or two is going to be on top of the Hit Parade or a mighty close second.

That's why she's called America's song plugger No. 1!

And if you think that is an empty honor you're not keeping up your musical score nor adding to your knowledge of the show business!

We went out to her home a few days after she and her husband, Tony Martin—a mighty fine singer and actor, if anybody should ask you—returned from their Honolulu vacation. We wanted to discover, if possible, how she had risen to her high estate in the popular music field without any professional training. Maybe it was all done with mirrors. Maybe she was fooling her public by permitting the publicity department of 20th Century-Fox build up this "non-musical" yarn. Maybe—

"It's true," she said with a smile, "I don't know one note from another and probably I never will, but it doesn't seem to matter, really. I just like to sing. I always have. Just songs that the average person likes. Ballads. Something that has a lot of sentiment. We call them 'commercial' songs in the show business. I've never attempted anything beyond that over the radio or in pictures because, for one thing, I know that my voice isn't adapted to what you might call the classics and for another thing, I'd much rather sing the songs I do. If I attempted anything else I would have to learn music, and if I did that I'd unconsciously change my style of singing, and if I did that I wouldn't be Alice Faye. It all sounds pretty much involved and perhaps it is, but I do know this—the moment I lose what naturalness I have when I sing, I'll be sunk. No, I just rather be Alice Faye and the way she is now, unable to read a musical note than to be an Alice Faye with grand opera aspirations."

■ "Perhaps it isn't polite to point," said our favorite song singer," but if you'll look at that table near the window you'll discover a partial proof, at least, of my non-musical education."

Alice pointed, and we looked. What we saw was a table piled high with envelopes of all shapes and sizes. We mentioned something about fan mail.

"No, it's not fan mail," she smiled. "Every envelope on that table contains a new song written by someone who wants me to sing it in a picture. I get them every day. Hundreds during a month. But what can I do about it? I can't read a note of music so I can't judge them even if I had the time. All my songs are written by song-writers under studio contract, so these manuscripts are returned with a little explanation that I hope eases the disappointment of the young composers. And there's another thing, too, that prevents me from helping them even though I could. I'm restricted by studio rules that have to do with unsolicited manuscripts."

■ It occurred to us that being unable to read music might be a great handicap to her during the production of a picture. How, we asked, did she go about it? How long did it take her to memorize the words and music? Who helped? When was it done? And so on and so on.

Well, according to Alice, who should know, the whole business is as simple as falling off a composer's piano stool.

"When Gordon and Revel, who have written the majority of my motion picture songs, are assigned to a production, they get a copy of the script, read it through carefully for spots where a song would fit in. With that decided upon, they go to work upon the lyrics and score, and with that finished to the satisfaction of the producer and director, they call me in. I go down to their bungalow which is located on the studio lot, and they play the numbers over until I have both the words and music memorized. Once in a great while there is a little difference of opinion as to just how I should sing a certain number, but in the end they're kind enough to let me do it as I've done so many others. No, it doesn't take me long to learn a song. Not more than three or four hours. After that comes the recording with an orchestra and then the playback on the set. As simple and as easy as that. You see, I really don't have to know do, re, mi from fa, so, la to get by."

■ Well, there you are girls and boys. If you have your eyes on radio or motion pictures, toss your musical education out the nearest window and try climbing the ladder of success the way Alice has done. Just try! But before you do it, remember that there's only one Alice Faye in Hollywood. On second thought you'd better stick to your sharps and flats!

■ She's never taken a lesson in voice, elocution, or acting in her life! And it's more than likely she never will!

"I thought it might be a good idea to acquire stage presence," she admits. "That was right after my first picture, George White's *Scandals* so I hurried off to a teacher and told her I wanted to learn how to act. The first thing she did was to put a book on top of my head and ordered me to walk across the room. Well, I said to myself, if that's the way they teach acting I'll quit right here and now. Which was exactly what I did before I had taken ten full steps. If you want to be precise you can say I took one-tenth of an acting lesson and let it go at that."

Which is exactly what we did.

■ Bill, her brother and business manager, came in about then, and after a hello all around sat down and horned into the interview. Bill came out to Hollywood a while back to enjoy a well-earned three months' vacation after serving a 14-year grind in the investment banking business in New York, and Alice, being a smart girl, signed him up to look after her interests. Bill has not only done that to her complete satisfaction but has found time to branch out as a business manager, an actor's agent and as a publicity agent.

It was Bill who began bouncing the ball of conversation our way to give us a number of interesting facts and facets in the life of America's song plugger No. 1.

"She used to sing around the house," he offered, "but so far as we could tell there wasn't a lick of difference between her voice and the girl's next door. Maybe louder, if that's worth mentioning; but no sweeter. Finally, though, to have a little quiet in the house, we got her to take part in church and school programs and that seemed to calm her down a bit. About the time she was ten she began to throw out hints about preparing herself for a stage career. Every little girl has that in mind, so the hints went in one ear and out the other. She began to take dancing lessons just in case. And that was all right with the family, too. 'Little girls should learn to dance,' Dad said. Did she tell you about the time she sneaked off to the *Ziegfeld Follies* and tried to get a job as a chorus girl? She did? She was fourteen, then, and as mad as any 14-year-old girl can be when someone told her to go home and grow up. . . ."

"You bet I was mad," Alice broke in. "I thought I was grown up. I knew I could dance as well as any of the chorus girls and I was as good-looking as half of the girls in the line. Well, there was nothing to do but wait for another chance and that's what I did for the next twelve months during which time I learned as many dance routines as I could. It was a lucky thing for me that I did because when I applied for work in a Chester Hale unit I got a job and kept it for a year. That was step No. 1 in my theatrical career. Step No. 2 arrived when I went to work at the Hollywood Gardens in Pelham Parkway, and Step No. 3 was my successful try-out for a spot in the George White's *Scandals* chorus. . . ."

■ "Alice had never given singing a thought up to this time," Brother Bill interrupted impolitely. "She was making good as a dancer and that seemed to be about enough. Oh, sure, she sang her head off around the house and in the dressing rooms, but nobody appeared much interested in her vocal gymnastics. That is, nobody appeared interested until the night she sang a song at a *George White Scandals* party given after the show. Hyman Bushel heard it along with the other guests, heard it and liked it, and later made her sing it for recording on a 25c phonograph record. Bushel, who was Rudy Vallee's legal counsel, took the record to Vallee, asked him to hear it—and right then and there Alice said "goodbye" to her dancing and "hello" to singing. In no time at all she was singing on the Connecticut Yankees radio program and knocking the dial twisters dead. . . ."

"Then," said Alice, giving her brother a rest, "the Yankees came to Hollywood to add their bit to the picture version of the *Scandals* and I came along with them just for the trip. All I had to do was to sing one song. You may remember that *Oh, You Nasty Man* number?"

■ We said we remembered something else, too, about that number, about the picture, and about the grand break she got. We remembered, we said, that Lillian Harvey, about the time the picture was hitting its production stride, up and took a walk-out powder on the show, upsetting shooting schedules, driving executives crazy. We remembered, we said, how someone [*Continued on page* 53]



The Man Who Has Everything

A. C. "Whitey" Wilson points with some pride to an eighty-five-year-old victoria which may be seen in *Jezebel*

He has everything from an ash-tray to a stuffed zebra and what is more, he has a use for every one of his many belongings

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

A certain door at Warner Brothers Studio is lettered "A. C. Wilson, Prop Department." Step through it and you find yourself in the setting of the world's most gigantic fairy tale, where anything you could wish for could be placed in your hand in a minute. It is presided over by The Man Who Knows Everything; the man, futhermore, who can rub Aladdin's lamp as many times as he wishes, while a hundred genii jump to do his bidding.

A picture, they say, begins in the prop department. So Mr. Wilson must know the name, purpose, origin, size, shape, price and *whereabouts* of every possible prop a director might call for, and he can supply it at a moment's notice. He knows all there is to know about architecture, furniture, fashions, interior decoration, art, vehicles, electricity, animals, and history, and his knowledge covers all periods up to the present—and a little beyond.

Once there was no such thing as a prop department in the picture business. Lamps, furniture, wagons, objects d'art . . . whatever was needed was rented or borrowed from private individuals and small renting companies. When Mr. Wilson started handling props for the picture, *Main Street,* a prop department came into being. He was it. He went around to all the second hand stores in Long Beach and Pasadena and bought all their old-fashioned furniture and what-nots for the "K e n n i c o t t" home. Those purchases formed the nucleus of what appears today to be the largest department store, junk shop, art store and merchandizing center in the world, larger than any metropolitan department store you ever saw.

The one object I can think of that is not in Wilson's department is a whale; whaling, however, is represented by every prop necessary for a whaling picture. I tried to catch him, and asked for various things a needle and No. 60 thread; a can of dog food; a set of false teeth; a stuffed bison's head; a corsage of orchids; a bow and arrow; an Eighteenth Century shoe buckle; a quart German beer stein (he wouldn't fill it for me although on a shelf was a can of beer in case a director called for it); a first aid kit; an Indian head-dress; a copy of "The Blue Boy"; a spittoon my imagination ran riot. Wilson rubbed his Aladdin's lamp, meaning that he yelled for George or Alec or Jim, and a minute later the object was brought to me or I to it. I even asked for a rabbit's foot. That was in what he calls the "Valuable Room," which contains every choice bit you can think of from a $5,000 violin to a glass eye. I was allowed to look at—but not touch—a $25,000 crystal chandelier. Around the corner, I was momentarily horror-stricken at coming face to face with a stuffed eel.

I walked miles through all the departments: artificial flowers, weapons, drapery, electric fixtures, new and "character" furniture, lamps, wagons and carriages of all kinds, art, bric-a-brac, household utensils, rugs . . . oh, just make a list of every known object in the world. There is also a department devoted to the names and addresses of all livestock needed for pictures. There is the mill department, in which are built and made all furniture and props that are not to be rented or bought.

One of Wilson's most valuable genii is a man named Richardson. Richardson is a shopper who would make Doris Duke Cromwell look like a peanut buyer. Every morning he leaves the studio in his truck for Los Angeles. He makes an average of twenty purchases a day. He knows value and where to find it. He knows where to find the bedroom suite for a glamour picture and the old bedstead for the homestead picture; the parrot that can say "Kay Francis," or a tire for a 1913 Maxwell. Richardson telephones Wilson every twenty minutes from wherever he happens to be to check on any possible new demands that must be filled immediately. For example, during the shooting of *Jezebel,* the director wanted a certain kind of watch fob worn by Southern gentlemen of New Orleans just prior to the Civil War. When Richardson telephoned, Wilson told him about it and dispatched a motorcycle boy to meet him at a certain corner in half an hour. Richardson knew where to get the fob—it's his business to know—and in half an hour he handed it to the boy on the motorcycle, who promptly turned around and roared back to Warners. In exactly one hour the director had the fob on the set. That's service!

Richardson has a tough job. Remember the day you went downtown to buy that mattress? It took you all m o r n i n g. Shopping is hard work. And the prop department is run on a budget as unyielding as yours. In one day, Richardson might buy a box of cigars, a bed, a tennis racket, a set of dishes, three rugs, one statue, a roulette wheel, a lamp, some vegetables, some chow mein, a school blackboard, an elephant's tusk, a pair of 1860 duelling pistols, a stew pan, a thermometer, a French grammar and some Mexican jumping beans.

Mr. Wilson receives thousands of letters, photographs and catalogues yearly from furniture companies and private individuals who have things to sell. The announcement of every new picture brings a flood of these letters and photographs. From all this mass of material he makes perhaps 75 purchases. He buys, he says, from intuition. "You can't live year in and year out with all this," waving his hand at the appallingly large and stuffed department, "without knowing its weaknesses." The letters from private persons invariably claim possession of [*Continued on page* 52]



Above is the newest portrait of the "It" Girl who has been spending the last four years as Mrs. Rex Bell on a big Nevada ranch

CATCHING UP WITH CLARA BOW

What are the changes that four years retirement have made in most famous of all the flappers?

By GLADYS BABCOCK

When bewitching, red-headed Clara Bow, sparkling star of a hundred movies, "It" girl and flapper de luxe, came out of a four-year retirement a few months ago, moved back to Hollywood, and, with her husband, Rex Bell, entered into the cafe business, thousands believed she was angling for a movie "comeback."

Certainly, reasoned Hollywood wiseacres, returning to the screen was the natural thing for her to do. But that is where they were wrong.

Clara merely smiled, recalled old times and gave old friends a hand clasp that was sincere and strong, and let it go at that.

What Hollywood never dreamed of in its gay welcome, was that Clara Bow, instead of getting lonely in Rex Bell's remote Nevada ranch-house, had fallen genuinely in love with a new life—with her home, and her plans for a family. Few in Hollywood ever gave the more serious side of Clara Bow a thought. She had been the outstanding example of the frivolous mad-cap flapper. Because she looked as young and gay as ever, it was taken for granted that she still was the fun-loving girl who had danced out of Hollywood over four years ago.

"The first few months after I moved up to the ranch and Rex and I began to build our home there I was dreadfully lonely. I did miss the studios and the hustle and bustle of the sets; I missed the autograph hunters and the crowds. You can't just turn your back on a career and forget it in a moment. But I did find that being a wife and planning a home was quite the most wonderful job in the world.

"When the weeks turned into months and the duties of the ranch and of guiding the baby's first steps came, I completely forgot I had ever been a movie actress, believe it or not, until a souvenir hunter came along.

"I found that we had almost as many 'souvenir hunters' up on the ranch as they have in Hollywood. In a studio and on personal appearances visitors frequently took handkerchiefs, props from the sets or other personal and studio property for souvenirs. Up on the ranch—and 600,000 acres is a lot of front yard to watch—we found there were 'souvenir hunters' who would drive up at night in trucks and take ten or twenty cattle at a time. In the old days they used to call them cattle rustlers. Today they call them something more explosive. The rustlers with the taking ways use ten ton trucks instead of ponies. We lost more than 200 cattle in one year to these souvenir hunters.

"I've been back in Hollywood a dozen times since the first baby was born but with no thought of going back into the studios again. When the opportunity to go into business in Hollywood presented itself, Rex and I decided to divide our time between the ranch and the city but I did not move back to California with any thought of making overtures for a new movie career; I came back to be closer to Dr. H. H. Blodgett, my physician, and better nursing facilities, knowing that our second baby was no longer just a dream."

Clara's career as a wife and mother has been an expensive one. Since her retirement she has had three offers for long term contracts with major film companies ranging from $100,000 to $175,000 per picture, an offer of $150,000 plus a percentage for one picture, and two offers from independents which didn't stipulate any set figures, being profit sharing arrangements, an English film contract also was suggested.

And there were other bids—offers for radio, for endorsement of various products, for personal appearances, and for Broadway shows.

One Broadway producer offered the "It" girl $12,500 a week straight salary for a run-of-the-play contract. Another offered $11,000. Then there was an offer of $20,000 a week for a personal appearance tour of ten weeks, another at $12,500 and another for an American and European tour assuring a net salary (taxes and expenses to be paid by the sponsor) of $10,000 a week for the term of the tour. The answer was always politely but definitely "No!"

"Later—a year from now, maybe," Clara told them all, "But for some time to come I want to concentrate on being a mother." And she meant it, went back to her Hollywood hillside home, took baby Rex and his wooden horse [*Continued on page 44*]

Landscapes on Wheels

Readymade forests, perambulating gardens, and touring orchards are ordinary sights in Hollywood

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

As Joyce Kilmer wrote, only God can make a tree. But Hollywood, with ever greater enthusiasm, is moving several hundred thousands of dollars worth of them each year—the next best thing to making them. The trees you see in your motion pictures these days are, for a change, real, live trees. Because you demand realism. But it doesn't stop there. Stars, famous over night or in six months, want to feel that they've been that way permanently. A couple of days later a 200-year oak and a 50-year old olive tree grace the front lawn and everybody's happy.

Or, consider Edward Everett Horton, who is a regular patron of a "tree farm" on West Pico Boulevard.

Horton, purchaser of a bare knob of eight acres in San Fernando valley, has imported trees along with his antiques to the extent of fifty or sixty, and today his estate looks as if it had been there since his Grandpa Orr came to this country in 1840. He has ten acres more, now, and Bob Hamsher, who transports and sells more trees than any other man in the world, is very happy.

Hamsher's trees cause trouble. In fact, not long ago, Claudette Colbert and Horton met at a dinner party and there was considerable confusion for a while. Claudette accused Eddie of buying all Hamsher's trees, leaving her nothing but a few small ones to pick from. Only one tree so far has Eddie stumped. It's an Atlantic cedar in a nine-foot box, weighs about 35 tons and Hamsher wants $1,250.

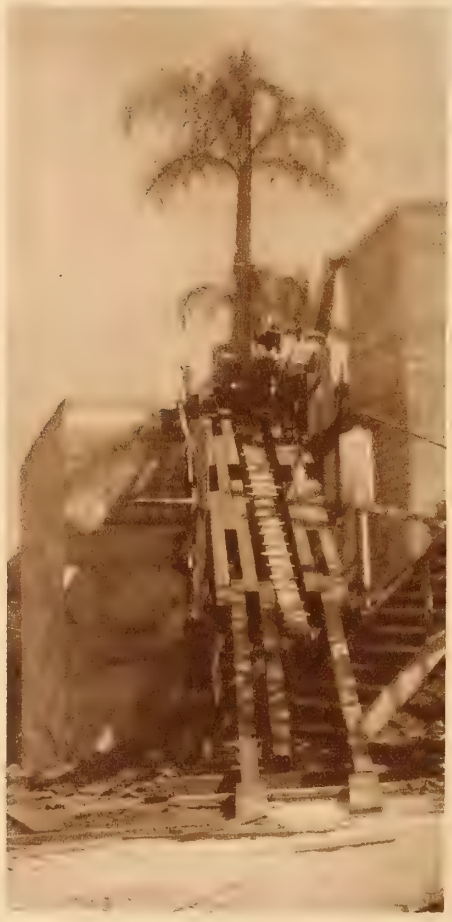
"I'm going to buy that tree yet," Horton says, every time he comes in—which means that sooner or later he will.

The truth is that the stars love trees. When you drive by an estate or a home owned by a player in Southern California, you're probably mystified to see a huge cedar, an orange tree with fruit on it, or some rare and exotic palm holding down the front lawn. Particularly when the house behind the tree looks only about six months old. The stars go shopping for these trees.

Hamsher paints a picture of Joel McCrea coming into his "tree farm" in battered cowboy hat, soiled trousers and shirt open at the throat, to buy a pepper. Joel has a 1,000 acre cattle ranch.

"I've got to get some shade for the cows down on the south end," Joel says, pulling himself out of the car. "They're getting too much sun by the well."

Joel and Hamsher go into a huddle, and two or three trees are selected. Hamsher employs seventy-five men, has one hundred pieces of equipment. The trees, weighing from 10 to 35 tons, are loaded onto a truck and trailer and off they go to the ranch. Boxes bigger than 9-feet can't be transported. They'll weigh more than 50,000 pounds, have a spread of more than 40 feet, and will be more than 50 feet tall. Moving the house to the tree would be a lot easier, Hamsher says.



A twenty-foot palm tree arrives, none the worse for wear, after a 15-mile jaunt through Hollywood traffic to go to work in a film

Will Rogers used to be a steady customer, mostly for large vines. Hamsher remembers his visits. Rogers came in first in a dumpy model-T Ford to get his vines. His estate is covered with every variety today as the result of his shopping in this strange place where there is a man-made forest in boxes, and a tree is apt to go scooting down the highway at any minute. Rogers, after making his selections, always said:

"Now I'll have to ask maw."

"Maw" was Mrs. Rogers, and he always asked before he returned and made the final purchase.

Even as rare and spectacular trees grow at the McCrea ranch, the Colbert home, the Horton estate, and many other places, so do they thrive at Gary Cooper's new home in Brentwood Heights. Gary languidly drops in for a tree or two every now and then and his modified Bermuda home in Brentwood is surrounded by thousands of dollars worth of the finest specimens that can be found.

Hamsher can't remember the names of all the stars who have bought his ambulant products since his start in the business ten years ago. One of the earliest of his customers was Ann Harding, who got eight or nine trees for her guarded estate in the hills. California hills are notably barren of large trees—Beverly Hills was once a sage-brushy place akin to a desert—and it's not hard to see why they're in demand. Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., the producer, have eight or nine trees on their estate in Hidden Valley, above Beverly Hills. These were brought in by truck and lifted to their property on inclined slides. Al Jolson, Richard Dix, and many others have bought trees valued as high as $1,500 apiece.

This is a far cry from the early days, when Charles Ray electrified Hollywood and the Paul J. Howard Horticultural Establishment by investing $30,000 in landscaping.

Currently, the prize for a large assortment doesn't go to Horton, Hollywood's consistent Number One tree buyer, but to Jack Warner, the producer. The Warner estate, which will outdo every other motion picture property in Southern California, now boasts about 50 transplantations.

Trees are not only gracing motion picture estates, and thus confounding the sightseer who heard the places had just been built, but are becoming more and more important on motion picture sets. In the old days—five years ago, let us say—trees brought onto inside sets were cut down, sawed apart, and then bolted together for picture work. The drawback to this was that the sets might be used for thirty days or so and, during that time, the leaves of the trees would show up shopworn on the film which finally reached the screen. Undoubtedly you have seen backgrounds which would have made better kindling wood.

In *Zoo In Budapest,* for instance, a bunch of youngsters dived from a huge

"assembled" tree into an artificial pond. The tree's foliage had to be renewed every other day. This got to be very expensive.

The result is live trees. Remember that beautiful shot of Jeanette MacDonald beneath the tree in *Blossom Time,* and how very real it seemed to you? That tree was a Hamsher tree in a nine-foot box. Weighing about 35,000 pounds.. It was the biggest tree ever moved into a motion picture set. It had a spread of forty feet.

Then there was that old tree with the gnarled trunk used in *Lost Horizon.* The limbs grew out oddly and grotesquely, and that answered Frank Capra's demand for a weird thing to fit the mood of the production. Hamsher spent three weeks looking for the tree, finally found a Brazilian pepper in a back yard in Inglewood, a Los Angeles suburb. He bought the tree, transported it to the Columbia ranch 25 miles away, planted it with cedar trees in the courtyard there. So much for realism for you.

Another Brazilian pepper was used in the Louisiana scenes in Paramount's *Valiant Is The Word for Carrie.* This tree was transported to the Paramount ranch, and Jackie Moran swung from it during his visits to Gladys George, if you recall.

That was a permanent, live and beautiful tree you saw in the "Colonial house" setting in *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town,* with Gary Cooper. Recall the house he inherited? The desert courtyard which Twentieth Century-Fox used for *Under Two Flags,* with Colman and Claudette Colbert, was the real thing. Brazilian peppers, palms and olive trees all were moved in to give the scene the realism which it finally had.

■ "So great has become the demand for realism in pictures and for old trees to grace new estates," Hamsher says, "that I have one man who is a 'tree scout'. He works just like a baseball or football scout. He goes around the countryside, spotting healthy specimens, trying to buy them up. Whenever we find such trees, we box them, bring them to our 'forest' on West Pico Boulevard.

"As we are finding fewer and fewer available trees, we are planting our own groves and transplanting reasonably small trees into them. I have ten acres in San Fernando valley, and soon expect to have more."

So now maybe when you see such pictures as *Romeo and Juliet,* with sets in which real trees grow, or you visit California and see the new homes of stars graced with forty-foot olive, palm, oak cedar, and pine trees, you'll know that you're not dreaming—and that one more strange business has grown up in this equally strange place called Hollywood.

NEXT MONTH

A Story about James Stewart called "He Had Plenty of Nuthin' " tells with some sympathy and plenty of laughs the struggles that a gangly, self-conscious boy had to become a movie star.

You'll find it in the September issue of
HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE



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A Day With a Queen

[*Continued from page 32*]

awe—such things as telephone calls, the radio, last night's movie.

Following the Dauphin out to the soft drink stand, went a figure in sober gray and black. That man could have given Louis at least a hint as to the electric age to come. Benjamin Franklin, intent at the moment on a beaker of buttermilk while awaiting his own appearance in a later scene, was—you recall—the man who sent up a kite in a Philadelphia thunderstorm in order to learn about electricity.

He didn't introduce radio to the French court during his visit there as envoy from the infant United States, but he's the grand-dad of radio just the same. And of all modern electrical items, including the movies.

As in Quaker hues he rubbed elbows with the rich plush and satin of French nobility, somebody exclaimed how Walter Walker (that is "Benjamin Franklin") had made himself up to look exactly like the picture of Franklin on a hundred-dollar bill. I wouldn't know about this. But I do know that Robert Morley in make-up so resembles the true Louis Sixteenth that they don't mind photographing him side by side with an authentic portrait of the monarch.

■ Behind Louis Sixteenth and Franklin, and headed toward the ice cream wagon, came Louis the Fifteenth, grandfather and predecessor of Louis the Sixteenth and sponsor of the latter's marriage. Despite the heliotrope brocade, he was unmistakably John Barrymore. When Norma first saw him on the set she forgot her lines; not account of the heliotrope brocade but account of admiration. She'd never met him before! No fooling.

Since her own start in pictures he had been one of her great favorites of stage and film. Once, in the earlier days, they were working in adjoining sets and Norma, then nearly unknown, used to dart out the back way and over to his set in order to watch him from afar. But they had never happened to meet. Not even during the production of *Romeo and Juliet*, for they didn't appear in the same scenes.

Louis Fifteenth was joined at the ice cream wagon by the Duc d'Orleans (Joseph Schildkraut), the meanie of Marie's reign, all the time stirring up trouble. And by Mme. la Motte, as played by Mae Busch of the silent cinema. Norma, because she also hero-worshipped this actress when Mae was a star and Norma only a beginner, sent her own car to bring Mae to the studio when tests of her for the role were to be made.

■ Lafayette sauntered up for a strawberry ice cream cone, followed by a detachment of the Swiss guard on the same errand. Here came the studio trolley that ambles about the lot and debouched a lady in waiting, her emerald skirts carefully spread. Hopping briskly to the ground she lifted the hoops high to avoid the dust. Everybody roared. It was a rather cool day and beneath the hoops she was wearing bright red slacks. They looked like flannel underwear.

The sight mightily intrigued the royal choir boys grouped nearby. They whistled in unison, to the lady's confusion. These little tykes, short brown wigs forever wildly a-flying, pulled more tricks daily than a harried supervisor could anticipate, stopped the heartbeats of the wardrobe department by shinnying fire escapes in their white surplices, and intermittently at the proper signal turned their faces heavenward and broke into beatific song.

■ I was having a root beer with the Princesse de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette's dearest friend (Anita Louise), in turquoise with mountainous plumes to match—when the nobility began to dash back to the sound stage for another go at the wedding. Norma and Morley had been sent for, but their stand-ins still knelt before the altar, looking as if their knees were pretty tired of it all. To "Skats" Wyrick, ex-football star at UCLA, and stand-in for the Dauphin, somebody had sympathetically handed a cigar and "Skats" was carefully keeping the ashes away from his blue velvet coat.

The Cardinal, in crimson robe, delicate lace and little round cap, sat fast asleep on a stool. Tyrone Power, the romantic "Count Fersen" of the picture, the young Swedish aristocrat whom Marie Antoinette loved, came suddenly through a doorway talking to Norma Shearer. Tyrone who had no part in this marriage scene, wore modern brown tweeds and probably couldn't realize how odd he looked next to a lady in a gown like a white balloon and a coiffure like piled-up soapsuds.

■ "Ready, baby?" inquired Director Van Dyck. He was speaking to Norma Shearer; and the first time he called her "baby" and "kid" everybody looked as horrified as if he were addressing Marie Antoinette herself. Everybody, that is, but Norma. She didn't mind at all.

Indeed, to this first picture she has made since the death of her husband, Irving Thalberg, (it is also the first picture in which Van Dyck has directed her), Norma brought her own brand of courage; the kind of courage that can smile. She left her private grief outside the sound stage door and, the moment she crossed the threshold—despite the sharp memories that must have tormented her—she became Norma Shearer the actress and the gracious friend. Almost the last time I had seen her was during a sequence of *Romeo and Juliet* when Irving Thalberg looked on so proudly as she danced in the great banquet hall of the Capulets.

"Ready!" she smiled now at Van Dyck and took her place before the chapel altar.

In accents like cream and Chinese gongs Nigel de Brulier as the Cardinal read the rolling Latin of the marriage service. "Okay," called Van Dyck, "But it is Greek to me! Can we have it in English?"

Nobody knew it in English. Scurry, scurry. Find a translator. Find a typewriter. Tap out the Latin lines in English and hand 'em quick to the Cardinal. Boy, will that pair NEVER get married?

Two wardrobe assistants brought a low stool for Marie Antoinette (the French court had once again dropped en masse to the floor) and arranged her wedding gown with its garlands of shirred ribbon so it wouldn't crumple.

■ Marie was fond of ornate clothes. In this picture, the action of which covers twenty years, Norma wears 34 costumes, each over 52 pounds in weight, not to mention 18 wigs.

Each dress was draped over a steel hoop which in turn was fastened to a foundation so adjusted that the weight hung from the shoulders. The hoop had a petticoat under it, a second frilled petticoat fastened to it, and a much more frilled petticoat over it . . . although the ladies of the real French court are said to have worn no lingerie whatever, tsk, tsk. Moreover, Norma's wigs, and those of the others, had metal framework of considerable weight to keep them in shape. When the real Marie Antoinette held formal court, she wore a coiffure so lofty that a page had to follow behind with a wooden prop to hold it in place till she was settled in her chair of state.

"Which only proves," commented Norma, "that a woman can get used to any kind of clothes!"

Incidentally, it took a lady of the French court, in this most extravagant epoch woman's dress has ever seen, a good five hours to climb into her formal apparel, including the coiffure. Thanks to talon fasteners for clothes and whatnots to hold wigs in place, an M-G-M lady of the French court could leap into her formal attire in five minutes.

■ Van Dyck summoned the principals once more to their wedding. The high, sweet chant of those impish choir boys arose. The English translation had come. Having been wed in Latin, Marie and Louis were now wed in English. And then, for good measure, in Latin again. . . .

Thoroughly married, they proceeded in the cockeyed but (believe it or not) efficient Hollywood manner to do the scene before the one just completed. That is to say, they next did the wedding procession which comes before the marriage. Two wardrobe women carried Norma's train as she disappeared beyond the entrance archway of the chapel. Organ music burst forth in a joyous strain. Slowly through the archway paced the bridal party, a tossing crest of pastel plumes, a following surf of brocade and velvet topped by a foam of white wigs with here and there a flash of jewelled sword hilt or of coronet.

The bride . . . if Norma thought at that moment of her own wedding day, or of how she and her husband together had planned this very picture for her there was no sign on that calm, faintly smiling face. She moved forward, the veil frosted with silver falling about her

like a spent wave. And thus, cinematically, the 15-year-old Austrian Archduchess and the 16-year-old Dauphin who liked his blacksmith shop better than his palace, began what proved to be their march toward the guillotine. But that was twenty years ahead of them.

■ In the meantime, several days before the wedding scene was shot, they had filmed the sequence in which the royal couple's first child was born! Norma startled her own doctor who for some time had been eager to watch a movie in process of production. "Come right over to the studio," Norma telephoned him hurriedly one noon, "I'm going to have a baby. About two o'clock, they think. I mean—" He came right over.

And shortly after the birth of her child, Marie Antoinette—thanks to what can be done on celluloid—was dancing the minuet. One of the most dramatic as well as most magnificent minuets ever screened.

For it, the ballroom at the palace of Versailles had been reproduced from dear knows how many photographs and sketches. Big enough to hold French royalty and a large slice of French history, the real ballroom wasn't colossal enough for Hollywood and camera angles. Hence, the one built on the M-G-M sound stage is 250 feet long and, 125 feet wide, about twice the width of the original.

They reproduced the grand staircase exactly; the crystal chandeliers like pyramids of ice; the marble pillars, brownish pink, with their gold encrustations; the famous ceiling in panels of rose, green and gold, its nude figures symbolizing whatever they symbolize. Filled with a rhythmic pattern of dancers that swept through the deliberate figures of the minuet, the room presented a spectacle so glowing and varied that the real French court could hardly have excelled it.

That dance was given, at the insistence of Louis Fifteenth, to end a feud between Marie Antoinette and Louis Fifteenth's girl-friend—Madame du Barry. Marie Antoinette had at length consented to "recognize" the du Barry socially by speaking to her in public instead of sailing past with nose in air. The music would stop, Marie Antoinette would edge over toward du Barry, and—say something. "What weather, Madame!" is the remark which history says Marie made.

■ The Duc d'Orleans was looking almost with apprehension at Marie Antoinette; the Duc—or, rather, Joseph Schildkraut—hadn't known how to dance till this picture when he took special lessons. First off, his rapier caught in Marie Antoinette's feathered gown while they practiced and the hoops flew up, the feathers whirled to her shoulders. "Clodhopper!" Van Dyck called him after that, ribbing him unmercifully, telling people they had to follow him around the dance floor with needle and thread.

■ "Louis Sixteenth lived to be 39 years old, and he had 26 baths in his whole life," remarked George Richelavie pensively at my elbow. Richelavie, the technical advisor, knew everything about everything. "They were great events, those baths. He noted them in his diary."

In and out hurried a busy figure with dark, bobbed hair; the navy blue dress very utilitarian by contrast. Albertina Rasch, who from 600 applicants selected 64 couples and taught them the minuet in two days.

"Only 64 couples dance, but there are more than 500 people in this scene—" Richelavie began. He was interrupted by the measured beat of the minuet sounding for a rehearsal. Stately bows and curtsies; hands daintily uplifted, palm outward; the pretty and delicious artificialty of the gentry of the age. No Benny Goodman. No—my gosh!—big apple.

"All right!" Van Dyck called through the loud speaker, "now for the real thing. Camera! And you, Schildkraut, keep your big feet off Shearer's dress." He spoke to the Queen of France. "Ready, baby?"

"Ready," said Norma. With grace the company advanced, retreated, glittered . . . *C'est la vie, hein?* While it lasted.



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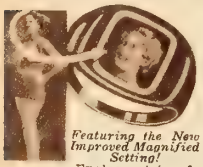
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Your beauty bath kit need not be expensive, but it should be extensive in the hot months, thinks June Martel, shown with some of the preparations she considers essential

Bathing for Beauty

Summer can be tolerable if your beauty baths are properly planned

By ANN VERNON

■ Dog days mean just one thing to me. Stacks of letters from readers who want to keep as cool as an ice cube. Now that hot weather is here again, you may be interested in my advice on the subject.

Q. No matter how much I bathe, come summer, I'm never cool and fresh. What's wrong with my methods?

A. Most people think that cold baths and showers are cooling. Not so. The cold water shocks the system, sets the blood running faster, makes you warmer than before you bathed. The trick is to take a luke-warm shower or tub, cleanse yourself thoroughly with a quick lathering, dirt chasing soap, rinse well in fresh water, then *pat* yourself dry. If you *rub* yourself, you'll stimulate the circulation.

I can recommend a pure white toilet soap, cherished by movie stars, that answers all qualifications of a good skin cleanser. The rich lather (quickly produced even in luke-warm water) sets about its work immediately, and the fact that excess moisture and air is "milled" out makes one of the oblong cakes last and last. I like the delicate bouquet scent so much that I keep my supply of soap in with my undies. A few cents buys the soap in its dainty cross-stitch sampler wrapping.

Q. Summer evenings find me looking limp and feeling that way. What can I do to correct this, so I'll enjoy going out?

A. Run a tub full of luke-warm water, throw in a handful of snowy starch crystals, watch the water turn milky. Then make a mask of the same product (mix it with milk) and spread it over your jaded puss. *Then* climb in the tub and let this luxury bath relax your body while the mask tones up your face. When you emerge from tub and mask, your skin will be soft as fine linen, and you'll feel—and look—ready for anything! A large blue and white box of the corn product costs only ten cents at your grocery.

Q. I've been hearing so much about perfumed baths—but I like showers. Is there any way of spicing *them* up a bit?

A. Yes, indeed! Have you tried scrubbing yourself thoroughly with a shower brush? That'll give you a tingling new slant on showering. Or try the new smooth-as-silk powder that you dash over

your skin before stepping into the shower. It dissolves as the water hits you, and rinses away to leave you a brand new "body complexion," satin smooth. What's more, you'll step from your shower smelling like an old fashioned garden full of heliotrope or lily, honeysuckle or pink clover. A dollar buys it. Want the name?

Q. I feel cool and fresh as lettuce after my morning shower, but the feeling vanishes after I reach the office. How can I keep that morning freshness till I pop into the tub at night?

A. Have you tried pouring a few drops of cologne into your morning tub, to make it that much more cooling? Another nifty idea is to slap it all over yourself after your bath—a small square of cotton saturated with your favorite cologne will do the trick nicely. *That* will help you prolong the cooling effects of your bath.

One of my favorite colognes, and one that is priced just right for most pocketbooks (50 cents, 90 cents, $1.50) comes in vertical ribbed bottles that handle easily, won't slip out of the soapiest hands. You'll like the springlike scent—it'll cool you off the most torrid of days—and the green and lavender floral decor of the bottles.

Be sure, too, that your morning self is really fresh. Hot weather is no time to slip up on perspiration control (as though you would at any time!). There's a white cream that does a slick job of taking the odor out of perspiration. It's easy and harmless to use—half a minute (right after shaving if you wish) is all you'll need to rub it into the skin thoroughly. The small ten cent size of the white jar, with its leaf-wreathed screw cap, is easy to carry in the purse, to the office, for reapplication when you want to be surer than sure. The larger (35 and 60 cents) ones belong in your bathroom. Want the name?

Q. Even though I rub myself down thoroughly after my bath, I still wage a tug of war with my girdle—and that makes me warmer than ever. What to do?

A. Pat, don't rub, yourself thoroughly dry. Then dust over yourself a fine, fragrant powder. I'll be glad to send you the name of an alluringly scented talcum powder which will keep your body cool and comfortable all day long, make your girdle slip on quick as a flash. You can use the shaker can liberally, lavishly, because the powder sells at the surprisingly low price of 25 and 75 cents.

Q. My husband objects to a cream-covered face, but my skin looks like an old shoe when I slip up on the creams. I work during the day, so that's out. *When* shall I lubricate my face?

A. Why not apply your lubricating cream just before your bath, leave it on while you soak. The warm air of the bathroom will relax your pores, help the softening oils penetrate further and faster, do a better job in less time. There's a fluffy white all-purpose cream that lubricates while it cleanses, leaves your skin soft and smooth so that make-up clings perfectly. The rose capped white jars come in 10, 20, 55 and 83 cent and $1.38 sizes—the largest contains enough to last you for five or six weeks, depending on how often you "teaspoon" out the cream.

Q. In summer you can almost see the hair grow on my legs. Is there anything I can do to control this?

A. Naturally hair grows faster in summer, when the warmth and the sun stimulate it. You'll just have to make up your mind to use a hair remover oftener then. For week-end trips, why not tuck into your suit case a convenient hair removing mitt? You rotate this, for about three minutes, over your shaggy surfaces. (For best results, be sure that your skin is completely dry.) It will leave your arms and legs as smooth as a baby's.

Do you know how to keep cool and sweet and desirable in hot weather. If not, write to Ann Vernon about your special beauty problems today! She will be glad to send you the names of the products described here. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter (U. S. postage, please) to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.





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Catching Up With Clara Bow

[*Continued from page* 37]

and his fluffy little pooch and went out for a walk, pending Papa Rex's arrival from the ranch, for dinner.

Few film stars have ever known the fame and adoration that Clara Bow has enjoyed. There was a time when her fan mail averaged more than 37,000 letters a month. Even today—four years after the release of her second Fox picture, *Hoopla* (which she didn't like and which fans didn't care so much for either) Clara's fan mail totals several hundred letters a month and she tries to answer them all.

"Children were the one thing interviewers never discussed with me in the old days. But you could have written this story ten years ago. I felt the same way about children and marriage then. I'll always feel that way. I had to work darned hard to keep on top when I was in pictures but the hard work proved worth while. When I was ready for marriage and a family I was able to concentrate on them, and not divide my time.



Clara Bow Bell and young Rex Larbo Bell stopped in the middle of a romp to give the cameraman two bright smiles of welcome

The Mystery That Haunted Herbert

[*Continued from page* 19]

friends to drink that odorous water gushing out of the earth!

The fly in the ointment, the mote in the eye, the pain in the neck, came along all too quickly. A couple of dawns after the Herberts had settled down and were thinking about a house-warming, Hugh was out on the back porch—gulping great breaths of invigorating ozone—when his discerning eye caught a break in the fence marking the dividing line between his acres and those belonging to his pleasant neighbors.

Kindly Hugh, who makes a habit of taking home stray cats and dogs and telling fibs to save other people's jobs, the big brother and father-confessor to half of Hollywood, felt a twinge of annoyance. The trespasser had evidently used a baby truck to make the break. The intruder, he thought to himself, might at least have used the gate. And then he would have been made welcome in the regular Herbert manner.

But in a moment or two, Hugh dismissed the whole matter, finding half a dozen excuses for whoever caused the damage. He ordered the fence mended and promptly forgot about it.

Two mornings later, by the calender, his eyes almost fell out of their sockets with surprise. There was another gapping hole in the self-same spot in the fence.

"There was a hole there two days ago, and it was fixed. I'm sure it was fixed," he lamented to his wife. "I saw it fixed myself, and there was no hole there yesterday. So somebody made a hole since then."

Something was definitely wrong, not to say mysterious. If there are breaks in a fence with appalling regularity, a little sleuthing was in order.

Now, while Hugh isn't a Sherlock Holmes, he can very modestly claim some practice in the art of deduction. In his long and honored experience as an actor, he had presented to the world critically acclaimed interpretations of those wily gentlemen who instantly link a sudden corpse with a murder. He would lie in wait for the vandal and collar him in the deed!

However, his plans for the nonce, were set aside. The production to which Hugh was contributing his priceless humor was scheduled to go on location, and Hugh was forced to be absent from his field of operations.

When he returned, he discovered that the fence had been mended half a dozen times. "What's more," Mrs. Herbert explained, "I finally had to give up. What's the use of repairing it? It's broken the next morning. I think this is a matter for the police."

There was another situation which made Hugh's cup of tribulation overflow. He looked at his cows. They were thin—actually skinny. His neighbor's cows, grazing contentedly in the adjoining pasture, were sleek and shiny and fat. He compared notes with their owner. Evidently both sets of cows were eating the same alfalfa which came from the same feed stores.

If anything, the Herbert cows were a little more greedy. Their feed bills were higher!

"There isn't a juicy steak between you," he told Ethelreda and Ethelinda, the two cows, and he added a spiritless "Woo-woo!"

Alas, and alack Hugh Herbert bought a ranch to get away from it all, and instead he had walked right into a hornet's nest of perplexities and problems.

Broken fences! Mysterious intruders. Cows who were eating him out of house and home, but were getting thinner by the minute! It just wasn't fair that the cows across the fence looked so self-satisfied, while his own moo-ed mournfully. It didn't occur to him at the moment that the fat cows and the broken fence had any relationship to each other!

■ He began his sleuthing in earnest. Long before the Hollywood Hills were out of their nightcaps of darkness, he was cautiously opening the back door. He avoided stepping on the third plank of the porch, because it always squeaked at the wrong time, and then Hugh melted into the darkness still surrounding the tall fence.

The birds were caroling the approach of a new day, but Hugh's ears were tuned to another sound, as of a heavy body moving through the tall grass.

He strained his eyes to see into the still pervading gloom of early morning, and his eyes saw what his senses refused to believe. Three bulky shapes in single file, like elephants on parade, were moving with assurance towards the break in the fence. As they went through the gap, they knocked down another plank or two.

Could these be the marauders? Hugh followed them at a discreet distance. The cows seemed to know where they were going. And they weren't wasting any time getting there by stopping for a mouthful or two of luscious grass on the way!

It seemed incredible, but it was true. They were heading straight for the pool of evil-smelling spring water—the water Hugh scrupulously avoided permitting his own cows to drink!

The three cows drank long and deeply and with seeming relish, and then with a swish of their tails and a frisk of their heels they went loping across the pasture, through the broken fence and into their own bailiwick.

■ Hugh could hardly wait for the next twenty-four hours to pass. He was unwontedly silent on the set that day. The long stories with which he delights his co-workers weren't forthcoming. Everyone on the set was solicitous. It was evident that something was bothering Mr. Herbert. But Hugh kept his own counsel. Two and two made four in any man's arithmetic and he was going to double-check. He wanted to see those cows drink that water just once more.

He did! Bright and early the cows came through the fence gap, drank at the pool, swished their tails and kicked their heels and went home.

■ Promptly after breakfast, he filled a gallon jug with his very own spring water. He drove into town to a chemist and asked that a test be made. In a very few hours he had the report.

"Mr. Herbert," the chemist said to him, "you've got a gold-mine. This is a very rare water. In only a few places in the world are such health-giving springs found."

"Would it make cows fat?" Mr. Herbert inquired, with only one thought in mind.

"Not only cows, but it's awfully good for people."

Hugh delayed no longer. He drove home as fast as the traffic cops would let him and went directly to where his cows were grazing.

He coaxed them over to the spring. He expounded its virtues. He hoped they'd take a lap or two and find the water to their liking.

They evidently got the idea, for today Hugh's cows are nice and fat, and in gratitude to the neighbor's cows, that fence has never been repaired. They can come and go their familiar way at will.

But not only Hugh's cows, but his friends too, are now hale and hearty. Let one of them complain of a pain or an ache, and the next hour Hugh's messenger is delivering gallons of the water to the compainer, with the terse injunction "Drink Yourself to Health." There's a sanitarium idea playfully tugging at his fancy. If the Herbert Ranch should become the Herbert Sanitarium, that all-gone feeling in Hollywood's ranks will be a thing of the past. They'll all be tensing enormous muscles and turning handsprings and radiating charm at the brink of the spring —in testimony of its magic power.



Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (*See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run."*)

Freshness wins Fans for young star...and Old Gold

STARS have risen, gleamed brilliantly for a time—and faded out of popular sight. *Why?* Their talent was no less. Their looks were not lost. Yet something was lacking; something that makes the difference between greatness and mediocrity. *Freshness.* In a star or a cigarette, freshness gives you an *extra* thrill that no other quality provides!

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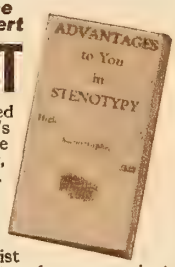
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EYE-GENE

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau

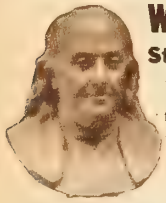
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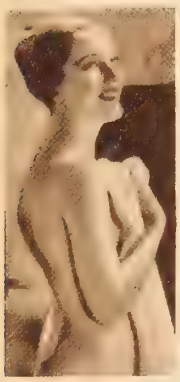


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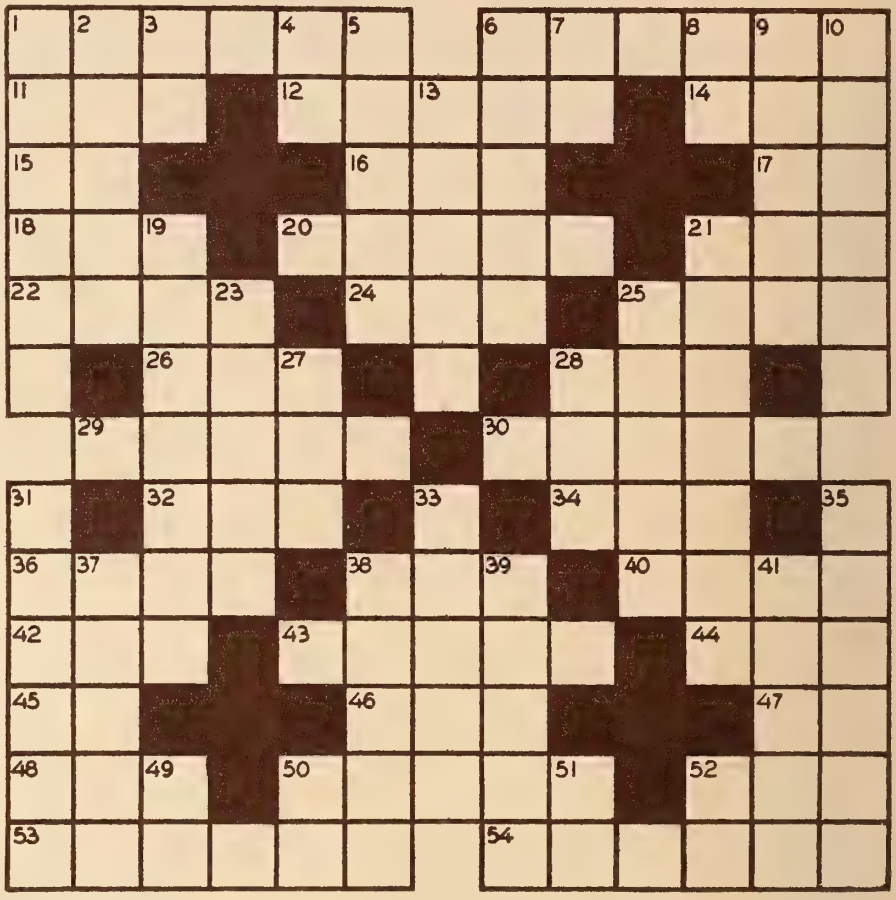
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MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Blonde in *College Swing.*
6. Her actor husband.
11. ——— LaRocque.
12. It furnished musical accompaniment for many silent films.
14. Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall starred in *Breakfast for* ———.
15. Bill Gargan's brother.
16. What Taylor did as track star in *A Yank at Oxford.*
17. Annabella's native land (abbr.).
18. Initials of Claudette's screen father in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.*
20. Sheriff in *Wide Open Faces.*
21. Actors stop working at this command.
22. Elder of Beery brothers.
24. Short for Mr. Howard, English actor.
25. *The Adventures of Marco* ———.
26. Color of Charlie McCarthy's hair.
28. Tap dancer in *Start Cheering.*
29. First name of one who portrayed the reporter in *Making the Headlines.*
30. Sally Eilers' screen father in *Danger Patrol.*
32. Maureen O'Sullivan's native land (abbr.).
34. First name of star of *Code of the Rangers.*
36. Measure of film (pl.).
38. Bovine player in *In Old Chicago.*
40. Comedian in *Reckless Living.*
42. Oliver Hardy is ——— and funny.
43. A star of *Romance in the Dark.*
44. Greta Nissen's native land (abbr.).
45. Miss Rutherford's initials.
46. *The Girl* ——— *Young.*
47. Initials of a star of *The Joy of Living.*
48. ——— *Take Romance.*
50. Shirley Temple was born in ——— Monica, California.
52. High card in gambling scenes.
53. *Pat* in *The Cowboy from Brooklyn.*
54. Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna star in ——— *Heaven.*

DOWN

1. English actor in *Four Men and a Prayer.*
2. The Three Mesquiteers starred in *Wild Horse* ———.
3. Notice telling what is playing at your favorite theater (abbr.).
4. Initials of Merle Oberon's co-star in *Divorce of Lady X.*
5. He had the title role in *Adventures of Robin Hood.*
6. This is as famous in Chaplin films as his derby (pl.).
7. *Love* ——— *Toast.*
8. Miss Tobin's initials.
9. *The* ——— *Truth.*
10. His first name is Barry.
13. First name of Miss Page, seen in *Crime School* (poss.).
19. Mrs. Ozzie Nelson.
21. *Mrs. Barton* in *Test Pilot.*
23. *Change of* ———.
25. Claudette Colbert's native city.
27. *Paroled to* ———.
28. *High* ——— is a musical film.
31. *This is My* ———.
33. G-man in *Tip-Off Girls.*
35. Remember Olive ———?
37. First name of Mr. Foxe.
38. *Nick Shane* in *There's Always a Woman.*
39. Famous screen siren (poss.).
41. What Bergen supplies for Charlie McCarthy.
49. Laura ——— Plante.
50. Initials of Stanley Andrews.
51. *Blondes* ——— *Work.*
52. His last name is St. John.

(Solution on page 56)

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 9*]

In other words, Ed Wynn of Yuma, Arizona, is the boy who ties the knots when Hollywood couples flee to the desert to become man and wife.

■ Jane Withers is probably the only child in the world whose name may be included in the board of directorship of a business organization with voting power equal to that of a membership including bankers, railroad magnates, university presidents, merchants princes, public and church dignitaries. The unique distinction has been accorded Jane by the California Zoological Society because of her love for animals, because she was the first to contribute funds during the recent near-starvation plea for money, and because she made several constructive suggestions regarding the welfare of the zoo inmates. Jane will sit on board meetings with Allan C. Balch, millionaire philanthropist and a director of the California Institute of Technology; D. W. Pontius, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the P. E. Railways; Joseph Scott, noted attorney; Irving Hellman, banker; Tom May, president of one of Los Angeles' largest department stores; Bishop W. Betram Stevens; Archbishop John J. Cantwell; Rufus B. von Kleinsmid, president of U. S. C., and many others. With the notification of her membership came a note explaining she will be expected to ignore the usual admonition that 'children should be seen and not heard.' She promptly agreed to attend all meetings.



Here is the latest picture of W. C. Fields, still swinging high as he rests up after his latest Paramount picture, *The Big Broadcast of 1938*

■ Eddie Collins, former burlesque star who was Walt Disney's inspiration of 'Dopey', and now under contract to 20th Century-Fox was so embarrassed he couldn't utter a word when he found that the 'distinguished guest' the M. C. was introducing at 'The Drunkard' was himself. Collins was busy craning his neck to see if Clark Gable or Robert Taylor was in the audience when the M. C. finally called his name.

■ Because Loretta Young provides them with coffee and doughnuts daily on the set of *Suez*, the crew presented her with a silver coffee service. Incidentally, Alan Dwan, director of Loretta's latest picture, recently celebrated 30 years of directing films. Asked how many pictures he'd directed Dwan began to calculate. He began with the old American Film Company, directed 3 Flying A pictures a week for five years which would total more than 600 right there. Then he did one or two a week for the next three years. He recalls that stars of the Flying A pictures were J. Warren Kerrigan and Wallace Reid, while his very slim and youthful juvenile was the now rotund Eugene Pallette.

Olivia de Havilland
in
"The Adventures of Robin Hood"
A Warner Bros. Production



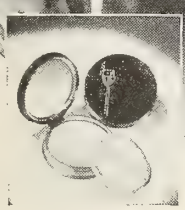
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YOU'LL be amazed what wonderful things correct make-up colors will do for your beauty...how much more attractive you will appear.

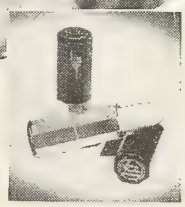
Blonde or brunette...brownette or redhead...there is a color harmony in Max Factor's powder, rouge, lipstick, originally created for screen star types, that will be flattering for you. Try it today...share this make-up secret of Hollywood's stars. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*



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The perfect color harmony shades of Max Factor's Face Powder actually enliven the beauty of your skin. Soft in texture, it imparts a clinging satin-smooth make-up...$1.



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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*..... FREE

5-8-13

NAME_____

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	If Hair is Gray check top shade on Chart ☐
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



MOST ENDEARING OF ALL THOSE YOUNG CHARMS

Beautiful Eyes

Yours Quickly, Easily

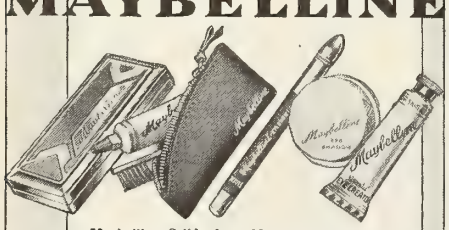
Truly, it's a shame for any woman to let pale, scraggly lashes spoil this most endearing of all our charms!

This need not be true of your eyes, however, if you will simply brush a bit of Maybelline Mascara upward on your lashes. Then—see what a long, silky, sweeping fringe of lashes is yours—and how *naturally* dark and luxuriant lashes appear! Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Match your Maybelline Mascara with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow. Apply Maybelline Special Eye Cream nightly to help guard against those premature age-lines around your eyes.

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Why Joan Fontaine Left Home

[*Continued from page 27*]

She developed a will-power which defied illness and inactivity to make her unhappy.

Instead of the normal life every child has—parties and movies and school and out-of-doors games—she substituted a life of her own making.

As she grew older, her companionship was with adults who were gentle and kind to the delicate child. The old ladies in the neighborhood told her stories of their own childhood, in which pioneers and Indians and cowboys moved in stately procession. The child came to think that courage was after all, the only important quality to possess.

Joan had a lot of time to think. Long hours, immovable in her bed. Time to dream, to work things out for herself.

Her body had limitations. Her mind—none!

Today, Joan's interests are those of a mature person. She is beyond the age mentally of girls whose calendar years are no greater than hers.

As we sat across the luncheon table, I looked at this girl with her ingenuous, forthright eyes, her pixie face, her sunny hair which caught the sun from the open window in such a manner as to leave no doubt that her blondeness is nature-endowed.

Her flowered gown, which she was wearing for scenes in *Ground Crew*, had an old-fashioned mood. The quaint skirt was three-tiered like a wedding cake.

Outwardly, she was the essence of dependence, of the kind of a girl who required protection and sought it; who must be kept in cotton wool to shield her from the harsh realities of the world. In contrast to her appearance, was her honest and frank attitude toward the independence a career-woman finds essential.

"It's so difficult to make people understand that loneliness is essential to some people," she pointed out.

"For me, living alone is imperative. I find rest and peace and a renewal of my energies when I'm away from crowds. After all, if we are honest with ourselves, there is nothing others can do to lessen that sense of loneliness which is deep within all of us.

"At crucial moments in our lives we are all, always alone. No one—no matter how dear they are to you—can really help.

"I like being independent. I like the sense that I am free. When I was fifteen, I was sent to Tokyo to school, for a term. When school closed I traveled all through Japan and crossed the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco without a companion. I had a beautiful time, and wasn't a bit lonely or afraid. Nothing happened to me. My mother didn't know I was even leaving Japan until I telephoned her that I had arrived in this country."

■ Joan is self-possessed, self-reliant, with infinite resources within herself. Her way of life is simple. It has color and beauty, not so much by what she does, as by what she thinks.

Almost Garboesque in her need for seclusion, she defines her leisure hours by reading, by an occasional game of badminton with one of her rare callers. Her idea of a perfect Sunday is to spend it in the kitchen cooking an impressive dinner, or learning how to prepare a new dish.

■ Loneliness and freedom—under its influence she expands, grows emotionally, digests the things she has read, the things she has seen, or thought or discussed. What Joan Fontaine is really doing is storing up emotional and mental reserves for the requirements of her career. Society interests her little. She isn't one of the dancing mob at Hollywood night spots. She admits that she possesses one evening gown, and aside from an occasional concert or attendance at a play, she goes nowhere.

"Right now," she points out, "I have a career to consider. I have an infinite number of things to learn; I have many qualities to acquire before I can consider myself an actress.

"I have to make certain sacrifices to my ambition. I have to be independent—live alone—so that I can see things clearly in my own way.

"I don't dare depend on others for what they can give me emotionally—a sense of comfort, a sense of security—because I believe too much dependence, too much need of others weakens your fiber and your courage."

Joan's wisdom in living alone, in governing her own destiny, will undoubtedly show in her progress as the months go by. There have been dozens of cases in Hollywood of promising young actresses who didn't get anywhere because mentally and emotionally they have been too dependent on their families.

Those girls didn't have the courage to strike out for themselves, fight their own battles, establish their own homes as Joan has done. "Mama's girl" may indicate a beautiful relationship between mother and daughter. But it also indicates that a girl hasn't enough of what it takes to stand on her own feet.

Girls can be too protected. It keeps them from growing up as fast as they should. And an actress must be able to translate adult emotions if her Fame is to increase. The perpetual ingenue gets exactly nowhere.

"Frequently the right thing is the hardest thing to do," she says. "It isn't easy to strike out on your own. But for me it is essential. If there is to be a Joan Fontaine, she has to develop by herself."

To develop in loneliness. A loneliness with which she has walked through most of the days of her life. A loneliness which has come to be a friend.

It was vital that Joan develop as a separate entity. She realized that. Too much sheltering wasn't good for Joan. Not for Joan Fontaine, the actress.

It took a lot of courage to make the break! But Joan has a lot of that!

Men Who Boss the Stars

[*Continued from page* 14]

All that time, the small man with the hazel eyes had had a double dream. First, there should be real stories in pictures, not just episodes, and a picture should be long enough to furnish a whole evening's entertainment. Second, people would come to love and support "starred" personalities, just as they did in the theater.

Up till then he had been considered a daring business man who took his own losses. Now even his best friends were sure he was a crack-pot.

The fight went on, with Zukor spending every spare minute at the studios where Griffith and others were developing movie technique. The old Patents Company, "the trust," were holding everyone to two-reelers.

■ Bang! In one of Zukor's low financial spells, somebody in Europe photographed Sarah Bernhardt in the stage play, *Queen Elizabeth*. Four whole reelers! Zukor raised $35,000 to buy the American rights. The man was crazy!

Even before *Queen Elizabeth* clicked, the adventurer who always paid off had persuaded his bank to lend him money to start Famous Players. He carefully filmed his old favorite, *Monte Cristo*, but the trust beat him to it with a short quickie of the same name. So the first American feature length picture released was—*A Prisoner of Zenda*. It wowed.

Will Irwin has written a splendid book, "The House That Shadows Built," on Zukor's rise. In 1912 Adolph was an obscure exhibitor on Fourteenth Street. By 1916, "the term of a college course," as Terry Ramsaye puts it, he and the courts had licked the trust; Zukor stood at the head of a $25,000,000 combination, dominating the industry.

■ Were there crises? At the time of the *Monte Cristo* steal, Zukor came to the point where he couldn't meet his pay-roll. Everything seemed bound to crash. Daniel Frohman had carefully put away for his old age $50,000 in bonds untouched for years. He learned of Zukor's plight, sold the bonds, handed the cash to the harried producer, saying only, "Pay me when you can."

Bank loans had risen to $200,000. That was enough to lend, even to Honest Adolph, when the only security was the negatives of four unprinted feature pictures, that couldn't pay off for a year. A fire burned the studio. The films were in a newfangled "fireproof" safe. Would celluloid withstand that red heat?

It took three days for the safe to cool. Zukor went frenziedly about arrangements for continuing the production. He refused even to be present when the safe was finally opened. The films were unharmed!

■ During all this the Kohns and the Kaufmans rallied 'round. They must be a fighting tribe. During the world war thirty-eight sons of the Zukor-Kohn-Kaufman clan, abroad, served in the Austrian army. Of the younger branch, in the United States, seven boys were eligible. All joined up, under the Stars and Stripes, early. And one other. Eugene Zukor, Adolph's son, was so far under draft age that he had to fib outrageously to enlist in the U. S. Navy. He did.

Away back yonder in 1896, Adolph Zukor, then 23 and barely at the five-year residence requirement, had taken out United States citizenship papers. He hadn't been fooling!

■ That second dream of Adolph's—to create and maintain popularity for personalities on the screen—came true, also. He made it come true. When he lured Mary Pickford away from Biograph at nineteen, he promised her $20,000 a year, but he promised her more than that. Her name would go on the picture and in the advertising. That was unheard of. In three years he was paying her $10,000 a week. She left him because the best deal she could get from him, in another year, was $225,000 a picture plus half the profits. First National topped that . . . So we have stars.

Zukor's leadership has been felt throughout the industry's history. His love of clean pictures was one of the principal factors that caused the creation of the Hays Office, and he has backed Hays consistently. Much of the present-day respect in which motion pictures are held by churches and educators can be credited to the wisely wielded influence of Adolph Zukor.

■ Every industry, like most individuals, was caught short in the 1929 crash. The bankers moved in on Paramount to "protect" their interests. They thought Zukor was a wonderful old gentleman. "Mighty good in his day, no doubt." So they eased him into the dummy job of Chairman of the Board of Directors. Pardon us, while we laugh. When Wall Street had tried its hand at making pictures, the financiers were glad to persuade "the old gentleman" to leave his thousand-acre estate on the Hudson and come out to Hollywood, in sole and complete charge of production.

Why did he come? He loves stories. He always would rather have been the creative man than the business man.

Zukor is remarkably modest. He has always had a knack for recognizing other men's brains, and giving them room. He also has an uncanny faculty for seeing into the future. He now says of picture-making:

"Once the business was all mechanics, with what appeared on the film as a secondary consideration. That passed. In later years, some have tried to make the creative work itself mechanical, like a factory. That must pass, too."

At Paramount now, Zukor is gathering little groups of brilliant men, on the unit system, and giving them very nearly full rein to do their stuff. But quiet hazel eyes watch it all. About one thing no one argues: the lot's master showman is "Papa Zukor."

"SCRAM TO THAT SCOWL"



"FELLA, it's already gone! You see—I found that package of Beeman's you slipped in my pocket! Some flavor, I'll say! I like that luscious smoothness—that clean tang!

Look at the package — see that tight sealed foil? Keeps the air *out* and the fresh flavor *in* — no wonder Beeman's has such fresh snap and go! Let's stop in for more Beeman's right now!"

Beeman's
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Try this fascinating new shampoo, which in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, leaves your hair lighter and lovelier. Safely, too. A single wash with this amazing, new-type shampoo—called New Blondex—instantly removes the dull, dingy, oil and dust laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse colored and "old" looking. You will be delighted with the new shimmering highlights and lustre of your hair, the glorious radiance that usually comes only in childhood. Start Blondex today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Outdoor Party Food

Informal meals need not be cold odds and ends just because they are served in a garden



Ginger Rogers, shown at the helm of her own soda fountain, takes time off from work in *Carefree*, with Fred Astaire, to give some of her favorite recipes for outdoor meals

By BETTY CROCKER

It seems that everyone in Hollywood has a backyard grill, or "barbecue pit," but the one I found when I went to visit Ginger Rogers is quite the grandest one I saw. It is constructed at the end of the delightful patio which opens off her play room, and the big, rambling tables and benches and the old-fashioned high cupboard which equip it make you want to stay on and on to partake of the luscious food which comes off the charcoal grill.

We were discussing favorite foods, Ginger and her mother and I, in the comfortable chairs alongside her swimming pool.

Of course steaks and chops and hamburgers are always in order at outdoor parties, but the dish that is still nearest to Ginger's heart is her mother's southern fried chicken. Frying the chicken is a fine art if done in the fashion which has made Mrs. Lela Rogers' dish famous in Hollywood. You must follow every step, just as she described it to me, if you would turn out a masterpiece in goodness.

"Disjoint a young fryer, weighing from two to three and a half pounds," Mrs. Rogers explained. "Use a skillet, and heat about a pound of lard or vegetable oil to frying heat, and keep it over a low fire.

"Now you carefully roll each piece of chicken in flour. Don't put any salt in the flour. Place the pieces in the skillet with the flat sides on the bottom of the pan. The fat should be deep enough to half cover each piece. Never add water at any time. You should treat each piece as carefully as though it were being fried alone.

"Cover the pan and allow the chicken to fry slowly. When golden brown on one side, turn the pieces over. Salt each piece after turning. Turn only once.

"As pieces are removed from the skillet, place them on heavy brown paper which will absorb excess oil. Some of the larger pieces may not be quite done, so tip the skillet until the fat is in one end and directly over the fire, frying these pieces a few moments in deep fat.

"To make the gravy, which is as important as frying the chicken, drain off the excess grease. Leave the cracklings and about four tablespoons of fat in the skillet. Stir one-half cup of flour gradually into the fat, allowing it to brown to a rich gold. Slowly add a pint of milk, stirring con-

stantly to prevent its becoming lumpy. When thick, serve."

The biscuits, too, are part and parcel of southern fried chicken, and these are made in the kitchen and brought piping hot to the grill. They may be made from a good, kitchen-tested prepared biscuit flour requiring only the addition of milk or water. It takes but a few minutes to turn the dough, pat, round it up and fold several times, and then roll lightly to about an inch thickness before cutting.

■ We got around to the subject of what she serves with her meats when she entertains at her outdoor suppers and Ginger said that they almost invariably served an aspic salad of some variety, featuring either vegetables or fruits. And here's the recipe for the basic aspic which they use:

ASPIC SALAD

2 tbsp. plain gelatine
juice of 1 lemon
1 cup cold water
2 cups boiling water
1 tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
¼ cup vinegar

Soak gelatine 5 minutes in the cold water. Add boiling water and stir well; then add rest of ingredients and set aside to cool. When the mixture first begins to jell, add 3 cups of mixed chopped vegetables—carrots, celery, radishes, cucumbers, etc., as well as cold cooked chopped vegetables—and turn the mixture into a ring mold. The center of the mold may be filled with mayonnaise when it is turned out on a plate to be served. This same recipe is used as a foundation for fruit salads, too, substituting mixed fruits, well drained, for the vegetables.

■ Italian spaghetti is another dish that is a favorite among Ginger's guests, especially when served with a mixed grill consisting of tiny grilled steaks, calves liver and bacon, and lamb chops. The spaghetti is prepared in the kitchen and brought to the patio steaming hot on a big platter. This is the way it's made:

ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

1 lb. of ground round steak
1 small onion
1 can tomatoes
1 lb. good Italian spaghetti
½ cup grated Italian cheese
salt and pepper

Brown the meat in a little fat and add the onion cut small. Saute these together and season with salt and pepper. When the onion and meat are brown add the tomatoes and let cook slowly for one hour, being careful to stir it frequently. Cook the spaghetti in *plenty* of boiling water until tender and drain. Place it on a hot platter, sprinkle with cheese and pour the meat sauce over all.

■ The desserts are the high spots at these outdoor meals, because everyone makes his own dessert at Ginger's real soda fountain. Ginger's favorite is chocolate ice cream with chocolate sauce, but she says she has come to the conclusion that everyone she knows in Hollywood has a suppressed desire for banana splits because that is what practically everyone makes. And don't get the idea that this is just a make-believe soda fountain, because it's the real thing—fizz water and all. There are compartments for six varieties of ice cream and more than a half dozen different sauces and syrups. There are always plenty of chopped nuts and nice gooey concoctions to pour over the ice cream.

After supper—several hours afterward, when everyone has reached the nibbling stage—great cans of popped corn always put in their appearance. Sometimes the guests pop corn at the open fire place in the play room, too.

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ALL Hollywood is wearing kerchiefs this summer. And here's a kerchief that's Hollywood to the hilt. If you're a fan, you'll want one, because it bears the authentic autograph reproductions of your 89 favorite stars. Wear it now . . . treasure it as a souvenir. Makes an ideal gift. Approximately 21 inches square . . . choice of blue, brown or wine, combined with white, in a hand-blocked print.

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EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".
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Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling (U.S. Govt. Standard) **Rich 1/30, 14k Gold.**

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Watch included FREE with every ring ordered during **SALE** and paid for on our easy two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4). No extra charge for the watch. Wear 10 days ON APPROVAL! **Send NO Money.** Mail postcard now. We pay postage. **We trust you.** Your package comes at once by RETURN MAIL.

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Dept. CA-398, Newton, Mass.

SNUBBED BECAUSE OF "ADOLESCENT SKIN"?

Act now to help keep your blood free of pimple-making poisons

Don't go on being cursed by loathsome pimples. Don't make others feel ashamed of you or shun you. Find out what's the matter and correct it.

During the period of adolescence, in the years between 13 and 25, important glands are developing. This causes disturbances throughout your body. Waste poisons from the intestines often find their way into the blood . . . and may break out in ugly skin eruptions. You must help free your system of these intestinal poisons.

Thousands of young people have solved this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this fresh food contains millions of tiny, *living* plants that act to help you eliminate waste poisons from the body—*before* they can get into the blood. Your skin becomes clearer and fresher again. Many get remarkable results in 30 days or less. Don't lose time. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast *now* . . . 3 cakes daily, one before each meal.

The Man Who Has Everything

[*Continued from page* 36]

items like Napoleon's shoe buckles, Washington's first bridgework, or Daniel Boone's leather pants. He files them all carefully, for who knows when he might want a shoe buckle or a good set of uppers?

He goes once or twice a year to Chicago and New York on a buying spree. Pictures must keep a jump ahead of the trend of interior decoration and fashion, so he knows a lot about the production schedule for the coming year when he goes East to the great furniture marts. If he knows that the year will feature a preponderance of Bette Davis and Kay Francis pictures, he veers off Grandma's rockers and bric-a-brac and orders chromium and white leather even before the public knows what is happening to tomorrow's swanky salons. But he steers clear of conspicuously exotic objects of art. Such objects attract so much attention that they cannot be used more than once. Indeed, they can cause a bit of embarrassment here and there, when they become more important than the actors!

■ Here's a bit of information for you, if you are tempted to offer Wilson an old or valuable painting: he won't buy it. Old masters are invariably copied at the studio by artists hired for that purpose. They bring out certain lines and colors and subdue others. When their copy is photographed it looks to the audience more authenic than the original would. A real Rembrandt just won't photograph at all, for example. Too muddy!

I picked up an ancient, musty cross-bow which fascinated me. As I handled it, I seemed to feel the brave and gallant vibrations of some Battle in the dim past. "Made day before yesterday in my mill department," said Wilson, grinning wickedly. His department made all the wagons, swords and cross-bows for *Robin Hood* not to mention ten thousand arrows, hundreds of pewter mugs and greasy, scarred tables. It was cheaper by far to make these things than to rent them for six months, the duration of the picture's shooting. And that's how prop departments grow and grow.

The hardest things he had to get for *Jezebel,* amazingly enough, were fifteen old-fashioned coal oil lamps. In his department he has hundreds of parts of these lamps, but could assemble perhaps only ten whole ones out of the parts. "It's always just like a director," said Wilson. "to decide to have a fight on the set and shoot up the best lamp I have."

Mr. Wilson reads every script weeks before the pictures start and from them makes a prop list and budget. The script might mention one hundred soldiers. "When an extra is hired for $10 a day to be a soldier," said Wilson, "you're just beginning. His sword costs $25; put him on a horse and that's another $5. And there's a man caretaker for every five horses who gets $10.50 a day. That's the way my budgets mount by leaps and bounds."

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Wear Hose We Furnish

and write orders. Supply friends and neighbors with amazing hose guaranteed against holes, snags, or runs for 4 to 8 months or replaced FREE. Big repeat sales. Everybody buys hose and wants to cut hosiery costs. Fords given as bonus. Doris Jensen earned $17 in one day, received 2 new cars; Chas. Mills earned $120 in a week, received 2 new cars as bonuses. Rush name on penny postal for sensational Sample Outfit Offer. Act quick. Write to **Wilknit Hosiery Co., Dept. 9-H, Greenfield, Ohio.**



NEURITIS **Relieves Pain in Few Minutes**

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO,** the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

MEN—WOMEN SELL NEW "EMBOSS-O" CHRISTMAS CARDS

Make up to $3 IN AN HOUR

Big spare time money-maker! Season's sensation! "Emboss-O" Christmas Cards, with **sender's signature in raised gold!** Sell assortment of 21 beautiful cards with "Emboss-O" materials, only $1. You make 50c profit. Extra Bonus. Many other assortments, 50c up. Also **name-imprinted** Christmas Cards, **50 for $1.** Write today!

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Kills Lice, Ants, Fleas, Aphids, Bedbugs, Crab Lice, Potato Bugs, Leaf Hoppers, Cabbage Worms, Mexican Bean Beetles

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Try inhaling the aromatic fumes of Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Thousands of asthmatic sufferers look for ready relief from this simple treatment. Discovered 70 years ago, ASTHMADOR has been perfected by 3 generations, and is compounded of selected ingredients in a scientific laboratory. No wonder it is a favorite in many lands. Find out how ASTHMADOR can bring you relief. At your druggist. In powder, cigarette and pipe mixture form. Or send for *free* trial supply of all three.

R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Cal., Dept. B

■ Another of Wilson's genii is the duster. Imagine dusting the largest department store you ever saw, where every inch of space is utilized; where even the small passageways leading from one room to another are hung with pictures, tapestries, weapons or stuffed animals. The duster dusts with a compressed air hose such as you and I use to fill tires in gas stations. I don't know where the dust goes after it is blasted off the properties, but I suppose it is just too discouraged to light on them again.

One of Mr. Wilson's most valuable possessions is his little black address book. He read off just a few names to me. They are names of Army and Navy officials whom he contacts when Warners want to make an air or sea picture and need help; there is the name of a gambler who provides him with a complete and elaborate gambling set-up when it is needed, including slot machines and information as to all cheating tricks! He also has the telephone number of a lighthouse keeper, just in case, as well as a professional bartender and a reformed convict.

Also subject to Mr. Wilson's Aladdin's lamp are ten trailers, each one a miniature prop department in itself. These trailers, smaller than those in which Mr. and Mrs. Public are scurrying around these days, are assigned to various sets for particular pictures and have places of honor on the stages. They may also be hitched to trucks and taken on location. They consist of innumerable padlocked cabinets, trays, drawers and closets. Each truck carries *three thousand items,* packed with diabolical cleverness in an apparently impossible conservation of space. Again Wilson played a game with me. I asked for a chair. Each trailer carries five chairs for directors and for portable dressing rooms. I asked for a canteen. There it was, hanging on the wall. Everything I asked for was there . . . old coins, first aid kits, dog food, coffee and percolater, electric stove and fan, can opener, jack knife, ladies' and men's wrist watches, a scarf, a pair of bedroom slippers, a revolver, needle and thread, shovel, axe, rug, pipe tobacco, a desk lamp, some candy and gum, cuff links, a stretcher and camp cot, books, magazines, high rubber wading boots, a wallet, several boxes of breakfast foods, a garden hose . . . well, I'm not going to list three thousand items. What a trailer to take on a camping trip! Mr. Wilson told me that besides all these items on all ten trailers, *eighty-seven thousand* items yearly are checked in and out of the department proper. Which are several thousand reasons for having a hundred genii.

■ Mr. Wilson finds enough adventure in his job to satisfy even his restless spirit which brought him, a mere boy, to Los Angeles in 1906 with vague aims but a definite drive. He got a part in a picture directed by Lois Weber because he happened to be wearing a suit. Nobody else had on a complete business suit. He then looked after props for Universal until the war came along. They gave him a gun, but he prefers to talk about the fun he had handling the distribution of that extraordinary army newspaper, "Stars and Stripes," edited by none other than Alexander Woollcott and Harold Ross who is the present editor the The New Yorker. As editorial men, they got out a scintillating newspaper, but they didn't know what to do with it once it was printed. Wilson saved the day by taking charge of its circulation among the doughboys.

Back in Hollywood, he gave up distributing and took up collecting. Props and more props. Eighty-seven thousand of them. As you read this, send a prayer to his hundred genii. They are busy with an inventory of the whole department!

Song Plugger Number One

[*Continued from page* 35]

ran off a bunch of rushes that included the *Nasty Man* song and how quick this someone was to nominate Alice Faye to take the Lillian Harvey part. That was Step Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, clear up to 100 so far as her screen career was concerned, we said. And Alice nodded her agreement.

"They had quite a time making me sign a long-term contract," she admitted. "I was all for going back to New York where I thought I belonged. The idea of being a leading lady in pictures didn't appeal to me, but I finally signed up—and here I am."

■ Now for a few vital statistics.

Alice was born May 8, 1915.

She stands five feet, four inches high in her high-heeled slippers.

She can swim like a fish and she could probably show her dainty heels to a lot of professional girl swimmers in races of the shorter distances.

Since she returned from Honolulu she's spending the remainder of her vacation trying to learn the native Hawaiian dances and doing exceedingly well at them.

She's a whiz on the badminton court, but says she's going to give that sport up to become a divot digger on the fairways.

She felt so sorry for a horse named after her that during the Santa Anita racing season she went out to buy it with the purpose of retiring it to a nice green pasture for the rest of its life. It hadn't won a race until the day she saw it when it came in first to pay $37 for a two-buck mutuel ticket!

She doesn't like jewelry nor fair-weather friends. The latter she can spot a mile off.

She doesn't know how to read music. For all she knows a bar is something you find in saloons, a scale is something for weighing things, a key is something you use to open doors with—but—Lordy, how America's song plugger No. 1 can sing—and act!



HATS OFF!

Let KURLASH give you a natural beauty point worth "sunning." KURLASH curls eyelashes in 30 seconds without heat or cosmetics . . . so they catch rainbows—cast entrancing shadows. More light enters your eyes, making them starry bright. So hats off to KURLASH!

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to *you*—how to apply them skilfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept.D-8; receive—*free*—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!



THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, New York
Canada: Toronto, 3

Kurlash

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Think of the things *you* could do with $400!

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can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, *at home and in your spare time,* for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. 39th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 18 to 60, earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

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Solo Curlers in a few minutes will make your hair look naturally lovely and glamorous.

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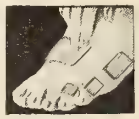
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Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, scales, eczema, and other externally caused skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Easy to use. Dries fast. Clear, greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it —or money back. Ask for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

■ Evalyn Knapp and her husband, Dr. George Snyder, took a complete course in navigation last winter, in order to take a cruise in their very sea-worthy "Cielito Lindo", a forty-five foot yacht with auxiliary Diesel engine.

New FOOT RELIEF





Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, the new velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes. Prevents blisters. Flesh color. Cuts to any size or shape. Drug, Shoe and 10¢ Stores.

Cuts to any Size or Shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX



HERE ARE THE LUCKY WINNERS!



Nothing can be more final than the vote of the people. And it was the people, the readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, who settled the arguments, raging the world over, about which of the Seven Dwarfs is the most popular

■ The engaging little Dopey is the nation's choice in the Seven Dwarfs popularity contest beyond any doubt. His nearest competitor, Grumpy, brought in only 20 per cent as many votes. Good old reliable Doc tried hard, but he drew only 10 per cent of Dopey's staggering total. Happy rates next in popularity. Then comes Bashful and Sneezy. Little Sleepy trails the field with only one-half per cent of Dopey's high rating. Five hundred souvenir pictures of the Dwarfs as well as the prizes already have been shipped to the clever writers of the best letters.

The Grand Prize, as you will remember, is a beautiful cedar chest. The First Prize is an original sketch in color of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Second Prize is a 15 inch Snow White doll. The Third Prizes are sets of Seibling Rubber Dolls. The six Fourth Prizes are Snow White dolls, too. The twelve Fifth Prizes are the new games called "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The twelve Sixth Prizes are beautiful little hand-bags. The twelve Seventh Prizes are "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" books.

Here are the winners:

GRAND PRIZE—
Helen Keller, Normandie Apts. No. 1, McKeesport, Pa.

1ST PRIZE—
William R. Batty, 74 Mill St., Middletown, Conn.

2ND PRIZE—
Myrtle Reese, 1224 Seventh St., Lorain, Ohio.

3RD PRIZES—
Nancy Louise Wright, 8 McClure Ct., Lakewood, Ohio; Edwina B. Lucas, 313



THE SIN I DARED NOT CONFESS

"I was greedy for life—mine was a wild craving for something different, something exciting. That's how I came to be living a double life—and that's why I feared to come forward with testimony to save a man on trial for murder. For that would mean revelation of my own scarlet romance. Yet my secret haunted me, until—"

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NO RIGHT TO HIS RING
Complete Short Novel

Plus:

TOO EAGER FOR LOVE
Because she was innocent

HAS HE A RIGHT TO OUR BABY?
A poignant problem story

DANGER IN HIS KISSES
Could she trust her heart?

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4TH PRIZES—

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5TH PRIZES—

John Ulm, 2840 Capitol St., McKeesport, Pa.; Ruth Gaspard, 123 W. Buchanan St., Carlinville, Ill.; Ellinor Erna Crellin, 1485 Elbur Ave., Lakewood, Ohio; Toni Pentila, 408 First Street South, Virginia, Minn.; Arthur V. Sarnataro, 2347 East 1st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tom Downs, 1621 Lyndon St., So. Pasadena, Calif.; Gene Berryhill, 29 W. 28th St., No. 6, Indianapolis, Ind.; Patricia Clafford, 1431 Edgewater Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Helen Carlson, 2825 Second Ave., Pueblo, Colo.; Barbara Burke, 110 Eutaw St., East Boston, Mass.; Maude Chenoweth, 214 North 19th St., Richmond, Ind.; Lloyd Ira Miller, 1031 N. 21st St., Allentown, Pa.

6TH PRIZES—

Mrs. A. C. Walker, 616 W. 20th St., Pueblo, Colo.; Edith Stahl, 354 93rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Camille Houidobre, 2721 O'Reilly St., New Orleans, La.; Dolores Hruska, 1807 East Ave., Berwyn, Ill.; Barbara Balcom, 53 Chestnut St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.; Mary Jane Call, 700 E. Maywood, Peoria, Ill.; Jessie Yokabowski, 225 Jarvis Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; Dorothy Majdek, 72 Fairmount Ave., Newark, N. J.; Betty Lois Gibson, R. F. D. No. 1, Redfield, S. D.; Edith Hitz, 302 So. Main St., Franklin, Ind.; Connie M. Estes, 27 Westgate Rd., W. Asheville, N. C.; Virginia Richards, 911 Strong St., Schnectady, N. Y.

7TH PRIZES—

Ivy Gardner, Box 212, Taber, Alberta Canada; Virginia M. Gibson, 3546 31st St., San Diego, Calif.; Carloss M. Jones, Lorado, W. Va.; George Sprit, 2153 8th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio; Ray Beatty, Parkside, Saskatchewan, Canada; Ralph Wagner, 2243 So. Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.; Clara Brody, 3730 E. 52nd St., Cleveland, Ohio; Beatty Stambaugh, 1602 No. 47th St., Seattle, Wash.; Ruth Blue, 108 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.; Marie Le Pain, 11 Berendo St., Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. Herman Raitz, R. F. D. No. 7, Box 523, Toledo, Ohio; Jean Nuttall, Box 11, Dragoon, Ariz.

How One Man Shocked Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 23]

But they might have been, for a fact that all Hollywood must face is that stars do fade and that the spotlight does not stand still. The spotlight of public fancy is an uneasy background. It swings restlessly, ever on the search for new faces, new personalities, new appeals.

Great stars, like Greta Garbo, hold the spotlight for years, but eventually, she, like everyone else, must watch the radiance dim. One of Garbo's great claims to continuing success through the years has been her enormous popularity abroad, and the huge revenue her pictures bring in from across the seas.

That, of course, has nothing to do with you and me and all of the rest of the American theatre-goers who are seeing films in the little theatre around the corner. That, of course, has nothing to do with the man who operates that theatre. He may be glad, in a friendly impersonal sort of way that the studio is making money on the film in its London release, but if people are staying away from his Main street theatre, it does not give him much comfort.

■ But should a star be blamed for the fact that the movie industry is a complex business? Is a star responsible for the success or failure of a film? Should a star be pilloried in public, and should the somewhat embarrassing label, "Poison," be hung on a player, who, after all, is just a part of the process of entertainment manufacturing?

There seems to be a certain difference of opinion.

Several producers have been seen smiling with quiet satisfaction over the whole matter. They are the men who have been having difficulties with players who wanted to choose stories, dictate on production details, control directors, choose the cast and generally run the show. These producers feel that it is a well deserved reproof and will have a healthy effect on stars who have been difficult to handle.

■ But most producers feel that stars are not to be blamed for the failure of pictures.

"A great star does not necessarily make a great picture," is the consensus, and most executives agree that a star must have a good story and good direction to maintain that enviable rating on the top of the talent field.

Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, just has placed Katharine Hepburn under contract after her contract with Radio Pictures was terminated, and he also has made a deal with Marlene Dietrich, though Paramount just dropped the contract which it has held for many years on her. He says, "All any of these players need is one good picture to bring them back."

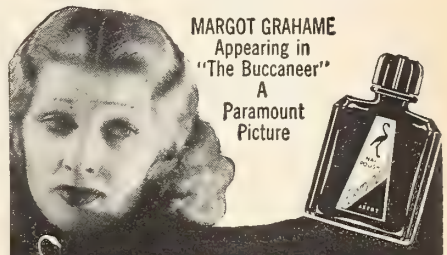
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★ —Easier Application
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Appearing in
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REMOVE HAIR without razor, liquid paste or powder 25c

Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch gives the skin that soft, white appearance of youth and beauty. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one or $1.00 for five of the Baby Touch Pads. Baby Touch Mittens (Two sides) 35c each, 3 for $1.00. Will last about 3 months.

BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO.
2326 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.



Brush Away GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

AT HOME, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved — for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. With amazing speed BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color of natural appearance. Just brush or comb it in.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

The "Air-Float" PROCESS
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It's the "Air-Float Process" that makes this talcum so delightfully feather-textured! Appealingly perfumed in choice of Gardenia, Sweet Pea, Rose, or Orchid of Indies.



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10¢

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ORCHID OF INDIES
TALCUM POWDER

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results also FREE.

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores.

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Your choice of Man's or Lady's Wrist Watch FREE with every Ring ordered during this SALE and paid for on our easy monthly plan. Lady's or Man's Ring, with simulated diamond that you'd think cost at least $200. Nothing extra for the watch. It's included FREE. Ladies 1939 dainty model. Men's "Shock-proof" military wrist watch-gold plate front—with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold; Jeweled; Guaranteed by $1,000,000 FACTORY. Send NO Money, make only two monthly $2 payments (total $4). WE TRUST YOU—your package comes AT ONCE by Return mail.

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Dept. C-398, Newton, Mass.
Rush offer by RETURN MAIL—all postage paid to my door.
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"LEARN BY DOING" 12 weeks training

TRAIN NOW FOR A BETTER JOB!



My Big Free Book tells you how we train you in 12 weeks—to start in the growing field of Electricity by actual shopwork on real electrical machinery in the Big Chicago Coyne Shops—not by books or correspondence. Expert instructors guide you every step of the way. Experience or advanced education not needed. Many Earn While Learning. Free lifetime employment service. Diesel Engine, Electrical Refrigeration and Air Conditioning instruction included. Mail Coupon for FREE BOOK and all Facts.

H. C. LEWIS, Pres., COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
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Send Big Free Book with facts on Coyne training and tell me about your "Plans" to help me.
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CITY_____ STATE_____

vertisement, letting actions speak louder than words, ond offering Joan Crawford a new five year contract which she signed.

Mae West recently completed her last commitment in Hollywood, and has not been resigned.

Garbo has been off the screen since she completed *Conquest,* and there is possibility that she may carry out her threat of many years standing to retire.

Kay Francis, a splendid business woman, already had made arrangements with Warner Brothers to appear in "B" pictures.

No plans have been made recently to star Edward Arnold, since that fine actor has to have rather specialized parts—such as his Diamond Jim Brady—to carry a film.

■ That catches you up on the salient facts of this outstanding news of the years, but you'll have to keep on going to catch up with Harry Brandt. There are some people who have been unkind enough to say that his purpose in this startling publicity is not entirely unselfish, and that Mr. Brandt would like to see himself the head of a much bigger group of exhibitors. There are some people suspicious enough to think that Mr. Brandt is playing a shrewd political game in the formation of a new group of exhibitors. About the truth of that, I do not know, beyond the fact that Mr. Brandt freely admits that in union there is strength, and that he advocates a stronger association of exhibitors.

■ But there is much to think about in the advertisement that followed the first one week later.

It started out with the statement "The picture business is in the doldrums," and pointed out that there is no ill the box-office suffers from today that cannot be cured by the elimination of double features.

"To play a 'B' picture with an 'A' picture is like taking a ham sandwich to a banquet," stated the ad trenchantly. "To play two 'B' pictures on a program is like serv-

Crossword Puzzle Solution

G	R	A	B	L	E		C	O	O	G	A	N		
R	O	D		O	R	G	A	N		T	W	O		
E	D				R	A	N				F	R		
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	C	R	A	I	G		C	A	R	E	Y			
A		I	R	E		N		T	I	M		B		
F	E	E	T		C	O	W		S	A	V	O		
F	A	T		B	O	L	E	S		N	O	R		
A	R				W	A	S				I	D		
I	L	L		S	A	N	T	A		A	C	E		
R	E	A	G	A	N		S	T	O	L	E	N		

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 138-C Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

40 MILLION WOMEN NEED NEVLO

Are you one of the 40,000,000 women who need NEVLO at least one week out of every month for relief from pain, nervous headaches, and sleeplessness? With NEVLO there is no need to suffer uselessly. NEVLO quickly gives relaxation to thousands of tiny nerve ends all over the body. It has been tried and proven by years of use. NEVLO is the modern way to save discomfort. In regular strength for upset nerves and nervous headaches or extra strength for extreme nervousness, sleeplessness, and women's trying times. At good druggists or mail $1.00 today!

The NEVLO CO. San Antonio, Texas



50 YEARS of SUCCESS

Not a Freckle To WORRY About

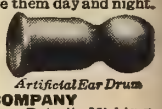
If embarrassing facial freckles do not disappear under Dr. C. H. Berry's Freckle Ointment leaving the skin clearer and lovelier your money will be refunded. Keeps dry skin moist and smooth. Get a 65¢ jar at once at Drug or Department store. *For free sample send direct to*

KREMOLA CO., Dept. B-2,
2975 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. They command respect. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training.

More Ability: More Prestige: More Money

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Successful graduates in every section of the United States. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW.

LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 830-L Chicago

Oh Boy! A WIRELESS TUBELESS BATTERYLESS Pocket Radio



WORLD'S SMALLEST REAL PERFORMING RADIO

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Complete in one unit—weighs only 3 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. NO CRYSTALS to adjust—NO UPKEEP—only one moving part. Self contained "Speakophone" unit gives superior performance. IS NOT A TOY! THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS—Many report amazing reception and distance. Sent complete with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed etc. TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT. No hook-ups to any current. Six colors available.

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (check, M.O., cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. GUARANTEED. A most unusual value. ORDER NOW!

TINYTONE RADIO CORP. Dept. F-8 KEARNEY, NEBR.

ing a huge portion of ham. To play two 'A' pictures on any program is giving your patrons movie indigestion."

■ Brandt plays double features in most of his theatres, but he claims that he is forced to. Unless all theatre operators act together, this practise has to continue, he says, and he points gloomily to the added stunts which are creeping into the show business like the giveaway contests, the china and money awards, and various other crowd pullers to which the desperate theatre man is driven in order to persuade people into the theatre.

Brandt believes firmly that the public will draw a deep sigh of relief, and return to the theatre in droves, when theatre men return to the policy of showing one good film, a newsreel and a cartoon or short comedy. He believes that the public is worn out and impatient with mediocre films. He believes that the public is educated to the point where it will patronize enthusiastically a really excellent film, but is reluctant to sit through a poor filler picture in order to see a good one. And he is campaigning vigorously to bring back the single feature.

What do you think?

■ The editor of this magazine will appreciate greatly having your opinion. Write it in one line or cover a piece of paper, but do write to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and let us know whether or not you'd like theatres to go back to single bills.

Every answer is important, so don't think that yours will not count if you forget it. Do it now! This is your fight, and if enough of you speak your minds, and if enough of you are of the same opinion, you may get your way just by the writing of that one little letter.

There are no prizes for the best letter. You won't win anything but a chance to have your theatres run the way you want them. But that is important, isn't it?

On the "Five of a Kind" Location

[*Continued from page* 17]

on the grass. He waved, and the children waved back. Already they were accustomed to his presence and accepted him as another friend.

A nurse was sitting with them, and her white shoes made gentle pushes at the floor of the swing, swaying it in the rhythm of the song. The five little girls, looking like an animated bouquet of bright pink flowers, swung with her, their loud baby voices chirping the words with a gay French accent.

They were dressed in five minute pink wool coats, smartly tailored. Five pairs of sturdy legs in long white stockings waved with the swing. Five pairs of small white shoes kicked in the air. Five yellow ribbons bounded on top of five sets of glossy dark curls. Five little brunette faces bobbed back and forth while ten great smiling brown eyes watched the nurse intently.

■ It was Yvonne whose gaze drifted to the brand new hat that the young director was wearing. It was Yvonne whose shrill cry of discovery called the attention of her sisters to the wonderful new experience that it offered. The song stopped in mid-chirp. An instant later the swing was deserted, and the five were making a rush play down center field. In moments like this, their team work is excellent.

Now Herbert Leeds' courage is above question. If he had a trace of coward in him, he would not be directing this picture. But he surrendered the hat without a struggle, though it was new, dear to his heart, and he suspected that he was sending it to quick doom. No good picture is made without a certain amount of personal sacrifice, thinks Leeds. The new hat was his first contribution. Yvonne tried the hat on first. Then, though it cost her an effort to relinquish it, she passed it to Annette who basked in its somewhat overwhelming glory for a while. Then she tried it on Cecile.

Cecile is of an adventurous and inventive turn of mind. She scorned to wear the hat in conservative fashion, and carefully adjusted it so that the bow rode rakishly in front. The effect was devastating, and Cecile knew it. She pressed her advantage by going into her flirting act.

Somewhere lately the children have picked up a quite spectacular flirting routine. They look out of the corners of their eyes, drop their brown lashes coyly, and then glance up again with the practised ease of fatal beauties. The effect is very funny.

Already the little girls have been trained into the art of community living, which is an achievement very few of their elders anywhere in the world have been able to manage to any great degree. The hat episode demonstrated their capacity for give and take nicely. And even if it did leave the hat sadly battered and experienced looking, it spoke wonders for their willingness to share with each other.

Each youngster wanted the fascinating "chapeau," and wanted it badly. But each one passed it along with good grace to a sister after she had had it for a while, evidently realizing that, in justice, each had to have her turn.

■ Emilie probably has daring talents as a milliner, if that morning's enterprise has any bearing on her future. When the hat fell into her hands, she set it firmly on the grass and punched it vigorously into a shape which would have astounded the manufacturer, but which seemed to please some creative urge in herself. Then she tried it on with that satisfaction that comes only with successful self-expression.



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes, little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet becomes red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the effected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply, H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC., F
829 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME ----------

ADDRESS ----------

CITY ----------STATE ----------

■ Even though the children look exactly alike from a short distance, already they are developing marked differences in temperament. Yvonne seems to be the natural leader with Annette a close runner-up. They are apt to sing the loudest and the most surely, though each little girl has one particular song that is "hers" because she knows it best, and so they have turns at being prima donna. Marie is the steady one, and was the first to master the tune of the new song. She carries it conscientiously all the way through. Emilie and Cecile are the most inventive. They are the ones who are apt to discover that a table, turned upside down in the sandpile, is an exciting new toy, and that words rearranged at calculated random in a song are a good joke on the others.

Their similarity of appearance is startling to visitors who have seen newspaper pictures of the small faces and have been able to compare and note the little differences. At the distance of even a few feet, you have the amazed feeling that you are looking at one little girl reflected in four mirrors. No sooner than you feel that you have spotted Marie, for instance, than she bobs in among her sisters and is lost so far as your eyes are concerned.

Visitors stare fascinated through the screened windows of the viewing gallery, trying to spot favorites, and usually becoming involved in heated but whispered arguments about the matter.

■ The children are on view for half an hour each morning and afternoon when the weather is good. The viewing gallery is a covered runway built around three sides of the quite large playground. Screens are set at such an angle that visitors are only dimly visible from the inside. The children know that people are there, but they pay no attention for they never have known anything else. Guards are courteous but very firm about any attempt to attract the attention of the babies. And so fascinating is this morning and afternoon play period that all members of the movie troupe attend it regularly!

No admission is charged though a tremendous revenue could be had by even the smallest fee, for during last summer as many as 7,000 people turned up in one day to see the famous youngsters.

Dr. Dafoe is adamant on that point, however. "Children aren't a side-show," he said in his quick, clipped speech. "This way we keep control. If any visitor gets noisy, we show him out. If he paid a quarter, he'd argue and we'd have all kinds of trouble. The kids don't come out in bad weather. If we advertised appearances and charged for them, people would kick all the time if they came up and the kids weren't on view. Isn't a good idea to treat them like a circus. So we don't."

■ The "little doc" is just as consistent in his alert guardianship of the children during the filming of the picture. He has bound the movie company to rules which are without precedent in Hollywood experience, but there is not a person in the company who does not speak of him fondly, and with great respect as well as with admiring devotion.

Filming is allowed for one hour a day, and no more, so, in order to get three days work done, the company will be in Callander for at least three weeks. No one minds, because everyone is convinced that the doctor asks himself only one question on any decision, "Is it good for the quints?" And when he says "Nothing doing," and shakes his head with a bright, good-natured smile, he means that nothing is doing, and there is no use to argue. The fact that the little girls are up to normal in height and weight after starting with the appalling handicap of premature birth, speaks for his good judgment.

■ At no time was that careful judgment more clearly demonstrated than in the way Dr. Dafoe handled the quints' "birthday party." Last year there was quite a



Marcia Ralston's bathing costume is a dramatic contrast of black silk jersey suit and voluminous white cape. You'll see her next in *Men Are Such Fools* opposite Wayne Morris

celebration, but this year's anniversary was notably quiet, except that the youngsters tasted ice-cream for the first time.

Because there had been comparatively so much excitement in the lives of the little girls in the past week, the party was kept a strictly family affair. The children are still too young to know the significance of the day, so Dr. Dafoe urged the movie company to refrain from presents and to celebrate the occasion by taking fishing trips while Mr. and Mrs. Dionne joined the little girls at their noonday meal, which was to be made a dazzling event by the addition of ice-cream to their regular diet.

In the past the children have taken surreptitious licks of snow, so the experience of chilly food was not altogether strange, but sweet snow, with the delicious extra flavor of vanilla was something else again. The first taste brought forth a chatter of surprise. The second brought resounding approval, as each child checked up on the reactions of her sisters in a flood of delighted French.

Dr. Dafoe believes that the important thing in the lives of the little girls, right now, is to keep them on strict routine, and not to let them realize how set apart they are from the other youngsters by the fact of their unique numbers. "All the privacy they'll ever have, they'll have to buy," he says. "No matter what we do, they'll be set apart from other children. So that's why we're glad to see the movie company come . . . and glad to see it go," he added with a bright grin at Frank Perrett of the company who had taken me over to the little red brick house where the doctor has lived for twenty years.

■ Since their rather embarrassing first meeting, Jean Hersholt has built a warm friendship with Dr. Dafoe. Hersholt is convinced that he had the hardest assignment an actor ever undertook in the portrayal of Dr. Dafoe in the first quintuplet film. When they were introduced, each man sized the other up, but though neither showed it, each was self-conscious. That quickly wore away, though Hersholt still claims that nothing is more difficult than trying to portray a man who is standing behind the cameras and watching you do it.

All members of the company, down to the last man, are absorbed in the trip. The country is beautiful with little rolling hills set around innumerable small lakes. The trout fishing is excellent, and country roads running through clumps of second growth birch are charming. Many small houses built of logs squared by the axe, are dotted through the country-side in the middle of cleared plots of stony ground. Except for the sudden wealth poured into the town by tourists, the country is poverty stricken, and the French-Canadian population makes a meagre living by cutting and selling pulp pine. The town, itself, has a prosperous look, however. Oliva Dionne's big curio store does a hearty business over which he presides, a small man whose dark eyes are like those of his famous daughters. He speaks good English, but is very adept as well as courteous about maintaining silence most of the time.

■ "Figure it out for yourself, he's in a spot," said one of the clerks in the store to me later. "Any man who has five girls all at the same time gets a lot of kidding. And any man can get pretty sick of kidding in four years."

Dionne was finishing off the last autographs, which he sells for a quarter, for the 400 visitors who had come up on a special train from Toronto. He turned and went out to the little house where the quints were born, and which he refuses to leave for more commodious quarters. He kept a stiff poker face turned to the road, but one suspects that it takes a good deal of an effort, because even the most experienced poker player never looked down into a hand and found himself holding *Five of a Kind.*



"HOW DO YOU LIKE AMERICAN MEN?"

Danielle Darrieux, the petite star of Universal's "The Rage of Paris," was asked the familiar question by ship-news reporters the moment she landed in this country. At the time Mlle. Darrieux had no answer, but she quickly consulted FOR MEN magazine, the popular mirror of the tastes, customs, sense of humor, etc., of the American male. Frances Hayden, her stand-in, agrees that Danielle has something there.

The latest issue (August) of Mlle. Darrieux's favorite American magazine is chock full of two dozen hilarious color cartoons and more than twenty entertaining articles.

NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 25c

for MEN

IN U. S. A.



Grace Moore in Magnolia Gardens

.... Chesterfield time is pleasure time everywhere

They Satisfy

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WE FANS ARE PESTS! - - - SEE PAGE 25

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Hollywood

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

SEPTEMBER
NSC

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PERIODICAL DIVISION

Dick Powell and Priscilla Lane in



THE whole drama of existence pulses through the newspaper headlines as they announce their daily message of achievement and disaster, love and hate, life and death.

Headlines never lack an audience. Millions of men and women read them eagerly day after day because the headlines deal with subjects which are everlastingly new and vital and important.

Everlastingly new, vital and important, also, are the subjects on which the Fawcett publications are based. Straight from the headlines come the themes and stories that distinguish the Fawcett magazines and give them the throb of life and vitality.

Fawcett writers and editors go to life itself...life as it is lived in America in the twentieth century...for the contents of their magazines. It is this editorial policy that accounts for the "headline appeal" of the Fawcett magazines. It accounts for the fact that millions of men and women in increasing numbers turn every month to Fawcett publications with the same eagerness and interest that characterizes their reading of the headlines.

Magazines can do many things. They can amuse, inform, instruct and preach. Fawcett publications have only one aim...to catch the drama and tempo of contemporary life with the same sweep and impact as the headlines.

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The men and women who contribute to Fawcett publications form an amazingly diverse group, reflecting the immense scope of the magazines. Contributors are drawn from all walks of life, but principally from among those who are best equipped to write about some particular aspect of the contemporary scene. Because of Fawcett's insistence on "headline appeal" many contributors are headline personalities.

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of Harvard University
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Former Governor of New Jersey

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TRUE CONFESSIONS ROMANTIC STORY MOVIE STORY
HOLLYWOOD MOTION PICTURE SCREEN BOOK MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED

"PARDON US, SALLY!

WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"



You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

SHE'S DOOMED to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the *other* girl that they'll take out. Why *should* they want to be near a girl who isn't really *sweet?*

Of course, no girl would *knowingly* let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come*. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending —Mum makes odor *impossible.*

It's a smart girl—and a popular one —who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

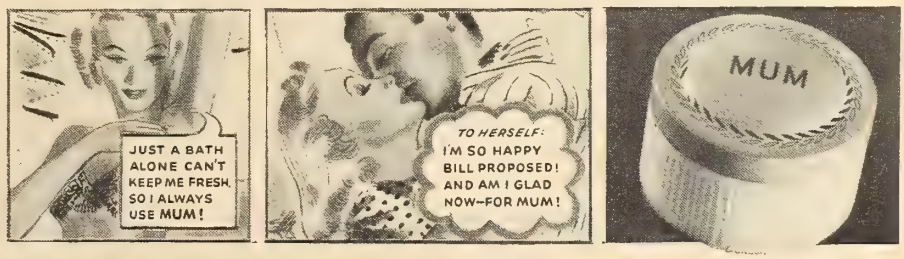
MUM IS QUICK! There's always time to apply Mum. Just half a minute is all you need to be free from underarm odor.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to every fabric—safe to apply even *after* you're dressed. Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it right after shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum stops all odor—does not stop perspiration. Mum keeps you nice to be near all day or all evening long.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO
Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, safe, and sure!

MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



CLARK GABLE

"TOO HOT TO HANDLE"

MYRNA LOY



The best news since "Test Pilot" with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M's tantalizing twosome. Clark's a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna's an airdevil aviatrix . . . Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

with WALTER PIDGEON · WALTER CONNOLLY
LEO CARRILLO · Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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SEPTEMBER, 1938
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LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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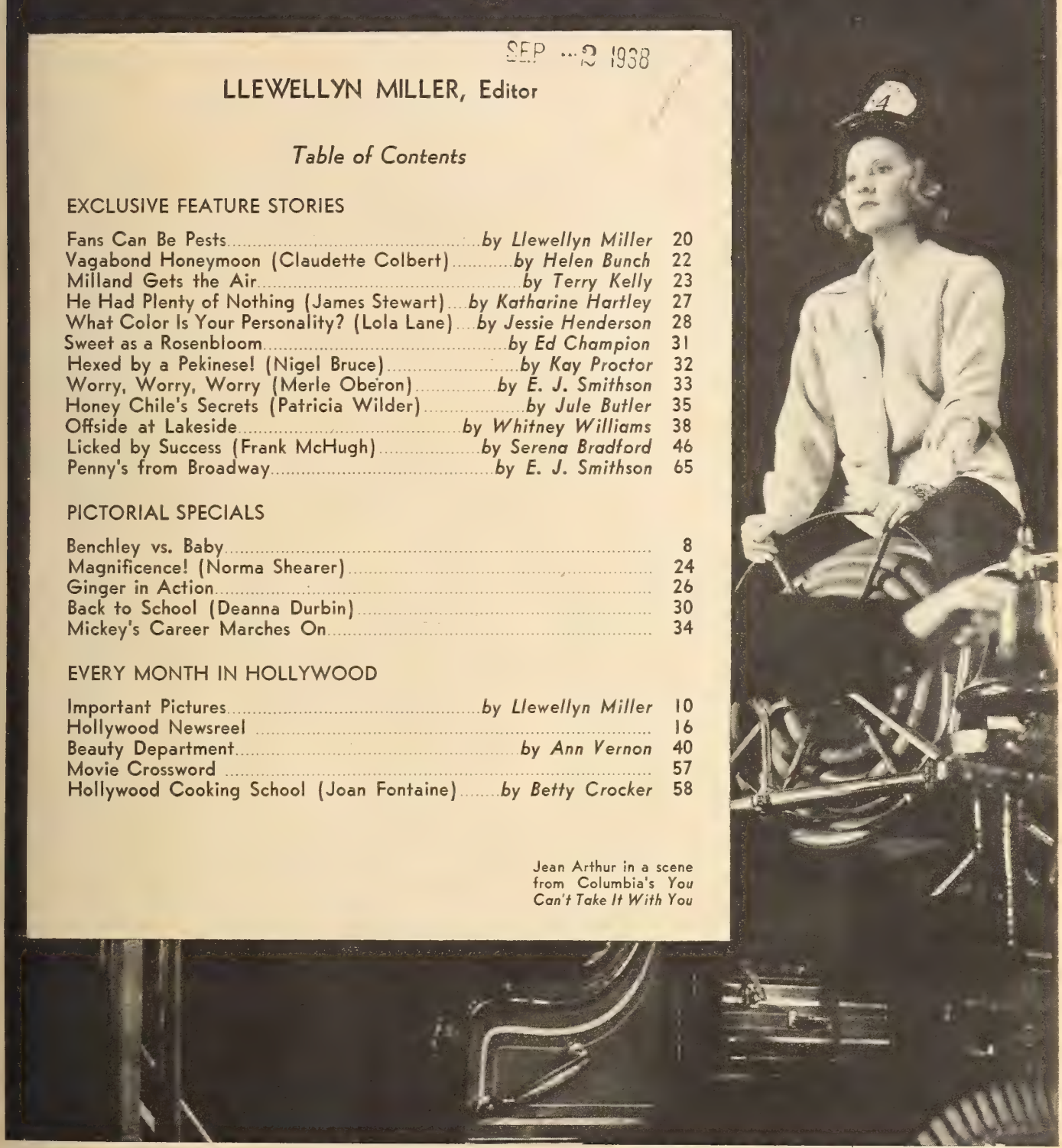
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Jean Arthur in a scene from Columbia's *You Can't Take It With You*

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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THE CANDID CAMERA PREVIEWS

SPAWN of the NORTH

Paramount's Roaring Drama of America's Last Frontier



George and Dorothy caught in a clinch.

IT'S a busy day on the big Paramount lot in Hollywood. Director Henry Hathaway, famous for his ability to bring the drama of primitive emotional conflict, of thundering action, to the screen, is guiding Paramount's "Spawn of the North" through the final stages of production. On the set are such famous players as George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff, John Barrymore, Louise Platt and Lynne Overman. Beautiful Dorothy Lamour has forsaken her famous tropic sarong for the rough dress, the laced boots of a daughter of the northern wilds. Raft and Fonda are wearing oilskins. For "Spawn of the North" is set in Alaska of 1908, when feud law ruled as brother fought brother, friend fought friend for the priceless rights to the silver horde . . . King Salmon.

We ask permission to take a few candid camera shots to show you picture fans. Permission is granted and we snap away. The results speak for themselves. You can see Henry Hathaway has a

(Continued on next page)





George Raft mans the harpoon gun, on the prow of his seal boat, transformed into a fighting ship for the battle of the salmon grounds.



As the opposing craft comes into range, its decks lined with gun-toting battlers, George lets drive with his deadly missile, foundering the enemy ship.



The candid camera catches George and Dorothy doing the 1908 Alaskan version of the Big Apple.



It's a waltz now with these two hardboiled youngsters refusing to admit that love really calls the tune.



Alaskan Indians playing the ancient festival music, tribute to King Salmon who gives them life.

Nationally Advertised Brands Are Your Assurance of Value and Protection



Just a glimpse of the thrilling battle of the salmon traps. Notice John Barrymore, standing at the right of the sailor with the searchlight. Henry Fonda at left.

picture to rank with his "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," his "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." But Paramount Producer Albert Lewin insists we visit a projection room to see the "rushes" as they come from the big cameras on the set. And we agree with him that no still shots can half do justice to "Spawn of the North." For candid camera shots can't give the thundering action. They can't give the breadth and the sweep of this story of America's last frontier of romance. They can't give the emotional impact of this drama of two men whose devotion to each other is greater than the fear of death itself. Nor can they reveal the poignant beauty of the romance which we believe makes "Spawn of the North" one of the great women's pictures of the year.



The luckiest shot of all. George Raft, Dorothy Lamour, and Henry Fonda pose for us between scenes.



The candid camera snaps a shot of George and his pal, Skipper, the smartest seal in all the Pribilofs.

ADOLPH ZUKOR presents

SPAWN of the NORTH

STARRING George RAFT

Henry FONDA • Dorothy LAMOUR

AND FEATURING Akim Tamiroff • John Barrymore

Louise Platt • Lynne Overman

DIRECTED BY HENRY HATHAWAY • PRODUCED BY ALBERT LEWIN

Screen Play by Jules Furthman • Based on a Story by Barrett Willoughby

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

DANDRUFF?



4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 904 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



BENCHLEY vs. BABY

OR HOW TO USE DIPLOMACY IN THE HOME



Here are the first stills on dear old Uncle Bob and his film *How to Bathe a Baby*. Rule one is "Get the baby in a pleasant frame of mind and off his guard, otherwise you're licked before you start," he says

Rule two: Never let the baby see that you are nervous or in any way uncertain about what to do next, because he is sure to argue that bath salts are meant to eat if you'll give him a chance

Rule three: If the baby shows signs of refusing to co-operate, put a good deal of emotion into taking the bath's temperature. That will impress the baby with your scientific knowledge and put him at an instant disadvantage

Rule four: Never let the baby suspect that you are asking him to do something you wouldn't do yourself. Dear understanding Uncle Bob had to go to extremes, but he is getting the baby bathed though the baby seems to have him down

Worlds of *Exotic* Women!

Women beyond the law's reach ...living their own lives, fighting their own game...each for HER MAN...dark, romantic Charles Boyer in the year's most intriguing melodrama.



WALTER WANGER
presents

CHARLES BOYER
in
"ALGIERS"
with
SIGRID GURIE
HEDY LAMARR*

JOSEPH CALLEIA · ALAN HALE
GENE LOCKHART · NINA KOSHETZ

Directed by John Cromwell • Screen play by John Howard Lawson • Additional Dialogue by James M. Cain
Released thru United Artists

Tip from Ed Sullivan, famous Hollywood correspondent..."Most gorgeous item to come to the films in the past year is Hedy Lamarr...Wait until you get a load of this lovely number in Wanger's 'Algiers'...She'll create more talk than any performer in seasons...TERRIFIC!"



MUCH of your charm . . . your attractiveness . . . depends on your clothes! Men like to be seen with a smartly dressed woman. Now YOU can have the most fashionable Fifth Avenue modes, no matter how limited your budget! You *save half* the usual cost through our "Finish-at-Home" plan!

■ If you'd like to have *twice as many* frocks as you *think* you can afford, send for the MAGAZINE OF FASHION FOR FALL. You can select your entire season's wardrobe, for we offer a greater choice of Paris and Fifth Avenue fashions than you could find in any one store!

"CUT-TO-MEASURE" FIT MAKES YOUR FIGURE LOOK ITS BEST!

■ Few women conform exactly to standard sizes. That's why you will look so much smarter and lovelier in our ultra-fashionable creations, for we cut to *your individual measurements.* Our expert men-tailors finish every bit of difficult sewing, and we furnish all the trimmings and "findings," so that all there's left for *you* to do is to sew a few plain seams. Simple, isn't it? Yet what you *save* will give you *two* stylish frocks for the price of one!

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■ To add the final degree of *chic,* we have also assembled the most stylish of the new wardrobe accessories for your selection, all *completely-made,* and priced for outstanding value!

■ In our MAGAZINE OF FASHION FOR FALL are also included the exclusive new creations of that famous American Designer, BETTY WALES. Send for your **FREE** copy today, and become the best dressed woman in your set!



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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

BLOCKADE (United Artists)

■ This picture has stirred up controversy out of all proportion to its value as entertainment, or, for that matter, to its power as propaganda. Though the Civil War in Spain is approached rather evasively, and it never is directly stated on which sides are the characters, the impression is clearly given of sympathy for the Loyalist forces.

Those who believe the Loyalists are right are disappointed to a certain degree. Those who believe that the Royalists should win are indignant. And everyone has a fairly unhappy time. I was disappointed because the film is so expertly photographed, there is so much talent and time put into it that it might have been one of the great preachments against war instead of just another spy melodrama.

Madeleine Carroll plays the daughter of a professional spy who will work for any side that pays his price. John Halliday is number one menace as the head of the spy ring. He believes that war is a racket, and that the canny man turns any war to his own profit. On her way to deliver important information, the girl spy meets a peasant (Henry Fonda) and his friend (Leo Carrillo). She meets him again when he has been driven from his quiet home land by heavy shell fire.

The girl spy and the peasant boy are entirely opposed in background, training, idealogy, and experience, they fall in love, and from there on save each other from firing squads and other disasters.

You'll not forget for a long time many memorable scenes in this film. You'll not forget the worn faces of the starving peasants as they watch the food ship sink. You'll not forget the helpless rage of the men who see their homes demolished and their quiet fields ripped by shells, not of their making, not of their desire. You'll not forget the anguished cry of the peasant boy who turns to the audience at the end of the film and demands "The world could stop it! Where is the conscience of the world?"

And then you probably will join in the argument that follows *Blockade* wherever it is shown.

WHITE BANNERS (Warners)

■ Almost every worn-out adage relative to the virtues of turning the other cheek is incorporated in this film which quite bristles with inspiration and uplift. But, so brilliant is the performance of Fay Bainter, that it will be a tremendous success, and justly. In the hands of a lesser actress, the preachy quality of the dialogue would seem dull to many and sickening to quite a few, but in her expert hands, the story becomes touching, believable and fascinating to follow.

It is the tale of Hannah, who, half frozen by a winter storm, stops to warm herself by the kitchen fire and remains to be the guiding spirit of the Ward household.

Mr. Ward (Claude Rains) is a violent, charming, impulsive professor who struggles with first one invention and then another in the determination to make a fortune, while Mrs. Ward (Kay Johnson) struggles unsuccessfully to make his meager salary meet the needs of the family.

Hannah sells old furniture, glorifies cheap cuts of meat, comforts the woes of the young daughter (Bonita Granville), Hannah sublimates the trouble of a leaky refrigerator into plans for an ice-less icebox, and watches with tender concern over the problems of a boy (Jackie Cooper) adopted by neighbors. Hannah becomes the inspiration of the whole household.

The story is hackneyed, but very few people will escape the excitement of many of the situations, or the irresistible appeal of Fay Bainter's performance. Better see this one.

LORD JEFF (M-G-M)

■ It is hard to tell just what the affinity is between child stars and the stolen jewels, but have you ever noticed how often the little ones become involved with gem thieves on the screen?

Well, it seems that Freddie Bartholomew is the youngest member of a gang of extremely clever and sophisticated rock snatchers. All dressed up in an Eton collar, young "Lord Jeff" visits a smart jeweler. In the middle of pricing a gift for his imaginary and wealthy "mater", a pretended heart attack gives an accomplice opportunity to make away with valuable property.

When the law finally catches up with them, the gang disappears, leaving Lord Jeff to face his future alone. He is sent to one of the famous Barnato schools, which prepare orphans for various trades and occasionally for professions. Lord Jeff, haughtily refusing to select his own career, is arbitrarily sent to train for the merchant marine service.

The story is the always absorbing one of a boy adjusting himself to new values. Add to this a background not before touched by films, and you have one of the most entertaining of the Bartholomew movies.

Of course the boys catch the jewel thieves, but the acting of the fine cast takes the sting out of that routine climax. You'll like immensely Mickey Rooney's performance as an under-graduate sea-dog, and that of Herbert Mundin as the old-timer. Charles Coburn, Gale Sondergaard and a most appealing child with a Scotch accent are only a few of those who deserve especial comment.

[*Continued on page* 12]

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

where a Complexion Care has to work—

JOAN BLONDELL

WARNER BROS. STAR





BARBARA STANWYCK

STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION "ALWAYS GOODBYE"

—and in your own home town—





9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



—are soft . . . natural!

Men detest that ugly "painted look". Only Tangee can give your lips this lovely *natural* glow—it's the only lipstick with the famous Tangee color-change principle.

Orange in the stick, Tangee actually changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose—exactly your shade whether you're a blonde, brunette or red head. Won't smear or leave red marks on teeth or handkerchiefs. Special cream base keeps it on...hours longer. Get Tangee. 39¢ and $1.10. Try Tangee Rouge and Powder, too, for a natural matched make-up.

THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and TANGEE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ F98

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page* 10]

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE (Warners)

■ Here is a fine, challenging idea, with a new plot that puts the film into the super-chase and thriller class among gentleman-crook dramas.

Clitterhouse (Edward G. Robinson) is a doctor with an extensive practise among the wealthy. But his real interest is his book upon crime. In order to gather material for it, he has been planning and executing a series of perfect burglaries, and testing himself for nervous and emotional reactions, before and after. Feeling in need of a wider field for investigation, he manages, with some difficulty, to become a member of a gang. He directs their activities on an enormous scale, but insists upon listening to hearts and taking other tests, right in the middle of the wholesale looting of a fur warehouse. It's fine! Especially when Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jenkins and Bert Hanlon as the gangsters get all baffled and irritated by having their blood pressure taken all the time. Claire Trevor makes a satisfactorily tough mob leader. Edward G. Robinson is not very convincing as a disinterested scientist, after all these years of being "Little Caesar", but the story is unflaggingly interesting and the finale is a complete surprise.

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME (Radio)

■ A lot of us like nothing better than to see Ginger Rogers dance. A lot of us think that she puts over a song in fine fashion. So a lot of us will be disinclined to write no more than "Having a fair to middling time" when we are seeing her newest picture.

It is a pleasant enough little drama, but it does seem like an oversight to leave dancing out of a Ginger Rogers film.

The story deals with a stenographer who goes for her vacation to the romping uproar of Kamp Karefree to get a complete rest. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays the romantic lead and featured in the cast are Lucille Ball, Peggy Conklin, Lee Bowman, Red Skelton and Donald Meek.

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN (Warners)

■ Jordon had two ambitions in life. One was to make a success of his banjo playing. The other was to keep away from animals. Jordon (Dick Powell) was scared stiff of all of our four-legged-friends . . . any kind from a cat to a cow.

While Brooklyn was comparatively free from animal life, it offered no encouragement to his musical ambitions, so Jordon set out for the west as a non-paying guest of an unsuspecting railroad. When he was tossed off at the gate of a dude ranch, things began to happen. For one thing, Jane (Priscilla Lane) decided that he was her man, even though he did beat a frantic retreat every time a calf or a dog or even a chicken showed up. For another, a booking agent arrived for a complete rest, heard one warble from the Brooklyn cowboy, and, convinced that he had discovered a genuine hill-billy at last, hustled him aboard the next train for New York.

Pat O'Brien makes this part a very funny caricature of a high pressure theatre man. The finale is unexpected and very funny when the phony cowboy has the choice of bull-dogging a very angry steer in a rodeo or being exposed as a fake.

ALGIERS (United Artists)

■ Probably the most important thing about this film is the introduction of Hedy LaMarr who is extremely pretty and seems to be a talented actress with an extraordinary appeal.

For the rest, it is pretty much a good old cops and robbers chase, very handsomely mounted and photographed and brilliantly cast.

Charles Boyer plays Pepe Le Moko, jewel thief, who is safe to direct the activities of his henchmen so long as he stays in the grim native quarter of Algiers where the police do not dare to venture.

The drama depends upon his sudden, passionate infatuation for a French sightseer, and his evasion of the various traps set to lure him out of his stronghold by the not quite wily enough police.

Gene Lockhart is sure to get much admiring comment for his part of a rabbit-hearted informer. Alan Hale adds another colorful characterization to his long list as a receiver of stolen goods. Joseph Calleia does a fine, oily police agent. Sigrid Gurie is effective as a native girl.

SHOPWORN ANGEL (M-G-M)

■ Daisy was tough and cynical and beautiful. Daisy had been through the mill, and one cannot help suspecting that it hurt the mill more than it did Daisy. Daisy could take it.

When the war started, Daisy was doing nicely with the star part in a Broadway show, and the devotion, apartment and car of the show's backer.

Daisy wasn't interested in the war or anyone in it. Any guy making $30 a month simply wasn't Daisy's sort. Then a gangling, innocent, idealistic boy from the cow country came along.

Even the fine emotional equipment of Miss Margaret Sullavan fails to make Daisy's subsequent mental processes quite understandable. There she is, madly in love with the nice charming producer (Walter Pidgeon) who loves and understands her, but, just because the cowboy (James Stewart) thinks she is an angel, she feels that she should marry him and send him off to war happy.

The film is played intensely, and is absorbing while it lasts, but when it is over

you are apt to feel that you just can't wait to see the good old unsentimental newsreel.

THE RAGE OF PARIS (Universal)

■ Cute as a kitten is Danielle Darrieux in the gay little comedy designed for the vacation trade. She rolls her eyes, she scrambles her English ever so slightly, she over-acts with a delicate precise charm, and audiences come out of theaters gasping that Universal has a discovery.

It really isn't fair to tell the plot of the story, because the plot is an old friend. But the dialogue is new and the cast is fine, so all you need to know is that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. plays the leading male role as a young business executive of vast wealth; that Mischa Auer and Helen Broderick persuade the little French girl that she must marry for money; that she starts to pursue a willing millionaire played by Louis Hayward; that everyone has a lot of fun with the mixed up romances.

TROPIC HOLIDAY (Paramount)

■ Just the idea of Bob Burns dressed up in a bull fighter's costume is funny. It gets funnier when he really fights a bull. So does Martha Raye. There is a romance between Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour in a picturesque Mexican setting, some songs, some dances, and, for good measure, Binnie Barnes burlesquing a movie queen.

JOSETTE (Twentieth Century-Fox)

■ Miss LeBlanc (Simone Simon) was just the tobacconist's daughter, but she wanted to go on the stage. So she became the wardrobe mistress in a New Orleans night-club. Her big chance came when Josette, (Tala Birell), new star of the floor show, hooked old man Brissard (William Collier, Sr.) and fled with him to New York just before her first show opened.

In the meantime, the two Brissard boys (Robert Young and Don Ameche) were waiting out front and congratulating themselves at having hustled papa out of town so that they could buy off the scheming Josette behind his back.

Bert Lahr as owner of the night club, Joan Davis as the companion of the enterprising Josette, and Paul Hurst as a wonderfully swacko patron add greatly to the comic confusion which follows Miss LeBlanc's masquerade as the missing Josette.

Simone Simon gives generously of the familiar mannerisms which have endeared her to quite a number of people.

WHEN WERE YOU BORN? (Warners)

■ Anna May Wong, looking more exotic than ever, helps the police solve a mystery murder by the aid of astrology, and helps audiences have a lot of laughs by some pointed remarks about characteristics of people born under different signs of the zodiac. The picture is a novelty in that, at some time or another, every person in the audience can take part of the dialogue personally.

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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

GREAT AS THE ACCLAIM THAT HAS GREETED I



Irving Berlin

ALEXAN
RAGTIM

An Ameri

TYRONE POWER · ALI

REATER THAN YOUR GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!

Against the background of our turbulent times ...the story of headstrong young sweethearts who find love, lose it, find it again—through the music that is their life! Rich with the Irving Berlin melodies that have kept hearts singing ...glamorous with the dramatic panorama from ragtime to swing...here is entertainment triumphant from 20th Century-Fox, makers of "In Old Chicago"!

DER'S
E BAND

valcade

FAYE · DON AMECHE

ETHEL
MERMAN · HALEY
JACK

JEAN HERSHOLT · HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE · PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON · RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY · EDDIE COLLINS
CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti • Adaptation by Richard Sherman

Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

GREAT AS THE ACCLAIM THAT HAS GREETED IT!



GREATER THAN YOUR GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!

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Irving Berlin's

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

An American Cavalcade

TYRONE POWER · ALICE FAYE · DON AMECHE

ETHEL MERMAN · JACK HALEY

JEAN HERSHOLT · HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE · PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON · RUTH TERRY
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A 20th Century-Fox Picture



SHE KNEW THE SECRET of allure—a pulse-stirring fragrance to weave on those around her, a spell of thrilling delight . . .



NOW IT'S YOURS—the secret of how to be utterly adorable always, with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

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(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF • PARIS

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL



Colonel Burns discusses with Miss Barbara Ann Burns the problem of growing hair. Miss Burns was three months old when this picture was taken, and already she is getting many gifts from papa's fans. Papa, who is also famed as the inventor of the bazooka, is to be seen currently in *Tropic Holiday*

When Max Reinhardt took out his first citizenship papers three years ago—a fact which for some reason has failed to come to light until now—he had in mind the idea of creating in Hollywood a festival season of arts that would be even more impressive and artistic than the one which brought world renown to his beloved Salsburg.

As an experiment in the realm of festival Reinhardt produced the glorious fantasy, Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Hollywood Bowl in 1934, and did it so successfully that it was taken to San Francisco, and Berkeley, California, for two more very satisfactory showings. In fact, the success of this pageant temporarily shelved Reinhardt's festival idea, for Warner Brothers offered him so much money to make a film version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that he decided for the time at least to let art go chase itself, at least insofar as festivals were concerned.

But the movies took Reinhardt's artistic temperament and put it through a wringer in accordance with Formula A and thus chased him back into the festival business, though not in Hollywood. In fact, he pulled up stakes and returned to Salsburg where he again took up the work began seventeen years before when he started with an idea and built it up into an institution.

Despite continued success in Europe, he never lost sight of his idea for a Hollywood festival. So last October he returned to the film capital to see what could be done about it. After several months' work his planning has begun to bear fruit. In fact, a Hollywood festival season is now promised this coming summer, calculated as the film capital's bid for international recognition as the World's new capital of dramatic culture. Reinhardt says he will never return to his native land. He will soon be an American citizen. He did not know, when he left Salsburg late last summer, that his castle of Leopoldskron and all the art treasures he had assembled there these past thirty years would be confiscated by the Nazis, that in fact his homeland would be taken over by the Hitlerites and a new form of government established. He could not foresee such things. However, it was fortunate that he was in Hollywood when they occurred. For it meant that the artistic and cultural glory that were Salsburg's may be permanently

transferred from the gem of the Austrian Alps to the hem of the Hollywood hills.

There will be three events in Reinhardt's festival season in Hollywood. First, a colorful production of *Faust,* second a presentation of the new Thornton Wilder play, *The Merchant of Yonkers,* and last, the fantasy by Maeterlinck, *The Bluebird,* with a cast primarily of children—hundreds of them, in the Hollywood Bowl.

To provide talent for these attractions, completely overcoming hampering restrictions of studio contracts which harassed Reinhardt during the production of *A Midsummer's Night Dream,* and also with the very definite idea of developing new talent, there will have been opened by the time you read this, Reinhardt's "Workshop of the Theatre," a crucible in which to test talent, to explore the capabilities of potential and prospective stars in all branches of dramatic art. It is Reinhardt's ambition to make this workshop the greatest institution of its kind in the world. To that end he has already gained the cooperation of a score or more of major celebrities who have joined him as associates on the workshop faculty. Such men and women as Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Basil Rathbone, George Jessel, Walter Huston, Constance Collier, Ralph Bellamy, Franco Averardi, William Dieterle, Nikolai Remisoff, Lisa Sokoloff, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Karl Freund, Tony Gaudio, Isaac Van Grove, Edward G. Robinson, Catherine Willard, Konstantin Shayne, Rudolph Mate, William Bacher, Charles M. Hamp and Vladimir Sokoloff have already signed up as faculty members and others have professed a willingness to sign so that when the workshop faculty is finally completed it will be an imposing one. Never before in the history of the film industry has anyone been able to make teachers of stars, but Reinhardt has accomplished it, and the new enterprise is apt to be one of the most interesting ones ever started in Hollywood.

■ Driven into a mild frenzy by constant ribbing and practical joking at the hands of Mischa Auer, Ann Miller, dancing comedienne, finally turned the tables on her tormenter the other day when Mischa was called away from the set. In his dressing room he found a "stink pot" burning and giving off an odoriferous perfume. But that wasn't all. Once he had removed the "pot" he found a stuffed effigy of himself hanging from the ceiling, the furniture overturned, paper scattered about and his wardrobe piled in a heap. Mischa hasn't spoken a word of Russian since he came to Hollywood, but at the sight of the wreckage he certainly went right into the role of the Volga Boatman. As for Ann, she did a few Russian steppes of joyous revenge for an Auer or more.

■ What with budgets being cut, overhead being trimmed to the bone, and general expenses around the studios pared down to the quick, Producer Sol Lesser has gone the efficiency experts and auditors one better in their attempts to cut additional corners. Sol has not only cut down expenses with the rest of the producers, but he has cut down the size of his actors! The cast of his full-length western, *The Terror of Tiny Town* consists of 80 midgets. The half-pint players have been signed to extended contracts and Producer Lesser has plans of utilizing them in a series of Class "A" features burlesquing current hit films. And if this isn't an original idea to make both ends meet we don't know what it is!

Watch For Sonja Henie's Big Contest!



Knitwear courtesy of Friedman-Blau-Farber Company

NEXT MONTH Sonja Henie is sponsoring a contest to celebrate the release of her new Twentieth Century-Fox film, *My Lucky Star.* The contest is going to be a lot of fun in itself, and it also will give you opportunity to win some delightful prizes. The little skating star has given one manufacturer the right to make gay sweaters, graceful dresses, colorful caps, scarfs and mittens authorized by her. Each garment has her name woven into the label, so prize winners can be sure that they are dressed just like the star when they wear their awards on the ice this winter. Pictures of the prizes and rules of the contest will be printed in the October issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine on the stands the first week in September. Better not miss it!

OFF AGAIN!

Gloria Youngblood and Rudy Vallee have put their romance in the cooler for good . . . ditto for the Joseph Schenck —Mary McGuire which wears an ice-pack . . . Peggy Moran, a Warner Brothers kutekid, has homesteaded Owen Crump's heart leaving Isabel Jewell to hold down second place in the Dan Cupid Derby . . . Robert Wilcox has quit squiring Joy Hodges around and now hits the night-spots with Helen Mack. . . .

ON AGAIN!

Hedy Lemarr and Reginald Gardiner are like twelve o'clock about each other . . . Nancy Carroll now being beaued by Allan Wilson . . . the Judith Malcolm—Milton Berle twosome getting hotter . . . Ethel Merman and Cesar Romero still continue to hit the gayspots on all sixes . . . Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, two very, very nice people, may reconcile which will be great news to their friends . . . Richard Greene, one of the *Four Men and A Prayer* players, now the ONE with Simone Simon . . . Glenda Farrell step-

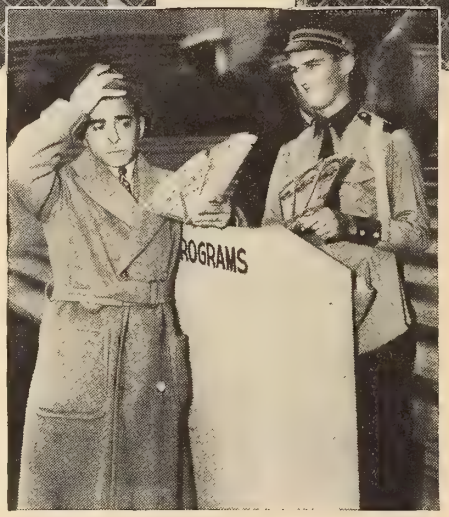
HERE THEY COME! THERE THEY GO!



Fred MacMurray, Elizabeth Patterson and Bing Crosby, tense with controlled emotion in a scene from *The Unholy Beebes*



Aaaaaaaaaaw! Bing knows all about moments like this, because he operates the Del Mar track, himself, and he has seen it happen



Eddie Cantor seems to be in considerable pain as he looks over programs at the new Hollywood track, but maybe he is just holding his hat on

ping out with Harry Priester, her a few-years-back boyfriend . . . Rosemary Lane and Jeffrey Lynn are getting "that way" about each other . . . ditto Doris Nolan and Richard Carlson.

■ Travis Banton, former submarine commander and now the Hollywood fashion designer whose clothes for Carole Lombard, Marlene Deitrich, and Claudette Colbert, having made him internationally famous, was invited recently by the U. S. Navy to renew his officer's commission by the expedient of appearing on a test cruise with the new type of underseas craft.

■ Pat O'Brien tells about a Shriner friend of his who returned to his hotel after one of the innumerable social affairs given during the Shrine Convention held in Los Angeles in June. Having imbibed a bit too much of the cup that cheers, said Shriner friend, according to Patrick, was having trouble in locating the keyhole of the door.

"Is that you, William?" called out his anxious wife finally alarmed at the scratching and fumbling at the door.

"If it isn't," replied William, after a long wait, "I'm gonna get me a divorshe!"

■ Columbia is conducting a search for a "Golden Boy" to take the title role in the picture to be made from the Clifford Odets play of that title. The other day a middle-aged man called to see Julius Evans, the studio official in charge of the search.

"What do you wish to see him about?" a secretary asked.

"I don't want to see him. He wants to see me," protested the visitor.

"Did he make an appointment?" the secretary inquired.

"He is looking for a Mr. Goldenburg," said the man emphatically, "and that's me!"

If you don't get his angle try it again with a touch of the New York Toity-Toid Street accent!



There is something wrong with this picture . . . the Ritz Brothers should be wearing the chaps instead of Hobart Bosworth who is giving them the signal to start in the Shriners' parade

■ Most unusual sight of the month! Watching Edward G. Robinson, the Little Caesar of the Fillums, learning to do a bit of truckin' with Wendy Barrie in a night club scene. To see him rehearse the intricate steps with a pipe in his mouth is really som'pin!

■ Anyone want to buy a horse? Dick Foran, popular Warner star, has picked up his boots and skedaddled from his large stable due to the fact that the studio has promoted him from westerns thus giving him little time to ride. And if you ask Dick he'll tell you it wasn't much of a promotion because if there's one thing he'd rather do than eat it's to straddle a giddyap and ride around them thar hills.

All Hollywood is wondering who the young lady was who called Jimmy Fidler during his gossip broadcast and gave him the MIS-information that Simone Simon had eloped to Yuma with Gregg Bautzer, prominent filmland attorney. True that Simone has been seen here, there, and everywhere with Bautzer, but we have good reason to believe they both have their romantic interests elsewhere.

■ On the set of *Crime Ring* at RKO the other day, Frances Mercer and Allan Lane were listening to Director Les Goodwins relate some of his early experiences in the motion picture industry. Goodwins believe it or not, made his debut as a bull ape in the original Tarzan series starring Elmo Lincoln! For 18 weeks he cavorted about inside a hot and uncomfortable monkey suit, and he still bears numerous scars received in a fight with a lion —the lion having no human double.

IT ROCKED BROADWAY FOR 82 WEEKS!
NOW IT'S THE LOUDEST LAUGH ON THE SCREEN!

Boy meets girl! . . . Cagney meets O'Brien! . . . And the great stage triumph that panicked New York and swept the whole nation from coast to coast, becomes the love-and-laughter picture of a decade!



Bella & Samuel Spewack's

BOY MEETS GIRL

FROM THE STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

Starring

JAMES CAGNEY
PAT O'BRIEN

MARIE WILSON • RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

Presented by
WARNER BROS.

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10

FANS CAN BE *Pests!*

Joe Penner thought it was the last round-up at Pomona County Fair when the thundering herd of usherettes decided to ask him for his autograph, but his flight was all in fun

Certainly the stars love us. Certainly the stars are grateful for our attention. Of course the stars value our devotion, but there have been times when fans have been no less than blights and burdens

By LLEWELLYN MILLER



A common occurrence! Carole Lombard and Clark Gable tagged by a fan between theatre and car after a show

■ Once upon a time a nice quiet editor of a fan magazine was walking across a sunny street in Hollywood. She had parked her car, and was going into Columbia Studios. The editor was quietly dressed. She had on a dark blue suit, white shoes and gloves. She looked neat. She looked respectable. She might have been any one of thousands of neat and respectable people who attract no attention as they go about their business in Hollywood except for two things: she had on a wonderful spectacular new hat and she was wearing sun glasses.

The hat was pretty rakish. It wasn't so



Fans by the hundred bought these seats *outside* the Carthay Circle theatre, and sat for hours waiting for celebrities to arrive

Good natured police had to resort to riding the crowd off the sidewalk in front of the Astor theatre when *In Old Chicago* opened and the crowd was so dense the entrance was blocked







awfully big, but it had a certain something. It had dash, that hat. It had appeal. It had personality. It had a quiet drama . . . in a nice way, of course. Its dark blue brim curled in an adventurous fashion, and it took a courageous woman to wear it.

No one who does a great deal of driving along the dazzling white highways under the blazing California sun goes without sun-glasses. The fan magazine editors's sun-glasses weren't tricky. Let other people go in for white rims and gaily colored lenses. Hers were for service, so they had big sturdy grey shell rims and the lenses were the heavy duty grey that looks black from the front . . . the kind you wear if you really want to cut the glare from the sun, but also the kind you wear if you want to disguise yourself!

Quietly the editor walked across the street. She was trying (Oh, vanity!) to catch a glimpse of her splendid new hat in a window, so she did not notice that half a dozen youngsters were racing after her until a hand caught rather rudely at her arm, and a shrill voice cried, "Can I have your autograph?"

The editor stopped. She had to. You can't trample over little children or strong-arm the younger generation, even if their mothers haven't taught them that you mustn't grab. From under her dark glasses she gave the children a grin. "Why?" she said.

"Aren't you somebody?" the children demanded.

Now there *was* a question!

"No," said the editor. "I'm just a hat."

The children took a doubtful glance at the dashing hat. "Aren't you an actress?"

"No. I'm not. Really."

"Take off the sun-glasses," demanded the children without ceremony.

"All right," said the editor obligingly, and she did.

The children took a long look, and the leader batted a contemptuous hand. "She's not anybody," he shrilled disgustedly, and without farther waste of time they turned in a body and dashed back to the entrance to ambush someone who was "somebody."

All Robert Taylor wanted to do was pay a quiet call on some of his former teachers at Pomona College, but hundreds of the students had different ideas!

The editor walked thoughtfully into the studio, realizing that, while it is fun to be important, no one wins fame in Hollywood without

[*Continued on page* 61]

Fans go everywhere! Ginger Rogers does not seem to mind giving an autograph, even in the middle of the formal Texas State Society banquet. Governor Allred and John Boles do not seem to mind, either

Vagabond Honeymoon

When a movie star determines to get away from the glamour of her career, it really can be done, and Claudette Colbert proved it

By HELEN BUNCH

■ Waving her arms frantically, Claudette Colbert stood in the center of one of those winding, twisting streets in Lyons, France. The reason for the gyrating arms was that her husband's modest roadster of American make was stalled, and he was changing a tire.

"You'll have to go around!" she yelled in French.

Disconcerted taxi drivers—the French brand with the little horns that go "beep, beep!"—slammed on the brakes, skidded, swerved and scooted around the three-wheeled Colbert chariot. They grimaced, narrowly missed the car, narrowly missed the husband, too.

Not one guessed that they were making snide French cracks at the beautiful American motion picture star. For the simple reason that Miss Colbert was thoroughly incognito. She and her husband were wandering modestly about France, her native land, without trappings, without ballyhoo, and without giving much of a hang about doing anything but enjoying themselves.

They did that as "Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pressman".

"I wanted to show Jack what France was like and wanted to do it in peace," Claudette told me today. "Eight years ago, when I [*Continued on page* 55]



Part of Claudette Colbert's honeymoon was spent in the Tyrol, and here she is with her skiing instructor, now she is back to make *Zaza*

Milland Gets the Air

He wanted his own way, and he got it, but there were some surprises added for fun and good measure

By TERRY KELLY

■ Ray Milland stood at the edge of Metropolitan Airport doing a slow-burn.

"Listen," he said to Bill Wellman, who is rather well known as one of Hollywood's most successful film directors, "what's an air epic if you can't fly? I can't be a hero in *Men with Wings* if I have to stay on the ground. I want to get in on the fun."

Bill Wellman never has stampeded easily. So he gave Ray one of those amused, easy-going looks of his and said, "Don't see why we should take any chances with you. There's quite a bit of cash invested in your hide."

Wellman was a World War ace. He had flown those ancient crates over the lines —and come back. Paramount picked him to direct *Men with Wings* because he knew all the hazards of flying, and all the answers. The film was scheduled as a big expensive production, and a firm, smart director was needed. Answer: "Wellman." And Wellman's answer to Milland: "No!"

Ordinarily that might have ended the whole thing. But Ray, who has piloted a plane innumerable times in the past, was not willing to give up. That's why, a while later, he wandered in among the pilots who were getting ready to do a big battle formation scene. Finally he found Al Lary, the "movie-mad stunt pilot," as he is billed in the hinterlands.

"Listen, Al," Ray began. "You make fifty bucks a day flying your crate for these scenes. Let me take your place for just a few hours—please."

Al shook his head slowly.

"Aw—Al. It's a matter of principle to me."

Al still didn't like the idea. He had heard Wellman's refusal a few hours before.

"Al, that guy won't know until it's all over," Ray wheedled. "It's worth fifty bucks of my own money to be able to say I flew in this picture—how about fifty bucks?"

That's how come Ray waddled like a duck to Al's war-time Fokker ship a few moments later. Like a duck is right, too. He had on a heavy, fur-lined flying suit. And a parachute was strapped on like a pillow. So he waddled.

One by one the ships took off. Ray's was among the last few. Finally they disappeared over the trees. They were to come back a few minutes later in formation. The scene would be shot from the ground and from the air, too, in full technicolor.

Bill Wellman made a last minute check of his ground crew, glanced above him and saw Paul Mantz circling in the camera ship. Then the distant roar of motors told him the planes were coming back.

This scene had been done five times in rehearsal. Wellman had considerable reason to expect the formation to be perfect. So he cast a critical eye aloft and saw the planes sweep past. Every ship seemed to be in formation. Well, almost every ship. A black and white Fokker was about one length behind and quite a little too high. Somehow it just couldn't wobble into exact position.

"Who's that?" Wellman howled, waving the cameras to quit.

"It oughta be Al Lary," somebody just above a Yes-man status suggested.

"Well, flag 'em down," Wellman shouted. "I think we'll have a little conference."

It was Bill Wellman's turn to do a slow-burn when Ray Miland waddled out of that ship, waddled like a duck, with a wide grin on his face.

Technically, Red had won his point. He had flown during the making of *Men with Wings.* [*Continued on page* 53]



Ray Milland can maintain this nonchalant pose, until he thinks of a harrowing experience that happened during the filming of *Men with Wings*









Magnificence!

There was squalor in the streets, there was hunger in the land, there was desperate poverty among the people when Marie Antoinette, still in her teens, became a leading figure in the brilliant court which was to dazzle all of Europe with its lavish display of wealth, power, extravagance. The contrast between her life and that of her subjects was kept, in great part, from the young queen, but her name became a synonym for a heedless magnificence that has not been equalled since her time









Adrian of M-G-M designed the spectacular gowns which Norma Shearer wears in the title role of *Marie Antoinette*, one of the most expensive films ever produced by Hollywood. Expert needle-women spent thousands of hours in the fashioning of precious fabrics, delicate laces, feathers, ribbons and jewels to the exacting specifications of the designer. On these pages are seven of the most beautiful of the thirty-four costumes. They are worth careful study, for the film is sure to have its effect upon the fashions of 1938. *Marie Antoinette* co-stars Tyrone Power with Norma Shearer, and will be released in the late autumn

Ginger in Action





Carefree is the name of Ginger Rogers' new picture, and she certainly looks as if she is taking the title seriously as she plays a fast set of tennis between working hours. Once again, she is co-starred with Fred Astaire. A new dance routine is introduced by the pair, and it is said to combine the vigorous romp of "The Big Apple" with the grace of the minuet. You can't imagine it? Try again! It's easy!







He Had Plenty of Nothing

Everyone laughed when he got up to act. He is having the last laugh now

By
KATHARINE HARTLEY

■ Most all of our movie heroes had something in their very young youth which gave promise of a heart-throb career. Bob Taylor, even before pictures spruced him up, had those undeniable good looks which made every girl reach for her mirror—and her leaping heart—the minute she beheld him. And it was the same with Clark Gable. Not exactly handsome in his pre-acting days he nevertheless had brawn and a vigorous and untamed quality which sent shivers down young female spines. Ditto Mr. Boyer, who had the lovely ladies of Paris sending him fragrant *billet-doux* by way of the stage door, long before picture fame caught up with him. And so it has been with most all of them. There was always an obvious something which made others know that they were one of those "should oughta be in picture" boys. All, that is, except Jimmy Stewart. Tall, lanky, shy, fast-blushing, slow-speaking Jimmy Stewart. On his own admission, there was nothing, simply nothing, about his early life or personality to recommend him to a future career devoted to female heart-fluttering.

"Jimmy, an actor! Oh, come now. He's a smart boy, but he's so skinny!" That was the reaction of the home town (Indiana, Pa.) when it first heard that Jimmy, off there at Princeton, was appearing in a number of the Triangle shows. And not a few of the old home towners, remembering a certain school-day incident when [*Continued on page* 42]





James Stewart turned shyness and awkward mannerisms to good account, and proves it by his parts in two important pictures soon to be released. He has the male lead in M-G-M's *Shopworn Angel*. On left he is shown with Jean Arthur in a scene from Columbia's much heralded comedy, *You Can't Take It With You*



Lola Lane is a "blue" personality, with turquoise predominant. You'll see that personality next in Warner Brothers' *Sister Act*

WHAT COLOR

There is a new game in Hollywood, and it is keeping the town busy trying to assign colors to personalities. Lola Lane gives you a sample of how it is played

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ This is the strangest interview you ever saw. But how it makes sense! After Lola Lane says what they are, you can see they're exactly that. And this is true even though you'd never have dreamed, before, that Tyrone Power is amber and Marlene Dietrich dusky pink and the Ritz Brothers maybe a Scotch plaid.

The subject came up because Lola sees people as colors. She's kind of psychic, or perhaps it's psychological.

Dumb clucks like you and me (all right, all right, like me) see people as so many scrambled features and a couple of hands and feet. But the instant Lola meets an individual, she envisions that individual surrounded by a color—oh, a quite imaginary color, of course—and the color not only expresses this person's real personality but invariably turns out to be the color which this person ought to wear. Becoming, you know; and one which makes the wearer feel happy and well dressed.

"Bette Davis is apple green," Lola said, "she's also the soft green under the apple tree in the orchard. Alive! She's more; she is dauntless. She's the wind that billows round the corner through the pine tree. She's the green of a Florida hurricane."

Lola erased the frown of concentration and laughed. "Or am I too poetic? That's how I visualize Bette, anyway. I don't know whether she has a lot of green dresses, but she ought to have. I visualize her in apple green taffeta with a tight bodice and flowing skirts—she would be at her best in that. There ought to be plenty of green in the decorations of her home, she should have green about her always. She is soft as grass and irresistible as the wind, and if that sounds like blank verse I can't help it. She *is*."

■ From the time Lola Lane was a youngster, fond of color herself, she has classified folks in terms of the rainbow. Partly it's a gift and partly it's a matter of study. Her feeling for tints is so sensitive that they mean more to her than to most of us. She can be actually, physically miserable in a room where the hues are discordant and, when renting a house, she slip-covers the furniture in the shades of which she is fondest. Lola could be a topnotch interior decorator, with a dash of costume designing on the side.

A dash? Better than that. She designs nearly all her wardrobe and selects the



Clark Gable's color is light beige

IS *Your* PERSONALITY?

color combination for each outfit. Lola is not only a beautiful girl, she's a beautiful girl beautifully dressed, who insists upon beautiful surroundings. Not necessarily expensive, mind you, but beautiful.

So there she sat, hugging her knees, on the white fur rug before the fireplace in a room touched by turquoise. "What a peaceful room!" visitors exclaim. Those touches of turquoise are, it seems, the reason. Any player, Lola contends, absolutely needs a restful room in which to loaf between pictures. She was resting up at the moment after the completion of *Women Courageous,* the Warner Brothers picture in which all three of the Lane sisters appear.

Lola was wearing London tan, which appeared to bring out the warm lights in her brown hair, with a blue brooch at her throat; and either the rich leather shade or the brooch brought out also the deep violet of her eyes. It isn't everybody who has violet eyes. Isadora Duncan had; a fact which pleases Lola, because Isadora was a genius whom she greatly admires.

In addition to the brooch, and the turquoise flecks in the room, there were other items of blue in the immediate surroundings. A dark basalt vase on the table, the river tint in a little picture, the shadowy pansies in a clear glass bowl.

For Lola is a "blue" personality; which doesn't mean in the least a melancholy one. She likes the blue of outdoors, night skies, day skies, lakes and ocean. No matter what color her costume may be, she doesn't feel right until she has added a trifle of blue to it, anything from the delicate white-blue of an ice tone through electric blue to midnight; a belt or a piece of jewelry or a flower.

■ But it was of Olivia de Havilland she was talking at the moment; another "blue" personality, by the way. "Olivia is the loveliest shade in the whole blue range; that pale, sweet periwinkle that's a combination of royal purple, yellow and red.

"Yellow stands for an ethereal quality, red for terrific vivacity, the purple for ancestry and breeding. Put all these shades together and you have the exquisite periwinkle which to me means Olivia."

■ Surprisingly enough (the talk had turned to *Robin Hood*) she added that Errol Flynn is pearl gray. You'd have guessed crimson, orange, a shade more striking. But, no; Lola stuck to it. Pearl gray.

"Possibly you never analyzed pearl gray," she suggested, "it's iridescent, a solid tint yet intangible. You can almost look through pearl gray, but you look again and it's opaque. True pearl gray sometimes appears on a cloud just before sunset; a very subtle, fine tint. The cloud looks material enough so that you might think you could grasp it, but, if you tried, it would elude you. I imagine Errol would look better in a pearl gray suit than in anything else he could put on."

But, I objected, pearl gray is such a neutral tint.

"Oh, is it?" Lola retorted, "it's among the most remarkable tints in existence. Don't you realize that any color is a complement of pearl gray? That no matter what color you choose, pearl gray goes well with it, looks all the richer for it, and makes the color look richer, too? And haven't you noticed how Errol and each of his different leading women on the screen have complemented each other, bringing out in each other the best, the most dramatic qualities?

"Lily Damita" — (that's Mrs. Flynn, of course)—"is clear flame. And, have you ever noticed, there's nothing else so magical with pearl gray.

"There, look!" Lola picked up the turquoise pottery ash tray and indicated the cigarette ash that she had just dropped into it. "That cigarette ash is a genuine pearl gray. You see the fire smouldering beneath it? It's the fire, smouldering beneath, which creates the pearl shade, like the sunset on the cloud . . . you don't have true [*Continued on page* 36]



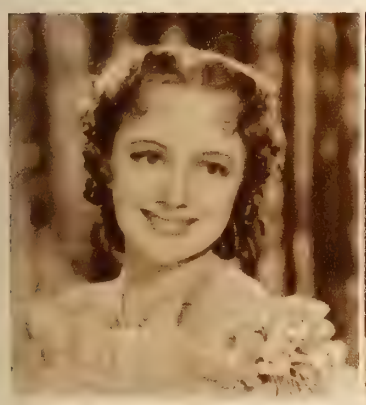
Bette Davis' personality is apple green



Errol Flynn's color is pearl gray



Joan Crawford is white. Do you know why?



Olivia De Havilland is periwinkle blue



And it's navy blue for Gary Cooper



Shirley Temple is the yellow of sunlight



Read the story to find out about Hugh Herbert

Back to School



Deanna Durbin is a star in her own right, but she still has to go back to school. Above is the pencil blue culotte dress which she wears when she is riding her bike to class. The belt is white suede. The sweater is flesh pink.

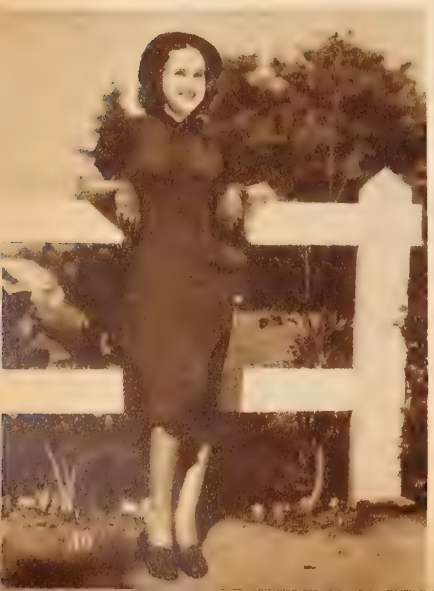


Deanna's favorite dress for dinner or the theatre is made of heavy rough silk in shrimp color with a ruffled lace blouse, a double patent leather belt and brown velvet bows



When it is raining on the Universal lot, and Deanna has classes between shots of *That Certain Age*, her next film, she pops into a black and white weather-proofed fabric raincoat, and ties a matching off-the-face bonnet under her chin

Even if you are only in the middle teens, a dark blue afternoon dress can have a certain dash if it has a high neck, high waistline, and accessories to match in color



Autumn is the perfect time for a gay plaid in colors to match the leaves. If it has pleats in the front and a stiff white Eton collar, it is sure to be a success



SWEET AS A *Rosenbloom*

Slapsie Maxie is the first to admit that he is beautiful, grand, wonderful and smart, too, since he finds time for five professions

By ED CHAMPION



Slapsie Maxie working out to music so he will be in shape for night-club appearances too



Slapsie Maxie, the actor, at work in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*. Below, Slapsie Maxie explores one of the gentler arts with help from Claire Trevor



■ Less than an hour after he had given young Lou Nova, a strapping ambitious heavyweight, a ten-round boxing lesson and had won the California State heavyweight championship for his fistic chore, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, Jack of five professions and master of them all, jauntily entered his popular night club to receive congratulations from his friends.

Instead, no sooner had he set foot inside than he was greeted by a storm of catcalls and boos from members of the Hecklers' Club, an organization recently formed by Comedians Ben Blue, Bob Hope, George Burns, Milton Berle, Jack Benny, Hugh Herbert and a score of other stage and screen funnymen for the express purpose of embarrassing the good-natured, broad-shouldered Maxie in his own caravan-serie.

"Whatever they say, Maxie," Milton Berle shouted above the din, "you wear that ear!"

"When are you going to let the air out of it?" Jack Benny asked.

"Looks like Lou gave you a shot of Nova-caine!" George Burns quipped. "And is your face red!"

As a matter-of-fact, it was. Young and ambitious Nova, some day due to be a challenger for the world's heavyweight crown if he minds his fistic P's and Q's, had managed now and then to slip over a fistful of leather during that ten-round brawl and Teacher Maxie's mug showed the effects of the knuckle treatment. His face, as George Burns said, did have a carmine tint. But Maxie, apparently, didn't mind that. His face had been tinted before during the 300 and more ring battles he had engaged in since he had taken up the ungentle art of fisticuffs. The hecklers could heckle and the booers could boo for all he cared, and so, still smiling broadly, he stepped upon the tiny orchestra platform and waited for Cully Richards, the master of ceremonies, to introduce him in the manner in which he was accustomed. Which happens to be something like this:

"Ladies and gentlemen, presenting the man with the big left ear, black hair, and fingernails to match! Here he comes! The Jewish Seabiscuit!"

A split second after that Maxie began his [*Continued on page 52*]



Rosenbloom, man of the hour and *Hollywood Magazine's* Dream Prince, practicing expressions for his part in *The Crowd Roars*

Hexed by a Pekinese!

No one could be so unfortunate unless malign influences were at work, claims Nigel Bruce, who suspects that he is haunted by the vengeful ghost of a Pekinese that will not forgive and forget

By KAY PROCTOR





If anyone knows how to break the hex of a dead Pekinese, for heaven sake, will they p l e a s e write Nigel Bruce in Hollywood at once.

One has been haunting him into making so many false moves that his friends—such as he has left—are calling him "Boner" Bruce, the man with the gift for doing it wrong. It absolutely is taking all the sweetness and light out of his life. It is making a mouse, albeit a 206-pound one, out of a man and something has got to be done about it.

You know who Nigel is, of course. He's that Scotsman (and don't call it Scotchman if you value your health) with a burrrrrr a mile long who is such a darned swell actor, that he has worked in some thirty feature roles in the four years he has been in Hollywood. You've seen him most recently in *The Baroness and The Butler* and *Kidnapped*. Currently he is working in *Suez* with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young.

Ordinarily Bruce is a man of tremendous good nature but this hex business is getting him down. And I mean down!

It all started, really, when he "cut the cloth" some years ago in England. I'm not so sure about America, but cutting the cloth in England, it seems, is a pretty heinous offense. Practically one against The Crown. Almost a hanging matter.

Nigel had been invited for the weekend at Lord and Lady Whosis' impressive stone castle near Gloucestershire, some 180 miles from London. (He's not mentioning real names because there is a chance they have forgotten the whole unhappy chain of events even if he never will.) It was all veddy veddy and a lot of fun in a nice, quiet way.

One morning, having nothing in particular to do with himself, he strolled into the billiard room, racked the balls, and started potting at them. Now the billiard room in Whosis Castle is really something. Not only is the table an exceptionally fine and large one but it boasts a cloth of extraordinary quality. It is, in fact, quite the pride and joy of the entire household.

Suddenly Nigel froze in horror. Attempting a difficult shot, he committed the most blasphemous of sacrilege. He cut the cloth! There, where his cue had slid across the table, was a long, jagged cut! In panic he replaced the balls and cue, raced to his rooms, stowed his clothes in his bag every which-way, and stealthily departed Whosis Castle forthwith. Next morning he sent an abject note of apology and a sizable check in amends.

But neither the note nor the check could salve his conscience. Day and night his crime haunted him. Even a trip to America and the passing of two years failed to erase the awful memory. Back in England again he decided to take the bull by the horns. Like a criminal returning to the scene of his crime, he went back to Whosis Castle in person to again apologize. That way, he hoped, he could find peace.

His arms were filled with the most luxurious blooms he could find in London when he arrived [*Continued on page* 60]

Worry, Worry, Worry!



Even though Merle Oberon is one of the most successful stars, life holds many worries for her, too

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ Merle Oberon's very wise and very pretty little head was bothered by a number of very big worries as she waited for the first studio call that would bring her in front of the Samuel Goldwyn cameras set up to shoot the opening scenes in *The Lady and the Cowboy*.

And worry No. 1, among a host of others, arose from the charming English star's discovery that all is not gold that glitters—even in Hollywood. And the reason she had classified this fact as worry No. 1 was because, after wearing down three pencils to their respective erasers, she had finally figured out that despite the upper bracket salary she would receive from Mr. Goldwyn for her work in *The Lady and the Cowboy* and *Wuthering Heights*, she would have the staggering sum exactly nothing to represent her cinematic labors when the cameras stopped rolling.

"It begins to look as though I came over here this time merely for the ride," she declared the day we visited her in her Santa Monica home. "You can see for yourself," she added, picking up a handful of papers upon which she had regimented row after row of tiny figures. "The more I work the less I'm going to have, and if I stay in Hollywood too long I may have to have a benefit!"

We hinted in our best diplomatic manner that perhaps she had been detoured somewhere by an error in her arithmetic, that she had confused herself somewhat by placing her financial cart before her financial horse, and that while all play and no pay didn't make Jack—to paraphrase an old and honorable maxim—it might be well, before her worrying became a habit, to order a fresh supply of paper and pencils and start all over again in her calculations.

Her answer to this was an emphatic shake of her very pretty little head.

"There's nothing wrong with my arithmetic," she insisted. "All these figures come from my attempt to work out my income taxes. I use the word in the plural and there's nothing wrong in that, either, because I have to pay both the British and American governments a part of my earnings. Not that I dislike or object to paying an income tax—or taxes. As a matter-of-fact I think anyone who pays an income tax should consider herself very lucky. But after I divide up part of my salary between England and the United States, and then pay all my other expenses, there really isn't enough left to bother about. So when I say that I'm working for Mr. Goldwyn for nothing I really mean it."

And she really meant it when she said she'd be broke if she stayed too long in Hollywood because one doesn't have to be a mental giant to figure out that there's a bottom to every pocketbook — even those well-filled ones owned by the top stars of the motion picture colony.

And that's worry No. 1.

Not only that, but it's reason No. 1 why this talented and gracious young English beauty is seriously considering, even now, plans for her return to British studios immediately after her second picture, *Wuthering Heights*, is completed late this fall; and no one can blame her if she does, because after all, there's little sense, if any, in working—even in the MOVIES—for nothing.

Worry No. 2 springs from her dual contract with Alexander Korda in London and Samuel Goldwyn in Hollywood.

"When Darryl Zanuck borrowed me from Mr. Korda for his Hollywood production of *Folies Bergere de Paris* in 1935," Merle explains, "my speech was decidedly British in accent and, since I knew I was scheduled to appear in other Hollywood pictures, I studied hard to Americanize it. And then, just as I was beginning to talk like a native daughter of California I was called back to London to make two pictures for Mr. Korda and my speech had to become British again. Now here I'm back in Hollywood again and once more I'll have to iron out my accent so that [*Continued on page* 63]

MICKEY'S CAREER MARCHES ON



No actor can be considered a finished Thespian until he can handle a GREAT LOVER'S scenes, and Mickey Rooney is no exception. His chance came recently during the making of *Love Finds Andy Hardy*. Here are some of the results you'll see on the screen



1. With the help of Ann Rutherford, Mickey demonstrates fascination with a pretty fatal leer



2. This is the man-of-the-world approach, restrained and yet effective. Lana Turner is his partner



3. Don't worry about looking like a gold fish if the meaning is clear



4. Hey, Mickey, take off your hat!



5. And this is the way Taylor, and Gable do it, claims Mickey with justifiable pride in his technic

Honey Chile's Secrets

She has rules about telephone technic as well as about knitting but it all adds up to popularity

By JULE BUTLER

■ "If you want to get yourself a beau, take up knittin'—you'll have all the fellas you want—and some you don't want!"

That's Patricia Wilder's advice to would-be belles and the sad-eyed wallflowers. One of filmdom's most popular girls, "Honey Chile," gave the romantic tip from the set of *My Lucky Star* at Twentieth Century-Fox.

"There's somethin' about knittin' that gets 'em every time—hits 'em right between the eyes." The actress drawled the words out slowly, in that soft southern accent familiar to thousands of radio listeners and now destined to gain her a flock of new fans on the screen. "Ah don't care what they say to the contrary," Patricia persisted on her theory, "most young fellas can't get past the old-fashioned idea that a woman's place is in the home. Now you know there's somethin' awful home-like lookin' about knittin'."

It might be just a coincidence (although Patricia admits she's been "doin' some talkin' aroun' ") but most of Hollywood's prettiest unmarried belles have taken to knitting, and on the sets between scenes, it's become a rage.

As a matter of fact, filmdom femmes usually pay attention to what the Wilder has to say. She seems to have this matter of beau psychology down to a system—and the system must work, what with such names as Frank Parker, Bruce Cabot, Jon Hall, Don Terry, Bentley Ryan (young Hollywood attorney), Winston Frost (southern socialite) appearing consistently in her date book.

"It's impossible," she claims "to be a success with men unless you abide by a strict set of rules—and ah'm fixin' to tell you a few right here and now.

"Rule number one," Pat settled down earnestly to the discussion, "Don't call 'em up!

"Forget you ever heard of a telephone where men are concerned. Don't go to alibin' yourself by thinkin' they may have lost your phone numbah. No-o-o ma-am! There's no more resourceful man in the world than the one who's lost the numbah of a girl he wants to talk to. He'll turn the whole town upside down, the telephone book inside out, the information operatah into a panic, but, honey, he'll wind up with your numbah if he has to call the grocery store where he thought you once bought some cheese.

"An' nevah accept a last-minute date." The Wilder was emphatic on number two. "This puts you in the 'nth fiddle' class. An' don't forget, there's been many a swell undahstudy who nevah got a lead.

"An' don't believe the story 'he just decided to take in the fraternity dance at the last minnit'. He's had his tux and trimmin's ready for days. Don't you all *know* boys nevah [*Continued on page* 49]



Honey Chile, otherwise known as Patricia Wilder, as she appears in her next film, *My Lucky Star*, soon to be released

What Color is Your Personality?

[Continued from page 29]

pearl gray without it. Moreover, you can't pin pearl gray down, so to speak; you can't dictate to it, I mean. Because, put pearl gray under a bright light, arrange things the way *you* think they should be—and it simply disappears. Yet, while you lose it when you try to circumscribe it and 'bring it out' (as you can do with less unusual tones), it's there just the same ready to emerge . . . on its own terms. Pearl gray, iridescent and independent, is pretty nearly unique in the color gamut."

■ Not merely her acquaintances but likewise the members of her family are subjected to this color test of Lola's. Though they may not be aware of it, she sees her sister Priscilla as silver and her sister Rosemary as a Paisley pattern. Sort of nice, either notion.

"Silver sparkles," Lola explained, "yet if you turn a piece of silvercloth in a certain way it has no color at all. I've seen that kid, Priscilla, sparkle like a diamond, then become like marble. She's the real silver you see in an old wedding ring, silver symbolic of an old soul in a very young girl. Silver comes out of the ground and goes through fire, and you put it in the sun and it sparkles. Or in a dark corner of a mine you suddenly see a light—and it is silver.

"A silver personality like Pat is the kind who could drive a covered wagon to a new country, and love it."

■ Rosemary is very different, she went on. People right in the same family can have colors so different that it's amazing.

"A Paisley," Lola repeated, "that's Rosemary. A combination and apparent conglomeration of colors, but a definite pattern nevertheless. From the maze of colors you can pull out one tint in a Paisley that shines above the rest. Possibly it's chartreuse. Without losing any of her Paisley pattern, Rosemary, I'd say, has more chartreuse than any other shade; it predominated, and through the Paisley it has a pattern of its own.

"Chartreuse is yellow and green together. The green is deeper than apple," Lola meditated, half closing her eyes, "and the yellow doesn't exactly mix with it and still the two shades do blend. The yellow is a wonderful complement to brown, and Rosemary has chestnut hair. Yes, golden brown and green make the yellow glow I see around her. It's the shade of the moss you see in the tops of the highest redwood branches. There it is, far away, remote, but a beautiful thing for you to look at.

■ "Joan Crawford is white, and white as you know is a combination of every color. You've almost got to be perfect to wear it—your skin, your hair, must be just right—and Joan wears it often.

"White is so symbolic of what Joan stands for. Anything that's strong, that's staple, no matter what color it starts out; anything strong enough to be washed by the ocean, for instance, and not be destroyed by it, as a rock or a length of good, staple cloth—shines white in the sun. In fact, it turns white. Even the side of a rock, if you catch it in a shaft of sunlight after the waves have swept over it, has a white shine on it.

"Joan's continual desire to improve herself projects a shine of white about her. I can see it every time I look in her direction. White is sincere. There's no fleck in it. It isn't anything but white.

■ "I see Gary Cooper as navy blue. His isn't a color that changes or fades. It's a versatile color, too; you can wear it with anything, and it wears so well and it is always navy blue. The shade is conservative, yet it enhances any particular attribute you happen to have. It's fundamental, dependable, and therefore always popular, forever in style. It is *there*. Gary looks his best in navy, incidentally.



When the Shriners held their convention in Hollywood, Charlie McCarthy turned out in tails and monocle. That's Bergen in the topper

■ "People frequently wonder why they happen to wear a certain color so much. It isn't," Lola claims, "a matter of 'happening.' Look at your own wardrobe, and you'll probably find that you have more clothes in one special color, or shades of that color, than in any other."

There's no mystery about it, either. If you say it's because the color looks well on you, in a way you are putting the cart before the horse. *Why* does it look well on you? Just because you express that color, or it expresses you. There is one color which evokes the best in you, whether looks, disposition, mood. This is true of everyone, she explained, and about the worst mistake you can make is to wear black if you're a gold individuality or gold if you're a cerise or . . . but you get the idea.

Nor is this so other-world and improbable as it may at first appear. Psychologists say a good many of the irritable moods that beset our daily lives would vanish if the heliotrope people stopped living in vermilion homes, and the vermilion people stopped trying to work in chocolate brown offices.

■ When they began to delve into the whys and wherefores of technicolor in Hollywood, discovering why this combination of shades "did something" to the face of a star and wherefore another combination of shades didn't, they ran across the psychology of color and began to investigate it pretty carefully. They found that color on the screen could establish a mood in the audience. If you remember *Becky Sharp*, you'll recall how the red of draperies, of wine and of uniforms grew more prominent as the threat of war and bloodshed grew nearer. Without the audience realizing it, this heightening of reds put them into the frame of mind to expect conflict.

Nobody starts a fight simply because there's a red rug in the living room, even though the words "seeing red" indicate how much the color red supposedly is connected with belligerency. But many an individual has been vaguely irritated by a certain living room, has felt ill at ease in it and snappish, and has blamed on the dinner or the hostess what may have started as a kind of reflex protest against this red rug. That is, if he's the sort of person who re-acts badly to red. Lots of people love it.

■ "Now, Shirley Temple—she's bright yellow," Lola observed, "she couldn't be anything else. She is sunshine. You never saw a more sunshiny child, or one who gave more sunshine to others. To me, the way she moves around and speaks is like sunbeams flickering over something dull and changing it to something bright and wholesome."

■ The importance of color in people's everyday existence, Lola proceeded, can hardly be overestimated. Whether you know it or not. "Everybody wants color," she said, "he may get it symbolically from the person in whom he's interested; that person to him is a 'colorful character'—or else he isn't interested. He may get it from his daily work, or else he speaks of his life in terms of color as 'drab.' The spectrum, actual or symbolic, is a thing from which nobody can escape."

■ Bye and bye I happened to mention Clark Gable. What item of the spectrum does the screen's greatest hero represent?

"Clark Gable," said Lola, "is the shade of natural wool. That strong, light beige. He's real and homespun, he's durable, he is always himself. If Gable had lived in another age, he'd have been a frontiersman."

■ And this color idea works! Going home, imbued with the thought of everybody wrapped in his psychic pigment, I ran into a crazy-quilt. Yes, sir, a crazy-quilt, criss-crossed with all tints and tones, standing at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Right away I realized that I'd gone psychic, too, and was beholding a color aura beneath which at second glance appeared a brown suit and maroon tie.

"Oh, hullo!" said the crazy-quilt, waving his hands and giving that chuckle, "Woo-woo!"

It was Hugh Herbert.

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Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

OFFSIDE AT LAKESIDE

Lakeside is the golf club of the stars and that is where you can see picture people at play, if you're lucky enough to belong

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

■ Midway between the First National and Universal studios, hard against the fern bordered shores of Toluca Lake, lies Lakeside.

What makes Lakeside interesting and different is the fact that it is to Hollywood what the Racquet Club is to the New York's fashionable sport-minded, what Newport and Miami symbolize to the eastern rich.

Lakeside is the playground of the stars —the golfing stars, especially. The club house is a low rambling structure, built along Spanish lines, with a mammoth tiled swimming pool in the rear, and open-air patios on three sides. It is vine-covered, and overlooks one of the acknowledged ten best courses in the United States.

■ It was here that Humphrey Bogart, one of the leading lights of the club, gave me some of the more intimate low-down on some of the members. We were sitting in the grill. Our table adjoined that of Bing Crosby. At other tables were Richard Arlen, Adolphe Menjou, Edgar Kennedy, Grantland Rice (the sports writer), Jimmy McLarnin (formerly welter-weight champion of the world), Radio-columnist Jimmy Fidler, Frank Shields (the tennis player), Director Gregory La Cava and William Wellman, a dozen other celebrities whose names mean much in the world of pictures and sports.



Above, Humphrey Bogart, one of the ranking players, took time off at the nineteenth hole to tell some tales on his fellow members



Left, Helpful Bing Crosby reminds Bob Burns, who doesn't seem to know his own strength, that skill rather than brute force is the secret of success on the links

"Bing is the club champion," remarked Bogart, who himself shoots in the seventies, as the crooner rose to go out on the fairway. "And not only once did he achieve this distinction, either . . . two years running he's been the champion."

Bogart, as unvillainous in his sport shirt and grey slacks as he can be dastardly on the screen, began to warm to his subject.

"Probably more things out of the ordinary happen here than at any other golf club in the country. For instance . . .

"Bing, of course, plays the game every possible moment. At the studio, whenever he sees he won't be needed for an hour or so, he jumps into his car and speeds for the course . . . telling the assistant director where he may be found. It's a good four miles, but no matter.

"When they're about ready for him on the set, the club is telephoned, and word relayed by caddies from hole to hole until the message catches up to him . . . then he dashes back to the studio. It's trying on the studio's nerves, I've heard, but Bing has never yet held up shooting. With overhead five thousand dollars or so an hour, that would be pretty costly.

[*Continued on page* 50]

Let refreshing

Double Mint gum

keep you cool and *doubly lovely*







The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed—whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is ***smile plus style*** that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, *left*- adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. ***SO,*** you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.



Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely **SONJA HENIE** *whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by* **DOUBLE MINT** *gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write* **DOUBLE MINT** *Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

S-136

BEAUTY GOES TO A PARTY



Do you want to keep your hair piled high as Danielle Darrieux does in *The Rage of Paris*? There's a hint for you in this story

Half the fun of a party depends on the pains you take, and here are some short cuts

By ANN VERNON

■ A party may mean refreshments by a caterer . . . a swing band . . . formal frocks and dinner coats . . . or it may mean a front porch gathering with homemade refreshments and homemade frocks . . . and canned music. But no matter how elaborate or informal a party is, it's always loads of fun. I mean fun for the girl who knows how to "pretty up" for it! The wall-flowers at any party are the ones who didn't take the trouble to make themselves extra-attractive for the big occasion. Don't be like that! Be smart about your party preparations and you'll be a sensation, not a wall-flower!

Put extra thought and time on your beauty routine. Put a little extra z-z-zpmh in your hairstyle and your make-up. For instance, WHY NOT—

—ACCENT your eyes (so they won't fade out wearily under electric lights) with blue mascara that's applied with a spiral brush? Twirl the brush lightly against your upper lashes (never the lower ones—that would just make you look old and hard and tired of it all), pushing upward slightly to give your lashes a synthetic curl. If blue mascara strikes you as too theatrical, there's black or brown to please your conservative soul. . . . This mascara gives your lashes a silkiness as well as sootiness, and it's lasting and harmless. Comes in a metal tube about the size of a lipstick, and the brush fits neatly inside. Costs 25 cents.

—TREAT your eyes, before you make them up, to a cleansing bath in a waterclear lotion? It will remove bloodshot traces, make them feel clear and refreshed, add to their brilliance. I'll be glad to send you the name of an eyelotion that is made from an oculist's prescription, comes in an attractive blue glass bottle, with dropper-stopper ready for use. One of the three sizes—20 cents, 60 cents and one dollar—will find its place in your party budget. You may want to carry the smallest in your purse, to rinse away irritation when smoke gets in your eyes.

—FLATTER yourself with a facial before starting to make-up? Cleanse your skin first with a cleansing cream, remove that with absorbent tissues, pat with cotton soaked with a stimulating skin tonic or astringent. Next, an emollient or tissue cream. Pat it well into the skin with upward, outward finger motions. Remove, and again slap on astringent to tighten the pores somewhat, help counteract the oiliness, before smoothing on protective cream as a base for your make-up. I'll be glad to send you the name of an attractive pink and white beauty kit that contains all the essentials for this routine (and excellent preparations they are), as well as a softening lotion for hand and face use, a large box of fragrantly fine face powder. Cost is $2.50, a bargain if there ever was one—so do write me for the name.

—TINT your cheeks with a new rouge that is a pale orchid in the box, but just the right blush shade for your skin when it's applied? The secret of this powder rouge is that it does not paint the cheeks with an opaque color. Instead it tints the natural oils

of the skin with a transparent color which combines with the skin tone beneath, produces the perfect match for any skin. Apply sparingly, and rub it in well with your fingertips, till you have the desired blush tone. One application will last night and day, survive a rain storm, yet yield readily to the cleansing efforts of soap and water or cream. Fifty cents in your nearest drug store.

—**PERFUME** your whole body by sloshing a perfumed cologne over yourself, or by patting it on with a square of cotton, after you step from the tub? Write me for the names of two "scent events" from a certain Parisian parfumeur. The first cologne has a tang-y perfume, the other, a caressingly mellow one. Both contain all the refreshing properties of cologne, are equally kind to your purse. One dollar brings a stunning flacon to your dressing table, lets you luxuriate in the fragrance for nights to come.

—**SLENDERIZE** your fingers by wearing your nails long? I'll gladly send you the name of a transparent and colorless polish foundation which will help protect your nails while they are growing out, keep your polish smooth and intact once they've reached the mandarin stage. Over this, flow on a coat of salon-type polish to harmonize or contrast with your gown, make your nails sparkle like jewels. If you've never worn dark nail polish, try it now—your hands will seem whiter, more fragile, by contrast. You'll like the muted rose and orchid shades, the low price (35 cents) of this creamy polish.

—**CURL** the ends of your hair, and pile them high on your head for one of those pre-war coiffures? Instead of moistening your hair with water (which won't hold the curls in place for very long, and may prove harmful to your crowning glory) dip your comb into a bottle of a new amber-colored curling lotion. This, you'll find, lets your hair dry quickly, sets the curls securely, and gives them a polished brilliance. Ten cents buys a four-ounce, wide-mouthed bottle, smartly labeled in black and yellow. Want the name?

—**PIN** those high-piled curls in place with springy bob pins? I can recommend some that hold their shape through thick hair and thin, won't let you down at the wrong moment. The outer side is coated with a dull, non-glaring finish of black or brown, so that the pins are practically invisible once they're in place. If you are having trouble discovering a new hair-style, then the chart on the bob pin card may prove helpful. The coiffures are up to the minute, shown clearly enough so that you or your hairdresser will be able to copy them easily. Thirty-six pins for ten cents—and cheap at the price.

STEPPING OUT THIS SEASON?

Then write to Ann Vernon for the names of these party-going products. She will be glad to help make you over into the popular girl you've always wanted to be. Just send your picture, and tell her whether you're troubled with large pores and blackheads, dandruff, excess weight or brittle nails. Remember to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. postage, please) for her answer. Address your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York.

Gossip at the beach!

JUDY: "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

ALICE: "Aw, be fair! Tom raised cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."



SALLY: "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* hustle out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

MARY: "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

He Had Plenty of Nothing

[*Continued from page 27*]

Jimmie had appeared on the school platform to "give a little talk," further added, "Gee, a fellow has to have poise to be an actor, doesn't he? Well, do you remember this . . . ," and so the old story was recalled again and again, so that ex-schoolmates, now grown and some of them married, recalled it to their spouses across the dinner table, and in a short time the whole town was laughing.

The incident had been this. Jimmy as a young boy, in his awkward teens (and he has never quite outgrown them physically), was a radio addict. That was in the days before radio was the all-talking show that it is today, and if Jimmy even got music over any one of his fifteen homemade sets, he was deliriously happy. His sets were made of oatmeal boxes, laboriously wound around with a fine wire.

His bedroom was one mad scramble of wires, antennae and control panels. He had one panel covering one whole wall on which there were fifty different switches. "One of those foolish things where you pull all fifty of the switches and then maybe one little thing happens," as he has since explained.

When the loud speaker horns came in, so that Jimmy no longer had to rely just on ear phones, he made a special trip to Pittsburgh, bought a loud speaker, came back on the train carrying it in his arms, guarding it and cuddling it with as much fond care, as though somebody had entrusted him with a baby. Then, to see how good the horn really was, he attached it to the radio, set the radio in the window, then got into his father's car and backed the car off down the street, to see how many blocks away he could still hear his radio. Which is just to give you some idea of what his family, even with cotton in their ears, had to put up with.

■ Came the time of the Harding inauguration, and the announcement that it was to be broadcast. Jimmy had never yet heard any "talk" on any of his radios, but for this great event he prepared weeks in advance, and his efforts were successful. Jimmy, with a fanatic frenzy on his face, heard every syllable and band note of the entire proceedings, and when he went to school the next morning, he couldn't help telling some of the other boys about it. Word spread from boys to teachers, and later in the day at the school assembly, Jimmy was invited to tell the school all about it, too. From this moment on, his interest in radio waned. After that, he could never quite disassociate it with the embarrassment and the misery it caused him on this never-to-be-forgotten occasion. It was bad enough to be shoved out there on the platform. It was bad enough to just stand there, feeling all hands and feet (he had already reached the six foot mark and was destined to grow further). It was bad enough to see countless rows of grinning, smirking faces swimming there before him. But to have to talk on top of all that!

What his speech finally amounted to was mostly a series of stammerings and stutterings with numerous "Well's" cast here and there, but eventually it came out that there had been a lot of talking by them, there in Washington, and a lot of band playing, then more talking, and then the final band selection, which as Jimmy finally managed to blurt out was that grand old selection, "Columbus, the Germ of the Ocean!" If he had said it in the embarrassed mumble, like the rest of his speech, he might have gotten away with it, but in his relief to have finished with the whole miserable business at last, he fairly shouted it.

That was enough; it brought the place down; even the pictures of past presidents on the wall shuddered and shook—and from that day to this, the mention of *any* patriotic song has Jimmy in a jitter, remembering the embarrassment-boner of his first public appearance.

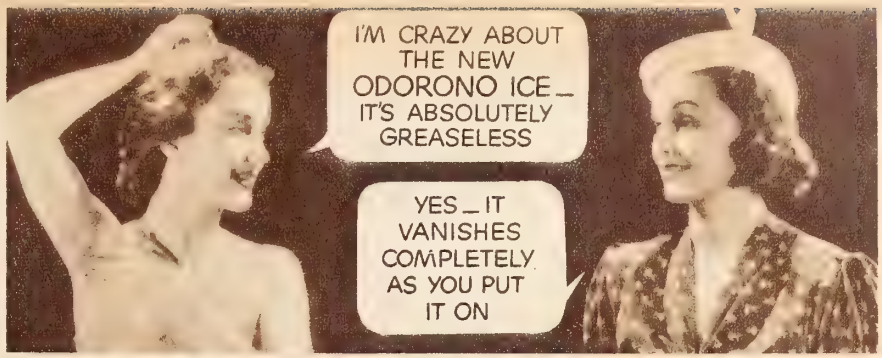
■ Nor was Jimmy any more at ease with young women than he was in front of an audience. "Somehow or other, I



never had any dates of my own," he has recently explained. "I just never got around to asking anyone myself, so at the last minute one of the other boys would undertake to get somebody for me—you know, blind date stuff—" and Jimmy's chagrined expression foretold the outcome. "I tell you, it's the truth. If there was a fright within fifty miles, I always got her! And that's—well, that's bad for a boy. It discourages him, makes him indifferent right from the start. At least it did me. I got so I didn't even try to make conversation any more. Besides, I was so wrapped up in my other interests—after radio it was magic, and after magic it was motion picture projectors, and after that it was architecture; it was always something. And when I'd try to enter the conversation by way of an antenna, a Gothic arch, or a chemical solution, I never got very far, because the girl wouldn't know what I was talking about and naturally preferred a subject on which she was at home. So after a while I just gave up. I could dance a little—in fact I liked to dance—but there was a problem there too, the problem of picking on somebody my own size. As seen from the four corners of the dance floor it usually looked as though I were dancing with myself. It was always such a surprise when a space cleared and there was the girl, poor darling, not even able to wink at somebody else over my shoulder. Our town was full of short girls.

■ "But it was the same even when I went to Princeton. There, even if I could get a girl who was tall for myself for a dance, how was I going to be sure that the other fellow's date was tall, when it came to 'exchange' dances? No, it was a real problem, and I avoided it, preferring the stag line.

"I did invite one girl once to a houseparty and afterwards regretted it, only that, in a way, was my accordion's fault. I had met her somewhere on the Triangle tour; hadn't known her very long, but she was tall and cute too, and so I asked her on the spur of the moment. A shy fellow always does things either on the spur of the moment, or not at all, and usually one is as disastrous as the other. Well, she arrived at the houseparty, and during the first part of the first evening, everything went fine, until twelve. The dance orchestra had to quit at twelve, and after that they pounced on me and I had to haul out my accordion, and a couple of the other boys with guitars and banjos joined me, and we were the carry-on band until five in the morning. I have never seen her or heard from that girl from that day to this. Oh, I was a male wallflower in other ways too. I was always the sort of fellow who, three days later, thought of what I should have said or done on some particular occasion. The realization of how I *could* have turned the dull moment into one *scintillating* with laughter was something that kept me awake nights crying over the unspilt humor. But then I guess I don't have to go into all that; already you have some idea, I'm sure, of what a sour date I was."





NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT

is greaseless, actually cooling and checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

YOU don't know the meaning of "perfection" till you try Odorono ICE—the new non-greasy, non-sticky ICE deodorant that disappears as you pat it on, leaves your skin feeling cool and refreshed, and checks perspiration instantly!

The new Odorono ICE keeps your underarm completely dry for as much as three whole days. Yet it takes only a few seconds to apply. Light and delicate in texture, Odorono ICE is greaseless and non-sticky. And there is nothing but its own fresh odor of pure alcohol which evaporates immediately.

Here is a satisfactory answer to the appeals of fastidious women for an effective, greaseless underarm deodorant. A really pleasant, quick way to put an end to offensive odors and embarrassing and costly perspiration stains.

Why risk offending the very people you want most to impress? Start today to enjoy the sure protection of Odorono ICE! Use Odorono ICE according to the directions on the label of the jar. Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.



*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

* ODO-RO-NO ICE

COOLING — NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 9-A-8*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 427, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name_____

Address_____

City State

Today, of course, all that has changed. Today there isn't a girl in Hollywood who wouldn't jump at a date with Jimmy, and notably among those who answer his phone calls without the usual star-stalling are Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell and Eleanor Powell—a triple threat to his entertaining prowess. A few years ago Jimmy couldn't have discussed anything more discussable than the weather probably, but today he's one of the most entertaining and delightful young men on the whole Hollywood scene (screen, too, for our money!). The answer is that through his acting career he has overcome his complexes. The career may not have fit him in the beginning, but eventually he forced himself to fit it, and the gratifying result is his personal, as well as professional success. (Five pictures in a row, gives an idea of his record; the last-made, *Shopworn Angel,* and his next, *You Can't Take it With You,* for Columbia.)

But it wasn't one of those hocus-pocus overnight changes. Jimmy, back there in the beginning, suffered as only a shy, ill at ease boy can suffer when things go wrong, but because things did go wrong he is where he is today. A few of his own recollections of those nightmare moments will suffice to show what we mean.

"There were, first of all, those horrible experiences at the Cape, at the first little theatre where I worked with Maggie Sullavan and Hank Fonda, and the others. Half the time we worked without sufficient and proper props, and I'll never forget, on an opening night, coming to a part in the play where I had to come onto the stage with a new-born baby in my arms. About half a minute before my cue I suddenly discovered that there was no baby, not even a doll. Josh Logan said, 'Think nothing of it,' and whipped out a handkerchief out of his coat pocket. He shook it out, gave it a couple of flips, tied up a section of it to faintly resemble an infant's head, and handed it to me. With *that,* cooing and clucking at it, I went out onto the stage. Hilarity? That's not the word for it . . . tie up a handkerchief yourself and see how big a baby *you* get! But it was going through things like that which finally rid me of all sensitiveness.

"Again, on the opening night of a play in New York, I had to play the part of an Austrian boy, Austrian *blade,* no less, and oh, I was really a rascal! The play was already a very tired play, having toured all the outlying suburbs; then for several months the producers had lost all hope and had stored its scenery somewhere and fired its actors. But, somehow or other, hope had been revived, and so had the cast—with me, as an addition. Opening night, mind you, and the scenery still with a cloudy halo of warehouse dust all about it. It was the scenery which undid me. The set was a hotel suite. Came a knock on the door, and unsuspecting I went to open it. But it didn't open. It had no intention of opening. But it *had* to, for there was another actor on the other side of it, waiting to come in. I struggled and strained, then thinking that maybe it was stuck at the bottom, with one Herculean effort I lifted—and then pulled. It gave. So did one of the hinges. After that the door sagged inwards and kept swinging back and forth all during the rest of the act. But that was nothing. As the door gave, so did the phone give out, with one long ring.

"Well, the phone was supposed to ring all right, but not until after the actor who had just come in had left again, but it had taken me so long to let him in

Jack Oakie has a new and fatal charm. No longer is he man-mountain Oakie, for in a sudden burst of energy, he took off 60 pounds in as many days. Exactly how he accomplished this miracle of figure-moulding is told in next month's

HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE

on the news stands the first week in September.



that there was the phone ringing already, and it was impossible to say what I had to say on the phone while he was still there, because it was about him. Nor would he just skip the whole thing and go—actors! you know actors! why of course he wouldn't leave until he had spoken his bit. The phone kept ringing. I finally answered it; made a great to-do of say, 'Yes? Who? No, you must have the wrong number' and hung up, hoping that the prop man would get the idea and give me another ring a little later. Oh, I know it all sounds like something out of a gay-nineties' comedy, but Scout's honor! this is the truth. And that isn't all. Another door on the right suddenly swung open, thrown out of line by the giving-in of the first door, probably, and twice I tried to shut it and make it stay shut. The third time just as I reached for it, so too did a backstage hand, like some ghoulish hand in a murder mystery. Everyone in the audience saw it, everyone who hadn't already left I mean, and in that instant I do believe I gained my final victory over that old embarrassment ailment.'

"Having gone through that, I figured that nothing could or would ever embarrass me again, and I was right. Incidentally, one of the critics reported in his paper that 'James Stewart wandered through the play like a befuddled tourist on the banks of the Danube.' Considering everything, I think his criticism was very mild."

All these experiences gave him more than just confidence. They also gave him, though he may not be aware of it, a very special and unique sense of humor, which is a definite part of his charm today, and no story about him would be complete without at least mentioning it. He has, for example, the very surprising talent for telling a story, in which the laugh is on him, without letting you know that he also knows it. Yet you laugh, anyway, because you feel at home with him, and because he isn't one of those temperamental handle-with-chopstick boys either. You laugh right in his face, and he sort of cocks one eyebrow and says, "So?"

But he's not embarrassed; he has long since grown out of that; now it's just sort of a gag with him. Of course all this touches on a very fine point, and perhaps it needs explaining. There's many a madcap in this town who will burst into an office with, "Say, did you hear about the joke that so-and-so played on me!" All of which comes under the heading, not of Humor, but of Self Advertisement. Jimmy's humor isn't like that; it's a very special brand, the kind that isn't often advertised in Hollywood. It's fine and subtle, like his acting.

In fact, everything about him is that way. His Appeal is made up of a dozen pleasant modicums. He is gracious and courteous, but not insipidly so. He is a wag and a buffoon, but not outlandishly so. He is modest and simple, all those nice things that you hope your stars may be, but rarely find that they are. It's hard to put your finger on his main attraction, because it's made up of so many little things, but whatever that Something is, he certainly has plenty of it.

Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?



Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor . . . and the aid they lend to better driving.



3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum . . . in three flavors . . . Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint. Select the kind you like.

ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

BEECH-NUT GUM
is always refreshing

P.S. *Have you tried* RUMMIES, *the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?*



Frank McHugh claims that fate patted him on the head, but also socked him neatly on the jaw. So he should be able to play the title role in *Mr. Chump*, his next for Warner Brothers, with real feeling

Licked by Success

He wanted to work and win but Hollywood never would give him a fighting chance

By SERENA BRADFORD

■ Across the Warner Brother's lot stamped Frank McHugh, mild blue eyes brightly indignant, brown hair positively crinkling. He didn't even pause to toss a crumb into the goldfish pool where in finny content dwells Charlie who reminds Frank of a lawyer he used to know in the home town of Homestead, Pa.—the same nosey look, the same cold, fishy stare.

"So there it goes again, hey?" McHugh was muttering, "Gone! Wow! Like that!" He made a kind of whoosh gesture. "Zam!"

At least, it sounded like zam. Naturally, anyone would stop the poor fellow and ask him what's the matter.

"I want to be a lawyer!" McHugh howled.

Well, why don't you? I inquired.

"Why DON'T I?" For a moment I thought the man was going to strike me. "I've been trying, haven't I?" he demanded, "*haven't* I?" He ran a hand over his brow. "Since I was a kid in knee pants I've been trying to take a bar exam but I can't ever catch up to one. And today, just when I'm getting all set again, they—" He rolled his eyes heavenward in splendid despair and flapped his hands in the justly celebrated McHugh gesture. —"they put me in another picture!"

That's terrible, I agreed.

"Not," McHugh added hastily, "that I don't *want* to be in pictures, you understand. I love Hollywood. I love my art. But I want to be a lawyer, tooooooooo."

■ They've been threatening at Warners', to make him a star. He's never yearned to be one, but if they say he's it, that's fine with him. Only—he'd still like to be a lawyer, and, by gravy, he's going to be a lawyer if it takes him one hundred and fifty years.

"Which, from present indications, it will," he admitted with a gusty sigh.

But why this attorney complex?

"Because a lawyer can sit down practically his entire life," McHugh retorted gloomily.

It seemed as good a reason as any. Yet, seriously, McHugh for years has looked forward to taking his examinations and becoming a full fledged attorney with the right to wag his finger under a witness' nose and loose off resounding speeches to the jury. He desires to be a criminal lawyer; that is, not criminal himself but an expert on criminal law and such, for he thinks there's more human nature and drama in that branch of the practice.

Corporation law? Bah! They don't very often have beautiful lady witnesses or, for that matter, beautiful lady clients, when corporation law is in question. But let a good crime come along and the witness chair is full of debonair damsels. . . .

"With nice ankles," said McHugh in roguish mood.

■ The way he got interested in law studies, he was a lad leaping with the rest of the McHugh family (six of 'em, including Ma and Pa) from this one-night stand to t'other in such offerings as *East Lynn, Uncle Tom's Cabin* wherein during an emergency he once played "Little Eva," and *Thorns in Orange Blossoms*—when all of a sudden he saw an actor reading a book. A law book. Frank asked the actor what good was a law book and the actor told him.

It seems, from reading up on such matters, the actor knew what law the company manager infringed when he failed to pay salaries. And if the actor had only taken the exams and become a sure enough attorney, he could probably have collected the salaries, at that.

To Frank it seemed wonderful that any human being could have such power. Haul people into court! Tell about 'em to the judge! Frank decided then and there to become a lawyer himself.

Easier said than done, as he soon discovered. For after he'd read law with his fellow actor for many months, he set about finding an examination to take.

Well, hey-nonny-nonny. The comedian had squeezed in a good grammar and high school education, between shows, at Pittsburgh; and here and there, in sections, he'd managed junior college likewise. But in New York, where he was located by now—"located" meaning he'd be there maybe a year, maybe six months, depending on the theatre business—it appears they required a university degree before you could so much as sniff at a bar examination.

Nothing daunted McHugh made arrangements to skin up to Fordham daytimes and betweentimes to hold down whatever theatre work came his way and he'd just about fixed it up to snatch time off from college for matinees and was learning what Blackstone, the great legal authority, thought concerning this and that—when somebody gave him a job as stage manager for a stock company over in Pennsylvania.

■ "That's how it's always been," McHugh grumbled, "not but what I appreciated the job, you understand. But every time I get set to bone up on law and finally take the bar examination, a theatre or movie job comes along that I can't afford to miss. That I don't *want* to miss, either."

His whole career, in fact, has been a staunch struggle against success. McHugh decided to become a lawyer, and Fate decided he'd become an actor. If he'd continued as a stage manager, stage director, or a producer of small shows in any one of half a dozen towns where he "settled down," he'd have found time to study for the bar and to realize his ambition. Or if he'd been left to himself he'd have worked his way through college and law school and, again, realized his ambition.

"I never drew a long breath and decided that here—wherever it might be—was my lifework," McHugh declared, "but what pretty soon I'd be booted out into a better theatrical setup. I tried my darndest in the early days to swap acting for a law office. Result? I landed in the movies!"

■ Success, as a matter of fact, licked him. His success on Broadway, for instance, in *Is Zat So?* and in London in *The Fall Guy.* Success kicked him up the theatrical ladder when all the while he was hanging back with a copy of Blackstone hugged to his bosom; it is to his achievements as an actor that he owes his failure to knuckle down and become a lawyer. He simply didn't have time to be both.

Oh, but he tried. He made the best attempt you ever saw to elude Lady Luck, to fight against any laurels from Broadway—you'd have thought they were poison ivy.

While he produced small shows in Pennsylvania he sat up nights with Blackstone. He was about ready to get going on exams in that State when suddenly he found himself managing a show company in Iowa. So! So he sat back, reached for Blackstone, and got himself ready to apply for a chance to become an attorney in Iowa; and discovered that he was a stage director somewhere in Ohio.

Many an aspiring legal student would have given up and cried, "Okay, okay, then I'll BE an actor!"

Not our Frank! He kept on studying. Twice again he was absolutely prepared for bar examinations. Twice, just before he took them, the legislatures tightened up the requirements in the State where he dwelt at the time and automatically made him ineligible.

"Like the cowboy that got thrown out of the dance hall three times," McHugh observed lugubriously, "sometimes I think they don't want me, anyway." He brightened, the eternal optimist. "Of course, that was only two States. There's forty-six left, you know." He thought a moment. "And Alaska. And Hawaii."

He's had a lot of fun, though, trying. Learned a great deal about different laws in different places.

■ "I'm in favor of bigger and crazier laws," he remarked facetiously, "gives us attorneys more work. You often hear people say, 'There ought to be a law.' Matter of fact, there probably is. Seems to me whenever I dig into the subject that there's a law to cover everything you can imagine, and some things only a legislator could imagine.

"Why, in Massachusetts—well, I haven't studied Massachusetts law lately, though that's one place where I thought of taking the exam. Anyhow, it used to be and perhaps still is against the law to play baseball on Sunday there, and policemen would even stop you from throwing a hand ball back and forth. And you could give a 'show' in a vaudeville house week days, but on Sunday it had to be a 'sacred concert;' which means it contained no

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dancing but might otherwise be the same show. But that's all right. I think any community's entitled to exactly the kind of laws and ordinances it wants."

This law study was often diverting, not only in Massachusetts. In Oklahoma, for example, the sheets on beds in hotels had to be at least six feet long. In Colorado you can't fish on horseback. In Boston, you can't have hatpins sticking out more than four inches beyond your hat, nor—according to the old Blue Laws—kiss your wife on the Sabbath day.

In California, you mustn't pick cactus. In Maine you had to wear a bathrobe over your bathing suit unless you were actually on the beach or, presumably, in the water, and in several States women bathers still could be compelled to wear stockings. You can't sing on a main thoroughfare in a bathing suit in one Florida town and in one California town you can't ride a bicycle past a fire truck.

Yes, and they passed a law in California making it illegal for two people to take a bath simultaneously in the same tub! What these lawmakers won't think up!

■ Of course McHugh didn't spend every moment studying law. He spent some of his time getting acquainted with more stage actors who were eventually to become Hollywood movie actors than any other actor who has ever come here. McHugh didn't need to meet people when he arrived on the West Coast. He knew everybody already.

When he first began to learn from his law studies that you can't legally hitch horses to shade trees in certain localities, he was at the Empire Theatre in Pittsburgh where Guy Kibbee was the prime favorite. By the time McHugh had uncovered the legal fact that in certain other localities you are obliged to wash your milk bottles spick and span, he was in a Des Moines stock company of which the leading lady was Eloise Taylor. McHugh introduced to Miss Taylor a fellow by the name of Pat O'Brien who dropped into town with a road show, and Miss Taylor is Mrs. O'Brien now. The leading man of the Des Moines stock company was Robert Armstrong. When he left, John Litel (now at Warner Brothers with McHugh and O'Brien) took his place.

And no sooner had McHugh attained the knowledge that in some cities you can be pinched for jay-walking while in others you can't, and that in some States you can shoot buzzards and in others you dassent, than there he was in Baltimore playing stock with Spencer Tracy. And thence to London with James Gleason.

He had ploughed through the second volume of Blackstone before he met Frank Morgan, starred on Broadway in *Tenth Avenue,* which also had McHugh in the cast, and he was again making a stab at law school in New York when he played a role in *Excess Baggage.* Miriam Hopkins was the star.

But while he'd met everybody and everybody wanted to entertain him as soon as he joined the movie colony, McHugh continued to devote a fair amount of time to his law studies. You can't shake off a McHugh, once he sinks his teeth into an idea. He built shelves in his den at home, he put his law books on the shelves, he fixed a chair and a light; and by gosh, he studied law.

■ "California bar examinations are pretty tough." he sighed, "But it looks as though I might settle in Hollywood long enough to make it this time. Honestly, it does. Say in the next fifty years."

He looked thoughtfully for a moment in the direction of the goldfish pool and Charlie-who-looks-like-a-lawyer. "Maybe I'd better make it sooner," he amended. "or sell the station wagon."

He grinned broadly. It's no secret that he and Stu Erwin were given tickets by a speed cop the other day for racing their new station wagons down an empty stretch of Ventura Boulevard—and that he needs a lawyer for that hearing next week!



Sabu, who made such a sensation in *Elephant Boy,* will be seen next in *Drums,* exciting story of an Indian mutiny. Later in the year he will play Mowgli, beloved hero of Kipling's Jungle Book stories

Honey Chile's Secrets

[*Continued from page* 35]

decide to take in a fraternity dance at the last minnit? What's really got him is, the girl he asked first decided to take in the dance with someone else. So don't fall for that 'just decided' gag. If you do you'll feel like a poor fish before the evenin's ovah."

"Nevah let a man think you're fixin' to catch him," she continued. "Now, you know what I mean, honey. Let him know you like him a little, if you do, that is. If you don't, 'taint upright to say anythin'.

"An' let him do all the talkin' on the love business. You jus' listen. Let him think you believe every word he says. Smile sweetly, but by all that's propah, don't fluttah your eye-lashes. And out you'll go with the gentleman if you try it. But not out dancin'!

"An' don't flirt with your girl friend's beau. It's not cunnin' or smart, or modern. It's plain obvious. You'ah tryin' to flatter your ego, or worse, tryin' to make your own fella jealous. And all the same time, provin' you'ah a sap! By the time the evenin's ovah, if the other girl has half a brain and your own date isn't losin' his eye-sight, you'll be pinin' away—well—behind the eight ball, without a cue in sight."

And that appeared to settle it as far as Patricia was concerned. She'd read us the book, and we could borrow or buy it. The rules were simple, sane, logical. And proven, I was reminded as the phone rang. The Wilder looked at it, smiled impishly. "Ah forgot to tell you—nevah ans'ah the first ring."

The bell had rung for the fourth time when Pat lifted the receiver. "Hello-o-o . . . Ye-ah . . . this is me . . . Ah know . . . ah got your message. (Hm-m-m, thought I, she does practice the rules). "Dancin' tomorrow night? . . . ah can't make it, honey . . . Saturday night? Shu-ah, ah'd love to go Saturday night. (That would be rule number two, 'Nevah accept a last-minnit date') . . .Oh, tha-a-ank you, kind suh . . . but don't let me catch you tellin' that to all the girls. (Right to form, the Wilder gal. 'Let *him* do the talkin' on the love business,) Huh-mmm . . . time foah your birthday . . . Ah'm knittin' on it now . . . Well . . ah'll be fixin' to look pretty for you Saturday night . . . 'bye now."

Hollywood's most popular girl was chuckling softly as she hung up the phone. She tackled her needles again and clicked away earnestly at the intricate rope stitch. "Like I tol' you, honey," she grinned, "it gets 'em every time. So really, all ah've got to say is 'tend to you'ah knittin'."



Ah, with what grace and fire Edward G. Robinson does the Big Apple. It's a scene from *I Am the Law* and his partner is Wendy Barrie



Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After successes on the London stage, her movie roles under the direction of the famous Alexander Korda led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (*See her in Goldwyn's "Marco Polo".*

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Offside At Lakeside

[*Continued from page 38*]

■ "For years, there's been a feud on between Bing and Dick Arlen. The best of friends, on the course they're deadly rivals.

"Bing is always relaxed, and steps up to the ball and makes a perfect shot, as a rule. Dick, whenever he plays with Bing, is inclined to be over-anxious, he tightens up and as a result usually overplays his ball.

"Another feud that has existed a good many years is between W. C. Fields and Gregory La Cava. Of course, Bill Fields hasn't been able to play since he's been ill, but prior to that you would have thought they were about to slaughter each other.

"I remember one occasion, in particular, during an important match. La Cava made a shot, and the ball landed in a gopher hole. How the hole got there on a perfectly-kept course we'll never know, but there, nevertheless, it was, and Greg's ball snuggled neatly inside it.

"Greg studied the situation. 'What'll I do?' he asked Fields. 'Play it!' Bill roared. La Cava was burned, but he carried through, like the good sportsman he is.

"A few holes later, Greg came upon Fields standing in a sand trap. And Bill's ball, this time, lay directly behind a large rock, as though it had been planted there.

" 'What'll I do?' it was Fields' turn to ask, and he inquired in no uncertain terms. An unholy light appeared in La Cava's eyes . . . he still was burning. 'Play it!' he yelled, in all his Latin heat. To play it meant breaking the club, but Bill was in a spot . . . and knew it.

"Murder filled the atmosphere. But it always does whenever those two play. Especially that day when Greg broke Bill's putter—the one he's used for more than twenty years—over his knee—in showing his caddie what he meant by ordering him to take his own putter over to a tree and make a letter U of it . . .

■ "You can believe this or not, just as you please . . . but I'll swear it's true, and others will back me up. Jack Mulhall was so mad one day that he knocked himself out!

"We'd been playing around, and Jack made one dud shot after another. Finally, he missed a putt even a baby could have scored.

"He threw down his club, called himself names in particularly flowery language . . . then, before we knew what he was about to do, gave himself such a hard right uppercut to the jaw that he knocked himself out cold. It took five minutes to bring him out of it. He hasn't repeated that, but now, whenever he misses an easy putt, he bends over and orders his caddie to kick him as hard as he can.

■ "You'd never think it, to see him on the screen, but Adolphe Menjou is the most excitable player we have in the club.

"I'll never forget the time he went out with a foursome in which I was playing, and after every stroke heatedly demanded of his caddie what was wrong with his playing. 'What's wrong with me?' he'd shout.

"We came to the fourteenth hole. 'What am I doing?' he shouted at his caddie, after a remarkably dub play.

" 'You're losing a lot of money, Mr. Menjou,' the caddie replied, in all seriousness. Adolphe was so mad he chased the caddie all the way back to the clubhouse.

■ "Then there was the time Oliver Hardy, Andy Clyde, Robert McGowan and Bill Seiter (the latter two directors) were playing a match. Oliver always wears brilliant colors, and that day he was particularly resplendent in gorgeous raiment.

"Nothing was said, however, until they reached the eighth hole. 'Oliver,' asked McGowan, as the comedian was right in the middle of a difficult putt, 'just where did you get that suit?'

"Hardy missed completely, but he didn't say a word. Not until they were on the seventeenth green, nine holes later, did he open his mouth in speech.

"Bob then was poised for a putt. He carefully measured his distance, studied the lie of his ball, drew back his putter.

" 'Hart, Shaffner & Marx,' Hardy announced, abruptly, in answer to McGowan's earlier question. And McGowan missed!

■ "Golfing does something to a man. Like the time Bert Wheeler broke ninety.

"He came back to the clubhouse wild with excitement. 'I did it,' he yelled. . . . 'I broke ninety.' Then turning to one of the members, he asked if he knew of any house for sale in the neighborhood of the club. 'I'm *really* going in for golf, now,' he explained.

"There was a house that overlooked the links, at the other end. Bert heard about it, and immediately went over there. He didn't know the owner, but that didn't prevent him from trying to tell him just how he had broken ninety that day. But the owner wasn't interested. 'What do you want?' he demanded of the slightly-demented Wheeler.

"The outcome of the conversation was that Bert bought the house on the spot. 'NOW,' he said, a glint in his eye, 'you're going to listen to how I broke ninety.' And for the next half hour he regaled the ex-owner with the story of his prowess."

■ Andy Devine dropped by the table, chuckling.

"Just played with George Murphy," he proclaimed, in his gravel-voice, "and was he MAD. He threw his pet niblick into a tree, and it landed in the top branches. Took him nearly an hour to get it down."

"That reminds me of the time Frank Woody, Helen Twelvetrees' ex-husband, made himself famous on the river hole," Bogart resumed. "Frank has a terrible temper whenever he misses an easy shot that he should have made, and this day

he was in top form . . . he was missing everything.

"One by one he selected his clubs, and threw them solemnly into the river. The other three players didn't say a word; just stood and watched. Finally, Frank didn't have any more clubs to throw. He had even tossed in his golf bag.

"Did that stop him? It did not. He backed up a few paces; then, sprinted forward and threw himself into the river. That's one of the classic stories we remember around the club.

■ "Johnny Weissmuller is another who throws clubs. I don't heave any putters or mashies, but there was the time I flicked the air after having missed a putt . . . and hit Jimmy McLarnin, the fighter, right on the heel. It was a good thing for me Jimmy and I are friends.

■ "For a long time Joe Penner was our pet goat around the club. At first, Joe was terrible . . . he could scarcely hit a ball, and the boys began to bet on him. It got so that some of them were making money regularly on him, by betting how *bad* a score he'd bring in.

"Joe didn't get on to this for months. But when he did discover it, he got so mad he started taking lessons . . . and one day showed up and took some of the lads for plenty.

■ "Once in a lifetime, an actor gets a break. He stars in a situation that even he could not better, were it up to him to plot. This happened not so long ago to Alan Hale.

"A road runs past part of the golf course, and one of the sight-seeing companies routes its buses along this thoroughfare, so that very often the tourists will get a glimpse of some celebrity. On this day I have in mind, Alan stood near the fence, and he could distinctly hear the barker says, 'Ladies and gentlemen, there is that talented menace of the screen, Alan Hale, about to make a hole in one.'

"Alan is a good golfer, but even the best could get rattled at that remark . . . especially, when he was stripped to the waist, and one leg of his trousers was rolled up above his knee. He looked everything disreputable, and everything but an actor . . . and a golfer. Nevertheless, he strode forward and addressed the ball.

"He swung . . . and the ball soared through the air, the most beautiful shot he had ever made. It landed on the green, rolled toward the cup. At about six inches from the pin, it stopped. It was a perfect show . . . and Alan took it big. Swaggering past the crowd of gaping tourists who applauded lustily, Alan spoke airily, with a deprecatory wave of his hand . . . 'Nothing at all folks . . . usually, it goes in the hole!' "

DON'T FORGET!

In October HOLLYWOOD Magazine Sonja Henie's big contest starts. It's lots of fun, and there are dozens of the Sonja Henie knitted sweaters and scarfs and caps and mittens as well as dresses for winners.

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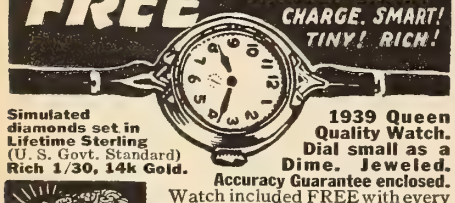


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Sweet as a Rosenbloom

[*Continued from page* 31]

routine. He smiled, held his hands high above his head as ring gladiators do before the first round bell rings, and then, making a sound that was supposed to be a hum but which was more like a buzz saw going through a keg of nails, he started his floor show with a theme song written for him by his pianist, Tommy Riley. The song, known in the show business as "ultra corn," is a parody based on the hit tune *Rosalie,* written by Cole Porter.

"And now," grinned Maxie, after his humming, "I'm going to sing a song about that grand infestimal actor that you all know. You love him, I love him, we all love him—

Rosenbloom, you're wonderful,
Rosenbloom, you're grand,
Rosenbloom, y o u ' r e super-dynamic,
you're the best actor in the land.

Rosenbloom, you're beautiful,
You're gigantic, dynamic, and grand.
So I've stopped my fitey-fighting to do this nitey-nighting
Rosenbloom, you're the greatest in the land!"

With the song ended, Maxie paused to draw a deep breath and the Hecklers' Club, augmented by those in the cafe who knew the second verse, started singing a parody on Maxie's parody, and when this loud and raucous festival of song was over, some movie great, under the gay pretense of being utterly and deeply disgusted with the performance, got up, shoved Maxie aside, and put on a show of his own that lasted a full hour. It was all informal, a lot of fun and among those who enjoyed it the most was the Fighter Maxie himself.

The night we were there Maxie told us he was soon to present nightly a burlesque on *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* It was to be called, he said, Rifka and the Seven Schtunks, which means, according to Maxie's translation from the Hebrew, "Rebecca and the Seven Dumbbells."

Richards, the master of ceremonies man, often varies his introduction by saying: "Maxie Rosenbloom—a nice guy, in an abnoxious sort of way," and this goes over big with the crowd.

■ Hollywood was set back on its collective heels the other day when it learned that Maxie was taking diction lessons. Up until this announcement he had been running Samuel (The Great) Goldwyn a tight race in abusing the English language.

"I figgered it out this way," Maxie explains. "Since I've become a movie actor and a nightclub owner and performer. I gotta pronounce words correckly, see, and so why not hire me a teacher so I can pronounce each syllabus okay?"

Well, why not?

Maxie even went so far as to change his name and he now calls himself M. Welton Rosenbloom. But all changes in his speaking voice and name have somehow failed to do the work. He still makes his amusing grammatical fumbles.

Just the other evening, when some heckler stood up and called him a "ham" after the first floor show, he cracked right back at his critic with: "I should sue you for definition of character!"

When he first opened his cafe he announced along Hollywood Boulevard that he was going to add a 10-cent cover charge to keep out what he called the "ribble-rabble," but the scheme failed to have the proper effect and a month later he announced: "I have to cut it down to 5 cents because the other price made me too exclusive!"

The night Anatole Litvak, the director, appeared in the cafe for the first time, Sammy Lewis, Maxie's partner, turned to Maxie and inquired seriously, "That's Mr. Litvak, the great director, isn't it?"

"Sure thing," Maxie replied.

"He's Russian, isn't he?" Lewis asked next.

"No, you dope," Maxie explained just as seriously, "everybody knows he's a Litvak!"

Not so long ago a number of Frenchmen visited the famous fighter's now famous nightspot and they liked it so well that they stayed almost to closing time.

Finally a woman of the party asked for the check by saying to the waiter, "L'addition."

Maxie, at a nearby table, heard it, came over, and said, "Lady, we don't serve that stuff in here!"

Slapsie Maxie's, as his cafe is known, not only contributes hugely to the gaiety of Hollywood's best stayer-uppers among the movie colony, but it also contributes to the well-being and employment of a number of old-time vaudeville folk. For instance—

The bartender used to be in a circus and also in vaudeville.

The chef was a former monologist on the Keith circuit.

Two of the waiters used to be singers in vaudeville.

One waiter was a dancer doing a solo act.

The head waiter, Al Roth, is the famous shimmy dancer.

Even the colored porter has done his turn—he used to be in a colored sideshow with the Ringling Brothers Circus.

So much for profession No. 1.

■ In his 17 years of fighting during which he has thrown leather at more than 300 different opponents, including among these such ring noteworthies as Harry Greb, Larry Johnson, Ace Hudkins, Tiger Flowers, Young Jack Stribling, just to list a few, Maxie has knocked out only 17 men, an average of one a year. Only once, in all his long, hard years of fighting, has he ever been knocked out and that was by the hard-hitting Jimmy Adamick. He won his first fight when he was 15 in New York City where he was born.

George Raft, Paramount star, was his first manager. He won his first title from Jimmy Slattery in Jimmy's home town of Buffalo and lost it five years later to Bob Olin in Madison Square Garden. He has never taken a drink of hard liquor in his life nor has he ever smoked tobacco in any form. He was, in his heyday, and despite his clownish antics in the ring, one of the most-feared fighters who ever swung a pair of gloves. One of the most amazing items in his ring history is the fact that no one has ever seen him train seriously for a fight. They say that whenever a ring battle is in prospect he goes into training by running home from a nightclub about 2 o'clock in the morning and going to bed with the window open! After his next fight which is with Bob Pastor he's going to hang up his gloves for good and devote his talents to his acting and nightclub hosting. One thing is sure. When and if he does forget the lure of the ring, no one will ever have to give him a benefit nor will anyone ever see him rocking on his heels and cutting out paper dolls because, despite his 300 fights and the punishment he received from them, Slapsie Maxie is in full possession of his faculties. He's a very smart cookie who knows how to make an honest dollar and how to keep most of it when he does.

So much for profession No. 2.

■ Maxie's greatest ambition has been to become an actor. Not, by any means, a John Barrymore sort of actor—just a plain, run-of-the-mine screenster in the comedy classification—and it looks as though his ambition is to be realized. Perhaps you may recall that small part he had in *Nothing Sacred* where he talked over the telephone to his brother Moe? Well, whether you remember it or not, a number of producers and directors did, and it wasn't long before he found himself in front of the cameras during the filming of *Mr. Moto's Gamble*. A bigger and better part this time, and following it in quick succession came comedy roles in *The Kid Comes Back, The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* and *The Crowd Roars*. It was easy, Maxie says, to carry out the title of this last picture for that is exactly what he's been doing at his nightclub ever since it started. Other pictures are scheduled for him for the rest of the year and it really looks as though the good-natured, 32-year-old leather pusher has got another career down for the count. At least that's what all Hollywood hopes because Maxie, since his arrival, has grown into one of the "real" characters in Movietown.

So much for profession No. 3.

■ Nightclub owner, professional boxer, up-and-coming comedy actor—and to these you can now add an excursion into the field of sports.

Just to keep himself busy he recently purchased the Hollywood Stars girls softball team, rechristened it *Slapsie Maxie's*, and every Wednesday night you can find him under the arc lights urging his young ladies to do or die for dear old Maxie. Eight thousand softball fans packed the park the last time the girls played and fortunately for Maxie's heart they won. He likes the team so well—it hasn't lost a game since he bought it—that he'll bet any amount from a buck to $500 that his Slapsie Maxie girls cop the title at the end of the season.

A man of five professions, that's Maxie!

And the fifth is horse-racing. Every day, during an off moment, Rosenbloom can be seen reading a form sheet and following the races at every track in the country—and losing, like all hoss players, more money than he wins. Incidentally, he always refuses to bet on long-shots, preferring to lay his actor-boxer-nightclub-sports money on an odds-on favorite. All losses, apparently, bounce off his pocketbook as harmlessly as his sparring partner's gloves do off his body. His win tickets he saves for three or four days in case he should get cleaned out on a bad day, but unfortunately for Maxie his winning days are few and far between.

■ The next business he wants to enter is midget auto racing. He feels that he has time for another profession, now that he has given up his diction lessons.

"After taking $69.15 worth of diction lessons," he told us, "I thought I would surprise mama in New York. So I put in a long distance call and when she came to the phone I said, 'Hello, Mother,' just the way I'd been taught and she said to me, 'I want to talk to Maxie, get off the line, you dope.' So what's the use?"

Milland Gets the Air

[*Continued from page 23*]

He was not a land lubber. Bill Wellman might have been willing to call it quits, but somehow the story kept coming up to haunt him. And the director of a Hollywood air opus has quite a load on his mind without being haunted all times of the day.

It's difficult to put the finger on the fellow who really was behind the idea. Surely Bill Wellman, the old war-time pilot, was by now far too conservative to dream up a revenge like this. But that's getting a little ahead of the story.

Did you ever hear of Tex Rankin? Well, you've really got to see him in action to really appreciate his talents. In a good, flippant airplane he seems just a trifle teched. You know—on the squirrely side. He does things that are against all laws—including that of the falling apple.

If Ray Milland—ah, he was so handsome before he climbed into that Ryan ST monoplane with Tex—if he had just known what made this Rankin fellow famous, the hero of *Men with Wings* might have been willing to call the whole thing off. But it was too late now, and Tex already was in the air, ready to show Ray and a hundred

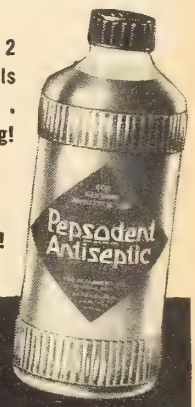


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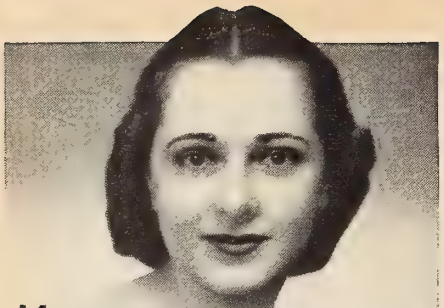
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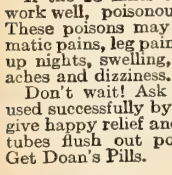
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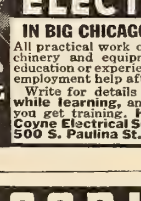
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spectators below a few new items in the line of maneuvers.

Tex climbed to four thousand feet before he idled the motor and shouted back to Ray: "Be sure your safety belt is tight. I'm going to do the Andy Devine Stagger. It's a new flip motion."

■ The motors started howling. Ray cinched his belt tighter, suddenly felt the plane make a quarter turn to the left. They were flying on one side now. In front of him, and just out of sight, a metal tool box moved with the ship. It clattered. So did Ray's teeth. Then the ship flipped another quarter turn. Ray looked down and saw the sky. He looked up and saw the ground. Then the tool box clattered again. Think you can't hear a box clatter against the motor of a plane?

Well, you can—especially if you think it's a wing breaking off!

The Milland fellow thought so as he hung by his safety belt. He kept an eagle eye on Rankin—as best he could. If the pilot suddenly dropped out of that ship, Ray would, too. Or would he?

Suddenly—flip. The Ryan monoplane was on its other side now. Ray's brains tried to achieve a new balance, but somehow most of his energies were being concentrated on his stomach. It seemed to be having a little trouble adjusting itself.

If that was the Andy Devine Stagger, how about the Paramount Roll, the Wellman Wiggle, the Campbell Capers? That Tex Rankin can do more dizzy things in five minutes than a magazine can describe in hours. You've got to see him in action to really understand what whirling, wild, dangerous things he does with a plane. It's uncanny. You'll practically break your neck watching his ship perform. The best way to do it is to lie flat on the ground, so your neck won't be out of whack for a week.

■ You can take it for granted that Ray Milland got properly initiated into the Rankin school that day. The most important thing was the last thing that happened to them.

Tex straightened the ship out after a session of upside down flying about 300 feet above the ground, climbed four or five thousand feet or maybe more, and said to Ray, "You look like you'd make a good stunt pilot."

Ray grinned a bit sickly at him. "You're the best, Rankin. I'm getting better all along." It never occurred to Tex that Ray might have been talking about the balance of his solar plexus, the delicate reactions going on in the mid-section of the human torso.

No—all he was thinking about was flipping that Ryan around non-existent corners, diving between clouds like making a hole-in-one on a golf course. So, quite naturally, he said, "Try the crate once, Ray. See how easy it takes a loop."

Never say a Milland doesn't try. There was plenty of elevation—no excuse for nixing the suggestion. So Ray grabbed the stick a bit grimly and sent the boat into a swooshing, singing dive.

It didn't seem so much now, this roaring dive. Not after the Devine Staggers. So Ray picked up what he thought was proper speed, then hauled back on the stick. The plane's dive stopped. Sky replaced ground far below. Up, up, up she soared, gradually arching on its back. And then—then things didn't work quite right!

The plane should have zoomed on down a-la-roller coaster. But it didn't. For one endless second it seemed to sit right on its tail, held up strictly by suspense. Then it fell off backwards. It was quite unorthodox. Ray heard his seat creak under the strain. In his mind he suddenly wondered how many screws kept that safety belt—and himself attached to the plane. Then things began to whirl, and the next few minutes were quite beyond recollection.

■ Ray Milland recalls having been in an inside tail spin once before in his life. He knew the remedy—shove on the stick, kick opposite rudder. That's what Ray did. He pushed and kicked for three thousand feet, but the spin kept on just as wild as ever. And there's no use in trying to tell you how wild that is. A tail spin is a highly personal experience. You've got to be in one to appreciate its full possibilities.

But Tex Rankin saved the day. He did something, and the Ryan miraculously pulled out of the dive about a thousand feet above ground. They idled around the field for a landing position, and Ray said, "What did you do, pal?"

Rankin grinned. "I just happened to think that we weren't in an inside spin. It was an outside one. That's different. You don't shove on the stick—you yank it back. Makes all the difference in the world."

Yes, Ray thought, *all* the difference—the difference between this world and the next, among other things. He reached for a handkerchief and mopped honest perspiration from his brow. No make-up man was needed here with a fly spray gun loaded with mineral oil!

■ When the plane landed, Bill Wellman was standing there, grinning a little suspiciously, they tell me. But he didn't say anything—at least, not for several days.

Then, one bright morning, Bill walked up to Ray and said, "Want to do some war scenes today?" He had no intention of letting him do them—it was more a case of a ripe raspberry.

Ray's sharp glance was a shade belligerent. "You thought you cured me, huh? Well, you didn't. I'd go up again any time a chance presented itself. But somebody else fixed me."

Wellman raised a questioning eyebrow—but strictly between you readers, he appeared to be doing a bit of ham acting. Like he really knew what Ray was going to say.

"Yea," Ray continued, "from now on I gotta do my flying on commercial airlines alone, where it's nice and safe. Somebody told on me, and Paramount's legal talent did the rest. My contract says I can't fly in private ships."

At last reports Messrs. Wellman and Milland were getting along about as badly as you'd expect.

Vagabond Honeymoon

[Continued from page 22]

had no money, I toured the country very modestly—and had fun.

"This time, I thought at first Jack and I should do it with real style, and soon found out my mistake. I started off from Hollywood as a very fine lady. I had my maid, Therese Frank, my identity, and everything.

"Jack and I were going to have a delightfully formal time on our long planned honeymoon. We'd been married a year and a half and we'd never had it. So we swept through Paris and were off to play at San Moritz and St. Anton, two winter sports spots, one in Switzerland, the other in the Austrian Tyrol.

"For a while it was fun, but after the first thrill of skiing wore off, the candid cameras, newspaper people, formal functions, and very, very social receptions became too much the Hollywood pattern. We resolved to be informal."

The informality was a lot of fun. The trip was conducted on such a modest basis that before Claudette and her husband had seen everything they wanted, she was down to doing her own washing!

Claudette came home showing the benefit of being absolutely herself. She has a calm serenity, a lack of nerves, a natural buoyancy which she hasn't had for years —and several of those years have been dropped by the wayside, as well.

"We spent a month forgetting about work and who we were and who we were supposed to be," Claudette said. "I promised Jack I'd show him the countryside and I did. I discovered parts of it I never knew existed. It was glorious! I was tired after it was over, but it was the kind of tired feeling you enjoy."

Claudette laughed.

■ "The informal trip happened a bit by accident," she said. "After we left San Moritz and the Tyrol we came back to Paris at loose ends. We faced a lot of rushing around. One night I told Jack what I thought we ought to do and he agreed on the spur of the moment. We put Terry, the maid, all my finery in a Paris hotel. Jack got a drive-yourself car. And away we went."

Claudette was humming happily as the car rolled into the Parisian suburbs. In her hand was a guide book published by a tire manufacturing firm. In the back of the roadster were her two bags and one which belonged to her husband. It was the romantic month of April, when the woods were just beginning to turn green and the orchards were just beginning to bud. Romance?

"We found it at every turn in the road," she said. "Quaint peasants in old-world costumes. Wagons, carts and horses and little one-way roads. And the guidebook was a peach! We arranged our tour so that we stopped at odd little places where the food was good for lunch, took time to walk through the provincial towns. Nights we planned to stop at cities which at least boasted of hotels which had rooms with baths. We covered about one hundred and fifty miles a day, just loafing along."

There were no praise agents, ballyhoo artists and advance notices within hundreds of miles.

■ "But I very nearly got caught up with in one town," Claudette revealed. "Nobody had been paying any attention to us. We'd registered under my husband's name. In this particular hotel, we followed the same routine. We had the bags brought in, registered, and Jack went out to put the car in a nearby garage.

"When Jack returned to the lobby, the clerk said:

" 'Pardon me, sir—but your wife bears remarkable resemblance to an American film player named Colbert—Claudette Colbert.'

" 'Yes, indeed—' Jack assured him. 'We've been told that before.'

"He hurried upstairs to tell me. We were worried lest the village turn out, and everybody'd get very formal. Anything but that! We noticed that we were eyed warily when we went to dinner. We retired, and the next morning prepared to leave bright and early. Jack brought the car to the door. I was just about to leave when the clerk, who was again on duty, asked me:

" 'Will the madame please sign the special guest register?'

"I saw a suspicious twinkle in his eye. So I signed 'Claudette Colbert' and then beat a hurried retreat. The word sped like wildfire and by the time I got into the car heads were sticking out of windows."

■ The hours of travel were long and each day was full. Claudette didn't want to waste any of the precious time. They rose at seven. They dressed hurriedly for the next adventure. They breakfasted. And then they were off to explore new worlds.

"One of the biggest thrills," Claudette related, "was when we were travelling through the 'castle country.' We saw one chateau which particularly intrigued us. It was gaunt, and forbidding, and the walls had wasted away through the years. It sent a shudder down my spine and I discovered that Jack got the same reaction.

"We decided that such a place must hold a large assortment of sinister secrets and investigated. We found out that a bloodthirsty gentleman named Gil de Retz, the original 'bluebeard' of history, had erected it. This was an odd coincidence, after I'd just finished making *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, which wasn't a bit sinister, but sounded so."

At another tiny village, where the peasants wore lace caps and full skirts and wooden shoes, Claudette discovered an antique shop which was filled with treasures. She explored it, found that the proprietor wasn't there. She left her Paris address, explaining:

"There are several things I would like to have."

She pointed them out, gave her husband's name.

"And the antique dealer apparently wasn't at all impressed, because I never

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heard from him," she concluded. "I'm glad—it proves I was just another tourist."

■ "One strange way that I preserved my incognito," she explained, "was to speak English. The French people, some of whom suspected that I was an actress, were completely disarmed by this language. Odd? Not at all. You see, they are used to seeing me in American pictures onto which French voices have been dubbed. They believe that Claudette speaks French all the time!"

Had Claudette, feeling like a child out of school, suddenly decided to go formal, there would have been big turnouts, especially in the larger cities.

"American films play there, all with the French dubbing, as I've explained," she said. "In fact, one of the biggest laughs of the trip came when we decided to sneak into a picture show just to see what it would be like. It was a typical 'cops and robbers' affair, with Jimmy Cagney, Frank McHugh and Pat O'Brien in the cast. When we heard Jimmy lisp—'Oui, maman' —it was too much for us. The idea of Jimmy talking that way sent us into hysterics. The French audience, outraged, turned and stared at us as if we were crazy."

■ Claudette made one concession to her profession. She carried her camera with her. And she snapped pictures as the merry tour took them to and through quaint Brittany, along the chateaus of the lovely, winding Loire, down to the Pyrenees, grim and forbidding, to Biarritz, to old fort at Carcassonne, to Nimes and Arles in the old Roman country. Each day of travel became more enchanting.

On the winding, carefree journey they stopped at the little village of Le Blanc. Parenthetically, it was at this time that Claudette, fresh out of make-up and fresh out of stockings, took to washing them out and hanging them up to dry in the modest rooms which they had engaged, even as you and I! LeBlanc was doubly interesting for it was here that Claudette's grandfather lived, and here that she spent her summers as a child.

"It was amazing to approach that quaint town and see it unfold just as my memory had pictured it for so long," she said. "You see, I left there when I was just seven. I thought that memory would have been mistaken. But when we started sloping down toward the river, I told Jack:

" 'To get to grandfather's house, you cross the bridge and turn up the first street to the left.'

"I pointed out a certain house. Jack stopped the car. I got out. It was a fresh, sunny, Easter morning. Two old men approached us, shuffling over the broken pavement. In French, I asked them if the house had not once been owned by the family Chauchoin.

" 'Yes,' one replied. 'Old Chauchoin had a son, George, who went to America to find his fortune, taking his family.'

" 'Why, that was my father!' I exclaimed. After this identification, the old fellow told me many fascinating, half-remembered things. As he talked I noted the house no longer had a balcony. It had not been replaced since the day it had caved in with me while I stood on it watching a parade pass."

■ Days drifted by, and finally Claudette found herself on the Riviera, in Southern France, just beginning to warm beneath the benign spring sun. After that, Marseilles for bouillabaisse, which Claudette had promised would be a treat. It was. Then back through the Dauphine province to Paris—through Grenoble, along the road of Napoleon.

Paris in May.

■ For a month, Claudette and her husband slipped into their old routine, "did the town." She had met the Duke of Kent while skiing. Now she met the Duke of Windsor and his charming wife, the former Wallis Warfield Simpson.

"It was at a soiree given by the former Elsie De Wolfe, now Lady Mendl," she said. "The Duke was his gallant, yet quiet and unassuming self. To be perfectly frank, I didn't remind him of the time he came to America in 1918 and I, a New York school child, met him aboard the cruiser, the H. M. S. Renown. I represented the French school girl making good in America. To prove how good I was I wore a white, starched dress, waved an American flag and recited a blundering little speech. During the time that I spoke and the other little girl, who was a typical American making good in America, said her bit, he was quite bored, and I hardly blame him. I remember how he dug the scabbard of his sword into the toe of his boot, and I wanted to give up and run."

Claudette laughed at the memory.

"The Duchess of Windsor proved far more fascinating than I had imagined she would be," she continued. "She is not a tall woman and yet, because of her dignity and charm, she appears tall. She is beautifully groomed, beautifully dressed, reserved, and with a definitely winning personality. The photographs which we see in America don't treat her fairly. In real life, she is far more the woman you would expect her to be."

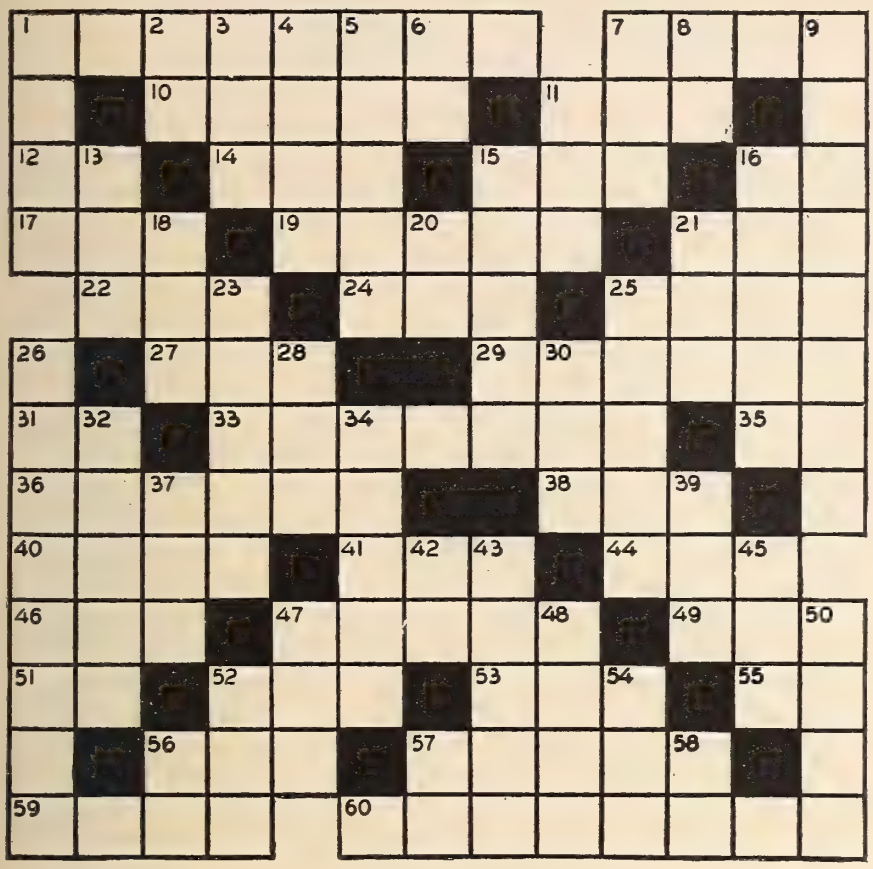
There were many other gay parties and formal events and receptions and functions. Claudette and her husband were gay in their rounds, quite formal and polite.

"And," Claudette confesses, "I found myself looking back on our vagabond jaunt as the thrill of the trip and the thrill of my life. Usually, when one goes back to recapture things which in retrospect seem beautiful, they disappoint. This time it was just the opposite. My husband found my country beautiful, interesting, even fascinating. To me, it enriched the present as well as brightened fading memories.

Coming back through the customs to America, Claudette had nothing of great value to declare—just a few French garments which she hadn't been able to resist.

"The things of value which I brought back," she told me, "are not the kind one declares at customs. They're locked in my heart."

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Carroll-Fonda film.
7. She sang in *Walking Down Broadway.*
10. Charles Bickford and Ann Dvorak starred in ——— *of New York.*
11. *The Bride Wore* ———.
12. Neil Hamilton's initials.
14. What late Mr. Chaney was called.
15. Famous *It* girl.
16. Initials of one who portrayed *Emile Zola.*
17. His last name is Alvarado.
19. Descriptive of Frankenstein films.
21. Andy Devine was one in *Dr. Rhythm* (slang).
22. Kind of dance executed by Ann Miller.
24. Standing Room Only (abbr.).
25. C. B. DeMille gained fame with scenes of this.
27. Comedian teamed with Louise Fazenda in *Swing Your Lady.*
29. A star of *Kidnapped.*
31. Exclamation to register inquiry.
33. ——— *on the Run.*
35. Article used in French movie titles.
36. Actress wed to Errol Flynn.
38. His last name is Pearson.
40. Bette Davis has blue ones.
41. ——— Cedric Hardwicke.
44. It meant an affirmative in silent films.
46. First name of Mr. Lease.
47. Lassoed a steer, as in westerns.
49. *She's* ——— *Everything.*
51. Eric Stanley's initials.
52. What *The Kid* grew up to be.
53. Mickey Rooney likes to chew this.
55. Sylvia Sidney and George Raft are ——— starred in *You and Me.*
56. *Dennis* in *Joy of Living.*
57. Whose role was that of *Mrs. Sydney* in *Sinners in Paradise.*
59. *Hank Hatfield* in *Kentucky Moonshine.*
60. Comedienne appearing in *A Slight Case of Murder.*

DOWN

1. *Alexander's Ragtime* ———.
2. Director Garrett's initials.
3. Hollywood movies are made in this state (abbr.).
4. *Dangerous To* ———.
5. Remember ——— Ayres?
6. Miss Sebastian's initials.
7. Katharine's screen brother in *Holiday.*
8. Short for Mr. Robinson.
9. *Mark Braden* in *Crime School.*
11. Male lead in *International Crime.*
13. ——— *Water* was a Jones Family film.
15. He was teamed with Dorothea Kent in *Goodbye Broadway.*
16. His first name is Victor.
18. Mrs. Walter Huston.
20. Errol Flynn's nationality (abbr.).
21. Receptacle for storing a film.
23. *A Trip To* ———.
25. Star of *Hawaii Calls.*
26. He had title role in *The Lone Wolf in Paris* (poss.).
28. Janet Chapman is one.
30. To perform in a screenplay.
32. *Pepper Clancy* in *Prison Nurse.*
34. Leroy's last name.
37. Lupe Velez was born here (abbr.).
39. Ace, of *Blind Alibi,* is one.
42. Mr. Pichel's initials.
43. Singing star of *Outside of Paradise.*
45. One of Disney's dwarfs.
47. Dorothy's co-star in *Her Jungle Love.*
48. He had lead in *Living on Love.*
50. What Miss Wing is called.
52. Players appeared thus in silent films.
54. First name of Miss Clarke.
56. George Irving's initials.
57. ——— *Time To Marry.*
58. Initials of a star of *Swiss Miss.*

(Solution on page 66)

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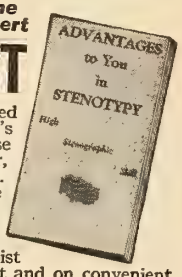


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GOOD COOKS ARE *Temperamental!*



Joan Fontaine likes to cook in her stream-lined kitchen and does so frequently, now that her part in *Ground Crew* gives her time at home for a few weeks before her next film starts

Details are important and a good cook is temperamental about them says one star

By BETTY CROCKER

■ "You can always tell a good cook," Joan Fontaine said sagely, "by her temperament. If she's fussy about the gravy, or secretive about a recipe, or has some kitchen idiosyncrasy, then you can safely say 'Aha! *There* is a good cook.'"

From one so young this seemed a rather penetrating observation to the ears of a veteran at cooking. We had come out of the kitchen and were sitting in her living room, walls lined with books, chairs deep and comfortable, and all done in a simplicity of style that was enchanting—and quite like Joan.

But I soon discovered that Joan had other surprises. Seeing her in one RKO picture after another, I had judged her to be bound up only in her career, and doing splendidly at it. But Joan had an avocation that also interests her. And it's cooking. She really adores to cook. I know—because she has her own cooking temperament.

She insists, for instance, upon people sitting down while the dinner is hot; dawdling and letting a dish get cold annoys her no end. She dislikes "appetizers" because she believes they destroy appetite, and a good meal should be enjoyed with a sharp edge. Above all, I noticed how orderly she is in a kitchen; everything must be timed—the lettuce crisped, potatoes peeled, ingredients and utensils laid out ready—everything proceeding with precision so that the meal reaches the table complete in all details. Right there is a good lesson to learn in our HOLLYWOOD cooking school.

■ "A lot of girls in school," Joan was saying, "declared they didn't want to learn to cook because they intended having servants when they set up housekeeping. That's not my reasoning. I did the buying for the family, looked to details, and loved to cook. And whether I have

a large establishment or small, I'll be glad for this training. I guess it started when I was a tiny tot, at the resort where we spent our summers. A Swedish woman was the cook there, and she still sends us her almond cakes and other specialties. I was always underfoot in her kitchen. And right now I'd give plenty to have the recipe for her almond cakes, but she won't even tell her granddaughter how they're made!

"Every cook should have her specialty, I think. I can't make up my mind which I like best to make. I have so many dishes I like to prepare."

"Then let's write them down and let HOLLYWOOD's readers decide for you," I smiled. And here they are—with Joan's comments:

CLOVERLEAF BISCUITS

1 cake compressed yeast
1½ cups water
⅔ cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
1½ tsps. salt
1 cup mashed potatoes
2 eggs
7½ cups all-purpose flour

Crumble yeast into a cup and add ½ cup of the water (at 80° F.). Cream shortening, sugar and salt together and blend in the freshly mashed potatoes. Add well beaten eggs and yeast mixture. Sift flour once before measuring, and spoon lightly into cup to measure. Add half the flour with the remaining water (at 80° F.) and beat well. Mix in remaining flour with hands. Knead in bowl or on lightly floured board until smooth. Set to rise in well greased bowl. Cover with damp cloth. Keep dough at 80 to 85° F. (Dough should not feel warm to the touch but rather slightly cool.) Place it out of draft. If kitchen is cold put it in a closed cupboard with a dish of hot water beside bowl of dough. Let rise until it has doubled in bulk—about 2 hours. Punch down, rub surface with softened butter. Return to bowl, cover tightly with heavy waxed paper, then with damp cloth and place in refrigerator. Dampen cloth occasionally as it dries. When ready to use dough, remove from refrigerator, cut off amount needed to make the number of rolls desired and return remaining dough to refrigerator again. Let dough stand in warm room about an hour to "come back" before shaping into rolls. To make Cloverleaf Rolls form dough into balls the size of large marbles. Place 3 balls in each well greased muffin cup. Other shaped rolls and coffee breads may also be made from this same dough. Let dough rise to double in bulk, about 30 to 40 minutes and bake until golden brown—15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven, 425° F. This makes about 4 dozen rolls.

WINE JELLY DESSERT

Another of Joan Fontaine's specialties is this one, easily made. Follow directions for making plain gelatin, except to substitute wine for the fruit juice—any sweet wine you like will do. When the gelatin is ready for serving, decorate with rosettes of whipped cream and a cherry.

CROOKED NECK SQUASH

Joan's method: Halve a crooked neck squash and cook in a pint of cream with a quarter pound of butter—a very rich dish, but delicious.

MACARONI A LA FONTAINE

Next time you make a macaroni en casserole try Joan's mixture: pimento cheese, fresh mushrooms, strips of bacon on top. Always a good dish for late parties.

JOAN'S SALAD DRESSING

2 tbsps. lemon juice
1 tsp. mustard
½ tsp. salt (or to taste)
2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce

Mix these ingredients, then prepare:

⅛ cup tarragon vinegar
⅛ cup wine vinegar
¾ cup of best grade Italian olive oil

Drop in a clove of garlic and keep in a bottle. This sauce is excellent for vegetable salad or jellied salads.

Which of those recipes sound the most tasty? I confess they're all delicious. Joan's group of friends in and out of the film colony of Hollywood like to have impromptu parties, and you can understand why they like to drop in on the Fontaine establishment. Joan's ice box usually has a bowl of dough for biscuits ready, there's a bottle of her exciting salad dressing mixed, and in no time at all a delightful repast is ready.

For a planned dinner, Joan likes no more than three courses, and her preference is for roast beef, cooked with onions, carrots and potatoes in the same pan. She is exceedingly particular about cooking meat.

The biscuits Joan had put in the oven to bake while we were talking, now were ready. Fluffy, delicious, she served them with honey and tea and we talked about movies and travel and people. But I think you now know that Joan Fontaine has every right to honors in cooking as well as acting.

If you wish for kitchen-tested recipes for any particular dish, just write to me in care of this magazine, enclosing a three-cent stamp. Remember, my files contain recipes of every kind and description, so do not hesitate to make use of your cooking department in HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE for any special recipe you may want.

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Hexed By a Pekinese!

[*Continued from page* 32]

at the castle. Rare and exotic flowers that had cost him a pretty penny. With a thumping heart he went into the drawing room to await Lady Whosis to whom the butler was announcing him. His knees felt wobbly beneath him and he plumped his 206 pounds down into the first handy chair, a beautiful thing upholstered in gold brocade.

"Yi-i-i-ip . . . ugh!"

A yapping scream faded into a dull moan. Then silence. He bolted from the chair.

Lying in the seat were the inanimate remains of what once had been Ching, Lady Whosis' adored Peke. Lady Whosis didn't think any more of Ching than she did of her right eye. Everyone in Gloucestershire knew that.

Nurmi or Jesse Owens never made faster tracks than Nigel did from the drawing room out of Whosis Castle. Along his trail were strewn the exotic blooms with which he had planned to make his peace.

"I am afraid it was the end of a beautiful friendship," Nigel said mournfully. "I've never been back to make sure."

■ It may have been the end of a friendship but it was the beginning of the Hex of the Peke. Of that he is sure. For right on its heels came The Affair of the Note of Condolence.

He was appearing in a play called *Why Marry?* when word came to him of the sudden death of the wife of a very close friend. It was doubly tragic since the couple had been married only eight days. Nigel happened to be in the manager's office when he heard the news. Hastily taking a blank piece of paper from the desk, he wrote of his sincere sympathy, paying beautiful tribute to the dead woman.

Several weeks later he met the bereaved husband face to face.

"You know, Bruce old boy, no one in the world but you could have made me laugh on the day of my wife's funeral," the friend said eventually.

Nigel began to quake in premonition. Good God, now what had he done? That certainly was a straight-away, sincere note of condolence he had written the chap.

"Why . . . how . . . what . . ." he stammered.

"I've saved it to show you," the friend said and passed over the note. Nigel read it through. Nothing wrong there. Certainly nothing to occasion a laugh on so solemn an occasion.

"Turn it over," he was instructed.

He did and his face crimsoned. On the back of the note, printed in two-inch high black letters were the words WHY MARRY? In his haste he had seized stationery which the theatre manager used in advertising the play! So sorry your wife's dead, old chap. Why marry?

■ It's been going on like that ever since. One boner after another. As a matter of record, he pulled one the first day he arrived in Hollywood and they haven't stopped razzing him about it yet.

You perhaps have heard about the famous "high fogs" that hang around mornings over Los Angeles and Hollywood. Californians, ever loyal to the highly touted climate, are pretty sensitive about them. They may look like rain, feel like rain, and sometimes be darned near as wet as rain, but by gosh, they aren't rain! They're just "high fog."

A "high fog" blanketed everything in gray gloom the first morning Nigel started for the studio. Canny Scotsman that he is, he wasn't going to be caught in any wet weather. And so he arrived, wearing rubber overshoes, bundled up in a macintosh, and—perish the thought—carrying an umbrella! That was more than a boner; that was rank heresy. People aren't too sure he means well even now.

"All the fault of that sniveling little beast," he defended himself. "Never did like Pekes anyway. Poor excuse for a dog."

■ Then there was the sidewalk conference after the preview of an unimportant little picture. Producers, directors, publicity men et al. solemnly were discussing the epic they had just witnessed in the theatre.

"It's great!" one said.

"It's terrific!" a second added.

"It's colossal!" concluded a third. "What do you say, Bruce?"

"I think it's a good picture," Nigel said seriously.

The group viewed him with a good deal of suspicion as he walked away. Nice chap, sure. Very good actor, too. But was he quite bright? Something rather strange about a man who would call a picture "good" and let it go at that. It wouldn't do to trust him too far.

"So now I'm not invited to any more sidewalk conferences," Nigel mourned. "First Whosis Castle and now sidewalks."

■ Just the other day he pulled a prize one. For days the sets of *Suez,* in which he has an important role, have had hundreds of extras milling about them. All were garbed in the colorful baggy trousers and bright silk blouses of the native Egyptian and atop hundreds of heads were bright red fezzes gaily festooned with gold braid.

As affable a chap as ever was, Nigel often strikes up conversation with the extras. He learns, he says, all sorts of interesting odds and ends of information from them. They in turn think he's a swell fellow and darned democratic for the brother of Sir Michael William Selby Bruce, 11th Baronet of Stenhouse, and a man who missed the baronetcy by a cat's whisker. So the other day he strolled over and started chatting with two of the be-fezzed gentlemen. One happened to have one of those diminutive "tooth brush" mustaches.

"I say, old chap," Nigel said to him. "I don't think I'd wear a make-up like that

in this picture. That mustache looks sort of silly and out of place, don't you think?" He was, he insists, only being helpful. How was he to know that a couple of Shriners attending the national convention had managed to wangle their way on to the sound stage, and that he had insulted the hirsute adornment of no less a personage than the illustrious potentate of the temple of Whatchamucallit, Kansas?

■ It happened again the very day we were lunching in the 20th Century-Fox commissary and Nigel was telling me this sad story. We had been discussing a certain scene in the picture and with that enthusiasm of which we all are guilty now and then Nigel proclaimed:

"I wrote my own best line myself!"

Two heads at the neighboring table turned to stare at him. They belonged to Gene Markey, the associate producer of the picture, and Philip Dunne who wrote the script!

Dunne smiled archly. "Have to look out for these foreigners," he told Markey. "Subversive tendencies, you know. Definitely a bad influence."

Bad influence, my eye! It's the Hex of the Peke.

Fans Can Be Pests!

[*Continued from page* 21]

paying and paying and paying. Had the editor been a star, the crowd would have grown rapidly to a screaming, pushing, good-natured mob, bristling with waving autograph books. Such public acclaim is a beautiful tribute, certainly, but violent scenes of excited devotion can be very inconvenient at times, to put it mildly.

■ Take the time last year when Sonja Henie was a guest star on Al Jolson's air show. All across the country, listeners beside their radios heard her. No doubt their imaginations pictured an evening filled with glamour for the popular little skater. They knew that she had had an interesting day at the studio where everything possible had been done to make her comfortable and happy. Deft maids had dressed her hair and changed her costumes. An understanding director had waited until the last moment before calling her to the set so that she might not become wearied while lights were being changed. Her companions were distinguished actors and actresses, sophisticated people who were good company. When the day's work was done, she was whisked home in a powerful big car. Certainly stars have a soft life, thought the radio listeners. Ah, but there was more to come!

The evening was chilly, so Sonja wore a light ermine cape to the broadcasting studio. It was a new cape, distinguished from all other capes by a fringe of little tails for decoration.

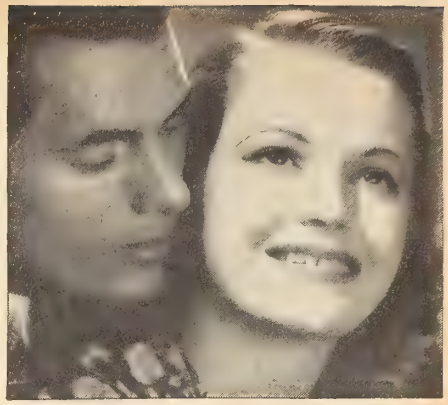
The broadcast went off according to schedule, and Sonja made her way to the street. A crowd was waiting, and it fell on her with glad cries. Sonja signed books as fast as she could for twenty minutes. Then she started to move toward her car. The fans on the outside of the crowd were eager. They jammed against those in front. They in turn jostled against the star. Sonja smiled and signed, but it was fifteen minutes more before she reached her car. Once under way, one can imagine that she took inventory rather grimly. Her slippers were badly trampled. Her hair was in disarray. Her flowers were gone. So was her handkerchief, and it must have taken a good deal of determination to keep that smile when she looked at her new cape. On the front was a smeared blotch of ink from a too heavily loaded fountain pen. Where a fringe had swung before there was a ragged uneven range of tails. In the excitement and confusion, a dozen fans had helped themselves to souvenirs!

■ Oh, certainly the stars love us. Certainly the stars are grateful for the devotion which has made them famous. But can you blame them if they grow a little timid about making public appearances? Think it over, the next time you wait in a railroad station or the lobby of a hotel, hoping to catch a glimpse of your favorite. And think twice before you say in disgust, "She's high-hat! He's stuck-up!" when one of the movie great skulks out the back way like a fugitive from justice.

When young players are seeking careers in Hollywood, they are tested for photographic effectiveness and for acting talent. It is a wonder that they aren't tested for football prowess, as well. Because some time or other, every star has to buck that line, and go through a scrimmage that would not be out of place on the gridiron.

■ Such things happen not only in Hollywood. In fact, Hollywood is accustomed to such emergencies, knows how to anticipate most of them. But when fan fever breaks out in other parts of the country, police frequently are taken unaware. They are prepared for riot calls. They know what to do when a five alarm fire breaks out. They can handle traffic snarls with ease. But the joyous enthusiasm of fans on the hunt for sensations is a matter difficult to handle, once it is under way.

When a film has a formal opening in Hollywood, an especial corps of cops is detailed as a matter of course to keep the entrance of the theatre clear. Sidewalks are roped off, and the audience has a reasonable chance of getting into the theatre quietly. More than many times, however, gardenias have been snatched off evening wraps, handkerchiefs have been grabbed from pockets by long armed fans who reached over the ropes for a souvenir.



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When *In Old Chicago* opened in New York, the sidewalks were not roped off because, ordinarily, that is not a necessity for the average premiere away from Hollywood. But word had gotten around that Alice Faye was to attend, and by the time she reached the theatre, the crowd had taken possession of the lobby. The sidewalk was packed solidly with laughing pushing fans who bobbed under the arms of the police and back into the center of the throng the minute they were shoved aside. The police were not helpless. They could have cleared the sidewalk in five seconds, had they wished to use as much violence as the crowd, itself, was using. But it would have spoiled the evening for everyone if a crowd of movie fans had been tear-gassed or arrested, so the big officers pushed and grinned and shoved, until finally they decided that drastic measures had to be used, and a mounted policeman carefully edged his horse up on the sidewalk and cleared a way through.

Your first reaction, on seeing a picture of a mounted policeman "riding down" a crowd, probably is one of indignation. But how would you feel if you were a star and discovered, after going through a mob of fans that someone had snipped one of your curls off? It has happened!

Ironically enough, many stars are blamed for the very thing that they cannot help. When Dick Powell and Joan Blondell went to see Helen Hayes star on the stage in *Victoria Regina* in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, they realized that there would be heavy traffic and probably some delay in getting into the theatre, so they left home unusually early. They were right. The crowd was enormous, and it was impossible to get into the theatre until after the curtain had gone up. Embarrassed, they slipped down the aisle as quietly as possible, but that did not prevent an item in the paper the next day: "Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell arrived in true movie-star fashion . . . LATE!"

This discussion has nothing to do with the pathetic people who are mentally unbalanced, and who become such difficult problems. Every few months, some pitiful person turns up claiming to be the long lost mother, daughter or former sweetheart of someone prominent in Hollywood. Such cases always are painful, because no argument and no proof is convincing to those poor clouded minds. And frequently the public is left with an impression of something unpleasant and underhanded about a star through no fault of his own.

A case in point is the recent trial of the woman who claimed Clark Gable to be the father of her child. The story was in headlines for days, and though it was proved beyond shadow of doubt that the star never had seen the woman before, and that she was completely mistaken, many people remember the charges, and forget that they were proved to be false.

This discussion deals with those people who admire stars sufficiently to wait for hours outside theatre and hotels in order to catch a glimpse of a favorite. It deals with those people who, having imagination enough to admire brilliant personalities, might reasonably be expected to have enough imagination to realize that stars are people, too.

Take that time when Gertrude Michael was keeping a luncheon date that had an extremely important bearing on her career.

She had been delayed at the studio, and she was late. When her car stopped in front of the Brown Derby, there was a slight frown of anxiety between her brows, because lateness is never a good idea, and this time it was especially embarrassing.

There was a crowd of perhaps fifty fans lying in ambush at the entrance. They fell upon Miss Michael with whoops of joy, waving autograph books.

"I can't stop now, I'm late for an engagement," she took time to explain as she pushed her way determinedly to the door. "I'll be glad to sign for you when I come out."

The fans didn't like that. Wasn't she a movie star? Wasn't she a favorite? Then who did she think she was, having the nerve to make dates when they were waiting?

They took an unkind revenge.

When Miss Michael came out later, there was a big sign chalked on the white stucco wall: "G MICHAEL IS HIGH HAT WE THINK SHE IS LAUSY"

Funny? Well, suppose it had happened to you? In front of your friends?

Devotion from fans is a wonderful and heart-warming thing. Most stars are genuinely grateful. Most stars are touched and warmed by the admiration and affection that comes to them from thousands of unknown admirers. But can you blame a dignified and sincere artist for being a little shocked and a little hurt when a fan yelled out of a crowd, "Hey, Joan, when you divorce Franchot, will you marry me?" That happened to Joan Crawford, who is noted for the careful consideration she gives to the public and for the gratitude she has expressed many times to her fans.

Then there is the case of Janet Gaynor and the determined fan. Janet was his favorite, so he determined to see her. He traveled all the way across the country. When he reached the studio, he was denied admittance. Naturally. A studio is a place of business. No one gets inside unless he has a business errand, or unless he has very influential friends on the studio staff or on the press who can have the rule set aside.

He tried to climb the fence, and was stopped by the studio police. He tried to ride in on a truck, and once more was stopped. Undaunted, he managed to discover her home address. Her house is set rather apart from other houses and the grounds are heavily planted with shrubbery. That gave the fan his chance.

As Janet's car swept up the driveway,

the early California dusk was falling, and the porch was in heavy shadow. As the little star ran up the steps a big, and what seemed to her menacing figure stepped silently out of the concealing shrubbery. She says that now she knows what writers mean when they say, "her heart leaped to her throat." She was scared all the way through with one of those unreasoning terrors that are like nightmares. It was the combination of dusk, the silent swift appearance of a desperate looking stranger where she had expected nothing more alarming than her own geranium bed.

Once he had won his point, the fan was satisfied. He said that he just wanted to be sure that Janet was as lovely in real life as she looked on the screen, and he went away satisfied after a good look. But little Janet confesses that she went straight to a mirror, half expecting to find her hair white from fright.

That was thoughtlessness which can be excused, but some of the inconsiderateness that is of daily occurrence is hard to understand.

When Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond were first engaged crowds followed them wherever they appeared. One of their favorite entertainments was the outdoor concerts in the Hollywood Bowl. The Bowl holds some 20,000 people, and frequently is sold out because the concerts are fine and there are many music lovers in Southern California. But not all the people who go to the concerts are music lovers, and during intermissions, fans who go for no other purpose than to get autographs carry their books from box to box.

The engaged pair signed graciously enough during intermission, though they had guests with them, and it was a rather trying interruption. But surely the all-time high of inconsiderateness was reached when a fan tip-toed down the aisle, right in the middle of Beethoven's Second Symphony, and whispered a request for signatures.

The stars were saved the embarrassment of refusing by infuriated boxholders around them who hissed, "Be quiet! Sit down! Go away!" furious over the interruption.

Most of them realized that Jeanette and Gene were helpless but one particularly angry music lover blamed them for the whole thing.

"These movie stars think they own the world!" she commented audibly. "They stop at nothing! Imagine signing autographs in the middle of the concert! They pretend they don't like it, so why do they do it? If they all got together and refused they could put an end to it in a week!" And that, of course, is true.

But most stars are long suffering. Most stars have their troubles on the way up. Most stars have a real sympathy and a real gratitude for the interest in them that keeps admirers standing for hours waiting for a chance to see them. Most stars feel that signing an autograph book is a little favor to grant, if it gives pleasure. But most stars do wish, and fervently, that fans would Stop, Look and Listen before they dash in where friends would be too considerate to tread.

Worry, Worry, Worry!

[*Continued from page* 33]

my role of a Washington, D. C., society girl in *The Lady and the Cowboy* is to be authentic. By the time my speech becomes Americanized again I'll have to return to England to fulfill committments with the British studios and once more I'll have to pick up the accent I dropped in America. It's going to be pretty confusing and difficult to keep my tongue 'in character,' so to speak, but perhaps I can manage it."

Worry No. 3 springs from her belief that she's going to have a hard time living up to the nice things that have been said about her since her return to American pictures. Being a hard-working, sincere, and studious actress who isn't at all bashful about criticizing her own efforts, she wants to pay off her admirers with the best performances of her career.

That worry, if we know anything about the lovely English lady, can be canceled right out of her mind. And we took a great deal of pains to tell her so.

We reminded her of her splendid performances as *Kitty Vane* in the *Dark Angel*, as *Anne Boleyn* in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, (the English picture, by the way, that provided the springboard for her leap into the American spotlight), and of her out-standing work in the *Scarlet Pimpernel*—just to convince her that in our own undercover way we had been keeping close tab on her career. To convince her further we asked her if it weren't true that her first pay check was for extra work in a British-Gaumont film called *Alf's Button*.

"I was given a line to speak in that one," she laughed, "and received ten dollars a day for three weeks. I'll never forget it. When the picture was released I went to see it, but much to my embarrassment I did not hear myself speak my expensive line; and as an added indignity I caught but one fleeting glimpse of myself on the screen. *Alf's Button!* I hope you're the only person who remembers it! Of course I've made a little progress since then, but I'm still worried about what's going to happen to me during my second appearance in American pictures."

And talking about second appearances, Merle says that she finds Hollywood just as terrifying as the day she arrived in 1935.

"Everything and everyone moves so fast that it's hard for me to keep in step. Everything is motion pictures and everyone talks 'shop' and it's practically impossible for an actor or an actress to have any semblance of privacy. Perhaps that,

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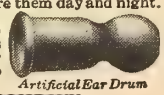
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as one director told me not long ago, is the reason why American pictures are so much better than those filmed abroad—the very intensity of everyone connected with the industry helps produce a superior product. Well, that may be true, but it's difficult to become accustomed ot the Hollywood way of living. In England, when I'm not working in a picture, I can find seclusion, and rest, and perfect enjoyment away from the studios. No one keeps urging you to do this and that for publicity's sake, no one asks you questions about your motion picture work, no one intrudes on your time and so you are able to live the life of an ordinary human being. But here, everything is so frenzied and frantic that an easy-going person like myself is thrown off-balance. But I'll say this—it's all very exciting and stimulating and if my nerves hold out I'm sure I'm going to enjoy it."

An exciting, exceptional, extremely talented English girl, this Merle Oberon, who is as lovely as she is wise. It's been three years and over since her first visit to Hollywood and in case you've forgotten some of the facts and fancies that have built up her fascinating background it might be well to remember that:

Her real name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, her birthplace is Tasmania, and that from the time she was seven until she was seventeen, she lived in Calcutta.

She was known, then, to her friends, as "Queenie," a nickname that her mother still uses.

She didn't like school and as soon as she was old enough she found employment in a large commercial firm.

When she was seventeen her uncle got army leave for a trip to England and took her along. The couple toured France, Italy, and Switzerland but when it came time to return, Merle objected. Many of the people she had met, struck by her exotic beauty, had told her she should be an actress—told her so often that she had grown to believe it herself.

Her uncle finally capitulated to her pleas, gave her a return ticket to Calcutta and with it $100. When the money was spent she was to take the first boat home.

On her own, she cashed her steamship ticket, spent the money for clothes and set about finding a job in the show business.

She labored obscurely in films for two years with such rewards as bit parts in *Ebb Tide*, and *Aren't We All.* Next came a role in *Fascination* directed by Myles Manter who changed her name to Merle O'Brien. Alexander Korda, on the lookout for new talent, gave her a test and later a part in *Wedding Rehearsal* starring Roland Young. Korda it was who made the second change in her name, this time to Merle Auberon. A day or two later it was discovered that there was a dressmaker by the name of Auberon working in the studio and it was Korda, again, who suggested another switch—this time to Oberon, an artistic steal from the king of the fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*



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Penny Singleton

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By E. J. SMITHSON

■ According to the newspaper reports of the theatrical event, Penny Singleton's New York stage debut went over with the loudest bang ever heard on Broadway!

Ever since she was eight—the year that marked the beginning of her professional career—the bright and talented Penny had kept her twinkling blue Irish eyes on the Big Town's theatrical horizon, and at the age of thirteen, and as a member of Anatole Friedland's *Anatole's Affairs*, she had finally caught up with it. Her one girlish ambition had at last been realized. She was on Broadway. On a Broadway stage. She was ready and eager to prove to a critical Broadway audience that there was rhythm in her educated feet and melody in her beautiful voice.

"I wanted to be at my very best that first night," says Penny in recalling the experience, "because someone had told me that Alan Dale, the famous critic, was to be present. If my act could squeeze even one little line of praise from him I felt that I would never again have to worry about success. When I came out from the wings and began my dance, my heart was beating time to the tapping of my feet, but I knew I was getting along fine because the orchestra conductor would smile and nod his head every time I looked at him. Maybe, I kept saying to myself, I'll do so well that Mr. Dale will give me a whole paragraph in his review! And then it happened! Just as I started my 'spotting tinsicas'—the technical name for a series of fast dance whirls—I lost my balance, flew headlong over the footlights, and landed kerplunk on a kettle-drum! The drummer caught me on the second bounce, lifted me back onto the stage without missing more than five beats, and I went right back into my dance routine!

"Heart-broken was the word for Penny when I got back to the wings. Besides losing my balance I was certain that I had lost whatever chance I ever would have to appear in New York again. My clumsiness and Alan Dale's review would take care of that. That the audience was giving me the well-known 'great big hand' help dispel the cloud of despair that engulfed me. The applause was more out of sympathy, I thought, than anything else. I learned later that it was given in appreciation of what was believed to be the most startling and original bit of dance routine ever witnessed on a New York stage!"

■ Well, the bright Penny was pretty dull in thinking that her career was ruined. In the first place the famous critic had failed to cover the show, and in the second place, a Shubert scout who did, liked her act so well that he signed her up the next day and before the talented little dancer knew what it was all about she learned she had been cast in her first musical comedy, *Innocent Eyes*. When this hit had completed its run she was immediately assigned to a starring role in *Good News* and followed this up with another part in *Follow Thru*.

Believe it or not, that's what this little girl got for falling for a trap drummer!

And then, at an age when many girls are merely struggling to get started in a professional career, she retired from the stage, gave up her footlight ambitions, said farewell to her theatrical aspirations, and took up her residence in California with no other thought in her pretty head, says she, then to settle down to a life of ease and comfort at the decrepit and cranky old age of twenty-four! Strange people, these Irish!

"I felt," explains the vivacious Penny, in trying to give us the low-down on her odd behavior, "that I had earned a rest after 16 years of hard work. All I

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wanted from now on was a rocking chair to rock in, some of the famed California sun to sun myself in, and a sequestered place from which I could watch the rest of the world go by. And then, after I had rocked, sunned, and watched long enough, I might try my hand at other things besides acting. Writing, for instance. And painting. The movies? Honestly I never gave the screen a thought."

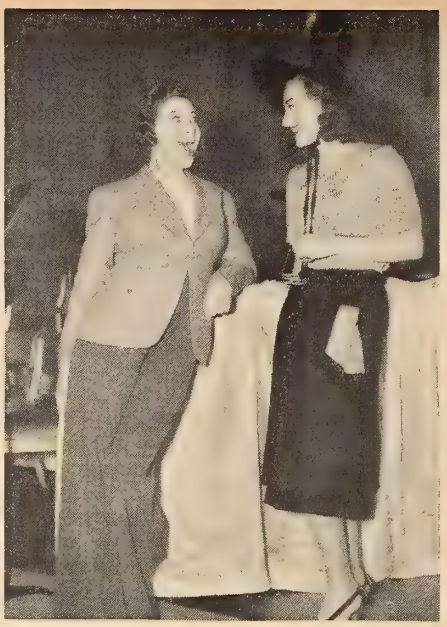
■ Well, you know how it is in Hollywood. Before she had time to give the rocking chair a good work-out, she was visited by an emissary from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He had come, so he said, for no other purpose than to pay his deep respects to a famous Broadway star. It developed later during his visit that as a matter of studio routine he had brought along a contract and a pen just in case Miss Singleton might be intrigued by the idea of motion picture work. The second feminine lead in *After The Thin Man* was hers for the mere signing of a bit of paper and so beguiling was his tongue, so slick his approach, that before he left he had Penny half-way out of her retirement complex and her name on the dotted line. She was such a sensation in that picture that before she had time to read her flattering review notices another emissary—from Warner Brothers, this time—paid her what *he* insisted was merely a social call, parked on her front door-step and, social call or not, refused to budge until she had agreed to do the feminine lead opposite Humphrey Bogart in *Swing Your Lady*. Before the shooting had reached the half-way mark, Warner Brothers, fearful of losing her, signed her up to a long term contract and now the little old lady of twenty-four is back in motion picture circulation for good. Or so everybody hopes.

A few weeks after she had inked in her name to the above mentioned contract she did it again—but this time on a marriage license—so becoming, you might say, a movie star and a housewife at one fell swoop of the pen. She's now Mrs. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton in private life—and Penny Singleton to you.

"Ever since I've been married," claims this Penny-wise film star and housewife, "good luck has been with me. For years I've been trying to break into the writing game but without a sign of success until I married Dr. Singleton. Now it all seems so easy! *Good Housekeeping Magazine* just bought a poem of mine and I've also managed to sell several short stories."

■ Modesty is almost a fault with this young lady. In passing over her writing ability, she neglected to tell us about the two story ideas in which she interested Sam Bischoff, a producer at Warner Brothers, almost before the ink was dry on her contract.

Penny slipped into Producer Bischoff's office late one afternoon during the first week's shooting of *Swing Your Lady* to give him one of the real surprises of his motion picture life. Being new to the studio he thought at first that she came to discuss roles. Like all actresses she probably had some naive ideas along that line



"Baby Snooks" Fanny Brice is all agog over Joan Crawford's gaucho chin strap and polka-dotted handkerchief as they talk over the news on the "Good News" broadcast

and he was ready to head her off. Bischoff, being a very busy man, was on the point of telling her what was being done, what would be done, and what she had to do so far as her talents were concerned, when she beat him to the gun. She wasn't here to discuss her career as an actress. Whatever Warners did, she said, was perfectly satisfactory to her.

Well, if you know Hollywood you know how the producer felt! Here, right in front of him, was a smiling little lady, a new-comer, a Broadway star, who absolutely refused to talk about her parts! It was unheard of! It was positively incredible. It was—

It was right about then that Penny broached the subject of story ideas and she broached them so well that before she left Producer Bischoff had okayed both of them and told her to develop them as screen possibilities. The story goes around the studio now that before the year is over she'll not only be acting in pictures but writing them as well!

■ "The thrill was too much for me," Penny says. "During the filming of an exciting sequence the next day I not only 'sunk my teeth' into my role, but swallowed them as well! They weren't my real teeth, of course, but porcelain caps. The studio hurried me to the dentist who made another set and I swallowed them the next day! Back to the dentist for another 'fitting,' and then back to the set where I put on another tooth-swallowing act. It cost the studio $450 to keep me in porcelain spacers for my lower jaw, and I guess I was lucky the production manager didn't charge the expense up to my salary. But he got even. During the final editing and cutting he left in a sequence that shows me with my fingers in my mouth trying to press the caps into position. I wasn't supposed to be in that scene at all and I must say it isn't very flattering. It certainly caps the porcelain climax!"

■ Penny was born Mariana Dorothy McNulty and is the daughter of Bernard Joseph McNulty, a newspaper man, and Maria Louisa McNulty. She has one aunt who was one of the original orphans of the famous play, *Orphans of the Storm*. No other relative that Penny knows of has ever been connected with the stage.

Her education was completed at the Alex McClure School in Philadelphia and at Columbia University where she took a course in Journalism and Dramatics. She's a member of Beta Sigma Phi sorority and has contributed a number of articles and poems to the sorority's magazine, *The Torch*. She started her professional career at the age of eight singing illustrated songs on a Philadelphia movie theatre and landed on Broadway four years later.

"I learned to dance in Al White's Dancing School," she says. "Jeanette MacDonald was a student, too, and I still have a vivid remembrance of the red-headed Jeanette singing *Shadow Man, My Shadow Man* in one of our recitals."

Eliminating the old-age-retirement complex that placed her in a rocking chair on her arrival in California a year ago, the bright and shining Penny is one of the most active and industrious young ladies in or out of the studios. Between pictures, if she has any time at all to devote to it, she busies herself with the child welfare work of Beta Sigma Phi, and if there is a spare moment left over she gives it to the Business Women's Association of Westwood Village where she resides, and to the Rotary Club. Being a direct descendant of Daniel Boone she says that just as soon as there is a lull in her studio work she's going to scout around for more outside work to do!

Penny-wise, but by no means pound-foolish is an eight-word garbled proverb that aptly describes this gay and vivacious young new-comer to the screen.

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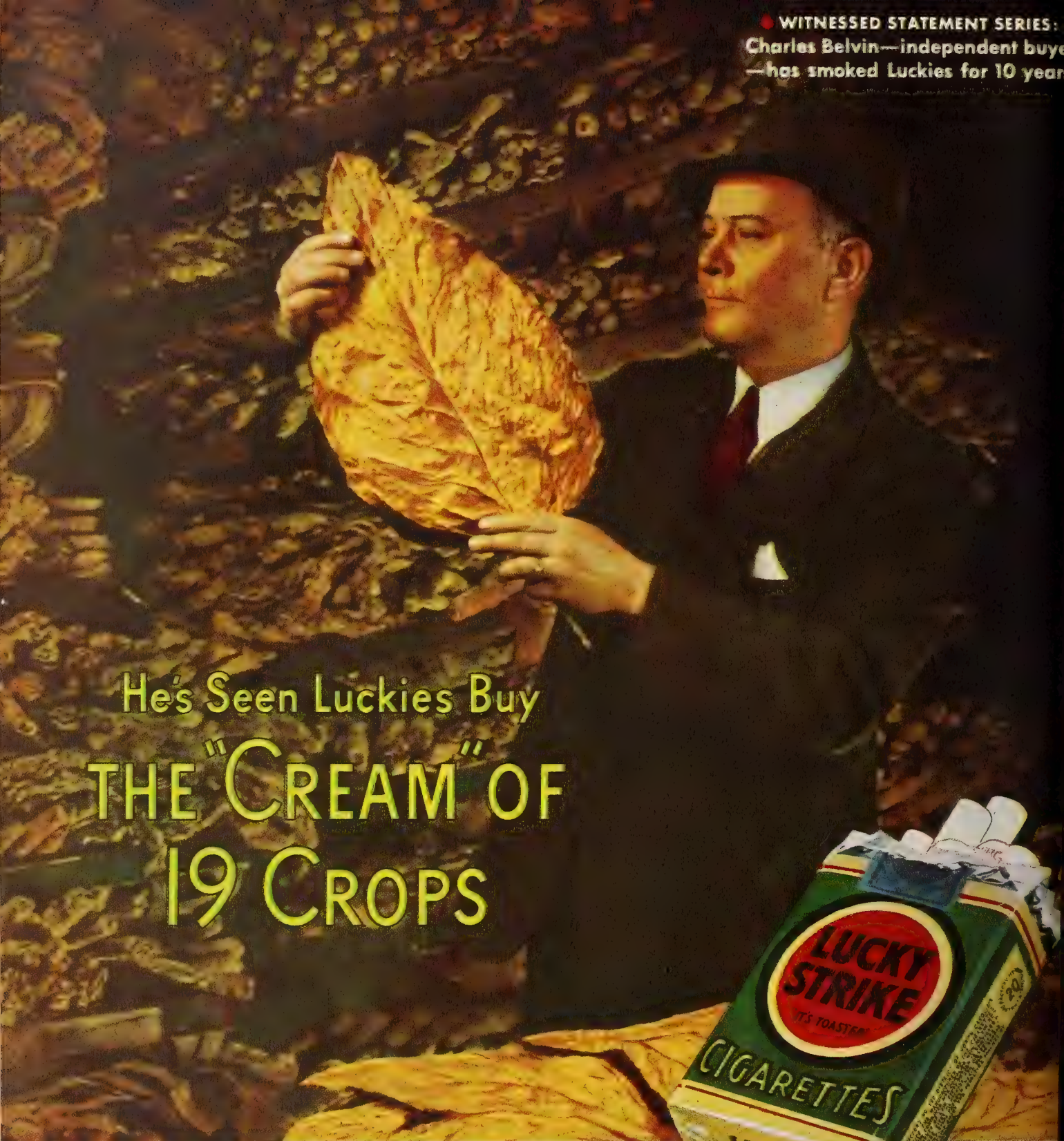


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SEE PAGE 23

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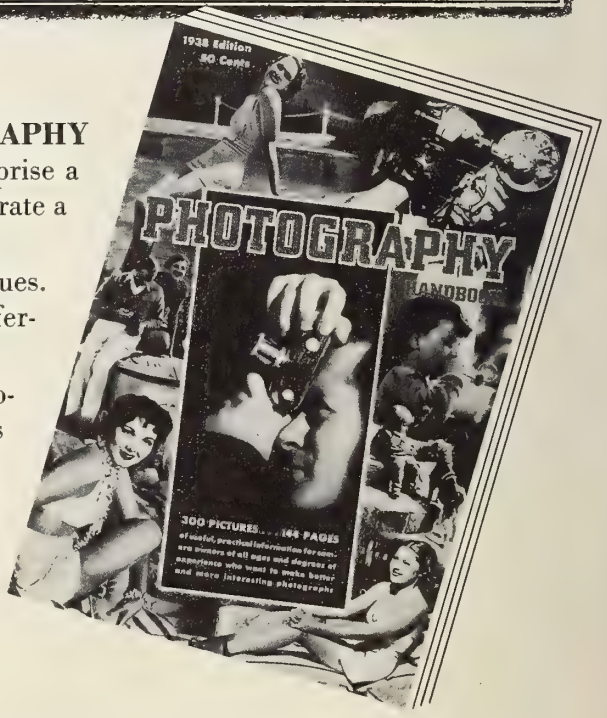
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Hollywood

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Publisher

SEP 10 1938

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

Whoever started the rumor that ice-skating queen, Sonja Henie, is a nickle-nurser must have taken a couple of deep puffs of the poppy. After finishing her latest picture, *My Lucky Star,* European promoters offered her $80,000, plus expenses, to make personal appearances while abroad, but little Sonja turned it down—and for what, do you suppose? Well, because the tired little star wanted a vacation, a good long one, and no mere $80,000 was going to stand in the way of it.

Robert Cummings is just about ready to give a lot of his friends the air. The Department of Commerce just okayed his instructor's license and he's now entitled to give flying lessons in ships weighing up to 7,000 pounds. Just to show him what it thought about the honor, Paramount grounded him for the duration of *Touchdown Army,* which recently went into production.

Marlene (Legs) Deitrich may be poison to a lot of independent exhibitors, but she's going to be plenty busy in front of the lens when she returns from Europe in September. Columbia has her about set for a picture and when that is completed Darryl Zanuck, the 20th Century-Fox, has just about decided she's the gal to play Lady Esketh in *The Rains Came.* And while we're mentioning this future opus, you should listen to the plotting and planning and conniving that's going on at the Fox studio among the stars who want roles in the picture.

Bette Davis, bless her sturdy little heart, isn't backing away from speaking her piece whenever she thinks she's right.

Out on *The Sisters* set at Warners, Director Anatole Litvak expressed his disapproval of the manner in which Ian Hunter was leading Bette in the polka.

"In Russia," Bette said very quietly, "the women may lead the men, but in America the man leads the woman."

The Sisters set was smothered by a complete and painful silence for a full minute with prop boys, electricians, and technicians waiting tensely for war to break out, but Litvak, being a wise director as well as a good one, shouted "Action"—and the show went on.

Phil Regan and Bill Gargan have been friends for years but only the other day, during a luncheon powwow, did they discover that they had much in common. They learned by comparing notes that they had been born in the same county and had attended the same school in Brooklyn. Much to their surprise they discovered also that they had both married Irish lassies in the same church, the St. Francis; that both were once street car conductors, that each had been blessed with two sons and that they both contributed to the same charity. The sameness ends, however, when they get talking about baseball, Bill being a rabid Giant fan and Phil a staunch supporter of the daffy Dodgers of Brooklyn.



Penny Singleton dancing with a handsome youngster who seems to be having a fine time with the Movieland Tourists and the stars during a dinner-dance at the Wilshire Bowl

Isolationist No. 1 is Filmman Jimmy Cagney, who recently laid $32,000 on the line to become sole owner of an island lying near the westerly tip of Balboa Island in Newport Bay. Along with the purchase went a large residence and a number of guest houses all ready for occupancy when Jimmy and his Irish pals want to play hookey from Hollywood.

Spencer Tracy, whose numberless deeds of kindness often go unmentioned, added another to his long list the other day when he went to bat for the two sons of the M-G-M gardener, Tony Mendoza, and saw to it that the youngsters got their chance to make their screen debut in *Boy's Town.*

Marital discord in the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita menage broke out afresh last month when Errol, winging into the Union Air Terminal from San Francisco—where he'd gone to grow a beard for a picture—refused to embark when he saw his wife waiting for him. Ordering the pilots to go ahead after all passengers had left the plane, Errol ducked down into his seat while the ship taxied to a

[*Continued on page* 65]



Buddy Westmore staged a make-up show at the "It" Cafe for the Movieland Tourists, and here is pretty Pauline Moore finding out how it feels to be a Hollywood star



Wayne Morris and Rochelle Hudson with two of the younger Movieland Tourists who came well equipped with pencils to get those prized autographs from favorite players

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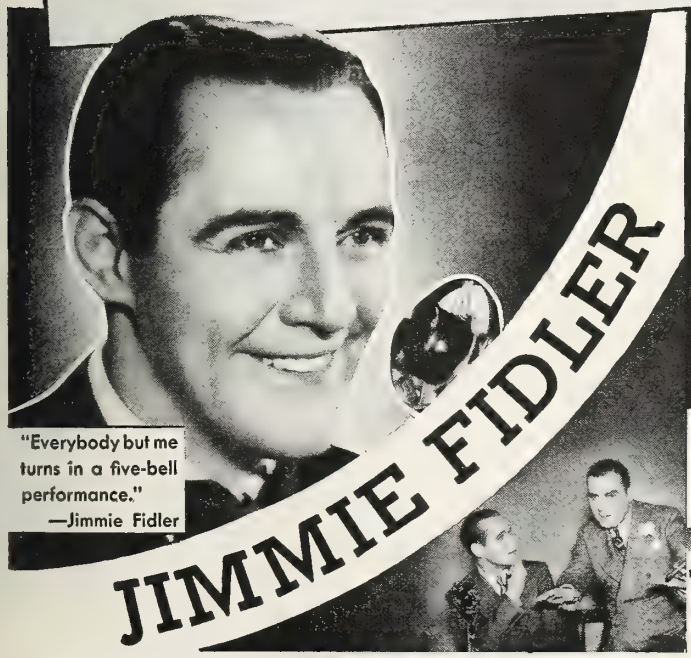
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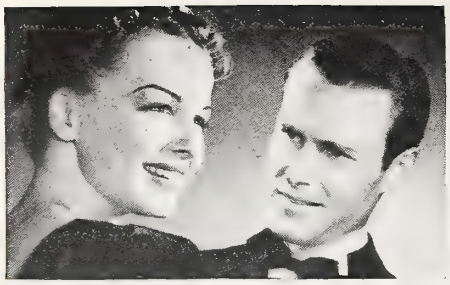
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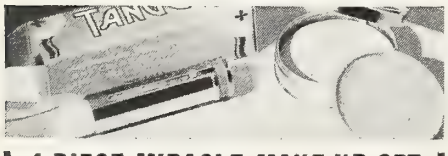


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THE SHOW GOES ON

■ An editor's lot is not an easy one, and editors of movie magazines have the hardest times of all. If you don't believe it, ask any fan magazine editor. They'll tell you that the unexpected always happens.

But this month, serenity reigns in the offices of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Placid smiles have smoothed the normally furrowed brows of the staff, as fine a set of worriers as you'll find in the publishing business.

For one thing, our circulation manager just strolled in, all abeam, with facts and figures to prove that HOLLYWOOD Magazine sells more copies in Hollywood and Los Angeles than any other magazine devoted to the movies.

That was such good news that, impulsively, we offered the circulation manager the pickle off our sandwich. On the day the magazine goes to the printer, luncheon always comes in on a tray, and, as everyone knows, they never send enough pickles on a tray luncheon, so the offer was pretty magnificent. He declined the pickle, remarking rather tactlessly we thought, that he was on his way to the Hunting Room at the Astor. So we told him he was a fine fellow to sell all of those magazines. He made us a pretty bow and said that we deserved the medal for finding stories and pictures and news that interested, not only the whole country, but the center of the movie industry, itself. So we gave him the whole sandwich.

■ Another thing that makes us feel fine is the way letters continue to come in about double features in theatres. In the August issue, we asked readers to let us know whether they preferred to see two pictures or one when they went to a show. Two days after the magazine was placed on sale, we began to get letters, and they have been coming in ever since! We have been busy sending thought-waves saying "Thank you!" to all of those fine letter writers who have helped us find out just how the paying customers would like to have their theatres run. So far, for every person who liked double bills, there have been four and three-fourths people who wanted single bills. And the letters still come. We'll give you another report on the voting next month.

■ Speaking of next month, we have some extra special features under way for the winter season. Two of the most challenging are questionnaires. The first one appears in the November issue, and in it Miss Loretta Young lists sixty-four questions which she claims will reveal the hidden self of any young man. Our great weakness is a marked tendency to be dazzled by a soft voice, a flamboyant wit and a touch of smouldering sorrow. Sometimes those attractive attributes cover a heart of gold. But they also may be worn effectively by 90 proof heels. So immediately we tried out the system on six unsuspecting gentlemen, and it works! Life should be much simpler from now on. Miss Young calls it, "The 'Regular Guy' test," and we think you ought to have it in your files. The following month, Mr. Robert Montgomery is producing an equally searching set of questions for the ladies.

■ In our files right now is a wonderful picture of Mr. Robert Taylor at the age of two, dressed in a rather sensational combination of suit and dress. He seems to be in full charge of a hand bag about twice his size which undoubtedly is filled with equally interesting and fashionable attire. It was taken just before his departure for his grandmother's home, and we plan to print it with the story about that same grandmother. She is a very determined little lady, and you will laugh with her (and with Taylor, too) when you read about her one-woman battle against the star's screen name.

■ Our favorite extra, Mr. E. J. Smithson, has been working pretty steadily, and if you enjoyed his adventures in other pictures, you will be glad to know that he still is all in one piece, even after working in *You Can't Take It With You,* which he tells about next month. In our last letter, we asked him why he always seemed to get hit by things every time he went to work in the movies. He said it was because he is too much of an artist to look behind him, but he thought he ought to have an expense account for bandages. Our last word from him came from the Mount Whitney location of the *Gunga Din* company. It came in a wire which we haven't answered yet: HAVE JUST BITTEN RATTLESNAKE WAS HE SURPRISED DO YOU WANT PICTURES.



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TITO COMES TO TOWN

Tito Guizar's career has taken him half way around the world, but now he has arrived in Hollywood, and he expects to stay

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Every time Tito Guizar, Paramount's handsome, romantic baritone opens his mouth in song he opens up a new market in Mexico and South America for this studio's screen product. Which certainly doesn't hurt the handsome Tito any more than it does the studio.

Tito, you may recall, was added to the cast of *The Big Broadcast of 1938* more or less as a Mexican-South American "feeler," so to speak, and his special musical number turned out to be the highlight of the picture. All of which made Tito feel pretty good about his initial success, made Paramount feel better because of the promise of bigger and better foreign sales, and best of all made movie fans feel very happy because of the studio's promise that they would soon have an opportunity to see their new favorite in bigger and better roles.

After having seen the rushes of his second picture, *Tropic Holiday* in which he co-stars with Dorothy Lamour (the same picture, by the way, in which Martha Raye fights and throws ze bool like an old-time toreador) we can truthfully say that producer, director, and front-office, alike, have done more than their share to live up to their agreements. For Tito, with his guitar or without it, sings and acts in a fashion that will win him more raves than he used to get on his radio broadcasts. In other words, he's going to be a sensation.

■ Tito's early ambition in life was far removed from the realm of music. Above all else he wanted to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious grandfather, General Francisco Tolentino, who was once President of Mexico.

"The only music I enjoyed when I was a boy," says Tito, "was the roar of the cannon and I studied good so that when I became beeg I could be an artilleryman in the Mexican Army. A wagon soldier I theenk you call them in America. But my mother, who loved music and who once sang with Bouche, the famous

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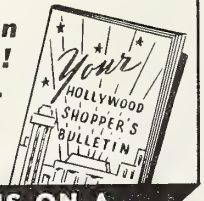
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operatic tenor, she very soon says, 'No, Tito. You are to be a singer like me when you become a man—only much better.' Yes, she says that and so you see how it is. I studied music as she say. First in Mexico City when I was young, and then later in Milan, Italy, under Pasqual Amato, the great baritone. In 1931 I make my stage debut in the opera *Manon* played at the New York Hippodrome by the Chicago Opera Company. After that I sing in a number of others."

After his Hippodrome introduction Tito did concert and vocal specialties at Central Park Casino, the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, and the Arcadia night club and, switching from classical to popular music he began to draw more than his share of raves from the boys and girls who write about sharps and flats for the New York newspapers. It wasn't long before he was broadcasting over the NBC and Columbia networks being billed, now, as "Tito Guizar and his guitar."

■ Tito was first introduced to American audiences as early as 1929, but it doesn't count, according to Tito because, as he admits, he just didn't seem to "take" and this, he admits further, was probably due to the fact that he refused to sing anything but native songs.

"My voice, it was very nice the critics said," Tito declares, "and the people in Mexico and South America liked to hear me, but the Americans—not so much. So my wife, who is a very smart woman as well as a very beautiful one, she say: 'Tito, you learn to speak English good so you can sing English songs. It will put you over beeg, you wait and see.' That is what my wife, Nanette, she say to me and sure enough I learn English, sing in English and it's like—what you call it—falling off the log. That was nine years ago and I theenk I speak good, don't you theenk?"

We said we thought he spoke excellent English. Which he does. Save for a slight accent his speaking voice is like that of any American you can name, and in a crowd you'd mistake him for a triple-A Yankee. He's that much Americanized.

■ We told Nanette, who was sitting beside us at a Brown Derby luncheon table, that it was very nice of her famous husband to give her the credit for making him learn our language. A lot of American husbands, we said, don't like to give their wives credit for anything except at the stores.

"Yes," she smiled, "Tito is very nice that way. I theenk he's a very good husband. I theenk I speak very good English, too, don't you theenk?"

Which she does, and we were going to say so when Tito interrupted.

"My wife she's of the theatre, too," he said. "For a long, long time she was a big favorite in Mexico City. Then she go to Europe with her own troupe and won what you call them—bouquets—in all the beeg cities and when she come back she introduced the rhumba in New York City. No, I didn't know her when I lived in Mexico City. You see, she went to Laredo, Texas, to school and when she come home I was in Milan studying for the opera. We meet when we are on the same bill at the Ritz-Carlton and just like that, we are married. Which was very lucky for me, too, don't you theenk?"

We agreed and then asked her why she hadn't appeared in pictures.

■ "Mexican hosbands, like Tito, don't want their wives to work," she said. "So—I quit and be just a wife. But I fool him once. . . ."

"She fool me this way," Tito smiled. "When I was at the Ritz-Carlton, Winfield Sheehan he heard me and offered me a screen test. After it was okay I was signed for the lead in a musical picture called *Argentina*. So I come out to Hollywood and I sit around and sit around, drawing my salary every week but never once starting to make the picture, never once going on a sound stage. There was what you call it—a shake-up at the studio and the picture was never made. But Nanette. With her it was very different. She come out with me with no idea of ever being in the movies and she got in a picture quick! A Spanish picture. She sing and dance which makes me very angry. Here I was, the what you call it—the beeg shot—of the family, with a contract, a beeg salary and just like that my wife she, what you call it——beat me to it. That experience was enough for me so I say goodbye to Hollywood for good. Never again I say to myself. But—see, here I am."

Tito fulfilled an engagement or two in New York after his "goodbye Hollywood forever" decision and then signed a contract to make a picture in Mexico City, an all-Spanish picture called *Alla en el Rancho Grande* and immediately the Mexico City newspapers began to take, what we call it—picks on him. In the first place, they said, a Spanish picture would never sell in the States much less in South America. In the second place, this Tito Guizar, while admittedly fairly good over the radio, wasn't an actor. Furthermore, if the music critics were any judges at all, he wasn't much of a singer, either. In the third place, this Tito Guizar wasn't a native of Mexico. He was, if the truth were known, a poseur.

That Tito was more or less hot under his Mexican collar when he read all this goes without saying. But being a stubborn young man as well as a smart one, he made a lot of Mexican vows that before he was through with his critics he'd make them eat every line they'd written about him.

■ "It had been a long time since I had been on a ranch," explains Tito, "and I had forgotten almost everything of ranch life, and I knew I never could start my picture until I was very sure I could make my character natural and true to life. So I went to my father and worked on his ranch. Soon everything came back to me. What clothes to wear, how to mount a horse, how to roll a cigarette—lots of little things like that. Then we

make the picture, *Alla en el Rancho Grande*. And then we try to sell it. It was no good, they say. One studio in Hollywood, through its New York distributing branch, it offered $6,000! South Americans, they say, wanted American pictures, the big pictures with the famous stars like Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, Shirley Temple, Don Ameche, Loretta Young and so on. This Tito Guizar, he was an unknown in pictures and so he was poor competition against the Americans. $6,000 was a good price and we could take it or leave it. There were other offers, of course, but not much better. So you know what this no-good Tito does?"

We said no we didn't and before we could add another word, Tito was at it again.

■ "So I say, what you call it—okay—Tito will take the picture down into South America himself and you see two, three months from now what a beeg mistake you make. First I take the picture to the beegest movie theatre in Buenos Aires in Argentina. But the manager he laugh when I—what you call it—proposition him. He say his theatre runs only beeg pictures like *San Francisco, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Anthony Adverse*—pictures like that. His theatre he says to me averages 40,000 pesos a week. *Alla en el Rancho Grande* would be lucky to take in 1,000 pesos a week. That was—what you call it—a sock in the puss, eh? Finally I say, after a week of talking, that I will guarantee one-half of his average weekly take—see, I know that one—or 20,000 pesos. That wasn't enough so I get another man, a Paramount sales representative, to guarantee another 20,000 pesos and the next week *Alla en el Rancho Grande* was doing business in the beegest theatre in Buenos Aires. And you know how much business it did? No, I guess not! The first week it took in 40,000 pesos! And the second week 65,000 pesos! It was a smash, a wow—see, I know those words, too. When I left Mexico City on this trip only sixty-five people see me off—everyone of them relatives of mine. But when I come back more than 20,000 people were at the station to greet me! Yes, indeed. This fellow Tito Guizar was—what you call it—some pumpkins, eh? That was in 1936. South America wanted more pictures with Tito in them. So did Mexico—American pictures. So I sign a contract with Paramount and already I have been in two and soon there is another coming. And more after that if Tito continues to be the beeg shot in South America and Mexico. But I am smart. I see them come and go in the movies, and I am prepared. I go into opera and on the radio in case I become a little shot quick."

We think we're smart, too, especially after seeing the rushes of Tito's recent picture, *Tropic Holiday*. He's going to be here in Hollywood and in films for a long time to come. Paramount thinks it is smart, too, for the studio has signed him to a long term contract.

Well, what do you theenk?



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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

MARIE ANTOINETTE (M-G-M)

■ The opening scene in this mammoth production establishes the scale for the entire picture. The camera is trained on a long, long, long, long, long, high, wide, handsome corridor. Far, far away at the end a door opens, and a little figure scurries with a girlish bounce and skips down its vast length. It is little Marie Antoinette of Austria, hurrying to her mother's apartment in the palace to hear that her marriage to the Dauphin of France has been arranged.

And for close to three hours, the picture continues on the same scale. Faithfully reproduced, we are told, was the great ball-room at Versailles, with the single exception that it was made almost twice as big. Gowns of truly breath-taking grandeur crowd the screen and vie for attention with an equally magnificent cast.

The first part of the film deals with the pathetic attempt of Antoinette (Norma Shearer) to make a success of her life with the clod-like Dauphin (Robert Morley), and to win the loyalty of the court from Du Barry (Gladys George), strong-willed mistress of the aging Louis XV (John Barrymore).

At no time in the first part of the film is the poverty and the misery of France mentioned, which is right, because such things were not a part of Antoinette's life, and so little known to her that, when someone told her that the people were without bread, she shrugged her soft shoulders and flipped the retort, "Then, let them eat cake!" That quotation is not heard in the film, incidentally, cut in the interests of showing the warmer side of the ill-fated queen.

With the second part of the film, the threat of the growing resentment of the populace begins to show, and the theatrical contrast between the wretched, desperate mob and the extravagant, indifferent court makes for high drama.

Robert Morley gives one of the outstanding performances as the slow-witted, doomed Louis XVI in a cast packed with famous names: Henry Stephenson as the courteous old ambassador, Anita Louise as a lovely lady in waiting, Cora Witherspoon, Barnett Parker, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, Alma Kruger, Joseph Calleia, George Meeker, Scotty Beckett, Marilyn Knowlden.

Tyrone Power gives a serious, telling performance as the loyal Count De Fersen, and acknowledgment should be made to Adrian who designed the gowns as well as to the thousands of musicians, technicians, craftsmen and needlewomen whose work contributes so much to the magnificence of this film.

Perhaps the real star is Director W. S. Van Dyke whose skill is so great that the film, which is nearly three hours long does not seem to last for more than . . . well, a little over two.

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY (M-G-M)

■ This is one of the funniest, one of the most expert, one of the most admirable comedies you'll see in many a day, and if you have a teen-age great lover among your friends, pick him up and join him in laughter at Mickey Rooney's troubled career as a social lion.

As the story starts, Andy Hardy is hounded by the gnawing necessity for a car of his own in which to take his girl (Ann Rutherford) to the big dance of the year. Stung to action by irresistible desire, he pays $12 down on a dazzling roadster, trusting to luck and various devices of his own to complete the rest of the twenty dollar down-payment before the big night.

And that started the troubles which lacerated his tender sensibilities until the once light-hearted Andy was hardly recognizable as the gloom-laden, worry-weighted boy who had hardly enough fight left to continue his running guerilla warfare with his sister. First he had a girl and a car. Then he had two girls and no car. Then he had a car and no girl.

Judy Garland turns in a charming performance as the little girl who comes to visit next door. She is about a year younger than Andy's set, and so is distinctly a social blight. Andy is indeed hard-driven when he indulges the mad impulse to take her to the dance. Judy sings three delightful songs, the dialogue is a delight, and you will be very sorry if you let this one go without seeing it.

SKY GIANT (RKO-Radio)

■ Richard Dix is the dashing air pilot. Chester Morris is the dashing student pilot. So they play a lot of tricks on each other and fall in love with the same girl, Joan Fontaine.

The girl is an impulsive little lady, and, because Morris will not promise to stop flying, she breaks her engagement with him and marries Dix. So right away after the wedding Morris and Dix have to take off together on an experimental flight over the frozen Alaskan wastes. Toward the end of the film you can see a smile covering a breaking heart almost anywhere you look. The whole thing is quite routine except for some of the shots of a big school for pilots.

PROFESSOR BEWARE (Paramount)

■ Faster and funnier than ever, the standard Harold Lloyd comedy in its new disguise as *Professor Beware* maintains a giddy speed from start to finish. Lloyd comedies always follow the same formula, and I, for one, would resent it mightily if the star should venture any basic change. Once more, he plays the innocent be-spectacled young man who

regards the world and its way with a mild awe until aroused, and then he fights like a lion.

This new film is apt to be rated among the very best of the Lloyd pictures because of the variety of resourceful gags which decorate the rapid action. The star plays an Egyptologist who believes that his life parallels that of one of the ancient Pharoahs, who had a mighty hard time before the villains finally did him to death.

Phyllis Welch proves to be a most attractive leading woman and the dazzling cast of supporting comedians includes Raymond Walburn, Lionel Stander, William Frawley, Thurston Hall, Cora Witherspoon, Sterling Holloway, Spencer Charters, Montagu Love, Etienne Giradot, Christian Rub, Guinn Williams and Ward Bond.

It is hard to tell which is the funniest sequence: the clothes changing scene, the auto that flees across country under a tent, the race on top of a freight train as it enters a no-clearance tunnel, or the fight on the yacht. You'll have to pay your money and take your choice.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (Twentieth Century-Fox)

There could not have been a happier inspiration than to build a picture around the songs of Irving Berlin, for the entire nation has been dancing to them, humming them throughout the major portion of the twentieth century, and they are singularly dear because they bring memories to every member of every audience.

The story, as you might expect, deals with a young band leader (Tyrone Power), his best friend (Don Ameche) and a girl they both love (Alice Faye). They have fights and misunderstanding. They go to war. They put on shows. And it all adds up to a good excuse to play another Berlin hit tune. Jack Haley, Jean Hersholt, Helen Westley, Ethel Merman, John Carradine, Paul Hurst, Wally Vernon, Chick Chandler, Eddie Collins, Joseph Creehan, Dixie Dunbar and dozens of others contribute to the success of this film which is, essentially, a dramatized jazz concert.

SING YOU SINNERS (Paramount)

There was never a dull moment in the Beebe household, and nearly all of the distress and trouble could be traced to Joe. Joe (Bing Crosby) couldn't get anything but part time work. In other words, Joe always got fired before he completed his first day's labor on a new job. As a result, Mrs. Beebe (Elizabeth Patterson) was jumpy, quarrelsome and tearful by turns, Dave (Fred MacMurray) had to turn all of the profits of his job into the family, and Fred's girl (Ellen Drew) was trying to be a good sport about their three-year engagement, with no hope in sight.

The only member of the family who was having any fun at all was Mike (played by an exceptional young actor, Donald O'Connor) and he enjoyed playing coffee and doughnut dates with his brothers at small cafes.

ANN IS PRETTY—ANN'S EFFICIENT WHY CAN'T SHE KEEP A JOB?



Mum would have saved her charm and her job. Mum prevents underarm odor

IT'S a miserable thing to know you're intelligent, efficient, attractive — yet never to *win!* Ann's jobs, like her dates, always came to grief, and she never knew why. She never thought it could be *underarm odor*—didn't she bathe each day?

So many girls make Ann's mistake of thinking a bath keeps them fresh and charming all day long. Remember, no bath can! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come!*

Girls who are *really* smart play safe with their jobs—and their friends. In one quick half minute they take an all-day-long precaution. They *prevent* odor —with Mum. They *like* Mum—it's so pleasant, so quick, so dependable.

MUM SAVES TIME! A touch of Mum under each arm and you're through. Keep a jar in your desk to use even *after* you're dressed. Mum is harmless to fabrics!

MUM IS SAFE! Try this pleasant cream deodorant even after underarm shaving. See how it actually soothes your skin.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Buy Mum from your druggist *today* and on your job, on your dates, you can be *sure* of your charm.

IN BUSINESS OR IN LOVE—MUM GUARDS YOUR CHARM

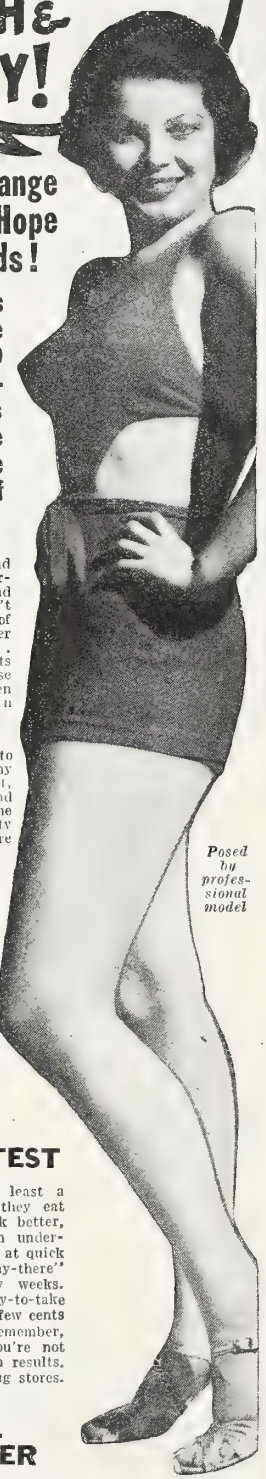


For Sanitary Napkins— *Thousands of women use Mum for napkins because it's so safe, sure. Avoid worry, with Mum.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

OVERCOME MAL-NOURISHMENT AND YOU WILL KNOW THE JOY OF HEALTH & BEAUTY!



Posed by professional model

A Simple Change Brings New Hope to Thousands!

Frequently Folks Like Yourself are MALNOURISHED (Not Getting Sufficient Minerals and Iodine for the System to get the Real Good out of Food.)

If your weakness and skinniness keep you everlastingly embarrassed and unhappy . . . if you can't seem to gain an ounce of flesh or strength no matter how much you eat . . . here's good news. Experts in nutrition say the cause of these conditions is often malnourishment. When that's what's wrong . . try Kelpamalt.

Don't resign yourself to being a skinny, scrawny physical wreck. Kelpamalt, rich in minerals and iodine, has brought the joy of health and beauty to thousands who were weak and underweight for years. That's because the body's normal chemical processes, which change digested food into rich blood and firm flesh, require certain minerals . . . elements often deficient in the daily diet. Without them, good nourishment may be wasted. KELPAMALT HELPS PROVIDE THESE NUTRITIONAL ELEMENTS. Its iron, copper and calcium, as well as its natural sea-plant iodine, help the system get the real good out of food.

MAKE THIS TEST

Try Kelpamalt for at least a week. Thousands say they eat better, sleep better, look better, feel better, too. When underweight, they are amazed at quick gains of solid, "stay-there" flesh, often in a few weeks. Kelpamalt comes in easy-to-take tablets and costs but a few cents a day to use. And, remember, your money back if you're not completely satisfied with results. For sale at all good drug stores. Get Kelpamalt today.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send for free, fascinating, instructive 50-page booklet on How to Build Strength and Add Weight. Information on minerals, iodine and vitamins and their effects on the human body. Weight and Measurement Charts. Daily Menus. Absolutely no obligation. Kelpamalt Co., (Dept. 1460), 21st St. and Borden Ave., L. I. City, N. Y.

Sealdol Kelpamalt Tablets

Joe is sure that his home town never will appreciate him when he is fired for starting a swap shop when he is left alone with his new boss' gasoline station. Vowing to become a success, he takes off for Los Angeles. After a few months, to everyone's surprise, he sends for his mother and small brother amid general rejoicing. It is a very different story when they arrive and discover that he has traded his good business for Uncle Gus, a race horse.

Besides being a very funny cross-section of family life, there is plenty of tension in the race scenes, a fine fight and plenty of comedy and songs.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS (RKO-Radio)

With the exception of the performance of Fay Bainter, who is so talented nothing can stop her, this film version of a famous story is a little on the sorry side.

For reasons hard to follow, changes have been made in the story, which is known and loved by quite a number of people, and they are all for the worse.

Of necessity, Captain Carey's family was always on the wing as it followed him from one army post to another. When he was killed in the Spanish-American war, they decided to settle down, once and for all, in a charming old place in a tiny town, and there live quietly until the four children are grown.

A good many army officers, not to mention their wives, are going to be very much surprised to see how the film treats this situation, for, before Mother Carey decides to take boarders, she is driven to working in a factory. One can only suppose that her pension and the allowances for the children were lost in the mail every month.

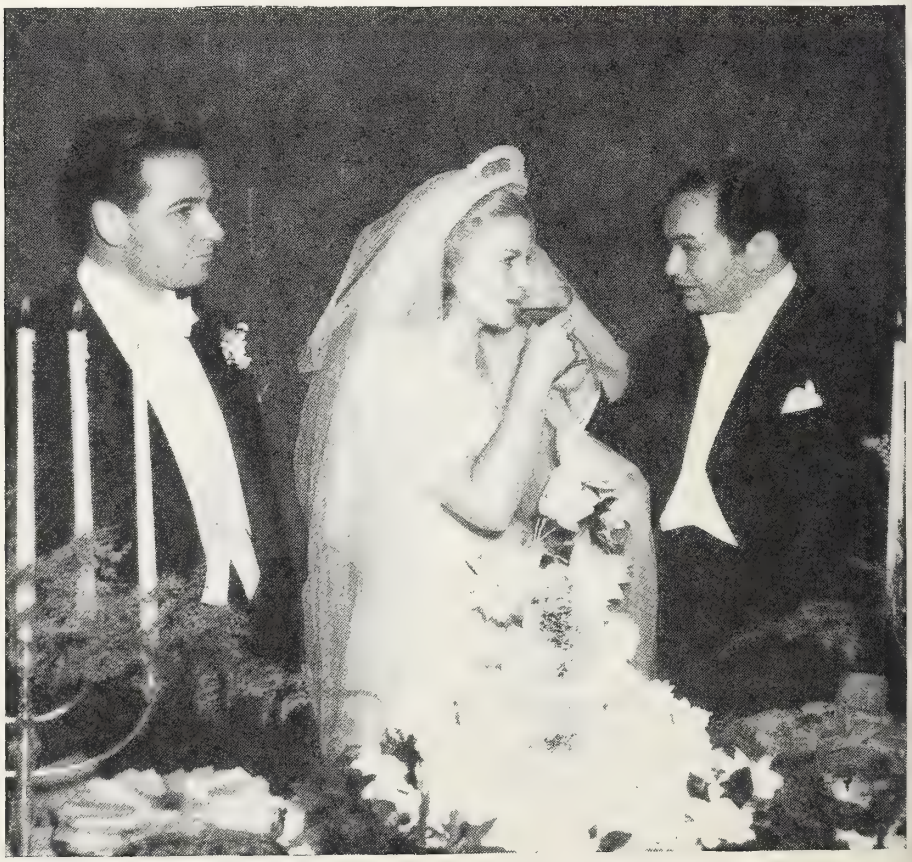
No one objects to changes in stories when emphasis of drama or of character is needed in transferring the written word to the moving picture. But such changes as this are irritating when they serve no good purpose.

Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, James Ellison, Walter Brennan, Ralph Morgan, Frank Albertson, Alma Kruger, Jackie Moran, Margaret Hamilton, Virginia Weidler and the very attractive little Donnie Dunagan play leading roles.

RACKET BUSTERS (Warners)

Those of us who think that it is a terrible waste of talent for Humphrey Bogart to play anything but those black-hearted bad-all-the-way-through villains which he does with such grace and finesse will be pleased over his performance as a racketeer in this new film. He is bad. He is mean. He is out to get pay-offs from the dealers of food-stuffs, and he doesn't stop at anything. Very satisfying.

George Brent plays an Irish truck-driver who won't take orders from anyone. Allen Jenkins is seen as his somewhat less independent pal. Gloria Dickson and Penny Singleton play the women in



The bride, Claire Trevor, takes a sip from Edward G. Robinson's glass for good luck while the groom, Clark Andrews stands by for the cake cutting



Big strong Leo Carrillo is a man to look to in time of trouble, think Penny Singleton and Helen Mack in one of those uncertain moments at the Rollerdrome

their lives. Walter Abel has an important part as the special prosecutor who has much trouble rounding up the racketeers because the intimidated victims refuse to talk. Lots of fighting in this one.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION (Universal)

■ Without any effort whatever, the redoubtable Charlie McCarthy wraps up this film and walks away with it to the immense delight of the audience.

Plenty of footage has been allowed, and plenty of bright dialogue has been supplied for Bergen and McCarthy, so that those who complain that there never is enough of these two in a film will have no protest to make over this one.

The success of McCarthy does not detract from the effectiveness of the rest of the film, which has a most interesting story and which is excellently acted. Andrea Leeds plays an ambitious young actress. Her dearest possession is a letter of introduction to the most famous matinee idol of the day (Adolphe Menjou.) The letter contains the astonishing news to him that she is his daughter, and he is beset with conflicting impulses. One emotion is of pride in his charming girl but the other is a shrinking reluctance to let the world know that he is old enough to have a grown daughter. So they keep the news to themselves. Naturally the girl's fiance (George Murphy) is concerned, suspicious, jealous when she spends hours on end with the Great Lover. The ending is unexpected. The cast is fine. You won't make a mistake in seeing this one.

AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN
could have told her!



Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete *intimate* daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness . . . fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be *sure* of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective antiseptic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 10-H, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

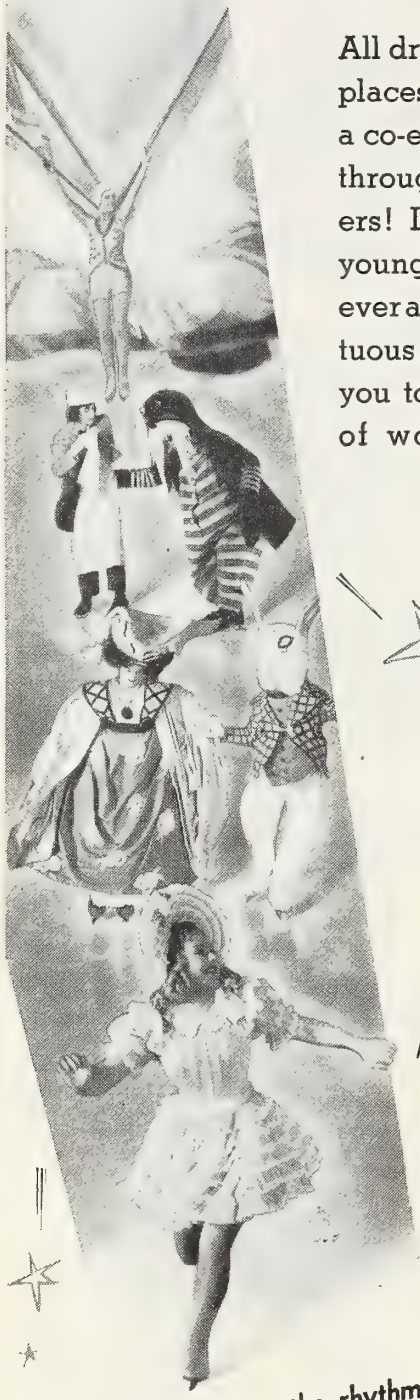
*Name*_____

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A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME . . .
SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE . . .
THAT'S SONJA NOW, *SO* DAINTY, *SO* DESIRABLE, *SO* INCREDIBLE!



All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way — forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!



SONJA HENIE
and
RICHARD GREENE
in
MY LUCKY STAR
with

JOAN DAVIS
CESAR ROMERO
BUDDY EBSEN
Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
George Barbier • Louise Hovick
Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger

a 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Snow-deep in the rhythms of Gordon & Revel!

"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
"Could You Pass In Love"
"The All American Swing"
"This May Be the Night"
"By a Wishing Well"

Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new Fall costumes styled by Royer!

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!

Tyrone Knows an Answer



Above, Tyrone Power with Annabella and Loretta Young in a scene from *Suez* which follows *Alexander's Ragtime Band*



Left, Power can put up a good fight, when necessary, as he demonstrates in *Marie Antoinette*, to striking effect

Young Mr. Power has a hot temper but he also has a quick wit and he has learned that one is much more useful than the other in any career

By SONIA LEE

■ It was undoubtedly the incident of the sour-pickle crock which first impressed upon Tyrone Power the saving grace of meeting situations which promised to be embarrassing armed with a sense of humor.

He must have been all of seven when he was discovered mapping out a first-class tummyache by stuffing himself with the crunchy, dark-green, tempting but forbidden delicacy.

There was practically no pause between his mother's demand for an explanation and his glib reply.

"Teacher," he explained seriously, "called me sweet. It's sissy for boys to be sweet. So I'm eating pickles."

There was no answer to that alibi.

Ever since then, Tyrone has been turning away wrath, extricating himself from delicate situations, getting at least a laugh a day by that quick wit and subtle sense of humor.

"It's a bit earlyish for philosophy," Tyrone observed, taking measure of the eleven o'clock sun, "but life is a roller-coaster, and the job is to keep your hat on your head when you make the dizzy drops and take the steep curves. You can't do it unless you get a lot of fun as you go along."

■ As a test of a man's innate sense of humor, nothing better has ever been devised than desert sequences. In *Suez*, Tyrone's latest production, much of the action is concerned with the building of the canal, uniting the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Twentieth Century-Fox carted something like twelve hundred [*Continued on page* 60]

Five Day Brawl

Pretty bitter is our favorite extra after they smeared his grease paint in the biggest fight of the year

By E. J. SMITHSON

Dear Editor:

This may impress you as the ravings of a deranged mind, but believe me, if I had known as much then as I do now about the way editors in general—and you in particular—work their wonders to perform, I never in this world would have obeyed your request to get myself an "extra" job on *The Valley of the Giants* picture now being filmed out at Warner Brothers' Studio. Never. Not in this vale of tears and jeers! And I'll tell you why.

Well, you know me. I needed the money, I liked the actors in the film, and I thought it would be very pleasant, indeed, to put in a couple of days on the lot with them. Besides, I'd heard that this picture about the lumber camps was to be in Technicolor and I wanted to see how I'd look in the pretty reds, blues and browns.

It took me a couple of days to get the job, what with interviewing William Keighley, the director, Chuck Hanson, the 1st Assistant director, and Johnny Prettyman, the 2nd Assistant director, but I finally wrangled one and reported for work on a Monday all dressed up in long woolen underwear, heavy spiked boots, Mackinaw jacket and all the rest of the clothing a regular honest-to-goodness lumberjack wears. And lady, did I swea—I mean perspire, wrapped up as I was with all that clothing. About 200 other guys were dolled up like I was and one of them, a Richard Phillips who claimed to be 112 years old and the oldest living Welshman in the world, said we were to do a bar-room brawl.

This Richard Phillips, by the way, reported at eight o'clock and faced the camera twenty times that day. Years ago he did extra work in *Call of the Wild* and *Ben Hur*. He told me that he never figured there was much opportunity in Hollywood and so he gave it up. He had a job in a service station until last year. Now the government takes care of him. He was born April 18, 1826, in Cardiff, Wales. Said he had no idea why he has lived so long except maybe keeping away from wine and women has something to do with it. Richard went to work for the Hudson Bay company in the early fifties, prospected around Oroville, Calif., and was in Frisco when the earthquake wrecked the town. He fought in the Modoc war of 1873 and is now applying for a pension for that service. I hope he gets it. Says he doesn't plan on doing any more picture work and I can't say as I blame the old fellow. Well, so much for 112-year-old Phillips.

While I'm adjusting the pillows to ease my strained back and ankles, let me say that this bar-room should be one of the highlights of the picture. I ought to know since I was right in the





Above, Wayne Morris leads with his left in one of the opening scenes of the brawl that lasted five days during the filming of *The Valley of the Giants*. At the right, Alan Hale expresses a certain amount of disapproval in the bar room, scene of the fight

middle of it trading punches with Wayne Morris. And let me say here that I'm a mighty poor trader when it comes to exchanging knuckles with a big guy like this fellow Morris. Lady, he sure lays 'em smack on the button!

■ Most likely you've never been in a real life bar-room brawl and if you have I'm mighty ashamed of you, but those I ever took part in never lasted more than ten minutes. By that time the fighters were usually *hors de combat,* to use my parlor French. Either that, or someone called the coppers and we were hawled off to the hoosegow.

But this bar-room brawl was different.

The *Valley of the Giants* Donnybrook lasted five full days! Fact! Five full days with the air full of beer mugs, fists, chairs and axes! Lumber story or not, many a chip fell from the old blockhead. It's too bad Charley McCarthy wasn't in it! For four days Alan Hale battled single-handed with 30 or 40 of us synthetic lumberjacks, and on the fifth day Wayne Morris came to his rescue and he and Alan emerged victorious. And here's something funny. I saw the script and Seton Miller, the scenarist, devoted only one page to this scrap. He simply wrote that Hale, as Ox Smith, comes into the saloon looking for Charles Bickford as Fallon, the black-hearted villain, and when he can't find him, wrecks the joint. Finally Morris, as Cardigan, the hero, appears and helps Ox make his escape. That's all Miller wrote. But it was plenty. This fight won't be long on the screen—possibly five or six minutes—but to get that much Director Keighley shot 10,000 feet of film. And before a blow was struck, he mapped out every movement. As he explained to us before we started swinging, the tempo of the scene had to start slow and end with a bang. It certainly did!

■ The first day of the battle Hale swung a double-bitted hewing axe. And how he did swing! Along about five in the afternoon he sinks the head of it deep into the top of the bar and the handle breaks off which is okay by me since I'd gotten pretty tired of ducking.

The second day he used the handle, wielding it as though he thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Occasionally he would exchange the lethal weapon for one of balsa wood and would bring it down upon the pates of us lumberjacks. He seemed to enjoy that experience, too.

The third day of the brawl was given over to the smashing of a mirror behind the bar. Because flying glass is dangerous the mirror was made of plaster, but I couldn't tell the difference. I didn't have time. I was swinging a chair in a very manful attempt to crash it down over Mr. Hale's head. Mr. Hale finally gets really provoked, picked up a chair of his own and it goes over the bar and away goes the plaster mirror. Now Miss Editor, all this sounds simple maybe, but believe me it wasn't. The scene was first made in what we old-timers call a 'long shot' with two Technicolor cameras on it. Then it was made close-up by close-up as all fight scenes are put on celluloid. In the long shot I got a chair right in the middle of my back and was through for the day. Director Keighley who got so excited he forgot he was directing and got a heavy sharp-edged piece of plaster on the side of the face when Hale broke the mirror—and he was out of the fun and frolic for more than an hour.

■ Then, thank heaven, Wayne Morris came along on the fifth day. By that time Hale was getting pretty much bunged up. Us lumberjacks and a few gamblers were closing in on him, smacking him with chairs and getting smacked in return. But this Morris guy! He was like an old fire horse who hears an alarm. He came charging in, taking picks with those big fists of his, and unfortunately for me, before the five o'clock whistle blew I had managed, with my usual finesse, to get my head right in the way of his hay-makers. As I said in the beginning, man and boy I've been in a few bar-room brawls and they were dandies, too, but nothing like this five-day Donnybrook! I managed to walk under my own power to Wayne's dressing room and while I was resting up and [*Continued on page* 37]





Left, Alan Hale refuses to take it lying down, and winds up for another round. Above, this is said to be one of the quieter moments in the brawl which kept the hospital at Warner Brothers' Studio busy with bandages, splints, splinters, scratches, bruises and general wear and tear

Change Your Partners!

Study these pictures, and, by the time the new Astaire-Rogers film, *Carefree*, has reached your neighborhood you will be able to dazzle other dancers with one of their new dances. Ginger and Fred have quarrelled, at the beginning of the dance, and he resorts to hypnotism to give himself opportunity to explain everything



Fred sways rhythmically from side to side. Ginger follows his movements ever so slightly in the first few measures of the dance



Ginger fights against the hypnotic spell, but continues to sway back and forth



Ah, the hypnotism is beginning to work! Ginger is almost entirely under the spell



Fred extends his right arm, and Ginger joins him in the ballroom position, with a dip forward on her right foot



Then she whirls back, they go into the open ballroom position and advance smoothly and easily in a gliding waltz



Then Ginger places her left hand in Fred's left hand and they continue in that position for a circuit of the floor



They move closer together, both left arms advanced, Fred's right arm guiding until she breaks away in a whirl



The hypnotic spell is wearing thin! Fred follows her in an attempt to get her back under his "power" but



She bends far to the right, still in a dream, so that Fred must move quickly in order to catch her before she falls



Back to the open ballroom position, with the hypnotic spell working once again, they continue for a few bars



Then Ginger turns and they find themselves once more in the straight ballroom position, waltzing happily



Ginger decides that she may as well stop being angry, and the two stars of *Carefree* retreat to a graceful end

Streamlining Jack Oakie

BEFORE



Just a few months ago, Jack Oakie weighed 210 pounds. His friends assured him so many times that you can't have too much of a good thing that he began to wonder if they meant exactly what they said, and put it to a test

Beat the drums and toot the flutes;
Let the news get 'round.
Oakie's not the man he was
Not by sixty pounds!

By KAY PROCTOR

■ And wait until you get a load of him! Seeing may be believing, but in Jack's case, you're not sure your eyes aren't playing tricks on you, and you should have known better than to take that last one. It's incredible, it's fantastic, and it's true. He has streamlined off so much weight, he's playing romantic leads again and what's more, he has the figure to get away with it.

You remember how it was, even so short a time ago as *Radio City Revels*, his last picture. As he himself described it, his midriff would come on a scene and the rest of him would follow ten seconds later. He carried three chins where one suffices for the average man, and his puss could double in brass from a full moon any day. He weighed 210 pounds in his bare tootsies.

Now the scales say a flat 150. Tyrone Slats Oakie, they call him, The Heart Throb Boy.

How did it all happen? And why?

The "why" is fairly simple. Jack just decided it was high time he and his middle got together in the business of making motion pictures. And he was tired of wide brimmed hats. They were the only style he could wear, you see, with his forehead, chins and cheeks forming a perfect circle the way they did.

The "how" is a little more complicated, involving diets, dogtrots, and a flock of "don'ts." Jack clowns a lot about it all now. He'd have you think it was no trick at all to shed sixty pounds in a couple of months. But anyone who has tried it knows better; it demands tremendous will power, sacrifice, and hard work. It's a tough row to hoe, particularly if you love food and fun as much as Jack did; and if you want to come out of the ordeal with firm, healthy flesh and no telltale sagging lines as he has.

It all started on March 29. Jack remembers the date very well. He and Venita had celebrated their second wedding [*Continued on page* 46]

AFTER



Result, Mr. Oakie streamlined down to a mere shadow of himself, now weighs in at 150, and, in case you think this is a trick of the camera, see for yourself in his next picture, *The Affairs of Annabel*



Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney carry the romantic interest in the delightful comedy about the much younger set, *Love Finds Andy Hardy*

Judy Keeps a Date

How late does a very young star stay out when she has a date with a boy? You'll find the answer in this story about the little girl who is to play the beloved Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

■ Clark Gable sent her lovebirds.
Robert Taylor sent her flowers.
Jimmy Stewart sent her candy.
Marlene Dietrich sent her a cable from half way across the world.

To a little girl lying there in a white hospital bed, it was like some fantastic dream come true, a dream such as all little girls have now and then. But Judy Garland pinched herself and knew it was real. She tasted the candy and smelled the flowers, cooed at the love birds, baptized them Clark and Carole, and re-read the cable.

"But that isn't all," the doctor said. "More flowers have come. They're being arranged now. And Billie Burke sent you a bedspread."

Judy tried not to look too elated. She determined to put all these giddy gloating thoughts under her pillow along with the cable, and looking up at the doctor, she seriously said: "Tell me, what was that medical term you taught me yesterday?"

The doctor smiled: "Polycythemia hypotonia. But I bet you don't remember what that means."

"Oh, yes, I do! Well, that is, I know how you cure it." Judy sat up straight—in spite of her three broken ribs and a punctured lung. "To cure it you perform a venous action!" she recited proudly.

"And what's that?"

Judy's brow wrinkled; she sank back into the whiteness again. "You got me there, pal, unless it's some kind of a blood transfusion."

"Well, that's close enough. Nurse Garland, you have passed the questions for today." He bowed formally and turned to go. "I'll be seeing you!"

■ All this sounds strange and perhaps a bit fanciful. But it happened, and not so long ago. Judy had been working late at the studio and [*Continued on page* 52]

How a Star Learned to Say:

"Oooooops, Sorry!"



Above, Fredric March having some difficulty saying "Ooooops, sorry!" during a scene with Virginia Bruce in *There Goes My Heart.* His next picture is *Trade Winds* with Joan Bennett playing opposite



It took a good many hard knocks to shape Fredric March's gay, gallant philosophy and you may learn some unsuspected things about the star by reading this story

By JESSIE HENDERSON

■ With all the ingenuity and desperation of a cinema journalist, Fredric March ("Bill Spencer") was trying to interview Virginia Bruce ("Joan Butterfield") aboard the Butterfield yacht at Quarantine. The chance of a lifetime! If he could coax a few words from the tempestuous heiress, he'd not only make the front page but get in good again with the demon city editor. It meant his rep. His job.

But—one well placed shove, and Fredric March was over the rail and into the sea, his hair plastered wetly to his brow, his natty suit swooshing as he began to swim. "Go away!" screamed the heiress, "you annoy me!"

"Ooooops! Sorry!" March answered out of the briny deep.

The retort brought surprised laughter from [*Continued on page* 54]



FRANCES DEE and RONALD COLMAN

High drama, rousing romance, colorful costumes and a big, handsome cast should make *If I Were King* one of the most tempting films of the fall season



Warner Baxter, Freddie Bartholomew and Arleen Whelan in a scene from *Kidnapped*, film based on Robert Louis Stevenson's famous story of the same name. While many thousands, who had not read the book, enjoyed the rousing action of the film, other people resented the changes in the plot and filed a complaint with the Federal Trade Commission

The Name is Familiar...

Ah, yes, we recognize the title, but we don't quite place the plot. More than a few times, famous stories have been changed for the screen. Sometimes the public has approved and sometimes... well, read the story

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

■ Have readers any rights?

Should a story, beloved by many generations, be regarded as a sacred trust when it is made into a picture?

Is a movie company committing "fraud and deceit" when it changes the plot of a novel, known and loved by many generations of readers?

Is a movie company guilty of "false and misleading representations" when it uses the title of one famous literary work on a completely different story?

There are some people who think so, and they feel so deeply about the matter that they are taking legal action. As this issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine goes to press, the Federal Trade Commission is considering the charges quoted above in a test case which may have far reaching effects.

■ It is much easier to cite examples of beloved stories brought to the screen with faithful care than it is to find examples of drastic meddling with classic tales. But, on quite a number of occasions, big changes have been made in famous stories. Each time such a change has been made there has [*Continued on page* 62]



JANET GAYNOR

You'll be seeing her in two pictures this fall. One, *The Young in Heart* is the screen version of the magazine story *The Gay Banditti* which deals with the escapades of an impoverished, impractical, but delightful family. The other is *Three Loves Has Nancy*, which sounds good, too

Knitwear, courtesy of Friedman-Blau-Farber. Skates, courtesy of Nestor-Johnson.

Lucky



Sonja Henie demonstrates one of the dazzling bits of figure skating which she does in her next film, *My Lucky Star*

■ Though Sonja Henie has worked . . . and worked hard . . . for every bit of her well-deserved success, she claims that luck has played its part in her brilliant career. She thinks she was lucky to have a family that appreciated her talent for skating when she was a youngster, and cheered her on her way as an Olympics star. She thinks she is lucky to be under contract to a big studio which has supplied her with clever stories and brilliant supporting casts. She thinks she is lucky to be right up among the headliners in popularity.

That makes the belief in luck unanimous. Her family feels lucky to have such a spectacular little relative. The studio feels lucky because her success has justified belief in her. And audiences feel lucky when a new Sonja Henie picture is under way.

And readers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine can feel lucky because the little star is giving such charming prizes in her "Lucky Star" contest.

The contest, itself, is fun. In addition, you may play an important part in Sonja Henie's career! So put on your thinking cap, and see if you can find just the right title for a picture for her.

A good title for a movie is very important, and conference after conference is held at the studio before one is chosen, especially when a star so important as Sonja Henie is concerned.

WHY DON'T YOU HELP TITLE A SONJA HENIE PICTURE?

It isn't easy, because a title that is ideal for a Sonja Henie picture should include several ideas.

The winner of the Grand Prize in this contest will receive a pair of figure skating blades, attached to a pair of skating boots, just like those worn by the star as well as a complete outfit, including the garments shown in pictures 2, 5 and 6. The FIRST PRIZE is a pair of the skates, complete with the white boots

Second Prize



2

Star Contest

61 Handsome Prizes!

How clever are you? If you think you are pretty good, enter Sonja Henie's Contest and make a try for some of the handsome prizes which the little skating star is giving to the clever winners. The rules are easy. Better have a try at it!

There should be something about the title to give the impression that the film is about skating, that the production is a big one, and that there is music and comedy featured. Miss Henie's first film was called *One in a Million.* It was followed by *Thin Ice, Happy Landing* and very soon you will see *My Lucky Star.*

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS A GOOD TITLE FOR ONE OF HER NEXT FILMS?

Read the rules carefully, fill in the coupon, and see if you can't win one of the delightful prizes shown on this page.

RULES

1. Prizes will be awarded for the best titles indicating: (1) A skating picture, (2) Miss Henie's personality, (3) A big production, (4) Audience appeal. The title suggested should have one or more of the above qualifications. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.
2. All entries must be in the mails by October 10.
3. The contest is open to all with the exception of employees of Fawcett Publications and their families.
4. Sonja Henie and the editors of HOLLYWOOD Magazine will be sole judges. Entries will not be returned.
5. Neatness will be a consideration in judging.
6. All title suggestions become the property of Fawcett Publications to be given to the studio, and to be used or not as Twentieth Century-Fox Studios may decide.

PRIZES

There are sixty-one beautiful prizes, and they include the most attractive knitted garments you've ever seen. They should be, because Sonja Henie has given the manufacturer, Friedman-Blau-Farber, her personal endorsement for every garment. Her name appears on the woven band in each one, so you may be sure that you are dressed just exactly like the little star if you are one of the lucky winners.

Sonja Henie Lucky Star Contest,
HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
1501 Broadway,
New York City, N. Y.

I think a good title for a film starring Sonja Henie is

1.

2.

(Submit two titles if you like)

I wear size dress: shoes

Name

Address

GRAND PRIZE—One complete Sonja Henie outfit, including a green wool suit trimmed with nubby black wool, a dashing green turtle-neck wool sweater, a big thick white wool scarf embroidered with bunches of gay wool flowers, a white cap and a pair of fluffy white mittens to match. In addition, a pair of figure-skating blades, attached to a pair of white shoes just like Sonja wears in her new film. These are the skates endorsed by the star and manufactured by the Nestor-Johnson Manufacturing Company.

FIRST PRIZE—A pair of Nestor-Johnson figure-skating blades, attached to the white skating boots, will make the clever winner feel like an Olympic star!

SECOND PRIZES—One of the striking green and black wool suits will be sent to each of the four contestants who submit the next best suggestions for titles.

THIRD PRIZES—Ten of the enchanting red and white double sweaters go to the ten winners in this division.

FOURTH PRIZES—Ten red and white sweaters in the smart checkerboard design go to the clever ten whose titles are winners in this division.

FIFTH PRIZES—Fifteen white cap and scarf sets, gay and warm, are awaiting for the next fifteen winners.

SIXTH PRIZES—Even if you don't win one of the big prizes, you may consider yourself a lucky winner to get in on the consolation prizes: Twenty sets of fluffy white brushed wool caps and mittens.

Here you go, and good luck!

Third Prize



3

Fourth Prize



4

Fifth Prize



5

Sixth Prize



6

The Breakdown of a Cowboy

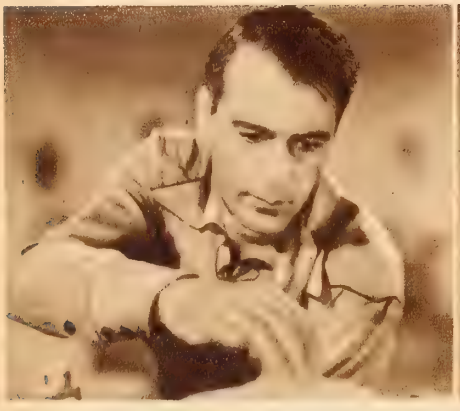


"Grrrr! Paint and powder!"

These pictures, made between scenes for *The Cowboy and the Lady* tell the touching tale of how Gary Cooper shot himself



"Wonder what's in here?"



"Just a powder puff."



"Wonder if I could hit the director?"



"Or Merle Oberon, Nope! Missed."



"Maybe I can get the cameraman's range . . .



or a bead on the prop boy. Missed again!"



"So I'll just have to shoot myself!"



Dates More Dates Re-dates!

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SMART GIRLS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *





Men fall for *soft, smooth* skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets *harsh* and *dry*. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary "*skin-vitamin.*"

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an *Extra Supply* against possible *future* need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

● All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." ● In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. ● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Pond's has not been changed in any other way. It's the same *grand* cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

* *Statements* concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.



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MARCIA FROM AUSTRALIA



Her resemblance to several other actresses is striking, but she is very much a person in her own right

By ED JONESBOY

■ Strangely enough, this up-and-coming new-comer of the screen, Marcia Ralston, wasn't lured away from the land of "down under" by the dulcet blarney of a motion picture talent scout, nor was she the winner of a beauty contest offering as first prize a career in the fillums. Nothing like that. As a matter of plain and honest truth, she was going about her pleasant and fairly lucrative business as leading lady in the J. L. Williamson musical comedies in Sidney, and had it not been for the appearance of Phil Harris, the orchestra leader who was making a tour of the Antipodes with his band, she'd probably be there yet and, without doubt, knocking the Antipodians dead with her good looks, voice and acting.

But Phil, the "tall and handsome" maestro of the strings, woods and brasses, came along, met her, and almost before Dan Cupid could catch his breath and say "bless you, my children," they fell in love and put a quick and happy beginning to their romance by becoming man and wife.

That was eleven years ago.

"For several years," says Marcia, "I stayed in the background. And of my own free will and accord, too. Phil and I had agreed that one professional in the family was enough and that's the way it was for a number of years. But finally I began to be bothered by an urge to go back to the stage and when I told Phil about it he surprised me by saying that he'd like nothing better than to have me dance and sing with his orchestra! And that's what I did until a Warner talent scout saw me and later signed me to a long-term contract. I can't recall how many pictures I've been in since then."

■ But we can. Pretty close to fourteen during the eighteen months she's been at the studio and in the list you'll come across such outstanding screen fare as *The Singing Marine, Fly Away Baby, Ever Since Eve, Men Are Such Fools, Gold Is Where' You Find It* and *Fools for Scandal.*

Not a bad score, seems like, for a girl who came from the land of the kangaroo, the duck-billed platypus and the bear that lunches on eucalyptus leaves!

"Phil is just as proud of my success as I am of his, but oddly enough, he apparently has a burning ambition NOT to see me on the screen. Maybe it's because he sees so much of me during the day. Or maybe it's because he doesn't think I'm in his class. He likes to point out that his musical short entitled *So This Is Harris* won an Academy award! At any rate, he's seen me in only one picture and I can't get him to say when he'll ever see me in another."

■ Marcia was educated in a convent. Her father, John Ralston, was a musical comedy star with a fine flair for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Her mother was a famous dancer.

"Neither of my parents wanted me to become an actress," she says, "hence the convent schooling. But as I grew older it became more difficult for me to keep my thoughts away from the footlights. The stage was in my blood and when I was fifteen years old I definitely decided that what had been good enough for father and mother should be good enough for their daughter. And so—when they left for China, I left the convent. My first theatrical job was in the chorus of the J. L. Williamson productions. After a while I moved up a notch to become understudy to the leading lady, and later moved up a bit higher to become a leading lady, myself, in musical comedies produced by the same company. Then Phil came along—and here I am."

■ Marcia's real name is Mascotte, a slight contraction of La Mascotte, the French opera her father was playing in at the time of her birth.

"It's a nice name and certainly an unusual one," she agrees, "and I like it. But when I entered pictures they made me change it because there's a film company called Mascot Productions. More than likely I would have changed it sooner or later because I was beginning to get a little tired of trying to explain how I came by it. Phil calls me 'Scotty' and I prefer that.

■ When "Scotty" isn't playing in front of the cameras she's a great hand at playing farmerette on the seven-acre ranch she and her husband bought a little more than a year ago from Adolphe Menjou.

"It's roomy, rural, and restful," is the way she puts it. We have the Al Jolsons, the Edward Everett Hortons, the Spencer Tracys, and the Don Ameches for nearby neighbors and good company. The location reminds me of my home in Sidney, and don't think that Phil and I have gotten over the thrill of ownership. Believe me, after almost ten years of living in hotels from coast to coast, this little spot is really 'home, sweet home' in the fullest sense of the three words. It's a dream come true despite an occasional bit of family trouble that calls for diplomacy. For instance, after the house was built and we moved in, we decided that we could keep everything spick and span only by a division of labor. The flower and vegetable gardens were to be under my supervision, and to Phil went the care of the chickens, the horses, and the dogs. Well, it has worked



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DO AWAY with old-fashioned heating this winter! Burn cheap fuel oil in this new Duo-Therm—get clean, silent, ash-free, soot-free, *trouble-free* heat!

Greater comfort than ever before! The revolutionary design of the new Duo-Therm "Imperial"* keeps heat down where you need it—gives warmer floors—gives an entirely new idea of heating comfort!

Lower, more modern, and compact, it is the handsomest heater ever created! The new Golden Fleck enamel finish is smooth, easy to clean and polish. This heater can be easily installed in any fireplace!



Heat you can regulate! A Duo-Therm will keep your home "just right" from fall to spring! You get plenty of heat for the coldest winter day—or just enough to take the chill off in mild weather—at the turn of a dial!



Heat for less cost! Duo-Therm's patented Dual-Chamber burner burns cleanly from pilot light to full flame—gives you *more* heat per gallon. And Duo-Therm's Co-ordinated Controls give you proper draft settings—insure you full benefit of Duo-Therm's perfect combustion at all times!



More heat stays in the house! Duo-Therm's "Floating Flame" doesn't rush up the chimney! It "floats" against the sides of the heater. Like Duo-Therm's special "Waste-Stopper," it forces more heat out into the room—saves you oil.

Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriter's Laboratories.

Mail the coupon now!—Get the facts on this new heater! Nine models, two beautiful finishes. Heats 1 to 6 rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer or write us.

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out beautifully until just the other day when Phil discovered that he'd placed a setting of duck eggs under his pet hen. Now he wants me to let him and his web-footed friends have the use of the swimming pool. He's probably correct when he says that his ducks need a daily ducking, but I'm correct, too, when I say that it's asking too much of a wife to compel her to swim in a pool full of little quackers. And I don't mean wise-quackers, either."

Asked if she ever thought of allowing marriage to interfere with her screen career she shook her head very emphatically.

"Maybe I'm a bit old-fashioned. Maybe I've been married too long to one man. Or maybe it's just because a quiet, restful place like this gives one a different slant on things; but whatever the reason, marriage comes first. Phil has been on the Jack Benny radio program two and one-half years and recently signed another contract to continue, and we both feel, now, that Hollywood is our last stopping place. We're here for good. But if it so happens that he has to take his orchestra on tour to make a living, I'll step out of movies and go with him. A motion picture career won't mean a thing to me. A career shouldn't mean anything to any girl faced with a decision like that. Well, as I say, I'm old-fashioned, more than slightly rural in my thoughts, and what's more, I don't care who knows it. On the screen I'm supposed to be glamorous and perhaps I am, but I'm certainly 'not the type' down on the farm."

■ Because she has been mistaken on several occasions for Fay Wray, Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Eleanor Powell and Sylvia Sidney, Phil says she could be the "female Paul Muni of a thousand faces" and she wouldn't have to try very hard, either. Well, he's right. She showed us some photographic studies of herself and her resemblance to the above named stars is remarkable.

"I do a number of things, but none of them well," is her own frank description of herself and not quite a fair one even when she adds "that whenever worst comes to worst, I could get a job and do it well as a stand-in for a lot of famous feminine stars."

Marcia, being a smart little lady, keeps her eyes "on the trends" as we say in Hollywood.

"If I had my way about it," she says, "I wouldn't allow a player to sign a contract. I believe that all of us could do better for ourselves—artistically, at least—by free-lancing. The studio stock company casts, I'm happy to see, are gradually being laid on the shelf, and motion picture patrons are going to have an opportunity to look over new faces and figures. You're going to see more new supporting players than ever before and the time will come when you can go into a theatre and not see the same actors on the same double-bill. My, here I am talking like a front-office executive!"

Scotty's favorites on the screen include Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Ian Hunter, Leslie Hunter, Paul Muni and Bette Davis. Her favorite food is Irish stew, and her favorite sport, as a looker-on, is boxing. She's a cross-word puzzle fan and she can sew a very fancy seam. Right now her particular hobby is amateur photography. She has a dark room in her ranch home where she develops and prints her own pictures. No candid camera stuff, however. When she gets tired of puttering around the snap-dragons, pansies, petunias and geraniums she hops in her high-powered car and roars through the quiet country-side until the Al Jolsons, the Spencer Tracys, the Edward Everett Hortons and the Don Ameches put in a call for a traffic cop to slow her down.

But as usual, the girl from "down under" comes out on top—even in a wordy battle with a policeman. "I've never got a ticket yet," she grins, "despite the complaints of my motion picture neighbors."

And this is Marcia of the films, Mascotte of Australia, and just plain "Scotty" to her adoring husband, Phil.

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss Loretta Young's amusing set of questions which she calls the "Regular Guy" test. She claims that you can get a good rating on any young man with the answers to her questionnaire, and you'll have fun trying it on your boy friends.



Five Day Brawl

[*Continued from page* 21]

counting the aches and pains that were announcing themselves from my ankles to my head, Claire Trever came in along with Jack LaRue and John Litel. This the *Valley of the Giants* film, by the way, has, for its main locale, the little lumbering town of San Hedrin, California. The time is away back in the year of 1902 and while we were sitting in Wayne's dressing room I learned from my sympathizers that 1902 is memorable for:

The 1st Tournament of Roses game. Michigan 49; Standford 0.

"Skidoo" was current slang for 'nuts to you'.

More electric autos were sold than gasoline buggies.

The pianola was the latest passion of society.

Ice cream was being introduced in many cities.

Chewing gum and fountain pens were the latest things.

First motorcycle was put on the market.

The ukelele hadn't been invented, but the mandolin caused just as much suffering.

Milk was five cents a quart and butter twenty cents a pound in New York City.

Emile Zola and Brete Harte died.

Daily papers, morning and evening were one cent a copy.

There were 45 stars in the American flag. Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma were territories.

King Edward was crowned.

There were no World Series Baseball games. The first one was in 1903.

World's first radio broadcast was held in Fairmont Park, Philadelphia.

Marconi was able to send and receive wireless messages 100 miles.

First ads for razor blades appeared.

Milady wore high top button shoes.

Sensation of the music world was the phonograph.

Best sellers were *Raffles, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* and Teddy Roosevelt's *Strenuous Life.*

Department stores, office buildings, and the finer homes used gas for illumination. Magazines carried oil lamp and chimney ads.

Norfolk suits were very snappy with the better tailors and stores quoting $20 for the best.

I never knew that I'd be writing about this in 1938!

You didn't either!

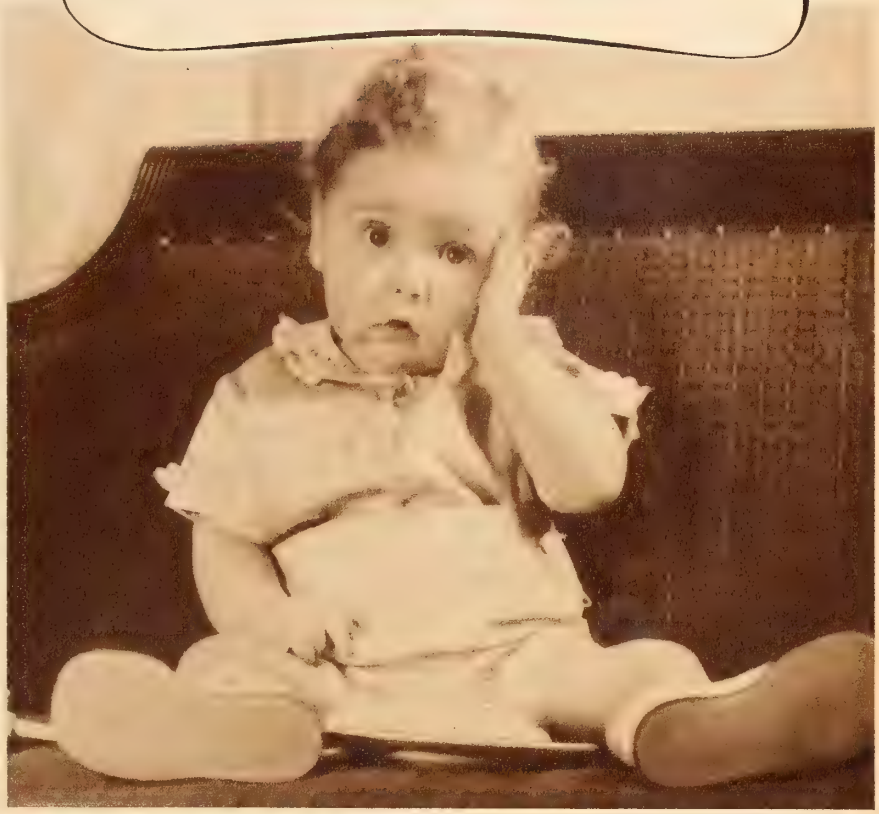
■ It was John Litel who told Wayne, while we were sitting there, that he was flying into the face of superstition in playing the lead in the film *Valley of the Giants.*

In the first version, John, told us, Wally Reid was hurt in the runaway train sequence and never fully recovered from his injuries. This first version was filmed in 1919.

Milton Sills, who starred in the second

HE'D BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASN'T SO FULL OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**

HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE'D SWITCH TO **FELS-NAPTHA** AND LET ITS RICHER **GOLDEN** SOAP AND **LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA** GET CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN AND WHITE!



EMBARRASSING? It certainly is—and then some—when people whisper about your clothes!

So why take chances with tattle-tale gray? Lazy soaps can't wheedle out every last bit of dirt—no matter how hard you rub and rub. There's one sure way to get all the dirt—use Fels-Naptha Soap!

Get whiter washes! Try it and see if you don't get the snowiest, sweetest washes that ever danced on your line! See how much easier and quicker its richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* make your wash!

Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You'll save money. And you'll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

PEPPIEST FLAKES EVER! TRY FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS, TOO!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

Don't Hesitate About Feminine Hygiene



Use a modern *method*

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, *greasy,* and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—*dainty!*

ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snow-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and *completely* removable with water, Zonitors maintain long, effective antiseptic contact. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 4003 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

SNOW WHITE
Each in individual glass vial.





Light Blondes! Ash Blondes!
Sandy Blondes! Brown Blondes!

AT LAST! A NEW SHAMPOO FOR ALL BLONDES!

A New Easy Way to Bring Out the Full Radiant Loveliness of Blonde Hair . . . Keep It Soft, Fluffy, Lustrous.

Here at last is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the lustrous beauty, the alluring sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Whether you are light blonde, ash blonde, sandy or brown blonde, try this amazing Blonde Hair Shampoo and Special Rinse. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. Get New Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with separate rinse—for sale at all stores.

silent version in 1927, fell from a tall redwood stump and was seriously injured.

Wayne scoffed at the idea that things happen in threes and that therefore he may be the third victim. But you can bet that the studio doesn't, for it gave the order that every possible precaution must be taken when its up-and-coming young star performs before the cameras. It seems a miracle to me that he wasn't crowned good and proper in that barroom sequence.

So far as I could see it was every man for himself with precautions thrown to the high winds.

The Valley of the Giants is a Peter B. Kyne story and its plot is built around the scheming of Howard Fallon (Charles Bickford), an eastern millionaire lumber pirate who turns his attention westward and discovers that through a legal technicality he can steal thousands of acres of redwood timber from the homesteaders. Enlisting the aid of Lee Roberts (Claire Trevor), owner of a Milwaukee gambling palace, and her partner Ed Morrell (Jack LaRue), he sends them to San Hedrin, California, with seven hundred people. These seven hundred people are paid three hundred dollars apiece to sign land claims.

Lee and Morrell open up a gambling hall in the little town to win back this money. The land claims are turned over to Fallon.

Fallon wants, most of all, a valley of giant redwoods which is owned by Bill Cardigan (Wayne Morris), an independent millman. The wily crook gets Lee to make friends with Bill and help in the plot to rob the millman of all his holdings. Bill falls in love with the gal and admits to her that the bank holds his note for $50,000 and that the note will soon fall due. Lee wastes little time in relaying this information to Fallon. From then on the fun boils to a climax, when Ox Smith (Alan Hale), one of Fallon's assistants, rebels and joins forces with Bill. Bill is beaten up by Fallon and his men and when Ox hears of it he goes into Lee's gambling hall and wrecks the place. (I've told you about that.) Then he goes to the land office, breaks in, sets fire to the building and all the new filings made by the bogus homesteaders are burned.

Blocked in this direction, Fallon takes over Bill's note from Andy Stone (Donald Crisp), the banker, and demands that Bill pay up. By now Bill realizes he has been betrayed by Lee and calls on all his loggers to help him get his logs to market. Fallon, of course, sets out to prevent it. and Lee goes to Bill's camp to warn him but he isn't there. Which makes it pretty tough on her since one of Bill's men lock her up in the caboose of a logging train. One of Fallon's men releases the brakes and the long string of cars heads for destruction. But Bill is right on the job and the train is stopped. Well, things keep getting more mixed up all the time until Bill puts a happy ending to the story by beating the living daylights out of Fallon and taking Lee in his arms for the final fade-out.

It's an exciting story, Miss Editor, built along the lines of *Gold Is Where You*



Raymond Massey is an artist at make-up as well as at acting. Above, you see him ready to play the title role in the stage production of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois,* Robert Sherwood's play scheduled for this fall. Below, in character for the villainous East Indian potentate in the striking Technicolor film, *Drums*



Find It and Warners is spending a mint of money on it and you want to spend a little to see it on release date.

■ After the five-day bar-room scrap which laid me lower than a snake's tummy, I was called in to take part in the big fire sequence that was shot at two o'clock in the morning. I'll say this for Director Keighley's fire. It was a good one. So good, in fact, that it come nigh burning down the whole studio! Keighley had to call in the firemen right in the middle of it to rescue a dozen extras, a $16,000 Technicolor camera, and a mighty frightened cameraman by the name of Sol Polito!

Filming a fire scene isn't an easy job I found out. For one thing you can't take it over if anything slips. So Keighley rehearsed us for more than two hours before he applied the torch. He told us what to do and we did it again and again until he finally said he was satisfied. The action wasn't so complicated, but what there was of it had to be just so. Alan Hale had to break into the land office in San Hedrin to steal the phony claims filed by the villain. Hale was supposed to kick over his lantern and thus start the fire, and then climb out of the window and stand across the street with Wayne Morris and Donald Crisp while all the residents of the town came a-running to see the fun. Keighley gave his instructions over a public address system and he must have seen me cavorting in the street because he shouted: "Hey, you with the blue pants! You're all excited! Calm down a bit. All you're supposed to do is to be tickled to death that the land office is burning. You stand on the sidewalk and watch her burn."

So I stood there just as the director told me to and minded my own business.

"Action!" Keighley shouts and the cameras begin to turn. I saw Hale pry up the window and crawl through, carrying his lantern. Pretty soon I saw the light moving inside. Then I saw a faint glow and Hale climbs out unhurriedly and saunters across the street. Then the flames begin to shoot up inside. Men and women began to pour out of the buildings yelling. A buggy suddenly went lickety-split around a corner. Two horsemen rode up shouting. But there I stood like the little boy on the burning deck who ate peanuts by the peck. Sol Polito's camera began to smoke as the flames rose higher and higher and I began to burn with excitement. Suddenly I found myself in the street running with the rest of the extras and then I found myself flat on my stomach in the dusty street which would have been okay except that every time I tried to get up up some big lumberjack knocked me down. Not only that, but spikes from those heavy lumber shoes began to jab into my back. I don't know what would have happened to me if Frank Mattison, the unit manager, hadn't run up and shouted to Keighley that another set was on fire. Keighley took one look and put in a hurry-up call for the studio fire department and it was lucky for Warners that the fire laddies arrived when they did because, when I crawled back to the sidewalk where I belonged, three other sets were ablaze! Sol Polito was the only guy who seemed sore about the whole thing. "Another minute," I heard him tell Keighley, "and the building would have caved in. It would have been a fine shot!" That from a guy who came pretty close to being burned to death!

■ Well, I was pretty sore about the whole thing, too, but not for the same reason. I've still got those spike marks on me. Not only that, but my jaw is still sore where Wayne Morris clouted me. But you know how we actors are—it all comes under the name of good, clean fun!

But for Pete's sake, Miss Editor, the next time you want me to perform as an extra, can't you be satisfied with a sort of society drama picture. After what I've been through I'd like to have a change. Something, say, where I could put on a dress suit and just take it easy. Either that or I'm going to be permanently disabled and I'll be dog-goned if I want that even for the sake of my art!

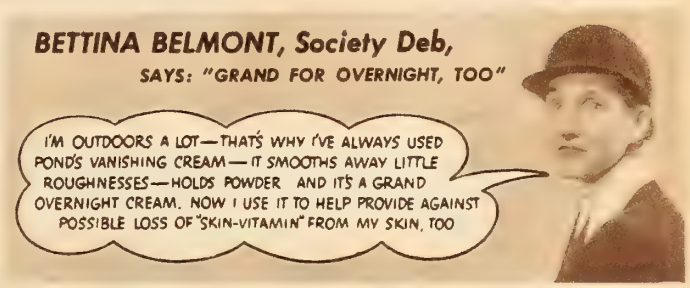
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Plans Are a Headache

Why one man adheres to the plan of not making any plans for the future

By SERENA BRADFORD

There happened to be on the table a dish of those little, hard, bright candies. Melvyn Douglas scooped up a handful and tossed them with a strewing gesture on the table top. They scattered and skidded across the polished surface in shiny pebbles of clear green, red, amber, like a thin drift of tiny hailstones, and just as hit-or-miss.

"See?" said Melvyn, "that's the way life ought to be. That's what I mean. I've no design for living, and, heaven helping me, I never will have! Anybody that has is a stick-in-the-mud.

"*Plan* your day? No, sir! Just let it happen. Design your life? Not me! Designs have a tendency to grow standardized. Why should I live Bill Brown's existence? Or he, mine? Let him live his own life, and let him let me live my own life, and probably mine wouldn't do for him at all but it suits me. It suits me swell. Cut your work and your fun to a pattern? What a horrible notion! I want a life that's different."

That's the kind he got, too. He got it because he wouldn't take anything else. He wouldn't live on schedule. "Life isn't a railroad train," he pointed out succinctly. So he doesn't make it a habit to rise at seven, take a brisk shower, eat breakfast and rush off like mad so that he won't be late for his game of tennis or whatever. When recently he worked at Columbia Studios with Joan Blondell in *There's Always a Woman*, he arrived on the sound stage promptly at nine a.m. They could have set their watches by him, for irresponsibility isn't part of his scheme of things; not, probably, that he'd admit to having a scheme of things in the first place. He and wife Helen Gahagan save their money, entertain their friends, run their delightful, tree-shaded Beverly home with efficiency and charm, but . . . they WILL NOT bow the knee to routine.



Above, the distinguished Mr. Douglas shows how even the thought of a plan affects him



"To begin with, I hate an alarm clock," Douglas confessed, and scowled in a quite daunting manner, hazel eyes narrowed. His six feet, one and a half inches, of height, and his 180 pounds, grew tense and his light hair for a moment practically stood on end—that's how much he hates alarm clocks. Well, don't we all? "I may get up at five tomorrow morning to play golf, or at 11:45 to eat lunch in the garden, or at nine to read a book and not eat any lunch. *I* don't know; and I don't want to, till tomorrow.

"All I want is to do what I want when I want." He slanted his eyes belligerently. "That's reasonable enough, isn't it?"

Sure, sure, Mr. Douglas, you soothed him.

"But here's the point," he continued, "I'd rather do what I don't want than get into a rut. It's variety

Douglas is one of the busiest players in town. Left, he is shown with Luise Rainer in *The Toy Wife*. He also is appearing currently in *Fast Company*. Soon to be released is *That Certain Age* in which he appears with Deanna Durbin, and then he will make a sequel to *There's Always a Woman* under the title *There's That Woman Again* with Joan Blondell

that keeps you on your toes. I'd rather wade through a snowbank now and then than always walk exactly the same way home. Not of course that we have snowbanks in Hollywood," he added patriotically with a twinkling glance at the acacias and calla lilies in full cry beyond the window sill.

Wading through snowbanks every day (speaking purely in metaphor), the Douglases wend their joyous way onward. Because, fortunately, wife Helen Gahagan when not on schedule for movie, concert, or radio jobs, concurs heartily in Melvyn's gone-with-the-wind pattern of life which isn't a pattern at all.

■ "We're flibbertigibbets," Melvyn announced very proudly. For example, it was a nice morning with warm scent drifting into the breakfast room from the corner of the patio where talisman roses are planted. Melvyn said: "Let's go for a little ride." Helen slung on a sweater, leaped into the car, and they started, for nowhere in particular. Maybe along the coast, up toward Santa Barbara for a few miles, huh? Okay. They rolled up toward Santa Barbara. Neither had any work to do that forenoon. Lunch, as usual, wouldn't be till they returned, no matter if the hash (they like hash) did get too brown.

But as they bowled on through Malibu a chilly breeze poured in from the Pacific. "Let's go inland," Melvyn suggested, and pointed the car up through the Malibu mountains looking for a hollow between peaks where the sun again would shine down glowing and friendly.

They left the crisp breeze behind and were ready to swing toward San Fernando Valley when Helen spied a tumbledown shack that looked as though it sheltered an old prospector. So, as they flashed by, the talk turned to gold nuggets and abandoned mines, and suddenly they both realized with a start that neither of them had ever seen a "ghost town." The idea! And ghost towns right within motoring distance of Hollywood. Well, it was perfectly disgraceful, the way they had neglected those ghost towns; the thing to do was to hunt a ghost town this instant and explore one of the few remaining items of romance left in the West . . .

Again Melvyn turned the car. This time he headed for the High Sierras that beckoned on the horizon. Bye and bye they began to climb among the pine trees. Plenty of altitude; and plenty cold again. Really cold, this time. Hollywood sweaters weren't enough. They stopped at a wayside store, a decidedly rural emporium, and bought lumberjack coats, brilliant in plaids of crimson and purple.

At the next stop, some thousand feet higher up the mountain, they bought red flannel underwear and flannelette pajamas and 'phoned home that they wouldn't be there for lunch, because by now it was getting dark and they were all set for supper and a night's lodging in a wayside boarding house. They were above the snowline then.

In short, they started for a little drive along the coast on Friday in thin slacks and openwork summer sweaters. And they got back on a broiling Monday afternoon with a full line of ladies' and gents' furnishings in winter weight, including wool socks, knitted stocking caps, and knee length calfskin boots. But they'd had fun. They had found a ghost town; explored it thoroughly; added another gem to their collection of oddments of experience.

■ "And one morning I look up from my omelet," Melvyn proceeded, "to see Helen in a tailored suit, with her hat on. She snatches a piece of toast and a swallow of coffee and says, 'Goodbye, dear, I'm catching a plane for New York. There's a play with a part in it I might do—agent wired me,—but it's simpler to talk it over face to face—' So I say, 'Call me the minute you get there . . .' and she's gone. Well, it keeps things from growing monotonous, anyway."

■ But the pay-off was that time Helen went to Paris. She had a singing engagement over there and Melvyn, who loves Paris, was disconsolate because picture work kept him in Hollywood. He was finishing one picture and going immediately into another, and he and Helen



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spent some hours mourning over the places they could visit together in Paris if only they could both be there at the same time.

In due course, Helen departed, full of excitement. Next afternoon, Melvyn, much fuller of excitement, hurled himself out of a taxi at the airport and hurled himself into a plane that was poised for the take-off, and started merrily for Paris, too.

One picture had finished ahead of schedule. The next picture had been postponed for a couple of weeks. Melvyn caught the boat by the skin of his teeth, sailed with Helen for France, spent four days in the French capital and darted home again. It stands as one of the speediest trans-continental trans-Atlantic round trips on record. A matter of 12,000 miles for 96 hours in Paris.

"And worth it," Douglas declared.

■ Must have been a gypsy somewhere on the family tree? But, no. Born in Macon, Georgia, he comes sedately of Scotch and English ancestry on his mother's side and of (perhaps here we have it!) Russian concert pianists and composers, internationally known, on his father's. His father's name was Edouard Hesselberg; Melvyn took Douglas for his stage name because he was so intrigued by the exciting stories his mother, a descendant of the Douglas clan, used to tell him about the Black Douglas of Scotland.

From the start Melvyn set out to be different, to avoid bogging down in monotony and uniformity or having anybody cut out his life for him in a neat little shape. His father wanted Melvyn to become a concert pianist, his mother wanted him to become an attorney, so he decided to become a poet. But the varied and intensive education bestowed upon him, ranging from Germany to England and from Tennessee to Toronto, landed him temporarily in the Lincoln, Neb., high school where he played the role of a Hindu in the school theatricals and decided, heck with poetry, he'd go on the stage.

On the stage he accordingly went. But not so simply as that. He couldn't be commonplace about it. The stage was in his mind, but first he tried to join the Scotch Highlanders in Toronto, lying about his age. His parents snaked him home again. Then, during the War, he



You'll see dazzling little Hope Hampton soon in *The Road to Reno*, her first picture for Universal. Here she is on the set with her pet monkey, Junior

enlisted to drive an ambulance in France but found himself, for the duration, with a medical corps at Fort Lewis, Washington, and durn near decided to be a doctor.

After the Armistice, though, he met an actor friend who gave him a part in a show and one thing led to another till Melvyn found himself in the anteroom of a New York producer's office, hoping for a job however minor in some good offering on Broadway. He had letters of introduction to the producer but they made no difference; he couldn't get past the girl at the desk.

■ "It proves what I've always said," Douglas insisted, "that success is ninety percent luck. Every plan I made, according to the fine old advice about being systematic and so on, had gone blooey. Then luck stepped in."

The girl at the desk in the anteroom was sending him away and he had turned to go out the door when the producer strode forth from his office. Naturally, Melvyn turned back from the door to look at him. "Are you an actor?" the producer snapped. Melvyn admitted it. "Precisely the type I've been hunting for," the producer rejoined, and signed him up for three years.

■ Consistent in not cutting life to a pattern, he didn't make elaborate plans for his marriage, either. The leading lady in the stage success, *Tonight or Never* (David Belasco's final production) didn't have to look at him twice before he knew that if he could manage it she was going to become Mrs. Melvyn Douglas. He met her and married her; just like that.

For nearly a year after the wedding they didn't have time for a honeymoon. Then, suddenly—as things like to happen in the Douglas family—Melvyn, by then in Hollywood, made up his mind that nine pictures in nine months were too many. Besides, he didn't care for some of the parts. Heck with pictures, how 'bout a little trip around the world?

Fine! They set out in leisurely and practically unplanned fashion to see the fascinating countries and sights they'd always wanted to see. That Taj Mahal. Sunrise in Singapore, where the ripe pineapples out of the field are so sweet they don't need sugar. The wild shores of Borneo and the crimson and gold temples at Nikko in Japan.

It took them months and months. They returned to Hollywood in the nick of time for Peter Gahagan Douglas to be born there.

■ Most people who work with him go around telling how he could be one of the best producer-actor-directors in town if he weren't kept so busy just acting. He directed and produced stage plays in New York, and whenever a director on one of his pictures is stuck for a situation or a nuance of timing or a gag, it's probably Melvyn who smooths it out. "And it isn't guesswork, either," his colleagues report, "he's always right."

It's no wonder, therefore, that M-G-M lately persuaded him into a seven-year contract, which permits Columbia to have him for two pictures a year—already there are tentative plans at the latter studio to team him some more with Joan Blondell. "Persuaded" is the correct word in connection with that contract. Douglas felt complimented and pleased, but after he signed he rubbed his head thoughtfully.

"How does *anyone* know what he wants to do seven years from now?" he inquired with a touch of worriment.

In spite of this departure from his general determination to have no design for living, he clings to the determination sternly in all other respects. It gets on toward dinnertime, say, and all of a sudden Melvyn remarks: "Why don't we have compn'y? Let's call Ralph Bellamy. . . ."

Before he's through he has called the Browns and the Blacks and the Smiths and, quite without being planned for, there's a gay and diversified crowd about the dinner table. A violinist, an attorney, a band leader, an author of wide fame, two or three actors. A crowd as diversified as Melvyn's tastes, which include Eleanor Duse and W. C. Fields, Shakespeare and Tarzan, tennis and Shelley's poems, symphony concerts and nut sundaes.

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60 Candlepower Star



Lionel Barrymore and Jean Arthur in one of the scenes of hilarious family life from their film, *You Can't Take It With You*

What happened when an admiring cast gave a beloved star a cake on his sixtieth birthday

By MARGE DECKER

They had just set before Lionel Barrymore a cake on which sixty tiny points of flame were flickering, and he was looking pleased. But he couldn't suppress bewilderment.

"For heaven's sake, don't tell me sixty is that many!" he exclaimed.

Frank Capra laughed like a small boy. He had called a halt for a few minutes of the filming of *You Can't Take It With You* so that the troupe of Columbia actors and workers could congratulate Barrymore on his birthday.

"I'll bet you could tell us a hair-raising yarn for every one of the sixty!" suggested the director.

Barrymore registered horror.

"I couldn't tell a thing!" he protested. "Nobody can remember sixty years!"

"Oh, you're foolin'," said Jean Arthur. "Let's make him tell!" Barrymore gazed at her reproachfully. "All right," the young star compromised. "We'll let you off easy, Mr. Barrymore. Now, take a big breath and blow out the candles. If you blow them all out, you don't have to talk. But remember, for every one that stays lighted you've got to tell us something about your past!"

"I don't like this," mumbled Barrymore.

But the smiling faces of the company offered no compromise. So, deliberately tracing the circles of dancing flames, he blew a steady, long breath. Twisting strings of blue smoke sprang up from the circle where the flames had danced, but six tiny flames still flickered. Miss Arthur told them off rapidly—the 8th, the 12th, the 24th, the 31st, the 39th and the 53rd.

"That's nice," she remarked. "One for each decade. So give out, Mr. Barrymore!"

He turned to Capra. "How much time have I got for these true confessions?"

The director made quick appraisal of the many heads turned in anticipation towards the frosted wedges of pastry Miss Arthur was deftly cutting. He calculated rapidly.

"Well, there's about eight cake-man-hours work there. But there'll be 50 cake-consuming units operating simultaneously. I'll give you ten minutes."

"Six pages out of my life and ten minutes to think them up in!" said Barrymore. "That's worse than vaudeville!"

He glanced about for sympathy and found nothing but attentive eyes, so he pushed his fingers through his gray hair, and his blue eyes looked out into space. "The eighth candle—when I was eight we kids were living with our mother on 90th street, New York, waiting for father to get back from a tour. I don't remember much about the apartment, except that there were a lot of books. I think Ethel and I discovered 'Les Miserables' about that time. Father's homecomings were always triumphs—laughter and flowers and presents, and something special for dinner. This time he led in a funny little bear cub he had bought in Kansas City. We kids were delighted. But mother put her head down on the table and began to cry. We couldn't understand that. A little later we caught on. We didn't have anything special for dinner, because father had spent all his money! There wasn't any less gaiety for that, though. Mother laughed with the rest of us over father's adventures. But after that, when father toured, mother toured, too, while Ethel and John and I would stay with our grandmother in Philadelphia, where she managed the Arch Street theatre.

"Now for the 12th candle. That's easy.

"I think I was 12 the year of the big cholera scare. We were spending the summer on Staten Island. We lived with Grandmother—Mrs. John Drew, Sr.—at the boarding home of Mme. Bourquin next door to the quarantine station. The harbor was crowded with ships that summer. There were hundreds of great vessels lying at anchor, waiting for cholera inspection. Dr. Jenkins was the doctor of the Port of New York. He had been working night and day trying to clear those ships. Someone had given us a monkey for a pet. A dog chased the monkey into the water and it caught cold. A practical joker told us it might be serious and we ought to take it to Dr. Jenkins. We were just kids, and we believed everything that was told us in those days. We trooped over to Dr. Jenkins' house with our sick monkey. The doctor was just getting into bed for his first sleep in three weeks. He hit the ceiling when he saw that monkey. Then he laughed and gave the little animal some quinine and told us to fill him with whiskey and he would die happy. He did, all right.

"Say, couldn't I trade one of those other candles for another 12-year story? I ought to tell you how the Three Barrymores staged *Camille* and got their first dramatic criticism. We collected a cent apiece from our relatives and friends for admission. And afterwards Grandmother told us sternly we had charged entirely too much.

"No? Shucks! What's the next candle?

"The 24th. . . . Well, I had started my real stage career when I was 15 and had been trouping in small parts when I wasn't in school. At 24 I had plenty of experience—four seasons of Broadway and a couple of tours. I was starting my second Broadway season with Uncle John Drew and didn't amount to a darn, as near as I could see. Ethel had gone ahead like wildfire and was in her third season of stardom. And now Jack had grown tired of drawing weird beasts to illustrate Brisbane's

editorials in the *Journal* and was turning actor in Ethel's road company of *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.* Competition in the family was getting terrific. Uncle John gave me the part of an Italian organ grinder in *The Mummy and the Humming Bird* and I decided to put everything I had into it. I loafed around where I could watch and listen to Italians and I acquired quite a few tricks of dialect and mannerisms. I put them all together and when the show opened I got a hand that was entirely unwarranted by the importance of the part. I was pleased with myself, but half expected some reproof from Uncle John. After all, he was the star. I did his generous soul an injustice. Uncle John seemed delighted at my success and took me around introducing:

" 'My nephew, in whose production I am playing a quite minor part.'

"I began to wonder if I hadn't really overdone the thing, but it did get me better parts and, a couple of seasons later, a show of my own. By 1906 I had saved enough to quit the stage and study art in Paris for three years.

■ "That gets me up to that 31st candle. On my return to New York in 1909, I found an astonishing innovation in the theatrical business. Actors were working in the summer time! You went down to 14th street to an old mansion that had a sign reading 'Biograph Studio,' went in, and asked for Mr. Griffith. Acting engagements were for only a few days at a time, but there were no lines to learn, and there were no performances! You were paid for a series of scene rehearsals and an orgy of ad-libbing. Your audience was half a dozen workmen and a funny-looking camera. With the camera they made what they called a moving picture. Most of the Broadway actors would have nothing to do with such a ridiculous enterprise. No lines and no audience! What was the profession coming to? Where was the glory? There wasn't any. But there was some money at a time of year when actors generally ate on the cuff. I found these moving pictures very interesting—and useful. And I made the acquaintance of charming people. I worked with Mary Pickford, the Gish girls, Blanche Sweet, Bobby Harron, Henry Walthall, and Mack Sennett. So you see, in pictures, I pre-date the custard-pie."

■ There was an interruption.

"Ten minutes!" said one of Capra's assistants.

"Well, I guess we can skip those last two candles!" he exclaimed.

"Don't do that, Mr. Barrymore," said Capra. "I'll extend your schedule two minutes."

"Well, then, I'll make these quickies," said the veteran star. "I know what time means on a motion-picture set. I used to be a director myself. I was sort of figuring on telling how I directed my sister Ethel in a picture for the old Metro company in 1916, but I'd better get on to that 39th candle. It was the biggest year in my life up to that time. I went on in *The Copperhead* in New York and really won my star rating—after about a quarter century of hit-or-miss trouping, the following season, after I did *The Jest* with my brother John, Hollywood called in no uncertain terms. I came out here for the filming of *The Copperhead* and played in picture after picture for ten years. Then talkies came in. They called for somewhat more of the stage technique and I decided maybe I should be a director. So you see, Mr. Capra, I was one of your competitors.

■ "What's that last candle, the 53rd? That fits in just fine. That marked my return to the business end of the camera. I played a drunken old lawyer in *A Free Soul.* The Academy gave me a gold statuette for it—and here I am!"

"Well," said Capra, "That's a lot of mighty fine performances in between that you haven't accounted for."

He gave the high sign to the assistant director.

Barrymore, his eyes gleaming, looked at Capra.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you hadn't seen nothing yet," he hinted. "*You Can't Take It With You* may be worth the 60th candle."

"More candlepower to you!" laughed Capra.

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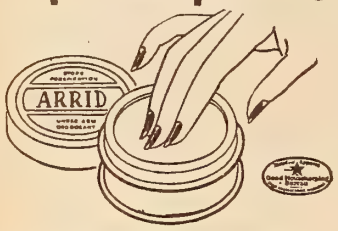
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Streamlining Jack Oakie

[*Continued from page 24*]

anniversary in handsome fashion and on top of that, he just had returned from Dallas, Texas, where he had attended a big testimonial dinner for an RKO executive.

"I not only looked like a balloon but I felt like one," Jack told me. "When Pigeon (that's Venita) made some crack about now having twice as much as she bargained for, I decided it was my cue to go into action. After all, I could keep away from mirrors but she had to look at me all day."

He consulted his doctor. The doctor put him in a local hospital for a thorough check-up. It's a good idea to find out if you are organically sound, you know, before undertaking any strenuous reducing regime.

"Sort of a break-in date for my new act, 'Jack Oakie in How to Lose Weight When Your Wife Isn't Looking,'" he laughed, because his campaign was started behind Venita's back. Ironically enough, she was twenty pounds underweight at the time and was concerned about regaining weight. Obviously it would be silly to expect peace and quiet to reign at a single table where two diametrically opposed food battles were being fought. And so Venita went to Honolulu. After the hospital regime, Jack was scheduled to go to Del Monte.

"You've heard of the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo?" Jack asked. "Well, I'd like to write a book some day about a guy at that hospital, the man who broke the Oakie yen for food. His system? He fed me a slug of castor oil three times a week for three weeks! I dare anyone to have an appetite after that. Imagine *paying* a gent to give you castor oil."

■ Fifteen pounds of Oakie fat had melted into thin air by the time he left the hospital for Del Monte. From that point on he was on his own. Whether or not he followed the doctor's prescription of no liquor, plenty of exercise, and a 1,000 calorie a day diet was strictly up to him. Nobody would be on hand to police him into it. It was fifteen down and forty-five to go.

He hadn't been in the lodge half an hour before everyone suspected something was up. He strolled up to the bar with two or three friends. The bartender nodded greetings.

"What'll it be?" he perfunctorily asked, reaching for the Scotch.

"Tomato juice," Jack said. "And let me have it straight!"

The bartender is reported to have looked very pained but everyone else thought it was very funny and laughed merrily. That Oakie! Anything for a gag! Jack drank the juice, said good-night, and went to bed.

■ The next morning he ordered breakfast. Orange juice, one boiled egg, a special kind of rye toast and black coffee. He asked the waiter to remove the butter from the table, then and for the remainder of his stay. He said he wouldn't need the sugar either, since he carried his own with him in the form of pellets of saccharine. It wasn't long before the manager came a-running.

"Look here, Jack," he chided. "Fun's fun, but you're giving the place a bad name. People are complaining they are seeing things."

"They ain't seen nothin' yet," Jack promised.

Dropping the kidding, he explained the purpose of his visit and convinced the manager he was serious. When he ordered vegetables without butter, he wanted them without butter. Not a pat or a part of a pat. When he ordered a small portion of meat, he meant *small*. He didn't want to see a potato the whole time he was there, and when he left a call for 7 a. m., he expected to be called at seven.

"Hallelujah, brother, it's a miracle," the manager exclaimed.

"Hallelujah, brother, it will be if I do it," Jack answered.

But he did.

A thousand-calorie diet isn't much fun, however much you dress it up with fruits, vegetables and salads. It leaves you sort of hungry nine-tenths of the time, and I've never heard of anyone who enjoyed that feeling. But that is the real point of it, Jack said. Any doctor will tell you the sensible, healthy thing to do is to get up from the table wanting more food whether you are on a diet or not.

■ "Eating is nothing more than a habit anyway," Jack expounded. "Or rather, *overeating* is a habit. It's too bad it's such a pleasant one. By the same token, it is amazing how little food the human body requires to keep it in perfect running order."

How little? Getting down to concrete facts and figures, here are sample menus of what Jack ate every day.

For breakfast: ½ cup orange juice, one boiled egg, 3 pieces of rye toast, 1 cup of coffee with 1 level teaspoon of sugar and 1 tablespoon of top milk.

For Lunch: 1 cup clear beef broth, 1 serving of pineapple and cottage cheese salad, 3 pieces of rye toast, 1 small scoop of vanilla ice cream, and 1 glass of skimmed milk.

For dinner: 1 cup chicken broth (without fat), 1 piece (4x3x1 inches) broiled beef steak, ½ cup beets, ½ cup carrots, 3 pieces of rye toast, ½ cup unsweetened applesauce.

Basically, Jack's diet was governed by two rules only. Number One said *no* starches (which meant no potatoes, bread, cake, pastries or starchy vegetables) and no fats (which included butter, cream, or fatty meats like bacon). Number Two said cut down radically on the portions of every food.

■ So much for the diet part of his reducing regime. The second of the doctor's orders concerned exercise to tighten up muscles and keep the skin from be-

coming flabby or lined as the flesh beneath it rolled away.

"Boy, did I exercise!" Jack said, "Well, get a load of this!"

"This," started with fifteen minutes of setting-up exercises at 7 a. m. Then came breakfast and then a round of golf. And what golf! It took the other lodgers a full week to convince themselves a lunatic was not loose in their midst. The first morning a solemn-faced old gent was standing on the second tee, preparing to drive, when Oakie came running up. He glanced at Jack in mild surprise, drove his ball, and continued down the fairway. Surprise deepened to consternation when, after every stroke, he saw a heavily-sweatered, rotund figure chasing after him.

Again he was preparing to drive on the third tee when Jack came running up. He put his club down and turned.

"Young man," he said. "You seem to be in one helluva hurry. Perhaps you'd like to go through?"

"Who, me?" Jack beamed. "I'm in no hurry. I've got all morning to knock off these eighteen holes."

"Then perhaps, sir, you'd tell me why you're running like the devil was on your tail," the man requested.

"Oh, that's simple," Jack answered. "I was racing a butterfly. Beat him, too."

The old man shook his head slowly. "In that case, you had better go through," he advised. "I came out to play golf!"

The truth of the matter was, of course, that Jack simply had figured out for himself that he'd get a lot more exercise if he dogtrotted from lie to lie.

■ Nor was the daily game of golf the end of his exercising. Far from it. That just started the day off. After golf he played two sets of tennis, which brought the clock around to the luncheon hour. Next came an hour of fast swimming in the lodge pool. At four o'clock he went to the gym where he worked out on the rowing machine for an hour. He followed that with a session in the steam room and wound up the day on the masseur's table.

The third ingredient in the doctor's prescription, you remember was the "No liquor" edict. He's still on the wagon, and what's more, intends to stay there. He likes the driver's seat; it's a darned comfortable spot to be sitting, he says. And Hollywood just will have to get used to the sight of seeing him order a "Black Cow" (that's a remarkable concoction of coca cola and chocolate ice cream) instead of a gin sling.

■ When he returned from Del Monte, Jack had lost fifty pounds. A good ten years had rolled away with the excess weight from his appearance. By the time Venita returned from Honolulu he had lost another ten just to prove to himself that he could make his system work as well in Hollywood as in Del Monte.

He was wearing a well cut gray suit which fitted him like the proverbial glove when he met Venita at the dock around the first of May. As soon as her natural amazement at the transformation had died down, Jack began to strut.

"Like my new suit, Pigeon?" he asked. She assured him it was a pip, and said that buying a lot of new clothes to fit that grand new figure of his was a swell idea.

"New clothes, my eye!" he retorted. "This, my little love mate, is one of those old suits you've been nagging me to get rid of for the past two years! As I recall it, you said I'd never have any use for them again. Yah, Smarty!"

He has given all his "new" clothes to Barnes Animal Circus, he said, because he noticed their tents were getting a bit shabby the last time they played in Los Angeles. Out of his entire wardrobe, only his socks and shoes still fit. He was telling an electrician on the *Affairs of Annabel* set about this sad state of affairs the other day.

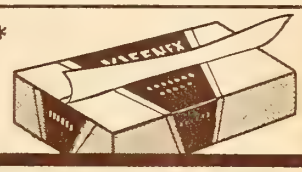
"Jeepers, I'm wearing a suit I bought in 1931," he said.

"Yeah?" said the electrician. "Aren't we all?"

NEXT MONTH

Young Mickey Rooney became very political-minded from playing in *Boy's Town*, and has outlined some of the reforms he would advocate if he were mayor of Hollywood.

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(*from a letter by* Mrs. E. S., Wisconsin)

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(*from a letter by* Mrs. B. F. D., Chicago)

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Dorothy Lamour's lovely hands are beautifully groomed, which makes them doubly effective. You'll see her next in *Spawn of the North*

Beauty Hand-Outs

Winter is on its way, and it is high time you took a tip from the stars and guarded against the results of rough weather

By ANN VERNON

■ The vogue for longer nails is one that has my loud and hearty cheers. Not just because long nails flatter any hand—but because women always pay more attention to details of hand and nail grooming when they start to let their nails grow . . . And all that any pair of hands needs to be lovely is some daily attention. Even those slim white hands of Dorothy Lamour's wouldn't be included in practically every studio picture of her if she neglected them!

Hands and nails usually present their ugliest side in Fall and Winter. That's why this advice is apropos. Begin to follow it now and you can baffle cold weather, even if you live in Montana . . . Buy a sleek new manicure set to start you off with enthusiasm. And use it. Then keep your mind on your hands until you acquire the hand care habit so thoroughly that you *can't* break it.

For beauty's sake, WHY NOT. . . .

BABY your hands while doing housework by wearing chiffon rubber mittens? Frequent contact with grime, grease and hot water will make the smooth hands of a sixteen-year-old look like those of a pensioned scullery maid . . . But you needn't shirk the supper dishes or fail to dust the parlor when you have these handy mittens around. They fit snugly at the wrists but leave plenty of room for your fingers; and they come in pastel colors (blue, green, pink, maize) to match your dirndl house dresses. They're as light as a handful of soap bubbles, but sturdily constructed. The manufacturer makes all sorts of rubber garments so maybe that's why he can sell these for a dime a pair. Want the name?

STRENGTHEN your nails and soothe your cuticle by applying a pink cream nail conditioner at *least* once a day? Used

faithfully, it is death on brittle nails and ragged cuticle—those two enemies of long, glamorous nails. Rub it well into the cuticle and around the base of the nail, leave it on all night to lubricate longer. It also does a grand job of softening crepy knuckles and eradicating the accumulated layers of tissue that form callouses, so if you have any of the pests after your summer golf and tennis, get after them with this cream. A half ounce jar costs 50 cents.

DISGUISE your stubby nails or complete lack of half moons by covering them all over with an opaque nail polish? A grand shade for Fall, with the new Fuchsia, purples and wines is one of a quartette of tropical tints. You can double the life of this polish (which is long lived anyway) by applying first a coat of colorless liquid that's just fresh from lab tests. It dries quickly and has no effect on the color of your polish—but it does provide a protective film. Use another coat *over* your polish—for extra lustre and extra life. No more chipping at the edges with this nail sheath. A large bottle costs a quarter.

SOFTEN the skin on your hands and *keep* it soft, by using a creamy white lotion containing a new type of oil and a new solvent that prevents stickiness? This lotion lubricates the driest skin with speed and ease. It has enough body to cling closely and form an invisible film that protects the skin from cold winds and other roughening agents. Start using it regularly—I mean a drop or two after each hand washing—and your hands will match your new velvet dress in texture. A white bottle, easily gripped, has a slick push-in dispenser, a black label.

BURNISH your nails while you remove old polish? You can do same by using some glycerated polish remover pads. A tall jar containing 40 of these fat pink pads costs 50 cents—and lasts nearly a year. Even with two coats of polish or with two coats of base and one of polish, I've found that one of these pads does a thorough job on all ten fingers. No dry, greyish nail surface after these. The glycerin leaves the nails looking buffed.

DECORATE your nails with tiny blue butterflies—and acquire a reputation for being amusingly different? Or if you don't like the idea of decalcomania butterflies fluttering at your fingertips, you can substitute minute gardenias or pink rose designs. I've had lots of fun stamping these little decorations over my nail polish. You can wear one on each finger or two or three on each hand. They won't come off until your nail polish does, if you put them on carefully and then brush a coat of clear lacquer on top of them. Thirty for ten cents. Want the name?

SCRUB your hands two or three times a day with a mild soap, warm water, and an amusing turtle-shaped brush? The bristles are stiff enough to remove the most stubborn dirt, without in any way scratching the tender skin of the hands. The tiny tail of the turtle, you'll discover, is perfect for cleaning under the nails. The turtle's "shell" comes in a wide range of colors, as well as black and white, is of plastic that sheds water quickly. A dollar brings you this clever hand accessory—want the name?

PROUD OF YOUR HANDS?

Or do you always try to hide them because they're red and sand papery, with broken nails and rough cuticle? If so write to Ann Vernon. She will be glad to tell you the correct shades of nail polish to wear with your favorite colors, and give you help with any other beauty problem. The only fee for this service is a stamped (3 cents U. S. postage) self-addressed envelope sent with your letter. The address:

Ann Vernon
c/o HOLLYWOOD Magazine
1501 Broadway
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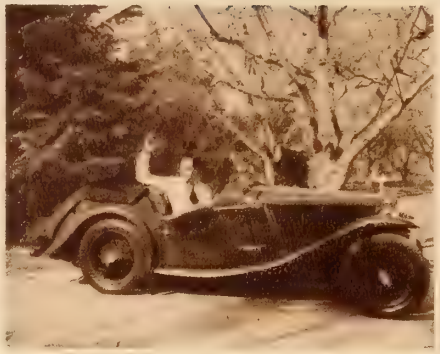
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Nice Young Man



Patric Knowles is crazy about cars



Patric Knowles also likes cars



He has lots of other emotions about cars



But anything on wheels will do

He was brought to Hollywood because he looked like Errol Flynn, but he has made a place for himself

By RUTH RANKIN

■ Patric Knowles has this in common with politics and the war in Spain: his friends cannot discuss him without being emotional.

When a juicy role is handed to someone else which his friends feel should be played by Pat, they take umbrage as if they had received an insult direct. They discuss it feelingly, with bitterness and rancor—and usually it is Pat himself who ends the discussion by telling some outrageously funny story—perhaps an experience when he was touring Ireland with a Shakespearian troupe and the entire company got fleas. You can imagine Hamlet with a flea in his tights . . . Pat has a delicious (but not always delicate) sense of humor.

■ Pat was born in Horsfort, Yorkshire, and grew up in the town of Oxford. He bicycled over every millimetre of it, was exposed to culture in every pore—but he never attended any of Oxford University's thirty-odd Colleges, of which the oddest is named Magdalen and pronounced "Maudlin." One can understand a frivolous youth resisting Colleges called Trinity, New, Queens, or Wadham—but how any young man with his career to carve in a disorganized world could resist getting a head start in a College called "Maudlin" is utterly beyond me. Maybe Pat just figured he'd come to Hollywood instead.

However, one cannot—or can one?—be immune to the proximity of erudition, which is like the propinquity that begets love. Pat must have absorbed intelligence and culture by the simple process of osmosis. (What a pleasure to aim these two-bit words at all you bright and beautiful readers of HOLLYWOOD, who can be depended upon to know what they mean. I wish I did.)

Of course Pat went to school—there can be absolutely no doubt of it from the way he tosses the King's English for a touchdown every time, and keeps his checkbook balanced. But he did not make a fetish of it. He saved some time for bicycling around delivering parcels (an Englishman can get anywhere on a bicycle) and soliciting advertisements for his father's local publication, up until the age of seventeen. He learned to be a good salesman; not the fast-talking resistance-breaker-downer, but the quiet forceful type, infinitely more deadly. He experi-

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

mented a little with setting type in the pater's print shop, but one can imagine the senior Knowles found it more profitable to have him exercising charm on the prospects. It would be downright extravagant to hide anything like Pat in a linotype machine.

■ Pat's major passion is motors—even over flying, fencing and archery. He is an ardent trader and during his two years in Hollywood, has had every known kind of motor-driven vehicle.

Every now and then he gets fed up with being an actor—the way you get fed up with being a lawyer or a school-teacher or a Fuller Brush Man—and threatens to quit and be a "motor mechanician." They will live on Enid's income until he gets good and started, and none of his finagling around and stewing which attends a career in pictures. Yes, sir; the only happy men are men working with their hands, building things, putting motors together, getting inky dirty, living the simple life; this limelight stuff is highly overrated. Enid (Mrs. K.) merely remarks, "When do we start?" So Pat takes the Countess (Doberman) for a run over the hills back of the house, and returns temporarily cured of his divine discontent.

He is mad about aviation, is a licensed pilot with more than a hundred solo hours, and awards for spot-landings and things in competitions. But soft-pedal on this—the studio frowns, and Mr. Knowles has lately been pulled out of the air, so to speak.

■ Early after his arrival here, Pat ran true to type and went Western. He loomed three inches taller in cowboy boots, making a grand total of six feet four, and quite a spectacle. Indulged in a belt designed with fancy scrolls in gold and silver, rolled his own cigarettes, shot at targets, and went riding every day. This was before the battle sequence in the *Charge of the Light Brigade* which was filmed during a delirium of heat seldom if ever before experienced in our beneficial climate. Pat rode through the Charge fully dressed in ten pounds of cutlery and a skin-tight woolen uniform—but seldom in his right mind. The experience sort of took the edge off horses. He started flying.

■ Pat's resemblance to Errol Flynn has been both boon and handicap. Because of it, he was brought to Hollywood, and that far it stood him in good stead. But there is a limited number of roles in every studio for each type—and when you have *two* of the same type, it adds up obstacles for the last fellow in. Pat figures he has to work that much harder. This lament is mine, not his. Things are as they are, and Pat does not waste his substance in vain repining.

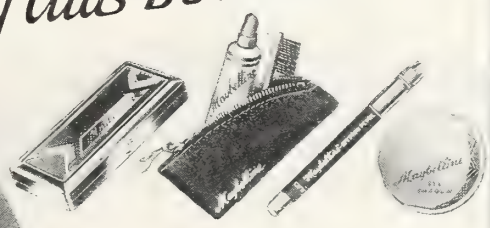
He can play an adventurous swashbuckling fellow with plenty of fire and he has something more—something women value even above adventure: a dependable quality. The love-'em-and-leave-'em endearing rogue is all very interesting, but women in audiences are increasingly wise and practical as well as romantic, and their heroes must have some of the good old reliable bring-home-the-bacon quality.

Nothing about Pat is artificially cultivated. That slight stoop forward, the little attentive listening smile—all attention—is all a part of his bringing-up and his naturally beautiful manners. He was listening that way to his nurse, in his cradle—a tender, detached admiration in his eyes which said, "You're a damned charming woman, Nannie, and nobody really understands you as I do" . . . It doesn't mean a thing, but it has lots of umph. When a lad happens to have the gift of it together with personal charm and good looks, plus talent, he is apt to go rather far in the picture business.

■ You may be wondering, but be too polite to mention it, how an interviewer could happen upon this variety of information in one sitting. So there is nothing to do but reveal ourselves in our true colors—as the Knowles' former landlady.

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Cuts to any Size or Shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX



Knowleses emerged from this acid test covered with glory. They took tender care of ridiculous personal treasures; they are conscientious book-guarders in a town which borrows books as casually as a cup of sugar, and returns them maybe. They gave no wild parties. They held up even during the awful din of building on additional rooms, with carpenters carpentering from seven a. m. In short, they were the champion tenants for all time. In a world where people are always suing people for breaking the china and bringing up puppies on the rugs, this seems an isolated example which should be graven on the stone tablets of history.

When the Knowleses and this family have an evening together, the men go in for protracted sessions of chess, during which not a word is spoken for an hour. Enid and I toast before the hearth and sew baby-clothes for the Knowles' youngest. This is known in the vernacular as a "wild night in Hollywood." Similar orgies go on in more local homes than you would ever suspect, my friends, and something should be done about it. It leaves the burden of upholding Hollywood's reputation squarely upon the shoulders of a rough dozen or so who are even now forming a Union with the battle-cry: "Happy marriages are unfair to columnists"—an army terrible with banners bearing their emblem of a Winchell-Sullivan rampant in a field of key-holes.

■ The young Knowleses are, without fear of challenge, among the most beautiful persons in Hollywood. Both exceptionally tall, slender, with superb carriage, keen as sword-blades—they seem to be fore-runners of a super-race. They have the look of race and breeding that cannot be forged or imitated. There are no rough edges or sharp surfaces on them, and they are perfect complements of each other. Cruising down Hollywood Boulevard in the most inconspicuous manner possible, people always turn to look.

You see them on the tennis court and decide the human race is at its undeniable best in shorts—until you see them dressed for a swank party.

They believe it is bad form and bad luck unduly to publicize the fact that they are conspicuous by their happiness, so we shall not be guilty of exploiting any such rare reticence. Too much publicity on the subject has driven many a local happy marriage in desperation to the divorce court—with the result that some of the most serene alliances in town are between divorced couples no longer under obligation to live up to their publicity.

Judy Keeps a Date

[*Continued from page* 25]

when she left she asked for a studio car to drive her home. Mama Garland usually drives her to and fro, but Mama herself had been in the hospital and had just left it at four that afternoon.

Another car, speeding through a red light, caught Judy's car in the side. It was a bad accident, a crowd gathered quickly, and when they searched for Judy in the wreckage she wasn't there. They found her a few minutes later in a drug store three blocks away. She was telephoning: "Mom, I just called you to tell you I'd be a little bit late, but not to worry." It was good that they arrived there at that moment, because as Judy hung up the phone she fainted dead away. At six she had been laid on the same bed, in the same room which her mother had vacated two hours before. At six-five the doctor who examined her said that he didn't believe that a little girl could walk three blocks in such a broken, shaken condition. But there were witnesses to prove that she had.

So Judy not only lives in a wonderland, but she is a bit of a wonder child herself. On each of the twelve days which she spent there in the hospital some token of love and affection, like those already mentioned, arrived, and she was a marvel in that respect, too, since she did not let it swell her head too much. Some little girls would have never gotten over it had they received the note from Robert Taylor that Judy received, along with his flowers: "Dear little Judy: I hope these will help you to feel better. From your sincere friend and admirer, Bob." But Judy is not some little girls. Judy loved every leaf, bud and word, but there is something that she loves even more, as you gathered when she turned to the doctor and asked him about thing-a-ma-jig Polycythemia, etc.

■ Ever since Judy was high enough to reach up into the linen closet (in her own home and in innumerable hotels), and to sneak out sheets and towels and anything out of which she could make bandages for her dolls, she has been a little Florence Nightingale, bent on nursing and doctoring the world. Her first words to us, when she left the hospital were: "I'm the luckiest girl in the world! You know what? My doctor has promised to take me with him on his settlement calls and he also said I could come and assist him any time I want. Dangerous?" Judy scoffed. "Say, don't you think *we* in the profession know how to protect ourselves against contagion?" and she made a gesture across her mouth, indicating that she'd go all mouth-masked in white gauze.

Under her arm, at that time, she was carrying a copy of the novel about an English doctor, "The Citadel." She heartily resented our inference that that must be just a "prop." "No, sir! I've read every word of it! I'm just taking it back to the library now, and I'm exchanging it for "Fight For Life." Say, did you read "Men Against Death"? No? I think it's wonderful. Gee, I'd like to find somebody who's read it so I can talk to them about it. Don't *you* like to talk over books?"

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■ Her genuine, very simple enthusiasm precludes any possible thought that Judy might be a little precocious about all this. Precocious is the one thing which Judy just ain't. In fact it's the one thing she hates, above everything else and for several years now she has tried to wash herself clean of the very first line which she had to deliver on the Metro lot. She had been at Metro for a year without doing anything, and then came her first break in *Broadway Melody.* In her first scene, she had to look at Sophie Tucker, playing the part of Mrs. Clayton, her mother, and say, "Aw, the Claytons are all a bunch of hams!" Judy rebelled; she felt it was too fresh, and she begged and begged to have the line omitted or at least changed. Being a very great respecter of her own mother and her father (he died two and a half years ago), Judy couldn't understand how any child could make such a bold remark.

But she was forced to go through with the line, and after that all through the picture she was a very unhappy child. She is never happy with such lines and parts, and not until *Love Finds Andy Hardy,* the latest Judge Hardy picture, did she have a part which she really liked. Then there is the *Wizard of Oz,* which she is looking forward to. Mervyn Le Roy selected her for the prize-plum part of Dorothy, and Judy is beaming, not only because the part is wonderful, but because the picture is to be in Technicolor, and she is going to wear a light wig with long golden curls.

■ "Of *course* I want to be beautiful!" she said, "And Adrian—he's doing my costumes—says I *am* going to be beautiful in this one! And I want to grow up to be very beautiful too." Then her cute little face with its up-at-the-end nose suddenly looked sad. "Only I probably won't. But I do try. I take awfully good care of myself. I won't ever smoke or drink—I hate anything that has even the littlest fizz to it, even coca-cola. And I pay a lot of attention to my hands and even to my—" Then she stopped and looked embarrassed. But her eyes gave her away. They went quickly to her feet, to the low-heeled, open-toed sandals, out of which dainty pink and white toes peeked. "Isn't that silly?" she laughed. "I cold cream my feet every night, just like I do my hands and face!"

Far from silly, it's a sane tip that every young girl should incorporate in her beauty ritual. Naturally, being in the midst of the world's most famous glamor spot, Judy is more conscious of the search for beauty than most little girls. She also has quite a bit more experience with other things—dates, boys, clothes and social life, and all those things which fill the dreams of every fifteen-year-old.

■ Judy, for one thing, has not been spared the beautiful misery of having a crush on a movie star. One afternoon not so long ago she went to a picture with a little friend, Betty Jane Graham, and they both sat enraptured as Tyrone Power moved before them there on the screen. Afterwards, in the glaring sunlight, they both looked at each other, blinked and each saw the story written on the other's face. They had both fallen madly in love with Mr. Power. "That's bad," Judy reasoned honestly, as they moved on down the street, toward the nearest drug store. "You know how it's been, when we've both been in love with the same boy before?"

"Yes, I know, we were almost *not* friends," Betty remembered sadly.

"All right," said Judy, suddenly inspired, as they reached the soda fountain. "Two chocolate cones, double," she told the boy behind the counter. When they each had their cones in hand, Judy raised hers aloft and made a toast: "Here's to never allowing the name of Tyrone Power to cross our lips. We will never speak of him again." Betty nodded in solemn agreement, and with an elaborate lick against the chocolate cream they sealed the bargain and drank (or shall we say dissolved) the toast down!

■ Among her real life beaus are Jackie Cooper, Leonard Sues, Billy Hallop, one of the Dead End boys, and occasionally Mickey Rooney. But they do *not* call Judy for a date. As any well-mannered young man should do (also a diplomatic one), they get mama on the phone first. Mama usually says, "Yes, Judy would like to go." (Judy at her side, all whispers and grins, has already told her so.) Then the young man asks what time Mrs. Garland will want Judy to be home. If there is just a movie and a bite to eat afterward on the schedule, Mrs. Garland usually sets eleven as the time and that does not mean one minute after. Or if there is a party and it's a Saturday night one, she allows a little longer. On a Saturday or so ago, when there were two parties, Mrs. Garland gave them until twelve o'clock. At twelve promptly Mrs. Garland was aroused from her slumber to hear young Master Jackie Cooper's voice on the phone. "Oh, Mrs. Garland, let me tell you what happened. We went to the first party and it wasn't very good so we went to a movie, and there were two features and three shorts and we only arrived here at the second party just a little while ago, and there's no sign of them bringing out food yet, and I just wondered. . . ."

"All right, Jackie, make it twelve-thirty, then."

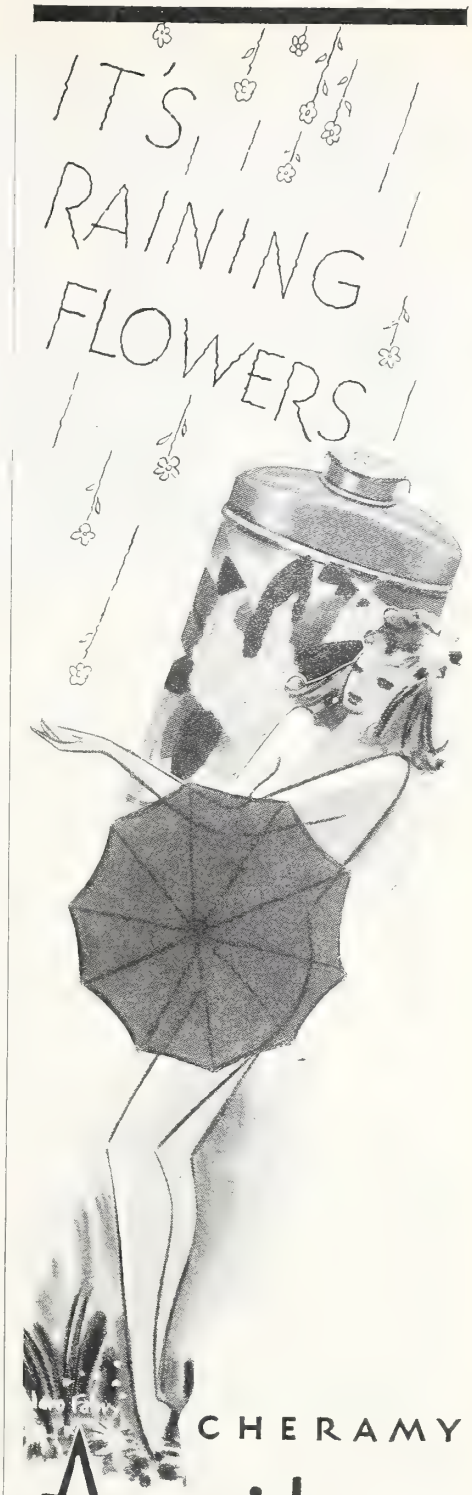
A half hour passed and Mrs. Garland had just dropped off to sleep when the phone rang again. "They never did bring out the food, Mrs. Garland! So, if it's all right with you we thought we'd stop at a drive-in. We're going there now, and you needn't worry because you know I drive carefully."

"That's all right, Jackie, I understand. You just get something to eat and then get here as quickly as you can."

She was only allowed a fifteen minute interval of peace this next time. "Well, I asked for it," Mrs. Garland said to herself as she fumbled again for the light.

"Mrs. Garland, I'm sorry, but it's so crowded here at the drive-in and the service is so slow. . . ."

Judy's mother had a bright idea. "Jackie, why don't you all come here? There's



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plenty of chicken and roast lamb in the ice box. You could all—"

"Oh, *thank* you!" shouted Jackie. "That's what we were hoping for in the first place!"

■ Kids are kids, even Hollywood kids, and five minutes later they were there!

But of all Judy's loves, Clark Gable is the closest to her heart. She does have one other too, and he is Roger Eden, who has written several songs for her and who makes her arrangements. But her adoration for him is a little different. Of him, she says, "I know no one could ever really take my father's place, but Roger comes the nearest." It was Roger, too, in a way who introduced her to Gable. Over a year ago he wrote a song for her which was called "Dear Mr. Gable," and Judy was asked to sing it to Clark at his birthday party. Judy stood at one end of the piano and Clark stood at the other. They had never met, but across the width of the piano Judy, stage-frightened for the first time in her life, sang him the song-letter which told him of her love. After that they became good friends, but that is not the finale of the story. A year passed and another Gable birthday rolled around; another party was to be given for him on the set; and Roger wrote new words for the "Dear Mr. Gable" song, and Judy was asked to sing it to him again. But when Judy read the words she saw that they were full of ribbing and teasing, too full of "love stuff." "Oh, no," she said, "I can't sing that. He might not understand." Gable not understand a joke! They told her that that was impossible, so in the end she agreed.

However, it was still a trembly little girl who stood up there a second time to sing to her idol. Her yellow-brown eyes watched his intensely. It's a foregone conclusion that if she had not seen the grin spread over his face, she would have burst into tears.

As she sang the last line, "King Gable, I still love you," the audience and Gable, too, responded with much laughter and applause. Then in the midst of the excitement, Clark felt a gentle tug at his hand. "You're not mad?" whispered a frightened voice. "I should say not—and listen here, young lady, get on your tiptoes because I've got a whisper for you too!"

What he whispered Judy won't tell, but we have an idea that it was the last line of the song, but with Judy's name substituted for his own.

How a Star Learned to Say: "Oooooops, Sorry"

[*Continued from page* 26]

the cast of *There Goes My Heart*, Fredric's new Hal Roach picture, for the words were not in the script. Yet they were typically Fredric March. Those words, or the mood behind them, are characteristic of March whenever a real crisis arises in his existence or his career. To him the exclamation has come to mean the summing-up of his philosophy of life. More, this jaunty lament over bad luck has often in March's experience been the prelude to luck far better than he had dreamed. Even in the picture, when the newspaperman adopts an "Oops" attitude toward the yacht incident, he wins not only the interview but also the heiress.

The March philosophy, a subject on which Fredric never talked before, has occasionally startled into delighted laughter a bigger audience than that which saw the actor tossed off the yacht. Once it convulsed New York.

On the day after Fredric's stage play, *Yr. Obedient Husband*, closed on Broadway last season (for various reasons it flopped with a dull clunk! within one week), March and his associates ran an ad in the paper. Never has there been an ad to top it, an ad so regretful and gay.

It was a reprint of a sketch from The New Yorker, showing two trapeze performers in mid air. One, whose heels are securely hooked over a bar, has failed to catch the hands of his fellow performer, who consequently is hurtling downward. The one on the bar says politely: "Oooops! Sorry!"

March had missed. He knew it. He *was* sorry—yet he was not in despair. Matter of fact, he means to go back to Broadway some time and try it again, but that's another story.

■ It wasn't easily, but by a devious and painful route, that March arrived at the philosophic attitude which today enables him to say, "Oooops!" instead of other assorted words when things go wrong. His father and the Orientals were the early influence.

" 'Everything works out for the best,' how often my Dad told me that," March said when, in dry clothes again, he was back in his trailer-dressing room on the Hal Roach lot. His keen, dark face grew thoughtful, his brown eyes went quizzical, at this remembrance of his boyhood. "And if you have the patience to wait, those words are likely to come true. Things work around, fall into place. There's a bit of Oriental wisdom, also—Confucius, isn't it?—that's helped me over many a hard spot: 'This, too, will pass.'

"I've discovered a peculiar thing about that saying. Not only does 'this, too' pass (whatever rotten luck it may be), but generally you find yourself the better off for having gone through it. If it's grief, you come out with greater sympathy for the grief of others. If it's poverty, you come to appreciate money when you have it. Keep that ancient four-word promise in mind and nothing can get you really down."

■ The first time Fredric said, "Oooops!" to a sharp emergency, was in his home town of Racine, Wisconsin. Fredric came home from high school one noon, swinging his senior Latin and Algebra books on a strap, to find his father, white-faced, in the hall. "The bank has failed," his father said.

He didn't need to say more. It meant, as Fredric knew, that his father's money—he

was head of a manufacturing concern—was also gone. It meant that Fredric must quit high school and go to work. The eager dreams of college were over.

"We worry too much," March observed, "Somebody says half our lives are spent worrying about things that never happen. I thought my schooldays had gone kafooey, my career, too; at this time I wanted to be a lawyer.

■ March kept saying, "Oooops!" or its equivalent for two years before he earned enough money to enter (goal of his hopes!) the University of Wisconsin. His zest for college life lost nothing from the delay and he threw himself into half a dozen activities: football, fraternities, track, and, very conscientiously, his studies. He joined the college dramatic society and did pretty well in undergraduate performances.

But he still wanted to be a lawyer. He was all set to enter law school when, again in his senior year, came interruption. The newsboys were yelling something. March bought a paper. Standing on the campus, he read that the United States had entered the World War. Well, the immediate need seemed to be for soldiers, not attorneys; March volunteered for the artillery. Time out—for another year.

"When the War ended, I'd picked up a terrible yen to see far countries," March resumed, humor glinting in his eyes, "and I decided the best method would be through the National City Bank of New York, because Frank Vanderlip was taking college men there and training them for work in foreign branches. They went to Spain, South America, France. It sounded fine."

And it was fine, for eight months. Then two things happened. The bank installed a new president, who changed its policy. And March came down with a brisk attack of appendicitis.

■ Ooops, indeed! Double Ooops!

"But, wait," March admonished. He gazed around the trim little dressing room with its mirror outlined in lights, its comfortable brown couch, its couple of sturdy chairs (he's six feet tall and weighs 170), as if he saw instead a Brooklyn Heights lodging house and himself in a knot on the bed, listening for the ambulance.

"Wait," he repeated, "till you hear. The landlady, a former actress, began to tell me stories of the theatre, to while away the time. I had enjoyed those parts in school plays, and as they made me ready for the operating room, I kept remembering the landlady's anecdotes. It appeared that the banking business wasn't turning out to be as romantic as I'd expected. I came out of the ether with my mind made up to go on the stage."

He laughed. "Took an operation to get me there!"

Yet his first professional performance, as it happened, was as a member of the crowd in a picture. It was made in New York; called *Paying The Piper*. Soon afterward, March found a footlight job, because he had taken the earnings from the picture and spent them for intensive dramatic coaching, and following a season of summer stock in Denver he married his leading lady, Florence Eldridge.

Naturally, they wanted to be together. Therefore they both signed, gleefully, for a road tour with the Theatre Guild Repertory Company.

The ink had hardly dried before their telephone rang. "March," said an authoritative voice, "how would you like to play the leading male role with the New York company of *The Royal Family*?"

March nearly dropped the receiver. "It was a swell opportunity," he explained the other day, "one for which I'd have given my right arm. It meant Broadway, a future . . . But I had to say, 'Sorry, I'm all signed up to go touring.' No, I didn't regret getting married; but, boy, how I wanted to play that role. Ooops, Ooops, and Oooops. Difficult to be philosophical that time, all right.

"But—and here's the uncanny thing about it—that apparent stroke of misfortune was one of the best things that ever happened to me. It brought about my first real chance at pictures. In the first place, if I'd been with *The Royal Family* in New York, I should have been tied up there for the long run the play had; and in the second place I shouldn't have been



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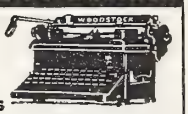
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playing *The Royal Family* with a road company in Los Angeles.

"I never thought, when in New York I had to turn down the role on the stage, that about two years later I'd be playing it on the screen."

For it was in Los Angeles that the movie talent scouts nailed him. After a few preliminary films, his appearance in *The Royal Family of Broadway* (the name of the celluloid version) brought him stardom. And yet he did not progress without the need of an occasional "Ooops!" when the going grew tough.

"I was dying to play in *The Lost God,*" he confessed, "but they gave the role to Dick Arlen. It was a blow. Then I had my heart set on *Farewell to Arms.* I even argued with 'em about it, but they gave it to Gary Cooper and tried to soothe me by saying they needed me for *Sign of the Cross,* nobody else could do it, and so on."

"And one of the biggest Ooops! happened in the middle of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

"That picture! I made tests for weeks and weeks. I did enough feet of make-up tests to fill out a full length feature. Before the film actually began, I was fed up till I didn't know whether I could go on with the darned thing.

"But that phase wore itself out, and we all grew enthusiastic and everything was going fine, when we began staying late at night. Now, I had to get to the studio before six in the morning to have that doggone make-up put on. By nine at night, after a day's shooting, I'd be all in.

"One evening I'd done the rain scene over and over. In fact, I'd been doing it the whole afternoon. The last straw was the information that we'd have to work most of the night. I was worn out, and soaking wet, and mad.

"So I left the stage and rushed over to B. P. Schulberg's office, determined to take my troubles right to the producer himself. 'You weren't here at any six in the morning,' I said, 'you haven't been working since the break of day. You don't have to hang around till midnight' . . . There was lots more of it. I didn't care at the moment whether I kept on being an actor at that studio or not.

"Mr. Schulberg kept his face straight—"

March threw himself back on the couch in the trailer-dressing room and burst into hearty laughter. "Mr. Schulberg kept his face straight," he repeated, "but it's more that I can do when I visualize how I must have looked.

"Can you imagine a producer glancing up from his desk to see 'Mr. Hyde' on the office threshold? That horrifying make-up, and mad as fury, and dripping the last sound stage rainstorm all over the rug? Besides, over my own I had false teeth for the 'Mr. Hyde' effect, and if I didn't watch out they got in the way—Can you imagine those teeth, gnashing? I must have been a sight, no mistake!

"Mr. Schulberg, however, was courteous, attentive, and serious. He didn't hint it at the time but he told me afterward that he had all he could do not to roar, he'd never seen anything so funny in his life. Well, we went home early that night, anyway."

Incidentally, it was for his *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* that March won the Academy Award in 1932.

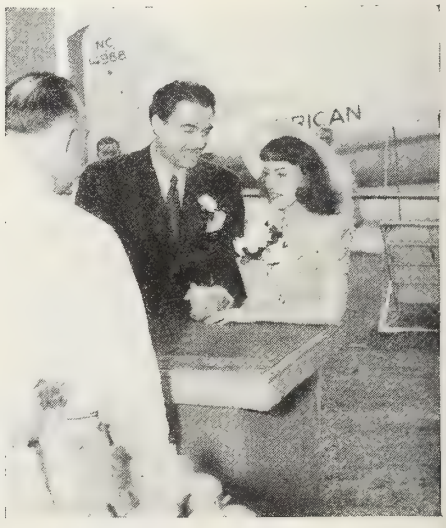
Of course the impulsive dash to the Schulberg office was not strictly in accordance with the "Oooops!" idea. When he stops to reflect, March is of the opinion that few untoward events short of tragedy rate more than an "Oooops!" in passing. What seems like the blow of misfortune "may be a wallop wheeling you round in the right direction."

But never was the March philosophy more taxed than during that brief run on Broadway of *Yr. Obedient Husband.* "Everything happened," March reflected, "except anything good." His smile was candid for he isn't one to dodge facts: "The critics were right, I wasn't up to snuff. But, while I hate alibis, there's something to be said . . . It was 'Oooops!' all over the place, from start to finish."

First, a delay in opening because March suffered a leg injury that took him to the hospital; the leg still bothered him on the stage. Next, a boy actor developing a cold that turned out to be smallpox. Next, Kay Johnson doubling for the lad and innocently wearing his clothes. Next, the illness of A woman actor, and Kay also doubling for her. Next, learning about the boy and watching Kay to see if she intended to break out into spots—"She didn't, thank heaven. It was the only break, if you get me, that we got!" Then, Fredric's leg growing worse . . .

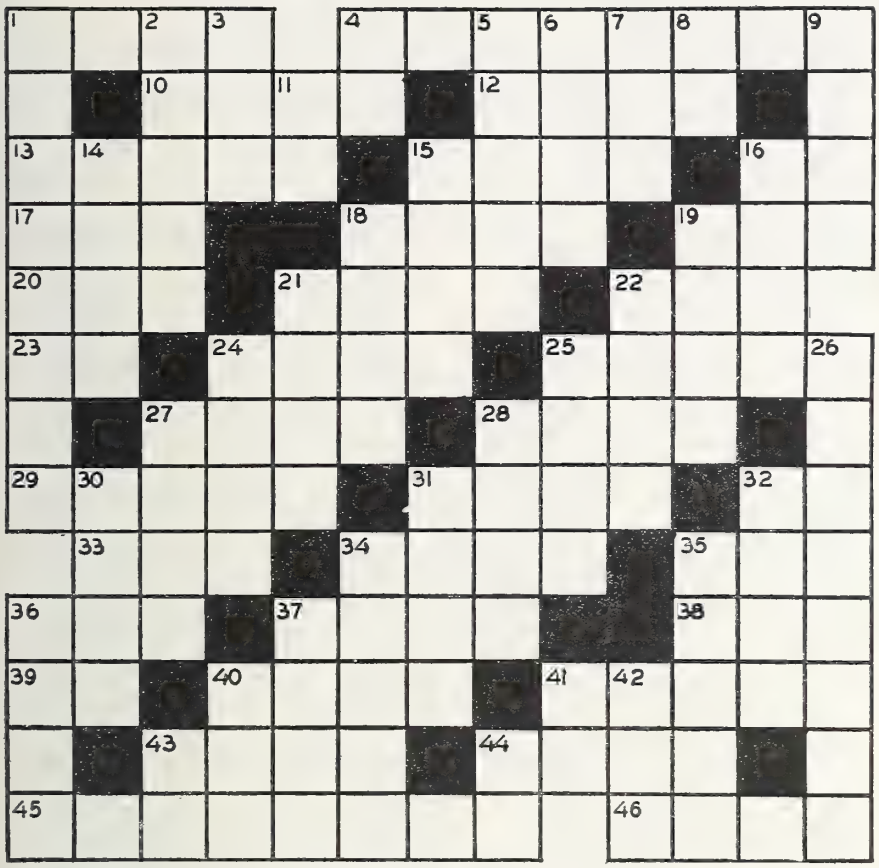
March heaved a gusty breath. "I certainly was glad that show didn't last more than a week!" he sighed.

Again, as the ad pointed out, it was a clear case of "Oooops! Sorry!" And Fredric March, returning to the Coast, stepped right into the type of role, speedy and funny—that for a long time he's been anxious to play. Seems to be sort of a fatality about it, eh?



Sky elopements are the thing. Screen actor Scott Colton and socialite Azadia Newman are shown making their marriage vows at the picturesque altar at the Phoenix, Arizona, Airport which is only two hours by air from Hollywood

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Dickie Moore had title role in *My* ———.
4. First name of feminine lead in *Fast Company*.
10. Her last name is Wilde and she plays in westerns.
12. *Merrily We* ———.
13. *Mad* ——— *Music*.
15. *Three Blind* ———.
16. Mr. Donlevy's initials.
17. Descriptive of the ingenue.
18. She was famed for her beauty in silent films.
19. Spanky is one.
20. Wayne Morris portrayed ——— *Galahad*.
21. A star of *Stolen Heaven*.
22. *Paradise* ——— *Three*.
23. Initials of one who had title role in *Shopworn Angel*.
24. Remember ——— Negri?
25. He co-starred with Hepburn in two recent films.
27. Hungarian actress in *The Buccaneer*.
28. Measure of film.
29. First name of Director Walsh who made *College Swing*.
31. The girl in *Tarzan's Revenge*.
32. Initials of one who portrayed *Nurse from Brooklyn*.
33. Home of Hollywood stars (abbr.).
34. *The Adventures of Robin* ———.
35. What Tracy sailed in *Captains Courageous*.
36. *I* ——— *My Love Again*.
37. Room in prison sequences.
38. Nickname of Miss Ellis.
39. *Love* ——— *a Headache*.
40. *The Beloved* ———.
41. *Dolly* in *King of the Newsboys*.
43. Spool on which film is wound.
44. His last name is O'Donnell.
45. A star of *Always Goodbye*.
46. Short film of current events.

DOWN

1. *Hastings* in *Speed To Burn*.
2. Star of *Professor Beware*.
3. Mary ——— Lender.
4. Initials of Mr. Stone, but not Lewis.
5. First name of tiny Miss Brasno appearing in *Little Miss Broadway*.
6. Last name of 4 Across.
7. Miss Arden's first name.
8. Initials of a star of *Girl of the Golden West*.
9. Last name of 8 Down.
11. *Gold Is Where You Find* ———.
14. *Rabbit* in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*.
15. *Beatrice* in *Men Are Such Fools*.
16. *When Were You* ———?
18. *Marie* in *Algiers*.
19. Another name for *Slave Ship*.
21. *Over the* ———.
22. *The Cowboy* ——— *Brooklyn*.
24. *Jerry* in *The Devil's Party*.
25. ——— *Dinners in Paris*.
26. Places where stars of this puzzle appear.
27. One of animals in *Heidi*.
28. ——— *for Scandal* (sing.).
30. The Easy ———, of radio fame, appear in shorts.
31. Star of *Reformatory*.
32. Usher escorts you to this.
34. Late comedian.
35. Educational Pictures are known as the "——— of the program."
36. *Little* ——— *Thoroughbred*.
37. Those who manned 19 Down.
40. First name of one who was *Papinoff* in *Saint in New York*.
41. Mr. Pidgeon's initials.
42. She hatched the Pathe rooster.
43. Richard Arlen's initials.
44. Suzanne Kaaren's initials.

(Solution on page 65)

BOTHERED BY CONSTIPATION?

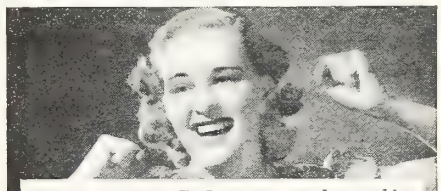
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International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1018, Chicago

THAT EXTRA-SPECIAL DINNER



Billie Burke loves to change the appearance of her table with gay combinations of glass ornaments and colorful service plates

A famous hostess discusses foods for a formal dinner and tells you how to make some of them

By BETTY CROCKER

Once in a blue moon we all have to do something extra special in the way of a dinner party, so this month let's go formal! We'll take for our guide the lovely Billie Burke, who is considered an authority on the art of entertaining.

I'm going to tell you about a conversation that was overheard during the production of the David O. Selznick picture *The Young Heart* in which Billie Burke is playing. This picture stars Janet Gaynor, by the way, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Paulette Goddard.

Billie Burke had just been telling a friend who was visiting with her that she'd had to cancel a dinner party that day in order to work. She and her companion then fell to amusing themselves by imagining a "perfect" meal, one that could be served with pride and distinction.

"First we must consider the guests," said Miss Burke. "The secret of the perfect hostess is knowledge of individual tastes—which ones take half coffee, half hot water, for example.

"Men prefer roasts to chicken, and so if the dinner is especially for men, a roast can be chosen, or for variety, if game is available, serve roast duck.

Here is the menu, which after some debate they decided on for the dinner:

Chicken Bouillon
Fillet of Sole Tartar Sauce
Roast Lamb Browned Potatoes
Peas Cauliflower au Gratin
Cloverleaf Rolls
Tangerine Glace or Peach Melba Coffee

"Before dinner, of course, we must consider the *hors d'oeuvres*," Miss Burke continued. "Let us say fresh crabmeat balls

on sticks. Or it is also a growing custom merely to serve a large jar of imported caviar, set in a dish of chopped ice, with a platter of crackers and slices of lemon. This goes well with a glass of vodka and has novelty. The caviar, of course, must be the best. Some also add appetizers such as chopped egg and onions. The bouillon should be well flavored with bits of parsley and a dash of whipped cream to float on top.

"Coming to the fish course, fillet of sole can be relied on as tasty, and an excellent prelude to the roast.

"I like a special course of a vegetable. It should be an unusual dish to qualify as a separate course. Let's say cauliflower au gratin. The cauliflower must be cooked while the meat is being served. If you choose asparagus, by all means have Hollandaise sauce to go with it. But if you do not have facilities for cooking the vegetable while the meat course is being served, abandon it completely, and substitute a salad. And by all means a salad if you do not serve a fish course. I like to serve cheese wafers with a salad.

"For dessert, something colorful is in order, a happy climax. It should be light.

"Finally, the coffee. This is served in the sitting room, unless—and this is an important decision for the hostess—unless the guests are involved in a most interesting conversation and it would break up the party to interrupt.

Miss Burke's Favorite Recipes

CLOVERLEAF ROLLS

- 2 cakes compressed yeast
- 2 cups milk (scalded and cooled to 80° F.) or lukewarm water (80° F.).
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs (or 4 egg yolks plus 2 tbsp. water)
- 7 cups all-purpose flour.
- ½ cup soft shortening (part butter for flavor)

Crumble yeast into bowl. Add lukewarm milk (80° F.). (If room and flour are cooler than 80° F., use milk a trifle warmer than 80° F. If room and flour are warmer, as in hot weather, use milk cooler than 80° F.). Add sugar and salt, and stir to dissolve completely. Add the well-beaten eggs (or egg yolks and water). Sift flower once before measuring. Spoon lightly into cup to measure. Add all the flour to the liquid at once, working it in thoroughly with the hands. Work in the soft shortening. When dough is well mixed, knead gently in a bowl or on a lightly floured board until smooth and elastic. Round up and set to rise in a well greased bowl. Cover with a damp cloth. Keep dough at 80 to 85° F. until double in bulk (about 2 hours). (Dough should feel neither warm nor cool to the touch—just "in-between." Place it out of draft. If kitchen is cold, put dough in a closed cupboard with a pan of hot water beside it.) Punch down, and let rise again until almost double in bulk (about 45 minutes). Remove from bowl. Knead lightly to round up on lightly floured board. Cover with a damp cloth, and let stand 15 minutes (to loosen up) before shaping into Cloverleaf Rolls . . . by forming dough into balls the size of large marbles. Place 3 balls in each well greased muffin cup. Bake 12 to 15 minutes (depending on size of rolls), in a hot oven, 425° F.

LIMA BEANS AU GOURMET

- ½ lb. small dried lima beans
- 2 slices bacon, diced
- ½ cup mushrooms, sliced
- 3 tbsp. butter
- 3 tbsp. all-purpose flour
- 1 can pepper pot soup (plus sufficient water to make 2 cups)
- 2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsp. curry powder
- 1 drop Tabasco sauce
- 1 blade mace
- 8 whole cloves

Wash lima beans, and soak in water over night. The next day, cook them until tender (about 1½ hours) in a large amount of salted water. Cook bacon in frying pan until crisp. Remove from pan. Sauté mushrooms in same pan. (If mushrooms are not available, they may be omitted.) Melt butter in saucepan. Blend in flour. Slowly stir in pepper pot soup and water. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Blend in cooked lima beans (drained), crisp bacon sautéd mushrooms, and seasonings. Pour into a well-greased baking dish, 10 inches in diameter and bake for 10 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. This will make 6 servings.

SUNSHINE PEACH MELBA

For each individual serving, place a mound of ice cream on a slice of Sunshine Cake. Lay a peach, curved side upward, on the ice cream. (The peach should be first cooked in a thin syrup just until very tender and then chilled.) Over each serving pour a thick sauce made by smashing fresh red raspberries with sugar and allowing them to stand in the refrigerator until cold.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER RECIPES

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I offer you this clever little purse-size container for only a dime because I want you to see with your own eyes what my cream will do for *your* skin!



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Mary Pickford started something at the annual election of officers of the Motion Picture Relief Fund that we hope others will finish. She asked that all members of the acting profession provide clauses in their wills setting aside funds to build a permanent home for indigent members of the motion picture industry.

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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Tyrone Knows an Answer

[*Continued from page* 19]

carloads of sand from the Santa Monica Beach to the studio, and created a tidy little desert of its own, complete even to the oasis and dim blue mountains in the distance.

For weeks everyone in the *Suez* company ate and breathed sand. When the wind machines were set in action for the typhoon scenes, everyone took on that misty pallor which a nice coating of sand gives.

Tyrone spent an hour after his daily stint was done, digging sand out of his hair, his eyes, his nostrils and his ears.

You would think that under those conditions Tyrone's ability to get fun out of any situation would temporarily go into moth-balls. On the contrary it seemed to thrive. Perhaps, because it challenged his funny-bone.

■ The matter of the donkey was definitely a challenge. Now the animal-actor was used in the scene where Tyrone meets Annabella, who plays the part of Toni, the impish girl who loves Ferdinand de Lesseps, (Tyrone Power), the builder of the *Suez*.

The donkey hired was of a tractable and gentle temperament. It obeyed its trainer's commands perfectly. It made friends with every person on the set.

With everyone except Tyrone. No matter how many juicy apples and succulent carrots he offered, no matter the pleading tones in his voice, the donkey would look at him arrogantly, swish its ears, and trot off disdainfully. The company made clucking noises of sympathy at Tyrone's bewilderment.

Tyrone didn't see the trainer making signs behind his back. But he knew that all wasn't on the up-and-up. No one suspected that his deepening gloom was the fore-runner of planned mischief.

That evening Tyrone made an excursion to Daisy's stall. With him was a man who had been training animals for the movies for years. He was leading Bessie, who might have been Daisy's twin sister.

Daisy was gently led away. Bessie took her place— a tutored Bessie, who in an hour of intensive study learned to take commands only from Tyrone, to follow him at a movement of the hand, to nudge him affectionately.

The following morning, the scenes of the day before which included the donkey, were continued. But with what a difference! No one could do a thing with that blamed donkey. In addition, Daisy's trainer had been called away by a seemingly urgent message, and he had been told not to hurry back because no trouble with Daisy was anticipated.

And here were scenes to be done. The sun was hot and getting hotter. The sand was scorching. And tempers were getting short. Who would have thought that nice, amiable and obliging donkey would hold up production?

"Suppose you let me see what I can do?" Tyrone suggested mildly.

"You?" everyone chorused. "That donkey won't have anything to do with you. Or did you forget about yesterday?"

But condescendingly, Tyrone was permitted to try anyway.

And wonder of wonders! That donkey did everything but turn somersaults when Tyrone spoke to her. The scenes went through without a hitch. In fact, at amazing speed!

No one could figure it out! There was mystery in this! For a week the puzzle of the donkey haunted those who had tried to fix up Tyrone. They were losing sleep over it. And finally they asked Tyrone for the answer.

"So you want to know, do you?" Tyrone asked. "Well, Daisy wasn't Daisy. She was Bessie!"

Tyrone hadn't had so much fun in a week of Sundays as he did watching the crestfallen faces of the conspirators. Definitely, but definitely, the joke was on them.

■ Even the law has come off second-best in a bout with Tyrone's wit.

When he was serving his acting apprenticeship in New York, he shared a walkup apartment with a friend. Both boys were a bit on the loud side when they came in from their theatre chores at one or two o'clock in the morning.

The tenant below them had no appreciation for the artistic temperament. And he would howl loud and long over their disturbance of his sleep.

His special manner of retaliation was to stick a wad of gum against their bell at five o'clock in the morning, the hour he went to work. The bell would continue sounding its alarm until one of the disgusted boys would come down to pry out the gum.

It went on for days—this noisy feud. And so the boys thought it might be a good idea to give the gentleman a taste of his own medicine. Every night when they came in, they rang their neighbor's bell persistently. The clatter would have waked the dead.

One night the shopkeeper was in a special fury. He'd fix 'em. He'd fix those two good-for-nothings. Actors, humph! He called the police. And a couple of uniforms suddenly materialized at Tyrone's side, while he was taking his turn at bell-ringing.

"Want somebody?" they asked.

"Yes, yes indeed," Tyrone came back quick as a flash. "There's an early rehearsal and I am trying to wake up Tyrone Power. That guy sleeps like a log."

The officers were perplexed. "We got a complaint somebody was creating a disturbance. But you gotta a right to ring the doorbell of somebody you know. Let's go up and pound on your friend's door." Cops could be very suspicious characters.

Up went Tyrone flanked by the law. For an instant he lagged behind as the door opened. Just long enough to signal his buddy to keep quiet.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Power," Tyrone didn't give anybody a chance to say a word. "Say, you certainly sleep hard.

"I've been ringing your bell for twenty minutes. Rehearsal tomorrow, early. We've been trying to get word to you for hours."

The officers scratched their heads in perplexity. They were murmuring—"People are crazy," as they clattered down the stairs.

"Whew, that was a close one," Tyrone sighed in relief. Jail just wasn't on his program.

Their neighbor moved from there!

■ The most amusing story Tyrone tells points his special and distinct sense of humor.

He was appearing in the New York production of *Romeo and Juliet*, and for the purposes of his part, he had to wear his hair long. "Almost a Garbo bob, it was!" Even today he recalls that embarrassing haircut with resentment.

"It was late December but the Christmas Spirit had passed me up. I wasn't going to expose myself to the stares of shoppers. As it was, I was skulking between the theatre and my room, taking the alleys to do it. I did shove my hair under my hat, but I looked sort of peculiar with my hat perched precariously on the very top of my head.

"But the last day before Christmas, I decided people would be too busy to look at me closely, even with my hat sticking on so queerly. So I went shopping, with my hair carefully tucked up under my biggest, tightest hat.

"All was well. No one had given me a second glance. I was returning home with parcels dangling by their strings from every one of my fingers. And a long roll of Christmas tissue under my arm.

"I had fished out a nickel to pay my bus fare before getting on, but in the rush for the doors my coin slipped and dropped to the floor. The conductor wasn't obliging. He wouldn't pick it up. So somehow, I scrooched down to the floor, and by luck retrieved it. But my hat had remained in the air, resting peacefully on the shoulders of two passengers.

"I stood up, wormed into my hat. But my hair had dropped down. Instead of a passable-looking boy, I suddenly emerged under the gaze of the horrified passengers, as some strange creature with dangling locks.

"The bus swayed and I hit with a thud a passenger's midriff. I turned around to apologize and the roll of tissue swatted the gentleman behind me smack in the face. I was becoming a menace. Everyone was glowering and growling at me. But we were packed so tight that for ten blocks, I am certain, my feet didn't even touch the floor, and no one could move away from my immediate and dangerous vicinity. My Christmas Spirit was rapidly oozing out.

"When my stop came, everybody was eager to pull the bell for me. I was a good riddance—this person who looked like a fugitive from a psychopathic ward."

But Tyrone's troubles weren't over. The driver was in a hurry to get going. The bus started before Tyrone, packed down like a truck horse, had completely left the step. He went sprawling in the icy slush, his packages scattered over the immediate landscape.

Suddenly Tyrone threw back his head and laughed until the tears came. It had been a nightmare ride—but, gosh, it was funny! And the passengers had looked so satisfied when he had gone kerplunk.

He waved his hand at the general direction of the disappearing bus. "Merry Christmas, everybody!" he called after it. To this day he believes the passengers thought he was crazy!

■ But laughs aren't so easy to get now that Tyrone is a star. He is so quickly recognized—automatic deference smooths the road for him.

When they do come, he treasures them. For example, not long ago, he was working on the old Fox lot, and the custodian of the gate had never seen him.

Tyrone drove in. He was stopped. "Where do you think you're goin'?" the voice of authority stopped him. Tyrone was properly meek. "I'm to report on Stage two."

"What's your name?"

Tyrone murmured—"Power."

"Howard? Never heard o' you. Gotta pass?"

Well, it was an old situation which the public didn't believe any more. But at least, this would brighten up his day for him, Tyrone thought.

So he made profuse apologies for not having a pass. He didn't correct the gentleman on the name. This could go on for minutes on end.

But his fun was cut short. A breathless gateman who knew Tyrone rushed up. "They're waiting for you, Mr. Power. Stage two." He waved him on.

In the rear vision mirror he saw Gateman No. 1 shaking his head in consternation. And Gateman No. 2 was gesticulating wildly, probably advising his brother-worker to get up on his movies.

■ When he was working on *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, in one sequence, he as well as the extras were in khaki uniform. Tyrone had crawled up to the cat-walk which the electricians use, to get some candid camera shots.

"Hey, buddy," an electrician reminded him, "they're calling all you guys down there."

"I don't think they mean me," Tyrone replied.

"Boy, you extras sure try to get out of all the work you can. Well, it's O. K. with me, buddy, but you better not let 'em catch you with that camera."

The electrician stood guard while he took his pictures, and waved him down the ladder with the hope that the director wouldn't find out he hadn't been among those present when the extras lined up.

Tyrone thanked him. But not for the world would he let him know his identity. After all, the man was doing his good deed for the day!

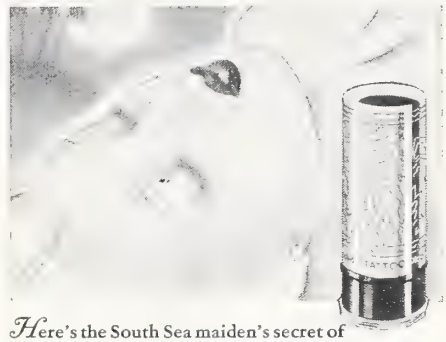
And so life to Tyrone is an arena for laughs. He gets them where he can.

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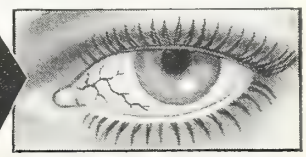
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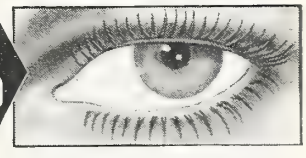
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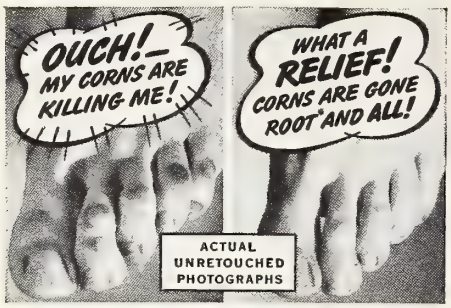
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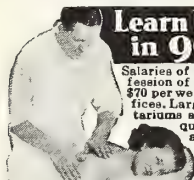
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The Name is Familiar

[*Continued from page 28*]

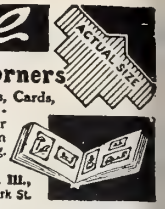
been a subdued matter of annoyance or of ridicule from the more widely read of the great movie audience. But, until recently, no action has been taken. Now the spotlight of publicity is focused on such changes by a complaint, filed by Mr. Irving Schneider, New York attorney, representing a group of independent exhibitors.

■ These certain exhibitors feel pretty strongly about the film *Kidnapped*, based on the book of the same name by Robert Louis Stevenson. They claim, in dignified legal language, of course, that not only was some of the original plot kidnapped, but that some of their potential audiences were kidnapped as well! They claim that, because the film was advertised as "Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped*" patronage was diverted from their theatres to those theatres playing *Kidnapped*, because advertising conveyed the impression that it was a faithful reproduction of Stevenson's story. They claim, further, that those theatre owners who did contract for the film, under the impression that it was a faithful screen version of the book, ran the film to their detriment and financial injury as well as to the detriment and financial injury of other motion picture film producers who truthfully advertise and represent their film productions.

Mr. Schneider's clients feel strongly about the matter because they claim that they have been injured in their pocketbooks. There is no telling how the individual theatre-goer feels about changes in famous stories, because the theatre-goer is a pretty good sport. He buys his entertainment sight-unseen, without a sample. If he doesn't like the picture, he shrugs his shoulders, and goes away from there.

■ While Stevenson's story, *Kidnapped*, is one of his famous works, comparatively few people out of the great movie audience have read it, and for that reason quite a lot of people are going to wonder what all of the shouting is about. Those who are not familiar with the story will see a rather exceptionally well photographed film that seems to be trying to tell two stories at one time. The first story deals with the adventures of young David Balfour, an orphan whose rascally uncle first attempts to kill him and then has him kidnapped by an equally rascally sea captain. So far, the film follows the book faithfully. The drastic change is the introduction of a love affair for Alan Breck, and this is a serious matter because there was no such thing in Stevenson's tale, and has proved to be quite irritating to those who love the Stevenson book. They claim that this studio-manufactured love interest changes the entire character of fiery, impulsive, belligerent little sawed-off Alan who was risking his adventurous little neck every time he set foot in Scotland in the service of his exiled sovereign. They claim that it isn't so bad to see clever young Freddie Bartholomew, who is in his early teens, playing Balfour, who was in his late teens, but they get fierce and

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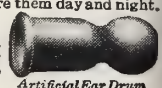
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angry at the idea of Alan Breck, whose great devotion was to the Scottish rebel party, taking any time off for the murmuring of soft nothings to any heroine whatever.

The third side of the matter is the studio's. Producers gamble hundreds of thousands of dollars on productions such as *Kidnapped*. Experience has taught that a film without a love story is, all too frequently, a film without an audience. Undoubtedly the producers reasoned that Alan Breck probably did have a sweetheart, so why not put one in the Stevenson story, just as a sort of bonus, thus harming no one, and making everyone happy. That is what the producers thought.

So far as the lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson's writings go, it hasn't worked out that way. What will be the final outcome is in the hands of the Federal Trade Commission, and upon its decision rests the future of many beloved tales which have not been brought to the screen as yet.

■ It should be remembered that the Federal Trade Commission was set up to prohibit deceptive trade practices, false and misleading advertising and general fraudulent and misleading representations in connection with interstate commerce. In other words, it can control any commodity, manufactured in one state and shipped, for sale, to another by issuing what is called a "cease and desist" order, if the Commission finds that such product has been falsely advertised and misrepresented after thorough investigation.

The Federal Trade Commission does not award damages. Following a "cease and desist" order, legal action may be taken in the courts, and they award damages or not as the judges see fit.

The Federal Trade Commission deals with any commodity that crosses state boundaries for sale. One week it may be considering the claims of a manufacturer of rubber tires for his product. The next week it may be dealing with electric light globes, or watches, or shoes, so the public may feel confident that national advertisers are making true statements about the products.

■ So far, the question of changes in famous plots for the screen or the use of well-known titles on new material has not come before the Federal Trade Commission, to my best knowledge, except in the instance of a film called *In His Steps*. The book of that title was written by Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, and was a story of profound religious concept. As such, it had an immense appeal, and is said to be the greatest selling novel published in this country. We do know positively that many thousands of copies were printed and sold, and that the title as well as the story is familiar to an enormous number of people. The film story is not the same as that in the book. That matter still is pending, and the Federal Trade Commission has planned further hearings this fall.

But there have been some amusing and some amazing instances of startling alliances between title and story, quite unrelated until the films brought them together.

Remember *Dante's Inferno* and how it reached the screen as a pretty elaborate thriller, all about a fine tough guy who ran a beach concession that was a fire trap and how his finer self was revealed when his his own dear ones were threatened?

The case of *The Dance of Life* is a funny one, though it really does not add anything to this particular discussion. One of Havelock Ellis' better known and most distinguished contributions to literature is a book of essays on the arts. It was published under the title *The Dance of Life*. One calm morning, so the story goes, Dr. Ellis was called to the telephone by Hollywood. Hollywood wanted to know how much he wanted for the copyrighted title. They say that Dr. Ellis was surprised but he quickly pulled himself together, and set a good high price on it. So the title of the book of essays was bought, and served very nicely indeed as the name of the screen version of the play *Burlesque*, a rousing back-stage melodrama. And that was fair enough. Certainly it would have been confusing to advertise a film called *Burlesque*. Some of the customers would be bitter if they did not see a burlesque show. And a lot of people might stay away, thinking that the film was a farcial stage show usually associated with that title. No one was deceived by such a usage of a title.

But do you remember *I Cover the Waterfront*? That collection of reminiscences by the San Diego reporter, Max Miller, was exceedingly popular when it first was printed. Of course, anyone who had read the book was well warned, because it had no central plot, and it was obvious that the studio had run one of its own under the widely advertised title. But how about these people who saw a water-front melodrama, and went away from the theatre convinced that they had caught up with their reading by seeing the film?

And how about *The Call of the Wild*, one of the greatest of all stories by Jack London? It is the story of Buck, who was stolen from his serene life in a California valley, shipped to Alaska during the gold rush, and sold as a sled dog. After his beloved master was killed, Buck found himself free to answer the wolf pack which had been singing with primitive appeal in his ears ever since he had reached the Yukon.

Many grace notes were added to the film, the most outstanding being the love interest supplied by Miss Loretta Young who looked very fetching in lovely furs and charming make-up. This film was an immense success. Audiences loved it. It was an outstanding financial success, but I wonder what happened when people bought the book, after seeing the film, and discovered that most of the plot was missing?

■ In Hollywood they love to tell the story of the producer and the tactful scenario editor.

It happened shortly after Oswald Spengler's long exhaustive treatise on the state of western civilization was published.




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Twentieth Century-Fox studios, which have been on the alert in bringing great talent to the screen, stole a march on their competitors in bringing back two favorites of long standing. Charles Farrell was signed for the big male part in the new Shirley Temple picture, *Around the Corner*, while George Bancroft will greet his legion of fans from the screen in *Wooden Anchors*.





EARN UP TO $5 DAILY Sell **PERSONAL INITIAL CHRISTMAS CARDS**

Newest Novelty. Season's fastest seller. Assortment of 21 Christmas Cards with sender's INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals. Retails $1. Costs 50c. Extra Bonus. Also **name-imprinted** Greetings, **50 for $1.** Many other popular assortments. Big earnings full or spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for **Samples**

ARTISTIC CARD CO., 467 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.

Do This For BLACKHEADS



They Fall Right Out!

BLACKHEADS often persist because they are literally trapped in your skin! Locked there by a film of sluggish, surface skin! You can't wash them away! But you can release them! **Golden Peacock Bleach Creme** will lift away the film of coarsened surface skin—dissolving it in tiny invisible particles. Blackheads are released. They flake away, fall out! Pimples, too—and other blemishes in the surface skin! You discover your own finer skin—smoother, clearer, alluringly whiter! All in just 5 days! Discover new skin beauty with **Golden Peacock Bleach Creme!** At all toilet goods counters.

Considering that "The Decline of the West" was not fiction, was definitely heavy reading and was filled with gloomy conclusions as to the fate of the western world, it has an immense popularity. For week after week, it had a place on the list of best sellers, and the producer noticed that fact.

He called in the man who was in charge of buying stories for his studio.

"This 'Decline of the West'," said the producer. "It's selling big?"

"Indeed it is."

"Then buy it," said the producer. "We haven't done a western in a long time."

The scenario editor was in somewhat of a spot. He cringed from the thought of telling the producer that the book had not even the hint of a plot, that it had nothing whatever to do with cowboys and cattle thieves, that it was strictly non-fiction. That would be unnecessaarily embarrassing for the great man. He searched his alarmed mind for the tactful way out, and chose the evasive answer.

"Well, sir, in my opinion it is hardly material for a feature film. So terribly long, you know. After all, two big thick volumes. . . ."

The producer waved a lordly hand, and smiled the patient tolerant smile of one who is accustomed to solving difficult problems easily.

"It's a good title, isn't it? And it's selling, isn't it? So buy it. If it's too long for a feature, we'll make a serial out of it."

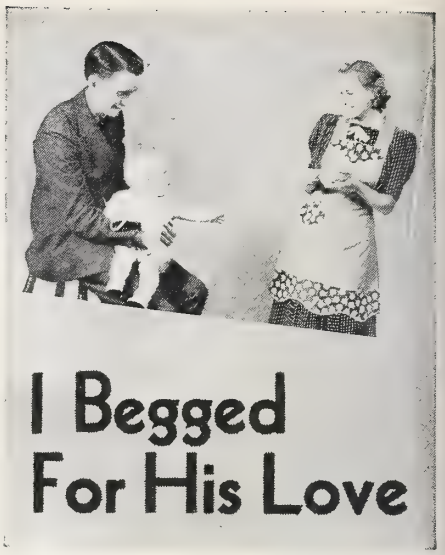
Whether this tale is true, or whether it is the product of the poisoned imagination of one of the embittered young men who have seen great literary properties treated with something less than entire respect on the screen, I don't know.

But it does illustrate, to a rather comic and exaggerated extreme, the way some studios have handled some famous titles.

■ By and large, children of this generation are fortunate beyond the wildest imaginations of their parents and grandparents. Even so short a time as twenty years ago, comparatively few youngesters owned libraries that contained all of the great stories written for children. And, even when the books were available in public libraries, not all parents read extensively to the little ones, or saw that the bigger ones were provided with the best of stories.

Today, there are very few families indeed who cannot dig up a dime for the Saturday matinee where the youngsters may see such faithfully filmed, brilliantly acted, charmingly produced films such as *Little Women, David Copperfield, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Robin Hood* to mention only a very few among the splendidly produced stories which have been known and loved in book form for many years.

But there have been exceptions, and strangely enough two of the most drastic changes have been made in films starring Shirley Temple, adored by the whole nation, and for that reason capable of confusing more people with one film than any other star. There was some astonishment, but no public outcry when her studio changed the sex of Kipling's *Wee Willie Winkie* and made him a little American girl instead of a little British boy. Though



I Begged For His Love

DOES a woman have any right to a husband and child when she neglects them both, and is concerned only with her own selfish comfort? What if the child is desperately in need of care, and another woman is willing to give it? Suppose that woman, against her will, falls in love with the baby's father? These are the problems, Laura Steadman, the "other woman," faces in I Begged For His Love. Read the absorbing confession in the October ROMANTIC STORY.

Also in this issue:

WHY I DECEIVED HER
TOO MANY SWEETHEARTS
SHOULD I FORGIVE HIS PAST?
WE WERE TOO YOUNG TO KNOW
OUT OF MY CLASS

—and others

NOW ON SALE

10c



Romantic Story

quite a few people wondered why the studio didn't call the film *Shirley in India*, and save the fine story of *Wee Willie Winkie* for some little boy to play at another time.

But more than a few people have been noticed coming out of the theatre after seeing what is known as *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, brushing imaginary spots from in front of their eyes, and wondering if they could believe their vision. Rebecca is one of the best known of tales. It has been a favorite in book form for years. In addition, it is well known to movie audiences, because it has been filmed twice before the 1938 edition came along, once by Mary Pickford and once by Marian Nixon.

The new Rebecca is filled with much to attract Shirley Temple's huge audience. The film starts with the little star playing the part of an orphaned and unemployed radio artiste who is left by her money-grabbing step-father with her maternal aunt in the country when she fails to get a contract. The film ends with Shirley making a tremendous hit over a national hook-up after having united two pairs of bewildered hearts in matrimony. And that is all very fine, and appealing to hundreds of thousands of us who like to see Miss Temple in anything. But it bears absolutely no relation to the story of the little girl who went to live with two aunts in the red brick house. And a great many of us liked that story, too. The tragic part is that a great many of us would have been enchanted to see Shirley play Rebecca a few years from now when she is of the same age as the little girl in the story. As it is, plenty of mamas were baffled, after giving their little ones a vivid outline of the remembered story, only to have those little ones regard them as distinctly misinformed and ill-read after they saw the show.

Ah, it is easy to find fault. On one case, a producer is praised to the skies for making slight changes for the sake of emphasizing drama or establishing a character. And the next time he does the same thing, with equally good intentions, he finds himself involved with hearings before the Federal Trade Commission, whose decision in the case of *Kidnapped* is sure to be of vital interest to all movie-goers.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 6*]

hangar. Wife Lili, mad as a hatter because of this very unhusbandly treatment, burst through the gate and scooted down the runway, clothes fluttering in the propeller breeze and back of her trotted an airport guard. Back of him came an airport car and back of them all the loud laughter of onlookers. The airport car finally caught up with Lili and carried her out the gates. A studio car took Errol home. The studio where Errol works explained the fun as a "slight misunderstanding." According to our Operative No. 11000, the couple indulged in another slight misunderstanding at the House of Murphy the other evening—only more so.

■ Whether she's married to Charlie Chaplin or not, Paulette Goddard signed her name on a Del Monte hotel register as "Mrs. Charles Chaplin" and the socialites of the summer resort accepted this pen-and-ink exhibit as a confirmation of the long-standing rumors of her marriage. After a ten-day visit Paulette departed for Cape Cod, Mass., where she plays roles in summer stock with a Little Theatre group. In the meantime Charlie is readying up a script for a picture that may go into production this fall.

■ Buddy Rogers didn't mind, he says, when someone tossed an orange at him while he was directing his orchestra during an engagement at San Luis Obispo but it was fruit of a different color when a smart-aleck, out for a laugh, squirted a siphon bottle in his face while he was signing autographs during an intermission. Buddy dropped his pencil, doubled up his right fist and smacked the heckler so hard that it was five minutes before he quit hearing the birdies sing. After finally getting to his feet, the victim begged off from further combat, and to escape further knuckle massaging from the belligerent Buddy, scurried out of the hall. This Buddy guy, by the way, is an expert duke swinger and we're passing the information along just in case.

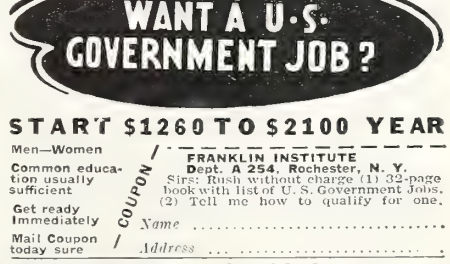
■ Mike Whalen, the 20th Century-Foxer, has taken up a new hobby that's as dizzy a one as could be imagined. When he isn't working in front of the cameras these days he's down at the Gilmore Stadium where the midget car races are staged. Saw him last week buzzing around the quarter-mile saucer in Mel Hansen's gasoline bug and taking the turns at fifty miles per hour. Mel claims that Mike could be an ace midget driver if he'd quit the movies.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

B	I	L	L		F	L	O	R	E	N	C	E	
L	■	L	O	I	S	■	L	I	V	E	■	D	
A	B	O	U	T	■	M	I	C	E	■	B	D	
C	O	Y	■	■	D	O	V	E	■	B	O	Y	
K	I	D	■	G	E	N	E	■	F	O	R		
M	S	■	P	O	L	A	■	G	R	A	N	T	
E	■	G	A	A	L	■	F	O	O	T	■	H	
R	A	O	U	L	■	H	O	L	M	■	S	E	
	C	A	L	■	H	O	O	D	■	S	E	A	
M	E	T	■	C	E	L	L	■	■	P	A	T	
I	S	■	B	R	A	T	■	W	H	I	T	E	
S	■	R	E	E	L	■	S	P	E	C	■	R	
S	T	A	N	W	Y	C	K		N	E	W	S	









HOW TO TAKE BAD NEWS



Harpo is so sensitive, so emotional, so talented that he seemed the perfect person to conduct this month's etiquette department. He took time out from his work in *Room Service*, to show how to behave at the races



An ugly thought creeps in



Forgot to place the bet!



Count ten! Count it again!



Why does this have to happen to ME?

I won't stand it!





What's the use?



WHY ADVERTISING?

FEW persons are aware that most magazines cost the publisher more to produce than he receives for their sale.

Who, then, pays the publisher's loss?

The answer is: THE ADVERTISER.

Advertisers last year spent $1,659,195.55 for advertising in this magazine and others owned or controlled by Fawcett Publications.

Look through the advertising columns and see which advertisers help pay for *your* magazine.

To co-operate in supplying you with reading entertainment is only one service conducted by advertising.

A long time ago there was no advertising. Every man with something to sell had to tell people about it personally and individually. This was not a great handicap in those days, for no one had very much to sell.

But as soon as large-scale manufacturing was begun, it was necessary to find a way to tell many people about products, and to tell them quickly and all at one time. To fill this need, advertising naturally developed as a universal business process. Without it we could not operate large factories, making goods for millions of consumers, paying salaries to millions of workers.

You might argue that in the end, because you buy advertised products you pay more, inasmuch as the purchase price must pay for the advertising and, indirectly, some of the cost of the magazine that publishes the advertisement.

Quite the contrary. Advertised goods cost *less.*

A good example of how advertising results in lower prices to the consumer is in the records of a camera company. Ten years ago a certain camera sold for $30. It was advertised extensively, sales increased and overhead costs were reduced because of the increased volume of business. Now, with larger production, the manufacturer is able to operate more economically, and to sell a better camera for only $15. The advertising cost amounts to 45 cents per camera. The saving to the customer on each machine is $14.55.

In a similar way, advertising has helped lower the price of goods you buy in every store, the very goods advertised in this magazine. Advertising, then, is a force working for you. Advertising is responsible for some of your wages, no matter what business you are in. Advertising makes it possible for you to buy cheaper, whether it is magazines or the advertised products.

KNOW YOUR ADVERTISERS AND BE LOYAL TO THEM



ED IN U. S. A.

The Order of the Day ... Chesterfields for MORE PLEASURE



This new uniform is now the order of the day for dress in the U. S. Army.

. . . and everywhere every day, the order of the day among smokers is that up-to-the-minute pack of Chesterfields.

Chesterfield's refreshing mildness, better taste and more pleasing aroma give *more pleasure* to more smokers every day.

They Satisfy ..millions

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ONLY 5 CENT MOVIE MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

Hollywood

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

7856

5¢

NOVEMBER
NSC



TRY THE LORETTA YOUNG "REGULAR GUY" TEST ON YOUR BOY FRIEND

SEE PAGE 25

Loretta Young


Karo
Karo
J.W. Hawkins
World Copyright, 1938, NEA Service, Inc.
Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children—
Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

"MODERNIZE YOUR TABLE" with the Hollywood Ensemble



Make yours a "table of today" with the beauty that Hollywood Stars choose for their party tables. A new 59-piece Silverware Service! The Hollywood Cloth of stunning Lace (72 in. x 90 in.)! You'd expect to pay a star's price for this Hollywood Ensemble, but, with the Special Saving of $4.00, the price is only $29.95 for the Silverware. The Cloth and tarnish-proof Chest are yours without additional cost — our Gifts to you. See your dealer for this Hollywood Beauty Dividend. See . . choose your design from the four the stars prefer.



For her own table, ANITA LOUISE — now appearing in "IN EVERY WOMAN'S LIFE", a Warner Bros. Picture — has chosen this lovely silverware "Service of the Stars."

1881 ROGERS

Made by ONEIDA LTD.

Copyright 1938 Oneida Ltd.



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SEASON'S GALA HIT!
EVERYBODY'S RAVING! EVERYBODY'S SINGING! EVERYBODY'S CHEERING!

Jeanette MacDONALD *Nelson* EDDY
in
SWEETHEARTS



VICTOR HERBERT *Love-Songs!* Thrilling melodies by the composer of "Naughty Marietta"! Hear your singing sweethearts blend their voices in *"Mademoiselle", "On Parade", "Wooden Shoes", "Every Lover Must Meet His Fate", "Summer Serenade", "Pretty As A Picture", "Sweethearts"*. . . (Based on the operetta "Sweethearts". Book and Lyrics by Fred De Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robt. B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert)

A CAST OF FUNSTERS!



From left to right—garrulous Herman Bing, hilarious Frank Morgan, nimble-footed Ray Bolger, and Mischa Auer, that straight-faced, merry man . . . plus lovely Florence Rice in the background for extra romance!



HEAVEN MADE THIS MATCH! Their greatest musical romance! Thrilling as they were in "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", you've never seen (or heard) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy so pulse-quickening! Their love story will wring your heart! Their love-songs will charm you as never before! They're breath-taking in technicolor.





BRAINS AT THE HELM!

Produced by Hunt Stromberg . . . Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. They're still taking bows for "Marie Antoinette"—and who can forget their "Naughty Marietta" and all their other great hits!

IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL TECHNICOLOR!



A feast for the eye! Dazzling spectacle becomes even more superb by the magic of Technicolor! Wait until you see the colorful "tulip scene" and other eye-filling spectacles!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

FRANK MORGAN
RAY BOLGER
FLORENCE RICE
MISCHA AUER
HERMAN BING

Douglas McPhail • Betty Jaynes
Reginald Gardiner • Gene Lockhart

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • *Produced by* HUNT STROMBERG • Screen Play by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell

A MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURE

OCT -8 1938
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NOVEMBER, 1938
Vol. 27 No. 11

Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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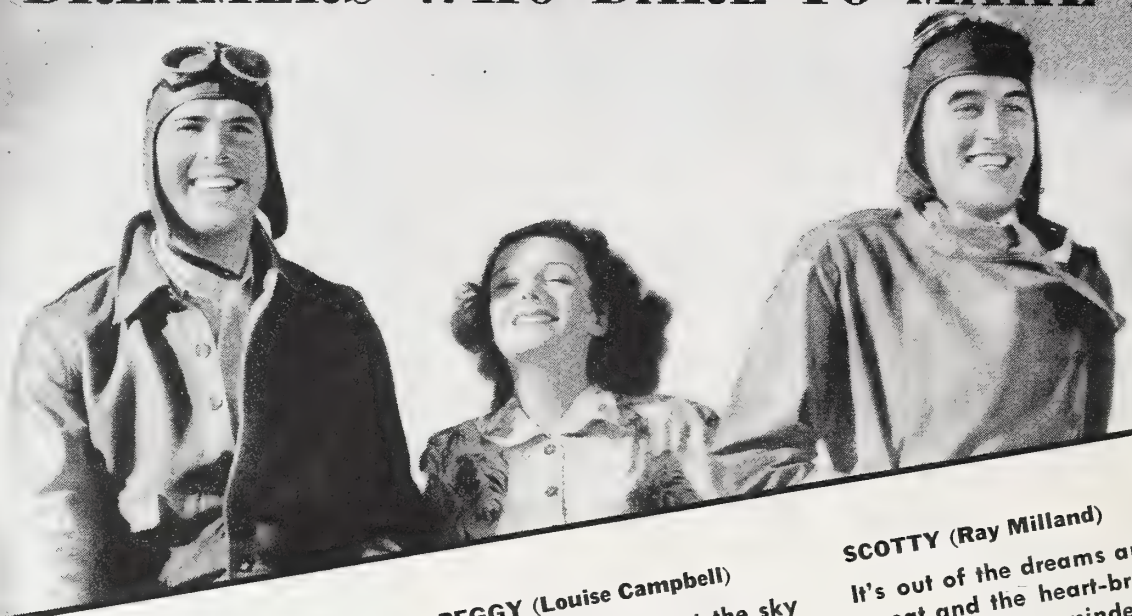
Jane Withers

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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DREAMERS WHO DARE TO MAKE THEIR



PAT (Fred MacMurray)

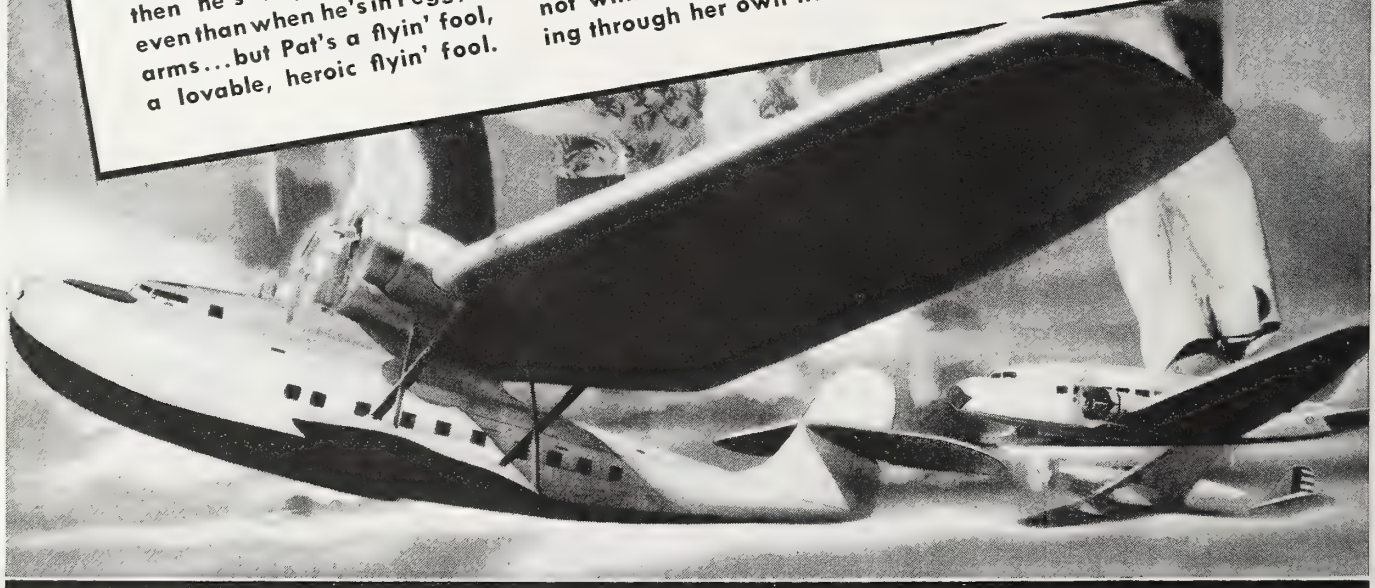
When the motor is making him deaf again . . . and the propeller is blowing the hair off his head . . . and he can smell the funny stink of burning castor oil . . . and see some blue mountains to climb over . . . then he's happy . . . happier even than when he's in Peggy's arms . . . but Pat's a flyin' fool, a lovable, heroic flyin' fool.

PEGGY (Louise Campbell)

She's been looking at the sky so long her eyes have stars in them . . . this girl who's had the luck, call it good, call it bad, to love a lad with flying blood in his veins and no use for the good earth at all except to leave it . . . and yet she wouldn't have him different, not with the love of it winging through her own heart.

SCOTTY (Ray Milland)

It's out of the dreams and the sweat and the heart-break of earnest, serious-minded men like Scotty that aviation was born, yes, and lives, and grows greater and greater, year by year, day by day, moment by moment . . . and what is Scotty's reward for all of this, not even the love of the girl whom he adores . . .



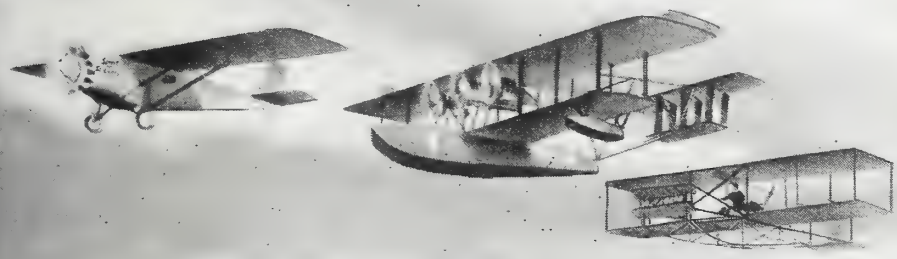
"MEN WITH WINGS"

PARAMOUNT'S ALL TECHNICOLOR CAVALCADE OF AVIATION

A MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURE

DREAMS COME TRUE . . .

FOR the first time on any screen and in the glorious, heart-throbbing power of Technicolor, Paramount tells the mighty story of America's favorite heroes, "Men With Wings." Before your eyes, in flaming sequence after flaming sequence, moves that thrilling cavalcade of courage, the march of American aviation, told in the living, human story of two boys and a girl whose romance is the romance of aviation itself, with all its heart-leaping excitement, its clutch of fear at the throat, its soul-rending disappointments, its hysterical, all-conquering triumphs.



with

FRED MacMURRAY · RAY MILLAND

Produced and Directed by William A. Wellman, creator of "Wings"

LOUISE CAMPBELL

Screen Play by Robert Carson

Andy Devine · Lynne Overman · Porter Hall · Walter Abel
Kitty Kelly · Virginia Weidler · Donald O'Connor

COMING SOON
THE YEAR'S GRANDEST LOVE STORY . . .
"IF I WERE KING"



RONALD COLMAN ...as Francois Villon, romantic poet-rogue, in **FRANK LLOYD'S "IF I WERE KING."**



FRANCES DEE . . . as the lady fair, whom Villon loves.



ELLEN DREW . . . as the tavern girl who loves Francois.



THE SHOW GOES ON

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

Two Big Events in an Editor's Month
The "Movie Quiz" and Corrigan

Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment

There is a most amusing story behind the slogan, above, which is being used in thousands of theatres and by hundreds of thousands of eager contest entrants in the big "Movie Quiz" now under way.

At first the slogan read:

MOVIES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT, and a very good slogan it seemed, too, until a studio official, reducing the slogan to initials in the manner so popular at the moment, made the shocking discovery that the initials spelled MAYBE!

Never was there a quicker re-writing of pamphlets and posters, because there is no MAYBE about the matter. Eighty-five million people a week can't be wrong, and eighty-five million people go to the movies in this country every week. It is a staggering figure, but that is the average weekly attendance for last year.

And this year that figure probably will be much bigger because an added entertainment is on the bill until December 31. And what added entertainment . . . a chance to win prizes totaling a quarter of a million dollars!

It seems unlikely that you haven't already heard of the MOVIE QUIZ, but if you haven't your nearest theatre has full details of the contest without charge.

All you have to do is to ask for the booklet which lists about a hundred pictures, get a pencil and start to work on that first prize of $50,000.00.

Some of the pictures you have seen already, and under no circumstances will you be required to see all of those listed. If you answer questions about thirty pictures on the list, you stand as good a chance as anyone to win that fortune.

And what will you do with the money when you win it? Why go to the movies, of course. They are your best entertainment, aren't they?

Corrigan Takes A Flier In The Movies

A few days after his return from Ireland, Douglas Corrigan was beginning to think that a movie and $50,000.00 was pretty good entertainment, too. He was considering the movie from the star's standpoint, and not as a spectator, however. Offer after offer had come to him from producers who felt that there was a great screen story in the boy whose "wrong way" flight had enchanted the entire globe.

And young Mr. Corrigan was beginning to find out what happens when stardom arrives.



Douglas Corrigan, preceded by policemen and backed up by Ed Bern, struggles through a crowd typical of those which followed him everytime he went anywhere in New York

The lobby of the Hotel McAlpin was aseethe with fans who had learned that he was returning from a visit to Mayor LaGuardia's country home, so I knew that I was early for my appointment. Bell captains were on guard in the hallway, but the door of the big suite was open, and the living room was packed with people. Ed Bern was speaking on the telephone. He waved a signal for me to enter a small room, empty of people at the moment, but a scene of wild confusion.

A great drift of newspapers covered one corner of the floor. Luggage was piled everywhere, spilling shirts and ties and pictures and papers. There were three boxes of boxed flowers. There was a bundle of telegrams and a carton of mail. On the desk was "A History of the Irish People" in a brand new wrapper, and hooked to the mantel piece by a wire hanger was a pair of little grey flannel pants, small, neat, pressed, and evidently just back from the cleaner.

"Somebody's little boy must be staying here, too," I thought, and it seemed to me that it was a fine, thoughtful father who had brought his little boy along to meet Douglas Corrigan.

After all, any little boy who met Douglas Corrigan was a little boy touched with greatness. The little boy who had a chance to stay in the same suite as Corrigan was a little boy lucky beyond imagining. I estimated that the owner of the little grey pants was about fourteen-year-old size, and was thinking how his report of the visit would dazzle his schoolmates when Ed Bern came in. He followed my eyes and grinned.

"Those are his other pants," he said. "He's wearing his work pants. He really has only two. And only three shirts. He . . ."

The telephone rang, and a loud inharmonious wail from voices in the next room started to chant, "Hey, Bern, hey, Bern, hey, Bern."

"I'll fix them," said the gentleman in question. "Want to tell you a few things about Corrigan before you see him. He's the swellest . . . I'll be right back."

The telephone rang.

Off into the inner reaches of the big suite went Bern to reassure the eight newspaper men, the eight photographers, the man from the San Francisco World's Fair, the man [*Continued on page* 61]



The Man Who Made The Picture

Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn —is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

JACK L. WARNER, *Vice-President In Charge of Production,*
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

WARNER BROS. Presents FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

"FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

PRISCILLA LANE • ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD
JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN



Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood's chosen great.

Frank McHugh

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ
From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story

MOVIE QUIZ 250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

May Robson

Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Lenore Coffee
Music by Max Steiner • A First Nat'l Picture



A dashing new personality — Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.



ONE KISS ISN'T ENOUGH when lips are rosy, soft and tempting! Men love natural looking lips. But they hate the "painted" kind—glaring red and "hard as nails." Ask the man you love. See if he doesn't prefer *this* lipstick on you.



TANGEE—FOR TEMPTING LIPS... It's orange in the stick, but on your lips Tangee changes to the shade of blush-rose that best suits *you!* Blondes, brunettes and redheads... all use it perfectly. And its special cream base keeps lips soft, smooth.



HERE'S ROUGE TO MATCH!... Tangee Rouge, in Creme or Compact form, blends perfectly with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks lovely, *natural* color. It's one rouge that suits everyone—from blue-eyed blonde to deep brunette. *Try Tangee Rouge and Lipstick tonight!*

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Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



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THE BOOK-WORM TURNS

(OR HOW TO GET IN THE MOOD FOR MURDER)



Seated is that splendid book-lover, Mr. Robert Benchley. Standing is a gentleman who shall remain nameless because he plays that social blight, the reading room pest, who always finds time to stop and demand, "What do you want to read that junk for?"



"It's the most outrageous piffle," the reading room pest is fond of remarking, just when you are getting pretty fascinated with all those murders. "Just let me show you one example . . ." Mr. Benchley is conducting an experiment in sending the death ray with the unaided human eye



The death ray is, unfortunately, not perfected yet. Mr. Benchley, with that wonderful will power for which he is justly noted, remembers that members may be expelled for popping fellow members in the eye, and elevates the book, rapidly, to a level more convenient for his fellow literary light



"Ah, here's the place . . . how can you read such stuff?" The reading room pest is fulfilling his destiny and is happy. Not so Mr. Benchley, who has put some of his agony of spirit into a new short subject, *How To Read*. Long may dear sensitive Mr. Benchley live and suffer for the one reelers!


NOTHING DOING FELLAS. SHE'S MY GIRL FOR THE EVENING!
Girls who guard against COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood way win out—
IRENE DUNNE
COSMETIC SKIN SPOILS A GIRL'S CHANCES OF ROMANCE!
PORES CHOKED WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS MAY MEAN COSMETIC SKIN. REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE, BUT I NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY!
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9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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• In olden days the bridal veil was supposed to protect the bride from the "evil eye" of some invisible "evil spirit."

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

MY LUCKY STAR (Twentieth Century-Fox)

■ This picture is probably one of the most impressive fashion shows of winter and sports clothes ever to reach the screen, and by the time you leave the theatre you'll have trouble resisting the impulse to dash out for a new wardrobe . . . complete with skates.

The film starts with the troubles of the heir to a department store (Cesar Romero). In an absent-minded moment he has married a determined young lady (Louise Hovick) and is bitterly disillusioned when he discovers that she expects a large piece of the year's profits for divorcing him. Undiscouraged by this experience, he tricks a package girl (Sonja Henie) into his apartment. His temporary wife sees them, and ups her price. Later on in the film, that leads to much distress for the little package wrapper, who, after much excitement is sent to college. Unknown to the student body, she is in college, not for learning, but to change her clothes as often as possible, and so promote sales for the department store.

You'll like Richard Greene as the leading light of the college, Buddy Ebsen and Joan Davis as the comic sweethearts, Honey Chile Wilder as the suspicious under-graduate, George Barbier as the choleric department store owner, and of course Sonja Henie as the star of the Campus Ice Follies.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH (Paramount)

■ Strange it is, indeed, to see Dorothy Lamour all done up in skirt, shirt and high-water boots. We knew that it was a wild idea, but we kept expecting to see her run into the dance hall in the frozen north in a sarong with her hair down. It just goes to show how quickly players can be typed.

She plays the hard-boiled owner of a dance hall where Tyler (George Raft) and Jim (Henry Fonda) hang out when they are not off catching seals and salmon. Tyler is the bad one, and he steals seals and salmon. Jim is the good one, and he believes in working and winning. But they have been friends since childhood, and each just hates to have to shoot the other.

The arrival of Diane (Louise Platt) from school in the States confuses matters a little because she, too, is a childhood friend, and you know what that means.

There is some magnificent photography of great ice-bergs wallowing in the freezing water, of night shots on the fish traps and of great seines spilling magnificent catches into the fish-boats. John Barrymore shines as bright as the aurora borealis over the whole scene as a windy, bibulous newspaper editor. Akim Tamiroff leers and grins in a fine menace part, and there is a fine big cast, including an extremely talented trained seal.

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL (M-G-M)

■ He was a rich young man, and he fell in love with his secretary. That happens every day, but the thing that makes this story slightly different is that the poor honest secretary (Ruth Hussey) hesitated to marry the rich young man (Robert Young) because she was afraid that his money would estrange her family. It's a new thought.

The comedy rests on the efforts of the millionaire to adjust himself to the quite uncomfortable background provided by the slim income of his beloved's family. Finally, wearying of the whole squabble, he forces a showdown by making a gesture at giving away his fortune and so removing the cause of dissention. The ending is what you might expect. Lew Ayres, Guy Kibbee, Lana Turner, Sarah Padden, Don Castle, Gordon Jones, Virginia Grey and Rita Johnson are in the cast.

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS (Warners)

■ This picture, in all previously made versions, has gained well deserved fame for the number of male actors it sent to the hospital with various breaks, bruises, contusions and abrasions after the big fight scene.

The current version need not shrink from comparison. There is a knock-down and drag-out fight that has the audience



Notice for Contest Winners!

The judges are busily sorting and counting the thousands of answers in Sonja Henie's *Lucky Star* Contest, so watch next month's Hollywood Magazine for the names of the clever winners who will receive the stunning Sonja Henie knitted garments and the figure skating blades which the little star endorses. Above you see her in the spectacular ice ballet number from *My Lucky Star*, her newest film, reviewed above

suffering from semi-suffocation before it has raged half the length of the bar-room.

For the rest, the film is the same handsome drama of villainy defeated by right thinking and a judicious number of rights to the jaw, too.

Wayne Morris plays the upstanding owner of the logging company which the lumber pirate (Charles Bickford) tries to steal with the aid of a pair of unprincipled gamblers (Claire Trevor and Jack La Rue). Alan Hale does a rousing job as the belligerent "Ox," and prominent in the cast are Frank McHugh, and El Brendel.

Technicolor scenes of the giant forests of the Northwest and of Charles Bickford's red hair are stunning.

BREAKING THE ICE (Radio)

■ Certainly this is the day of the younger generation. Now it is a five-year-old skater, Irene Dare, who gives a truly incredible exhibition. Turn to page 30 for a feature story on this amazing youngster.

About Bobby Breen's astonishing voice, you already know. The rest of the cast, though grown-up, turn in fine performances, and you'll like Charles Ruggles as the unreliable antique dealer, Dolores Costello, Robert Barrat and Dorothy Peterson as members of the sternly religious Mennonite family. You'll also enjoy the glimpse into the beliefs and manners of this little known sect.

FOUR DAUGHTERS (Warners)

■ Out of the story of four musical sisters, their temperamental, indulgent father and their sweetly acid aunt, emerge three performances of brilliant promise for big careers, as well as a charming film.

Priscilla Lane plays the youngest of the sisters with a verve and zest that guarantees a large following for her in starring roles. A newcomer, John Garfield, brings, in sharp contrast, a powerful, telling under-playing that will take him far. You'll find the story of his life, which is as interesting and as colorful as a movie, on the next page, and don't miss it because you'll hear a great deal about this young man.

The film is a swiftly moving, quite absorbing tale of how the four sisters fall in love with the same man (Jeffrey Lynn, who emerges as a most engaging leading man) and how their love for each other complicated the situation.

Claude Rains turns in his expected brilliant performance as the father. May Robson is seen as the aunt. Lola Lane, as the calculating daughter accepts the proposal of a stodgy business-man (Frank McHugh), Gale Page, as the practical sister, finds her problems solved in marriage to a funny but faithful swain (Dick Foran). Rosemary Lane, as the most talented sister, is the only one who follows her career, though you will be glad that all of the sisters stay with their music through most of the film. Better see this one.



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother . . . more radiant and alluring!

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Say it with a Clear Skin



NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improve digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The larger size represents a price saving. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones



Tough Guy

John Garfield made a sensational hit in *Four Daughters*, his first film, and will be seen on the screen from now on

The life story of the boy who carved his own career is one of the most remarkable stories you are apt to find in this season's magazines

By ED JONESBOY

■ He's an intense individualist, and a mighty rugged one, this dark-eyed, serious-minded young John Garfield who rough-shouldered his way out of the toughest, hardest-boiled birthplace in this or any other country—the lower East Side of Manhattan Island—to become, at the age of twenty-six years, one of the most promising, most talked-of actors on the legitimate stage and on the screen.

His childhood was spent in a grim area that has nurtured some of the most notorious criminals the world has ever known. By all the laws of all the averages he should be, right now, a gangster, a second-rate pug, or just a plain mugg practicing the dubious art of penny-ante begging. And he would be, too, save for the fact that he squared away to launch a two-fisted attack on his childhood environment and so changed the pattern of his life.

"I was a bad boy," he says, unsmiling, "and I lived in a bad neighborhood. I knew so many things a boy shouldn't know. I did so many things a boy shouldn't do. I'm not fooling myself—I'd be there yet—or in jail—but I was lucky enough to meet a man." Young John Garfield's dark eyes begin to glow with a deeper flame.

■ "I'd be there yet—or in jail—but for him," he repeats in a low and serious voice.

The man he met was Angelo Patri, famous throughout the world as a child

psychologist and head of the renowned New York school for underprivileged and problem children which bears his name.

Patri, who has long and successfully held to the theory that one shouldn't believe in fate and that any distorted youthful character can be remoulded by proper guidance, took young John Garfield in hand and did so well that today there's no trace left in his brilliant pupil of those early and dreadful years.

Talking with the young man, as we did a few days ago, you'd think his background was far removed from the lower East Side. You'd picture him as a young fellow whose education had been well plotted in advance by doting parents. You'd imagine him to have had the best things in life as a child and that he'd been traveling the long, straight road to success without so much as a single detour. You couldn't possibly vision him as a gutter-snipe at the age of five; a thieving, cop-baiting "dead-end" kid at the age of twelve.

But that's exactly what he was—and a very tough "dead-end" kid at that.

■ "I was a bad boy," he says—and means it. "Father worked in a garment factory making army uniforms. Long hours and poor pay. Just enough to keep us from starving, to give us a roof over our heads. He was always too busy battling the wolf at the door to devote much time to us. As a result my brother, Max, and I spent our childhood on the sidewalks and in the gutters. We picked up a lot of meanness; we saw a lot of the seamy side of life during those years—much more than we should have. My mother died when I was seven and Max went to live with an uncle in Jersey and father and I moved into a somewhat less disreputable neighborhood in the Bronx."

In no time the new boy proved to be such a hellion that the mothers of the neighborhood kids forbade their youngsters to associate with him. The pugnacious little toughie was expelled from so many schools because of poor deportment and poor grades that he finally lost count of them.

"I was headed for the reform school," he admits, "and it's a miracle that I didn't go there, what with the school and police authorities after me all the time. After I had lived in the neighborhood for a while I homesteaded a street corner and sold the Bronx Home News—that is, I sold the paper when I wasn't fighting other young punks who tried to bully and beat me out of the location. They found out, though, that they couldn't push me around." He says that with a touch of pride.

■ John Garfield isn't the one to spare himself when he goes back to those dreadful days of his childhood. Being a stickler for the truth about himself—even when it hurts—he tells about it because he feels that you can't understand and know him unless he gives you a picture of his background. That's why he goes on to tell you that when he was thirteen he found himself mixed up with a couple of kid criminal gangs!

"I was ripe [*Continued on page* 64]

"THERE'S ONE GIRL I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH AGAIN!"



But there's plenty of dates and partners for the girl who uses MUM

"NEVER again for me, Tom! Janet's a peach of a girl and a swell dancer, but some things get a man down. Too bad somebody doesn't tip her off. Other girls know how to avoid underarm odor."

Other girls! Janet thinks about them, too. Wonders why other girls have partners dance after dance—why men so often dance with her just *once.* But no *man*—or girl—likes to come straight out and say, *"Janet, you need Mum."*

It's so easy to offend—and never know it! That's why, nowadays, no wise girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh all evening long. Baths remove *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Mum is the quick, pleasant, unfailing way to safeguard your charm for men!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm, under that—in 30 seconds you're *done!*

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin. Mum is harmless to fabrics—convenient to use *after* you're dressed!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Remember, men avoid girls who offend! Get Mum at your druggist's today—be sure *you're* always sweet!

AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM



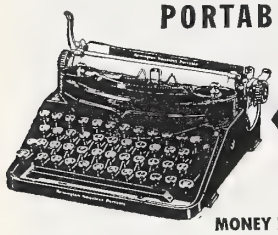
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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

■ Now that Maxie Rosenbloom has given up fighting for his nightclub and films he says he'll have to learn the picture business from A to Zanuck. Maxie, by the way, just signed a seven-year contract with Warner Bros. and has already gone into training so that he can help the studio when the time comes to pick up his option.

■ Nice to know that we're going to see a lot of that very fine actor, Lew Ayres, from now on. He recently signed a long-term contract with M-G-M after his successful role in *Rich Man, Poor Girl.*

■ Just learned the other day that Judy Parks has been writing music since she was eleven. Judy, as you may know, was instrumental in getting Marjorie Weaver, the Fox star, into motion pictures. The two girls have been like sisters ever since their university days. As just one gesture out of many to show her appreciation of the help Judy has given her, Marjorie stole one of Judy's songs, "Sailor Boy," and took it to Tommy Dorsey, the big-name bandman. Tommy played it over a couple of times and three nights later introduced it at the Palomar and the song became a hit! Right now it's being played by orchestras on both coasts. As for Judy, you can expect her to go into the song business in earnest.

■ The Chick Chandlers have a maid who comes in by the day. The other night, while dressing for a dinner party, he discovered that the studs to his shirt were missing and thinking that the maid had misplaced them he attempted to call her on the telephone. Couldn't get her because she has an unlisted phone number! Chick, however, is in the phone book.

■ Mrs. Jock (Liz, to her close friends) Whitney, decided last May that if she was going into the movies she'd get in the hard way under her own power. For six months she's been studying dramatics on the 20th Century-Fox lot, and starts her first picture, *Kentucky,* in September.

■ Jean Arthur and Cecil de Mille are trading in a friendly, but very smart manner over what Jean wants to play in *Union Pacific* and Cecil want to pay. Jean is holding out for $150,000 for the picture which is exactly $25,000 more than Cecil says he'll give her. According to Paramount they'll come to an early agreement on a "split-the-difference" basis.

■ Anita Louise is proudly displaying a doll which wears exact copies of her costumes in *Marie Antoinette.* The sender, a young girl of French extraction, writes that she saw the film seven times in order to make drawings of the costume. The white wig is made from the hair of her Spitz dog, the brocaded gown is a piece of her mother's wedding dress. Every detail of the costume has been worked out on the twelve-inch model and Anita is having a glass case made to hold it.

■ No more ticket selling for Marie Wilson. Warner Brothers placed Marie behind the ticket wicket at their Hollywood Boulevard theatre as a promotion stunt for *Boy Meets Girl* and as a result the girl met disaster and the public got a two-way break. The Wilson fans almost created a riot in their rush to see Marie and buy tickets at the same time. Marie got excited and they got too much change! So much so that when she balanced the day's receipts she found that she was an even $22 short.

■ Here's something we never knew until now.

In one of the scenes in *Three Loves Has Nancy,* Janet Gaynor rushes out of Robert Montgomery's bedroom yelling at the top of her voice, "The steak is burning up in the kitchen."

"Why," objected Montgomery, "wouldn't it be more appropriate and realistic to have her shout, "Fire!"

Director Thorpe told him that censorship rules forbid the use of the word on the screen as it is feared a theatre panic might result if it were suddenly shouted from the screen.

■ Through no fault of her own Claire Dodd almost got thrown into the hoosegow down at Ensenada last week. Stopped by the customs officers at the border she accidentally dropped her handbag and a bottle inside broke and gave off an odor suspiciously like perfume. One of the officers gave Claire the glassy eye after a sniff or two, but finally



When Bob Burns entertained the Movieland Tourists at his home, he invited distinguished friends to help entertain. Anna May Wong and Irvin S. Cobb seem to be having a good time, too

had to give her the "go" sign when he discovered that the bottle contained suntan oil.

■ Keep your eyes open for George Raft's cigarette case, a gift from the Prince of Wales. Some slick-fingered gent swiped it the other day and George is offering $250 for its return.

■ Money doesn't mean a thing in this town. For instance—if Claire Trevor had delayed her honeymoon with her husband, Clark Andrews, she would have had $25,000 extra in the bank. Warner Brothers offered her that much the day she left if she would stay and do a picture.

■ We were on the *Too Hot to Handle* set out at M-G-M the other day chinning with Clark Gable when Director Conway came along. Clark, who had been treating the company to soft drinks all week thought it was about time that Conway dug into his jeans for a few bottles of pop.

Conway took a gander around the set and then produced the wherewithal for four cases of soft drinks. The entire company unwittingly thanked Gable instead of the director and the gesture provided Gable a nice chance to throw a verbal harpoon at Conway.

"I might as well take credit for it," he grinned, "you're taking credit for all my acting!"

Conway apologized profusely and so well that he obtained Gable's promise to buy drinks on the following day.

Which wasn't as innocent as it sounded because Conway had ordered five hundred extras for the next day's shooting!

Clark bought the drinks as agreed and with a smile, but if the gleam in his eyes means anything Mr. Director Jack Conway is due shortly to be on the very short end of a practical joke that will practically set him back on his heels.

■ Basil Rathbone recently had what he claims to be the most unusual, unnerving experience in his life when he had to play a scene in *Dawn Patrol* opposite his son Rodion who was cast as a recruit. Basil became so confused that he blew up in his lines. Rodion is employed at Warners as a film cutter but gave up his work to try his skill at acting. *Dawn Patrol* is his first picture, but not his last according to the talent experts who have watched him perform.

■ Ain't the movies wonderful? During a golf game Franchot Tone accidentally poked his divot-digging partner, Bob Montgomery, in the eye. Bob came to work at M-G-M with a first-prize shiner and it looked as though his added scenes in *Three Loves Has Nancy* would have to be delayed. But instead the script was rewritten so that the black optic was included!

■ Maybe they don't know it, but Carole Lombard, Irene Dunne, Katy Hepburn and perhaps a half dozen other top-flight actress [*Continued on page* 60]



"If we were *Rolling in wealth* we'd *still* travel GREYHOUND!"



(even if it is the most economical way)

"We're not swathed in mink or cluttered with diamonds—but if we were, we'd still do our traveling by Super-Coach. Greyhound gives us so many advantages we simply can't find elsewhere. The widest choice of routes, for instance—plus complete riding comfort—and the feeling that we're seeing the country intimately for the first time! Of course the fares are low—three miles of travel at the price of one by car. If a rich uncle left us a million, it might mean *more* trips for us—but they'd *all* be by Greyhound."

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RICHMOND, VA. . 412 East Broad Street
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Youth...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE . . . IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!

A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame ...in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!



SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY
PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT
and
SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Who Basses Bob

"Granny's" house always meant good eats, good fun, good stories, and an understanding shoulder on which to lean when boydom difficulties arose. She was a solace in any storm and she is still one today. He still runs to her with his problems, he still drops in with his "girl friend" seeking approval —and he gets it too, since one Barbara Stanwyck rates almost as high around that house as he does—and he still brings her little presents, just as he used to bring her fish he had caught, field flowers he had picked in the old days. Between these two, there is a delightful companionship and a Mutual Admiration Society which throws an entirely new light on this particular dark-and-handsome of the screen.

■ We know him as "Bob Taylor," but Mrs. Stanhope shudders when she hears that name, and still insists on calling him by his real name, "Arlington." This very definite preference of hers gave rise to a rather delicate situation several years ago when Mrs. Stanhope and her daughter, Bob's mother, first settled down in Hollywood. It was after Bob had made *The Magnificent Obsession* and the fan mail began pouring in at such a rate that it was more than Bob and his secretary could handle alone. As Bob tells the story: "Grandmother insisted that she should be allowed to help answer the mail. She suggested I go over the mail once each week, tell her the general drift of what I wanted to say in each letter, and then she would do the actual dictating. She was so anxious to do something to help and she seemed to think it would be such fun, that of course I agreed.

"Well, I guess Grandmother did have fun in her way, but it was kind of hard on the secretary. Grandmother just couldn't help letting her personal opinions creep in The letters would start out all right, but along about the second paragraph she would always forget that the letter was from me, and she would begin telling some of her own personal recollections: what I used to do as a little boy; what a good little boy I had always been; how I used to take [*Continued on page* 49]



And here is "Granny", herself, Mrs. Eva Stanhope



Irene Hervey used to be the girl Taylor took to Granny's, (a nice compliment to any young lady, we'd say) but that was some years ago, before she married Allan Jones



Hope Hampton, now to be seen in her first Universal picture, *The Road to Reno*

Three Career Girl

The only star who ever stepped from the screen into Grand Opera tells how it all happened

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ We don't care if it does sound like a paradox—but when all is said and done there still remains a lot to say about Hope Hampton who recently made her second screen debut in Universal's *The Road to Reno.*

There's a lot to be said about her yet; not because she's the only girl ever in pictures to step out of the screen and onto a grand opera stage, and not because she stepped off the grand opera stage back into celluloid to begin another career, but because, without being the least bit ambitious in the strict Hollywood sense, she's beyond doubt the most indefatigable little lady worker who ever sang a note or made a gesture.

"I'm not ambitious," she says, "and I don't care much for people who are because I find them too self-centered, too selfish, and too boring. I like people who work hard just because, like myself, they have a horror of being lazy."

Well, perhaps she has the right philosophy. At any rate Hope has worked like a little [*Continued on page* 40]

Gentleman Monster



During the filming of *Devil's Island* little Janet Chapman decided to try her skill, and here she is doing a successful job of frightening Karloff!



Just a gentleman-farmer plotting a little quiet murder . . . for the snails and the cut-worms



Yes, they're called desert swords, but no duelling goes on in Karloff's serene garden

On the screen he is busily at work manufacturing shivvers and chills in *Devil's Island* and *Mr. Wong—Detective*, but off-screen he is a quiet-loving homebody as you can see by the pictures



Polishing up on poisons and lethal high-balls? No, just going over a picture script

They say dogs never make a mistake, and the Scottie, "Whiskey," is a devoted companion





And the menacing Mr. Karloff likes nothing better than the long hours he spends in his music room

TRY LORETTA YOUNG'S "Regular Guy" TEST

■ Loretta Young started the whole thing on the set of her next picture, *Suez*, when she was describing one of her personal friends. "You like him because he is a regular guy," she said.

"Just what do you mean when you say 'Regular Guy?'" we asked her, and that started a discussion that eventually resulted in this questionnaire.

According to this star's way of thinking, a "regular guy" may be tall or short, fat or lean, and his age has nothing to do with his rating. BUT he has a definite policy towards clothes and sports and punctures and conversation and drinks and dish-washing, about money and movies and the morning paper.

How do your friends rate according to Miss Young's standards?

In the first place no "Regular Guy" will refuse to answer these questions, so get a pencil, settle the young man in a comfortable chair, and let him have it!

ON A DATE

1. If you are delayed, do you telephone, telling your "date" when to expect you?———
2. Do you start an evening by saying "What do you want to do?" or do you suggest something definite? (Answer first part.)———
3. Do you notice when your "date" is wearing a new dress?———
4. Think back . . . do girls always seem to be asking for cigarettes, or do you remember to wave the package at them once in a while? (Answer first part of question only.)———
5. Is your evening spoiled if your girl is not the most sensationally dressed in the party?——
6. Do you insist upon staying through the second feature, if your favorite star is on the screen and your companion doesn't want to remain?———
7. Do you think it flatters your girl to comment disparagingly on other women?———
8. Are you annoyed if the girl seems to be enjoying the conversation of other men in the party?
9. Do you think every girl expects to be kissed goodnight?———
10. Do you know when to go home?———

IN MOMENTS OF STRESS

1. Do you scold out loud at your hard luck when you pick up a puncture?———
2. Do you speak sharply to a waiter who is giving poor service?———
3. Do you moan about having to go to the dentist, and discuss the details?———
4. Do you lend money . . . and then broadcast your generosity? Think hard, now . . . do you tell even a few people?———
5. Do you usually stop when you see a stalled car, and offer aid?———
6. Do you bring it to your hostess' attention when you burn a hole in the rug or furniture, or do you let it pass as though nothing had happened? (Answer first part of question only.)———
7. Supposing you ran out of gas late at night . . . would you try to send the girl friend home in a taxi, rather than let her wait until you've walked several miles to a gas station and returned, so that you could deliver her home yourself?———
8. Do you ever admit it was your fault when your car collides with another?———
9. Are you always talking about how broke you are?———
10. Do you ever hang up on someone who has called you on the telephone?———

AT HOME

1. Do you occasionally compliment the cook?———
2. Do you think helping around the house is unmanly?———
3. Do you try to beat everyone to the morning paper?———
4. Do you leave the paper pulled apart so that the next person has to spend minutes finding the continued line on that front page story?———
5. Do you think that messy clothes are all right, so long as only the family sees you?———
6. Do you fight with your neighbors?———
7. Do you pitch in, if need be, with the dish-washing without being asked?———
8. Do you play your radio after midnight?———
9. If you make a last minute dinner date, do you telephone home and tell the family when to expect you?———
10. Do you discuss a guest while he is under your roof with another guest?———

AT THE OFFICE

1. Do you think it sends up your stock to complain about your present job if you have had better ones in the past?———
2. Do you open or close windows without consulting the wishes of others in the office?———
3. Along about 4:30 in the afternoon, do you get all set to beat everybody else out the door the moment it is closing time?———
4. Do you think clothes important?——
5. Do you think cracking wise about the boss will win you popularity with your fellow-workers?———
6. Are you a late riser, so that you put in an appearance unshaven, with the intention of sprucing up at lunch?———
7. Do you ALWAYS have to borrow money the day before payday?———
8. Do you enjoy telling stories about your friends that begin . . . "You should have seen good old Butch the other night —he was falling-down pie-eyed and was he funny!"?———
9. Do you use a nail file in public?———
10. Do you let everyone know when you are not feeling up to par?———

AS A MAN AMONG MEN

1. Do you enjoy meeting new people?———
2. Do you read only the sports page?———
3. Do you boast of your amours?———
4. Do you play any outdoor games?——
5. Do your friends believe everything you say?———
6. Are you jealous—even in your own mind—of the success of others?———
7. Do you think you're a "born leader," and insist upon directing the activities of your associates?———

Here's a Hollywood "Quiz"—and It's Lots of Fun



Loretta Young, shown in one of the graceful costumes which she wears in her next film, *Suez*, in which she appears opposite Tyrone Power

8. Do you think that you have a fatal attraction for most women?———

9. Can you let someone else tell a story all the way through without stealing a laugh or two?———

10. Are you unhappy unless conversation concerns your business?———

AT A PARTY

1. Are you outwardly reluctant when your hostess asks you to go far out of your way home to drop someone without a car . . . and it is dreadfully late?———

2. Do you believe that the best parties are the loudest?———

3. Are you unhappy if someone else is the center of attention?———

4. Do you circulate, rather than confine yourself to a few intimate friends?———

5. Do you hold to the theory that the more drinks you consume the better time you'll have?———

6. Do you believe that off-color stories add to the gaiety of the occasion?———

7. Presuming you know the subject under argument or discussion rather intimately, does it give you satisfaction to correct others?———

[*Continued on page* 38]

How to Carve a Turkey

Sometimes the festive bird fights back, and when that happens primitive instincts bounce to the surface and a man's true nature frequently is revealed in the ensuing struggle. Fearless Bob Hope took time out from *Thanks for the Memory* to demonstrate the special holds which have won him fame at countless dinner tables



"Don't forget to be the *first* to smile," warns our Spirit of Thanksgiving as he moves into position



The Party spirit



Blind faith



Twinge of doubt



Determination



The Hypnotic eye



Brute strength



Unshakeable poise



Surprise attack



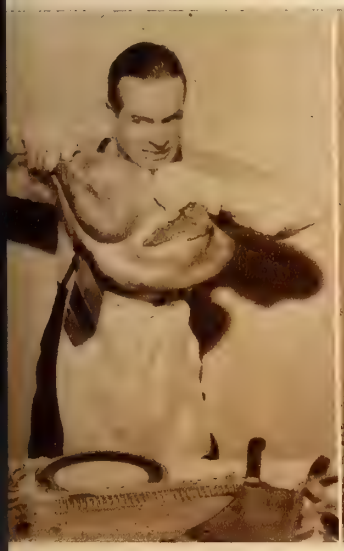
Where's the referee?



Calculating hatred



Touch of madness



Desperation



Frenzy



Gloating triumph



The winnah!

You Can't Take It With You

In which our favorite extra gets himself thrown into jail, but in such charming company that we fear he has developed a permanent homesickness for the hoosegow

By E. J. (ailbird) SMITHSON



Dear Editor:

Well, it finally happened here!

A coupla cops picked me up last week and tossed me in the pokey for a three-day stretch and if you've never been in the clunk you don't know what you've been missing. Honest, I never had so much fun in all my life. Of course the company had something to do with it. Jimmy Stewart was there and so was Lionel Barrymore, Donald Meek, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer, Dub Taylor, Halliwell Hobbes, Sam Hinds, and Eddie Anderson along with twenty-five or thirty dirty, bewhiskered bums—including myself. Now that it's all over I wish I were back because I found out that, contrary to all reports, crime certainly does pay!

Now all this may sound as radical as a Communistic pamphlet and as confusing as a Chinese puzzle, so maybe I'd better start from scratch and tell you the whole story.

After prowling up and down the studio alleys looking for an extra job that would bring me in enough folding money so I could celebrate Thanksgiving in the manner in which I have been accustomed, I met up with Art Black down at Columbia where Frank Capra was shooting *You Can't Take It With You* and Art, who happens to be Capra's assistant and a mighty good one at that, says "Sure, report to me Monday morning and I'll see what I can do."

■ So I report Monday morning bright and early and very happy, indeed, to be earning money again and Art says, after taking a long gander at me, that I didn't have to bother about make-up or costume since I look, as is, like a very fine specimen of the *genus* jailbird, and added that if it was all the same to me he'd see to it that I spent at least three



Left, the jail scene which our favorite extra tells about so feelingly in this story. See if you can find, left to right, Donald Meek, Halliwell Hobbes, James Stewart, Edward Arnold, Lionel Barrymore, Sam S. Hinds and Mischa Auer

days in the pokey. Or words to that effect.

Now I don't know this Art very well, and, when he says that, I decide I don't care to know him any better. I didn't like the look in his eye, either, so I said "Art, what with Thanksgiving coming on, and me being hungry and broke, this is time to be practicing the well-known Hollywood rib and I'm in no mood to be singing the hoosegow blues so early in the morning and if it's all the same to you, Art," I said, "I'll be moving along right now!"

Well, things happened very fast, indeed, after that. Art said it was the pokey or nothing, then he whistled for a coupla cops, then the cops came running, and before I could say 'Good morning, Judge,' there I was on the inside looking out and there, as I told you in the beginning, I stayed for three days.

This jail, so another bum told me a few minutes later while Director Capra was getting ready to shoot, is the exact replica of the Lincoln Heights city jail, which I assume you've never seen. Lionel Banks, Columbia art director, had visited the jail several weeks before to snap several dozen pictures from which to reproduce the jail and court sets for the big comedy, but he had run up against the 'no photo' regulation. Stymied on that he asked if he might draw pictures and the police officers, knowing of no rule against sketches, allowed the artist to make pencil drawings. Banks spent a week there, made a hundred or so drawings. From these he was able, later, to build the huge set and build it so well that the bum who told me about it was fooled at first.

"I've been hearing a lot about "this here Capra realism," he said, taking a sniff that could have been heard clear down to Santa Monica beach if the wind was blowing right, "but this set is the topper. Honest, pal, I'd have sworn for an instant that I smelled distinfectant!" The guy looked like he was an expert on jail smells anyway—and who am I to question the word of a stranger?

■ While the bums, the down-and-outers, and the derelicts, were coming into the tank one by one, the technicians were setting up the cameras, testing the lights, the microphones, and all the rest of the picture paraphernalia. Pretty soon Director Capra, who had been moving around as quiet as a mouse, gave a quick little nod to Art Black, his assistant, and Art, after looking us all over, shouted, "Quiet!" at the top of his voice.

I don't know yet what he meant by it because a second later a veritable pandemonium, not to say bedlam, broke loose. If you've never seen an actual police tank full of vags break loose you haven't seen anything yet—and you won't until you sit in your special preview seat and see this sequence in *You Can't Take It With You.*

We rattled and shook the cell bars, beat on tin cups and tin plates, shouted, whistled, and yelled until the sound man at the mixer begged for mercy, and while we were doing all this several burly coppers were pushing and shoving Edward Arnold along the corridor outside the cell, and Edward, forgetting his usual dignity and aplomb, was shouting and stamping his protestations fit to kill.

But it didn't do him a bit of good. The cops unlocked the door and in he came, red-faced and as mad as a pair of hornets. And did we give him a welcome!

■ We gave Jimmy Stewart a royal welcome, too, when the coppers shoved him in and when a coupla flatties wheeled Lionel Barrymore in, the pokeyman went absolutely mad! Lionel had a harmonica and it wasn't long before he began to blow sweet tunes on it and pretty soon we all began to sing. None of this modern swing stuff, mind you, but those good, old barrelhouse songs that go so well with beer and pretzels. Once in a while Arnold would yell loud enough to be heard above the din and then we'd skip the music to chorus a "Pipe down, Bigshot!" or a "Shut up!" at him. Eddie Anderson, the colored actor who plays 'Rochester' on the [*Continued on page* 52]



Above, James Stewart and Jean Arthur in one of the romantic moments of the gay comedy, *You Can't Take It With You*



Right, Halliwell Hobbes, Donald Meek and Sam Hinds with the fireworks which explode with such startling effect upon the plot of *You Can't Take It With You*

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Above, James Stewart and Jean Arthur in one of the romantic moments of the gay comedy, *You Can't Take It With You*



Right, Halliwell Hobbes, Donald Meek and Sam Hinds with the fireworks which explode with such startling effect upon the plot of *You Can't Take It With You*

Baby Queen

She's only five years old, but already can wear a twinkling star in her crown for her skating and acting abilities

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ If Donald Duck is to water as a five-year-old girl is to ice what does X equal?

Don't tell us the answer to this little problem in Hollywood mathematics. We discovered it the other morning when we journeyed down to the Polar Ice Palace a couple of blocks off Hollywood Boulevard and watched a tiny tot no higher than our left kneecap do splits, spirals, fans, spins, elbow bends, Charlotte Stops, salutes with all the grace and agility of a girl four times her age.

So far as we are concerned, X is not an unknown quantity any more; it's five-year-old Irene Dare, a coming champion in figure and acrobatic skating if there ever was one.

After watching this feminine half-pint practice for more than two hours in preparation for her ice ballet sequences in Sol Lesser's picture, *Breaking the Ice* starring Bobby Breen, we are inclined, now, to dip into a press agent's dictionary and employ such words as colossal, stupendous, and terrific in writing about her, and maybe we will before we finish the story because little Irene, our ice-skating queen, is really something to write about in the Hollywood fashion. In other words she's a wow. She's a miniature Sonja Henie and a midget Evalyn Chandler all in one.

Irene, so her mother told us as we watched, wasn't going to go through her routine as well as she should. She was breaking

[*Continued on page* 44]

Irene Dare, youngest figure skater in the world, is making her movie debut with Bobby Breen in his next picture, *Breaking the Ice*



Men Fall HARD and FAST for Her...

—she keeps skin thrilling

*Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into your skin — Get Wise to TODAY'S EXTRA BEAUTY CARE**



Every Girl Strives to Keep skin soft—thrilling. Today's smart women give their skin extra beauty care. They cream in extra "skin-vitamin"—with Pond's Cold Cream. (*above*) **Miss Camilla Morgan,** active member of the younger set, snapped at Newark Airport.

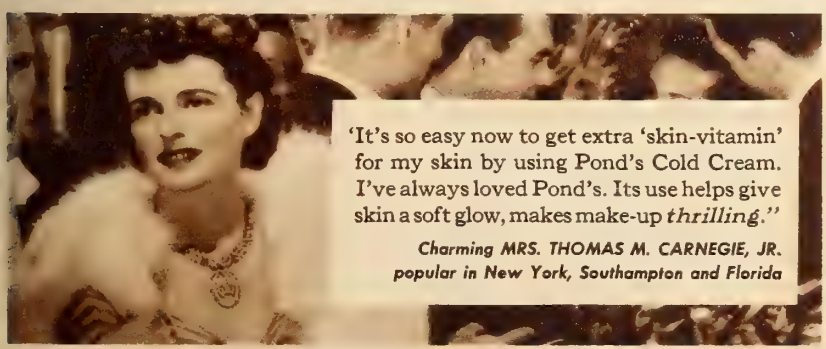


Glamorous Whitney Bourne, Society Beauty who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

All Normal Skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to the skin, it becomes smooth and healthy again.

● In hospitals, doctors found this vitamin, applied to wounds and burns, healed skin quicker.

● Use Pond's as always, night and morning and before make-up. If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an extra supply against possible future need. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



'It's so easy now to get extra 'skin-vitamin' for my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream. I've always loved Pond's. Its use helps give skin a soft glow, makes make-up *thrilling*."

Charming MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR. popular in New York, Southampton and Florida



* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company



The takeoff, after Mr. Blue had waited for five days on top of Paramount Studios for favorable weather reports



A little hat trouble over Cincinnati but intrepid Blue mushes on!



The Blue Streak whizzes over the towers of Manhattan

Non-Stop Flight

Ben Blue feels that he has been up in the air for a long time, and so deserves a part in Paramount's Technicolor film, *Men With Wings*. Inspired by Douglas Corrigan, he took off in a plane of his own design, including counter-balanced shoes and here is the record of his aerial achievement



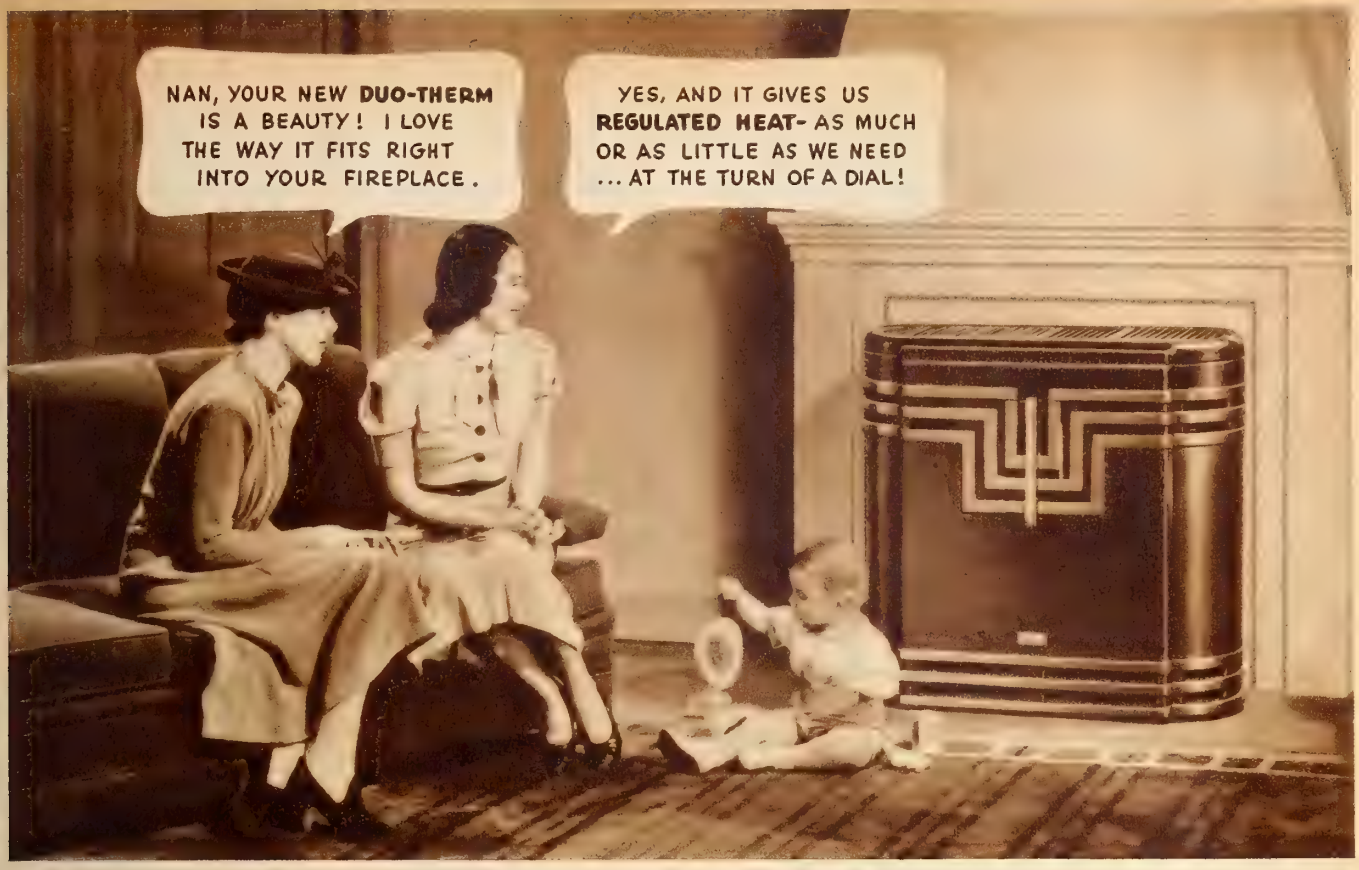
And maneuvers for a choice landing field

Right, the brilliant airman goes into his spectacular nose dive, shaking hands with himself as he . . .



. . . makes a perfect three-point landing on nose, left ear and right elbow. Bravo, oh, fearless Benny!





END HEATING TROUBLES WITH THIS AMAZING NEW TYPE HEATER!

DON'T go through another winter with old-fashioned heating! Burn cheap fuel oil in a Duo-Therm heater—and enjoy an entirely new kind of heating comfort!

An amazing new heater! The new Duo-Therm "Imperial"* has a revolutionary design that keeps heat lower—gives warmer floors—keeps heat down where you need it most—gives more even, uniform heat throughout the whole house. It is easily installed in any fireplace, and its lower, more modern, more compact design—its handsome new finish—make it a beautiful piece of furniture you'll be proud to own!



Always just the right amount of heat! You can regulate the heat in your home by turning the dial! Get a flood of moist, healthful heat for zero weather—or throttle your Duo-Therm down to a "candle flame" for mild days! You don't burn lots of oil when a little will do!



Most efficient burner made! Duo-Therm's patented Dual-Chamber burner gives you more heat per gallon—because it always burns cleanly, silently, from pilot light to full flame! And Duo-Therm's Co-ordinated Controls give you correct draft settings at every stage—insure perfect combustion!



Keeps more heat in your home! Duo-Therm's "Floating Flame" doesn't rush up the chimney! It "floats" against the sides of the heater. Like Duo-Therm's special "Waste-Stopper," it forces more heat out into the room—saves you oil.

Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Mail the coupon today! Get all the helpful and money-saving facts about this new type of heat! The Duo-Therm comes in nine models, two beautiful finishes. Designed to heat from one to six rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer or write us.

Dealers: Ask us about the Duo-Therm franchise!

*Pat. applied for

Easy payments—ask your dealer!

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The heater with the famous Dual Chamber burner

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Please send me information on the Duo-Therm Circulating Heaters.

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☐ Duo-Therm Oil-burning Ranges ☐ Trailer Heaters
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Girl Crazy

When six junior Romeos fall in love with one lovely lady, there is plenty of excitement

By KAY PROCTOR

Left, Ann Sheridan who refused to be intimidated or very much impressed by the young men shown below: Gabriel Dell, Bernard Punsley, Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Leo Gorcey and Billy Halop



■ They can dish it out—but can they take it?

This is the story six very tough young gentlemen would rather hear no more about.

The gentlemen—and I use that word with quite a few reservations—are Billy Halop, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Gabriel Dell, and Bernard Punsley. They range in age from 15 to 21 years.

For quite a time they were called "The Dead End Kids" because they were featured in both stage and screen version of the famous play by that name. Of late they have been known as "The Crime School Kids" (from the reformatory picture by that name.) For the next few months they probably will be tagged as "The Angels With Dirty Faces" since they just have completed their new Warner Brothers picture which is so titled. In it they are featured with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

So far as I'm concerned, I think it would simplify matters to call them "The Brats"—and let it go at that.

That, however, has nothing to do with this story which reveals how, for the first and only time, all six of them got their "come uppance" in Hollywood.

A red headed gal dished it out. And how! Her name is Ann Sheridan.

"She's a swell dish but she oughtta get a new car. That crate she drives is a bunion!" said Billy.

"She's an animated angel," said Leo.

"She's a great babe! If only she wasn't married to that character!" said Gabriel.

"She's okay, even if she does throw me out every time," said Bernard.

"She's the best looking dame on the screen," said Huntz. "But regular!"

"As soon as I can knock off that palooka husband of hers. . . ." said Bobby.

Tough as they seem to be, they're all girl crazy, and they're all crazy about the same girl. Red-headed Ann with the stream-lined figure, the hazel eyes and the sense of humor which enables her to cope with them single handed. She is, in fact, pretty crazy about the brats herself.

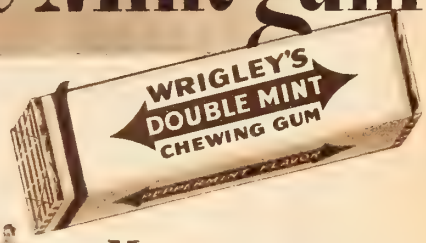
■ The seven-sided *grand passion* of Hollywood started as a gag during the making of *Angels With Dirty Faces*, in which Ann played the feminine lead. "Here's a dame," they figured. "Let's give her the works!"

Before I get into that, however, let me set up the characters in the comedy. First Ann.

As I said, she's beautiful in the exciting way that only redheads seem to manage. She's doubly blessed with the pep and personality and [*Continued on page* 54]



You ..made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious Double Mint gum





MASCULINE HEARTS skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Enjoy this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. This ***DAILY*** chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

Since smart clothes as well as an attractive face mean charm, Double Mint gum had Hollywood's fashion-creator ***TRAVIS BANTON*** design this very flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress for you, which Hollywood's beautiful star ***CLAUDETTE COLBERT*** models, *left*. You can make this becoming dress for yourself by purchasing ***SIMPLICITY*** Pattern 2902.

All women want to dress smartly and know this helps set off loveliness of face. Millions agree refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum helps add extra charm to your smile, making your face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy Double Mint gum today.

Healthful, delicious *DOUBLE MINT GUM* is satisfying. It aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, helps give you a pleasant breath. Sold everywhere. Buy some today.

S-178



Frances Dee has one of the prettiest brushed-up coiffures in all Hollywood, though she will not wear it in her next film, *If I Were King*, a costume picture in which she plays opposite Ronald Colman

On the Up and Up

You don't have to pile up the bills when you pile up your hair, because here are some inside facts about keeping unruly tresses in place

By ANN VERNON

■ High piled curls. . . . Intricately wrought jewelry and lots of it. . . . Low-cut, off-shoulder gowns. . . . Slim waists accenting bosoms and rounded hips. . . . Rich purple, wine or fuchsia frocks. . . . High-perched hats trimmed with ostrich plumes. . . .

That's a word picture of the fashionable woman of Fall, 1938. But it could just as well be a description of an elegant aristocrat of the time of Louis XV—or a belle of 1900. That's the point! This season's fashions are modern adaptations of those two fascinating eras in history when elegance and femininity reigned supreme. So make the most of your opportunity while it lasts—and look as fatal as a Madame DuBarry or a Lillian Russell, two girls who mowed men down like dandelions.

Coiffures were of first importance in both these periods. DuBarry's hair was powdered and raised to dizzying heights, then decorated with plumes, bouquets, even bird cages. Lillian Russell's was a magnificent mass of curls, puffs and waves, built on an invisible foundation of wire. Miss 1938's coiffure is curled and piled high on top of her head (like Frances Dee's), but it has the basic simplicity and contoured effect we moderns insist on. To be worn successfully it must shriek "grooming." No mussy, fuzzy or lank effects. If *you* want to groom your hair to achieve this glamorous new hairdo, WHY NOT—

TAKE OUT health insurance on your hair by having a branded permanent wave instead of accepting anything your hairdresser wants to give you? The newest machines are far superior to the older types used in some shops. They have automatic temperature and time control attachments that prevent your hair from being heated too long or at too high a degree. Besides, each manufacturer has worked out a careful correlation between his supplies and his machine. That means that the pads and solution used on your hair should be compounded by the maker of the electrical equipment. Provided your operator is skilled and your hair in proper condition, you can't go wrong with this combination! Out Hollywood way, where the success of permanents is as important as the choice of directors, they use a certain nationally known equipment and supplies that you, too, can have. I'll be glad to send you the name so you can inquire for this wave at your local beauty shops. Be sure to recognize the manufacturer's name and trademark on the bottles of solution and the sachets. That's the password to "permanent happiness!"

WAKE UP your lazy scalp by using a stiff-bristled brush night and morning? Besides polishing off the hair so it gleams like brasswork, correct brushing exerts a pull on the scalp that stimulates glands to normal action. Result: faster hair growth, correction of such ailments as oiliness, dryness or falling hair. The method of brushing the hair up and up, to bring fresh, nourishing blood to the scalp, is very much in order now with the hair piled high on the head anyway. It will burnish the curls and help to train the fine, fly-away hair near the ears and nape of the neck to hug the head.

Don't let anyone tell you that brushing ruins a wave. If it's a *poor* permanent and a *poor* finger wave, then yes. But you might as well start all over again anyway, if you're the victim of such chicanery. I have a favorite hair brush that has done right by my hair for more than two years. It's traveled thousands of miles, tucked in a corner of my bag, and never once has it let me down. Tiny enough for easy handling, very light in weight, it has extra-stiff back bristles with an irregular trim. The dollar I spent for that brush was one of the best investments I ever made. Want the name?

SAVE your manicure by using a rubber scalp massage brush for shampooing and save your scalp and hair by using the liquid shampoo put out by the same manufacturer? The shampoo itself is not new but it does just as thorough a job of removing dandruff and dirt as ever. The stimulating effect of the rubber brush and the tremendous lather of the shampoo conspire to give your hair a delightful reconditioning and cleansing treatment. There are 87 flexible "fingers" on the brush that reach the scalp through the thickest mop of hair. The handy knob provides a good grip for slippery hands. At present you can get the brush with a bottle of shampoo. Let me know if you want more details.

GLORIFY the natural color of your hair instead of wishing it were a different shade? You can do this harmlessly and quickly by using a vegetable rinse that comes in twelve tints. It's made from certified food colors, and washes off in one shampoo. Grand for toning down conspicuous white hairs that often plague even eighteen-year-olds. Besides adding flattering color, this powder acts as a super-super rinse, removes every vestige of soap film so that your hair fairly shines.

COMPLEMENT your carefully groomed coiffure with a new Fall Face? Renew your efforts with soap and water and creams. Select smart shades of cosmetics to harmonize with your Autumn frocks. If you're in the mood to try something new in toiletries (and what woman isn't) then consider the line being marketed by a world-famous screen star. She has used these preparations on her own skin for years and years—and with enormous success. When I talked to her recently I was amazed at the firm, fresh texture of her skin, the delicate softness of

her make-up. Three of her items that are especially noteworthy are the pale pink cleansing cream, the rich, penetrating tissue cream, and a face powder in six shades. If you'll write me, I'll tell you more about them, explain the star's personal method of using them. They're priced for the working gal (around 60 cents) and are packaged beautifully in wedgewood blue and white.

Write me *before November 15th* if you'd like the names of any of the products described in this article. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (3 cents U. S. postage) to me at the address given below.

ANY QUESTIONS?

Our beauty editor will be glad to help you solve your knottiest beauty problems. Just tell her what's wrong, and she will write you a personal letter of advice. Send a stamped, addressed envelope (3 cents in U. S. postage) to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York.



Glenda Farrell, appearing in *Torchy Gets Her Man* and in *The Road to Reno*, sponsors a new gadget



It may be worn on one lapel, and on festive occasions it may decorate both sides of a suit



But the designer, Joseff, includes a chain and a gold tassel, just to give plenty of variety

MOM WAS SO MAD, SHE JUST FLEW FOR THE HAIRBRUSH



1. I said somethin' a couple of weeks ago that made Mom so hopping mad, I almost caught a licking.



2. We were at Aunt Lola's and I piped up: "Gee, Mom, look at how white this napkin is! *Our* things must have tattle-tale gray or somethin' 'cause they never shine like *this*." . . . Zowie! Mom flew for the hairbrush.



3. But lucky for me, Aunt Lola stopped her. "It's the truth, so why get angry?" she told Mom. "Your lazy soap leaves dirt behind. If you'd switch to Fels-Naptha Soap as I did, your clothes *wouldn't* have tattle-tale gray."



4. So Mom forgot to spank me and went to the grocer's for some Fels-Naptha. This morning, she was raving about how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* wash clothes so white and nice. And, golly, if she didn't give me a quarter for a pony ride!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! WONDER FLAKES! TRY FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS, TOO!

Try Loretta Young's "Regular Guy" Test

[*Continued from page 25*]

8. Do you ask for drinks (or wait until they are offered)?———

9. Do you call your hostess shortly after a party and thank her for the evening?———

10. Are you always the last to leave?———

AT PLAY

1. Do you give in without argument when the majority prefers some other pastime than that which you particularly had your heart set upon doing?———

2. Are you prone to take yourself seriously if you hurt yourself—broken bones excepted on the field of sport?———

3. Do you object to taking as your partner one far your inferior in any competitive game?———

4. Do you like competitive sport?———

5. Do you hate to lose, even if you don't show it?———

6. Do you offer to concede a point that's doubtful, if it affects the score of whatever game you may be playing?———

7. Do you get an inner kick seeing some poor dope flinch when you slap his sunburned back?———

8. Do you ease up on your game just because your opponent is not near your equal?———

9. Do you like startling sports clothes?———

10. Do you discuss the other fellow's game as well as your own?———

IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY

1. To put over a laugh, do you take a crack at another's expense?———

2. Are you strict about keeping appointments on the minute?——

3. Are you way behind in the payment of your social obligations?———

4. Would you heed a hard-luck tale on the street, rather than take the chance of passing up someone really in need of aid?———

5. Are you an I-told-you-so, by actions if not by actual words?———

6. Can you change your mind?———

7. Is it hard for you to make up your mind?———

8. Is it hard for you to change a plan?———

9. Do you like dogs?———

10. Do you hate to be pinned down by questions such as these?———

Now add up the score!

Give the young man ONE for each answer that corresponds to those listed below.

He is absolutely perfect, a jewel among males, the final flower of civilization, if his answers add up to 80.

But that is too much, almost, to expect, and if his score is 70 or better, he is a fine fellow, and deserves an admiring pat on the head.

If his score is between 60 and 70, he will have to do a lot of work before he can win a popularity contest.

If he doesn't rate better than 40, he's kidding you! Make him take the test again.

HERE ARE A REGULAR GUY'S CORRECT ANSWERS

ON A DATE

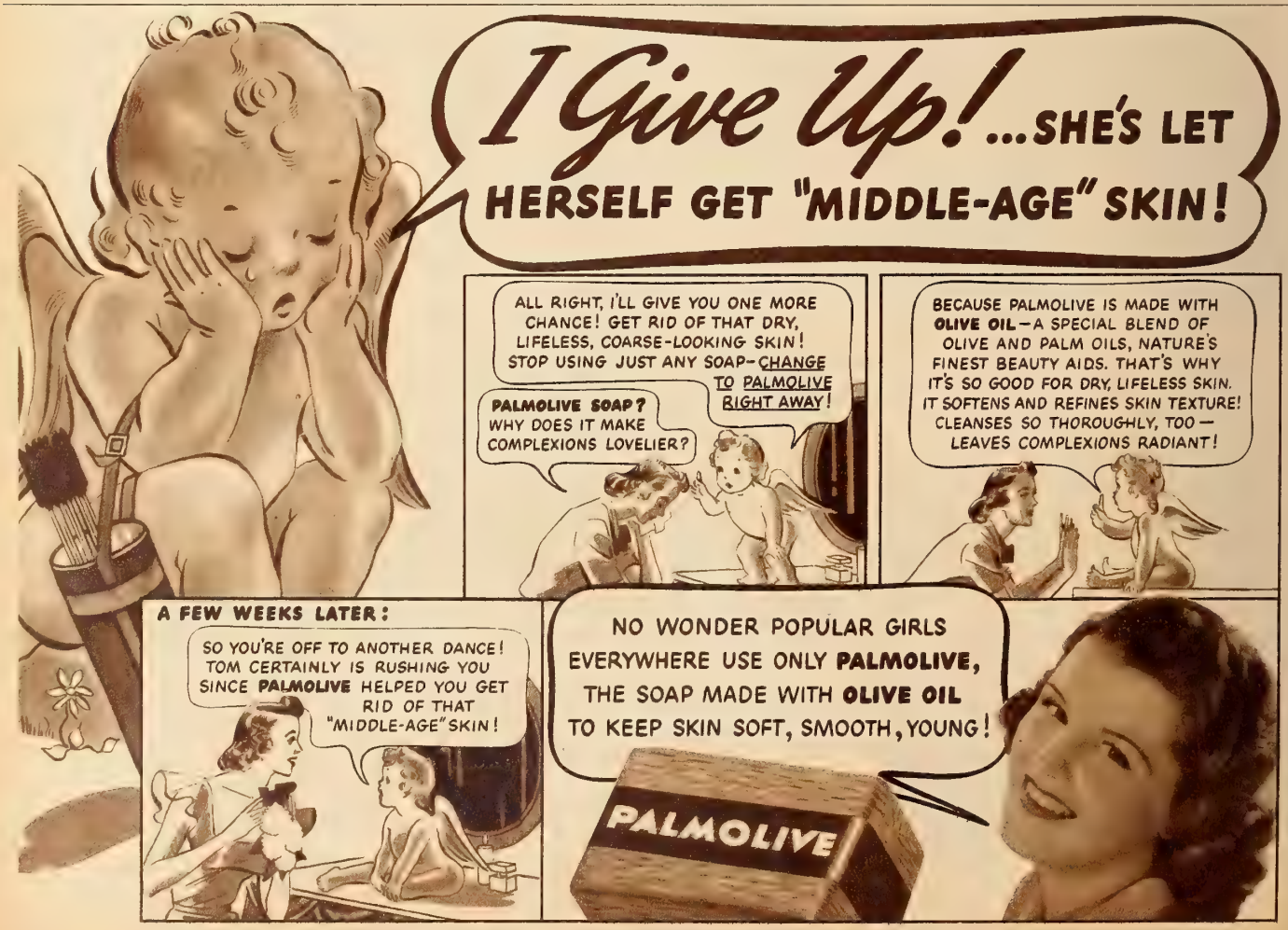
1. Yes
2. No
3. Yes
4. No
5. No
6. No
7. No
8. No
9. No
10. Yes

IN MOMENTS OF STRESS

1. No
2. No
3. No
4. No
5. Yes
6. Yes
7. Yes
8. Yes
9. No
10. No

AT HOME

1. Yes
2. No
3. Yes (everyone does and you get a score for this one on honesty!)
4. No
5. No
6. No
7. Yes
8. No
9. Yes
10. No



AT THE OFFICE

1. No
2. No
3. No
4. Yes
5. No
6. No
7. No
8. No.
9. No
10. No

AS A MAN AMONG MEN

1. Yes
2. No
3. No
4. Yes
5. Yes
6. No
7. No
8. No
9. Yes
10. No

AT A PARTY

1. No
2. No
3. No
4. Yes
5. No
6. No
7. No
8. No
9. Yes
10. No

AT PLAY

1. Yes
2. No
3. No
4. Yes
5. No
6. Yes
7. No
8. Yes
9. No
10. Yes

IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY

1. No
2. Yes
3. No
4. Yes
5. No
6. Yes
7. No
8. No
9. Yes
10. No



Joan Fontaine and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., do an old-fashioned waltz for the East Indian Army Post scenes in *Gunga Din*, and seem to like it a lot





Pretty smart . . . But she didn't know how important "Lysol" is in Feminine Hygiene

SHE thought it was jealousy of her success in business that had made her husband more and more indifferent. She didn't realize that she herself had been at fault . . . in a matter of feminine hygiene. "Lysol" would have helped save the happiness of her marriage.

If you are in doubt regarding a wholesome method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses, used in many hospitals and clinics.

Some of the more important reasons why "Lysol" is especially valuable in feminine hygiene are—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy. . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.



What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 11-H., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet, "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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Street _____

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what every woman should know

The makers of Kotex* Sanitary Napkins have perfected a new tablet called

KURB*

to help women through trying days

● Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for trying days. The formula is plainly printed on the box, so you may readily check it with your own doctor. . . . We urge you to try Kurb Tablets — see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters.

If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Simply send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 1489, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office



12 IN PURSE SIZE CONTAINER ONLY 25c

Sponsored by makers of Kotex* Sanitary Napkins



How BLONDES *hold their sweethearts*

MEN STAY in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powdery shampoo that sets light hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden—bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde gleam to stringy, faded light hair—without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles into a foam that routs out every bit of scalp dust—leaves hair soft and silky, taking fine permanent wave. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettably alluring. Try it today and see the difference. At all good stores.

Three Career Girl

[*Continued from page 22*]

Trojan ever since she was declared the winner of a Texas beauty contest years ago. She worked hard at her first prize award—a six months' course in an eastern dramatic school. From the school she went right into silent pictures where she kept on working so hard that shortly she became a ranking star and as such twinkled with the best of them until she retired to lay the foundation of a new career: grand opera.

Hope doesn't speak of her artistic triumphs on the operatic stage of this country and Europe. She could, if she'd lay aside her modesty for an hour or so, tell about the time all France did her honor following her appearance with the Opera Comique in Paris. If she displayed any of the tendencies of the typical Hollywood show-off she'd let you gaze upon the medal the French government bestowed upon her as its award for artistic merit. And a similar medal that the Italian government pinned upon her as *its* award for artistic achievement. Then, if you were still unconvinced about her reception in foreign countries, she could describe the high honors she received from the Belgian government. But about all these awards and triumphs and honors showered upon her both here and abroad she's as voluble as the Sphinx.

■ But get her to go back to the very beginning of her operatic career and she's off in a cloud of verbal dust!

"If anyone had come to me," she says, "when I was starring in the silents and prophesied that some day I would be singing grand opera I would have thought that he was a mental case and yelled for the police! I was doing well in pictures and as time went on I hoped to do better. The pay was good, the hours satisfactory, and better yet, I was learning how to be temperamental! You may not know it but you weren't classified as a good actress in the silent days unless you threw a temperamental fit at least once a day. Well, after a few lessons I was getting so I could throw fits all over the place and I felt that given time I would throw bigger and better ones and so crowd myself into the select group of the Triple-A classification. But as for my voice—well, if I sang loud enough I was fairly certain that I could be heard in every corner of a moderately-sized parlor providing the neighbors kept quiet. But as for ever attempting grand opera—why, the idea wasn't even good enough to win a polite laugh."

■ Now that's the way Hope starts out as she describes the first halting steps that eventually led her to the operatic stage, and far be it from us to doubt this famous little lady's word.

"I would never have forsaken the screen but for one thing," she says. "Personal appearances!"

It took us a full five minutes to recover from that one because a movie star these days would be glad to cut off your right arm rather than go on these personal appearance tours. For the simple reason that the word has gotten around that a tour of this sort usually means to those on the inside that you're definitely on the 'way out.'

"But in the good old days," Hope reveals, "it was the exact opposite. You simply didn't rate unless you toured the sticks and it finally got so that I was making more personal appearances than pictures. And thoroughly enjoying it."

Hope's first hint that she might have something better than a parlor singing voice came during a tour of the Loew circuit with one of her pictures.

"I've forgotten the title but it was either *Lawful Larceny* or *Love's Penalty*," she says. "In any event the title was just as bad as the picture, but we were sent on tour with it. After it was shown, the usual routine was to come out on the stage and smile our prettiest at the audience



Sigrid Gurie, vacationing on Lake Arrowhead after finishing *Algiers* and before starting *The Daring Age*. Her crew is named Rolf, and he is a prize winning Great Dane

and then wait for the applause. During this particular tour I was quick to notice that when the leading lady and leading man came out to take their bows that the hand-clapping was terrific but that when I appeared it died away to something less than a mere echo and so, being as I said before, well versed in the art of throwing temperamental fits even when the occasion didn't demand them, I decided then and there that something had to be done about it. Little 16-year-old Hope Hampton was going to get her share of applause if she had to eat up the footlights. She was through with her tripping onto the stage and tripping back after a bow and a smile. She was going to do something."

Well, she did, sure enough.

The next night when it came her turn to trip out, take her bow, and then trip back into the wings she changed her routine. Once in front of the footlights she leaned over to the orchestra leader and told him to sound his "A" because she was all ready to sing *Rose, Fairest Rose,* one of the popular songs of the day! And after a few preliminary fiddle-scrapings by the orchestra that's exactly what she did. She sang *Rose, Fairest Rose* and brought down the house! And she kept on bringing down the house in every city she appeared in after that.

"It was the approval of these audiences that finally led me to cultivate my voice," Hope smiles. "From then on I devoted all my time to singing and studied under the best teachers of voice both here and abroad. It was quite a gamble," she ends with a sigh as though to this very day she isn't quite sure whether or not she has won top ranking as an operatic singer.

■ Hope made her operatic debut with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company in *Manon* and later she sang Mimi in *La Boheme* with the same company, scoring, according to the musical critics, an instant hit. And then, to prove that she was no flash in the musical pan she was engaged by the Opera Comique of Paris, the Vichy Opera Company, and later by the Aix-les-Baines opera company and before she was through she had the French government bestowing medals and honors upon her. Italy and Belgium acclaimed her in turn. Then back to America where she sang opposite Gigli in *Faust* with the San Francisco Grand Opera Company. Los Angeles, Montreal and Chicago followed with the ex-silent picture star adding more and more singing laurels to her already heavy crown.

While Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout and Helen Jepson have the distinction of graduating from grand opera to the screen, Hope Hampton is the only girl who has ever reversed this procedure and left the screen to sing in opera. We have mentioned this before, but we think it's worth repeating.

Personal appearances, a singing voice —and grand opera. That's the astounding record of the Texas girl who didn't know she had a voice until she told the orchestra leader to sound his "A"!

During a trip to Hollywood, where she has many friends, Hope made a test for Universal which is still the talk of the film colony. It wasn't one of these ordinary run-of-the-mine tests where you speak a line or two and make a few gestures, although, so say the Universal executives, a test of this sort would have proven satisfactory so far as Hope was concerned.

But this test was different.

It lasted fifteen days.

And it lasted that long, not because the officials weren't satisfied after the first day, but because the party of the first part, Hope Hampton, herself, just wanted to be sure that no one was going to be gypped when the actual shooting began on the picture.

"I wanted to be sure of myself," she tells you frankly, "and I wanted to be sure that the studio was sure of me. *The Road to Reno* might well turn out to be *The Road to Ruin* so far as my second screen debut was concerned. Or so I thought. And so the test kept going on day after day. With an addition here and there it could serve as a good short subject—it was that elaborate."

The Road to Reno turned out so well that its grand opera star has been placed under a seven-year contract that calls for a picture schedule of two a year.

3 P.M. ...Her Petal Smooth Skin THROWS HIM FOR A LOSS!



9 P.M... LURES THE STAG LINE





JOAN BELMONT

NOW Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey, society sportswoman

NOW SMOOTHING AWAY ROUGHNESS

BRINGS EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TOO! *

Now—give your skin extra beauty care —Smooth extra "skin-vitamin" (Vitamin A) into it by using Pond's Vanishing Cream! When skin lacks this vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to it, it helps skin become smooth again. If your skin has enough of this vitamin, it stores some of it against a possible *future* need. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Sometimes the best stories on Hollywood are to be found in the editor's personal mail. This letter was so interesting that we asked permission to print it just as it came in from

KATHERINE ALBERT

Dear Llewellyn:

I really can't blame it on the vacation I'd planned to take for so long, for, when I got your note asking me to do a Gary Cooper story I still had two more working weeks. I called the studio right away to arrange an appointment. I really did that at once. But they told me Gary was busy working his fingers to the bone for the sake of his art and a paltry fortune. However, he would be through the big emotional scenes in *The Cowboy and the Lady* very soon and I would be called in a day or so.

For the next couple days I forgot about Gary Cooper. I realize that that must seem fantastic to those hundreds of thousands of she-folk who palpitate when Gary so much as flickers an eyebrow in their direction. But other things were happening in my life. Things like Robert Taylor.

I hadn't seen Bob Taylor for a couple of years and I wanted to. Sure, I realize that it isn't exactly big news when a member of the feminine sex wants to see Taylor. You remember that I interviewed him shortly after he made his first spectacular success and I was curious to know what had happened to him since, in spite of what you had told me.

At dinner that night (it's okay, Barbara was there, too) I found out, and I'll have to acknowledge that the years and the success haven't changed him at all.

I half expected him to be an objectionable show-off—a kid like that yanked straight out of college to become public glamour boy number one. He isn't. He's simply grateful and humble and says he doesn't know a darn thing about this acting business. He remains one of those quiet lads



Gary Cooper's next film, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, co-stars him with Merle Oberon

Copping Gary

and I actually forgot that he was in the room for minutes at a time.

That's partly because of Barbara. I didn't forget for a minute that she was in the room. She's still just the ten funniest women—that's who she is. When she tells a story people never let her get to the point because they're laughing too much at all the side remarks she's making.

Barbara told about a waggish friend of hers who asked what her name would be if she married Bob. "Why, Mrs. Robert Taylor, of course."

"No," said the wag, "You're wrong. Your name would be Ruby Brugh." (Figured it out? I had to think a couple of minutes before I remembered that Barbara's real name was Ruby Stevens and Taylor was christened Arlington Brugh.) Barbara said right then and there it was all off. Ruby "Brew" just ain't no name for a great big glamorous movie star.

I really think they'll marry eventually in spite of it. Bob is devoted to her and why shouldn't he be. She's one of the swellest gals in the world and he seems to enjoy being treated as she treats everybody, in that sort of breezy, casual, offhand manner. But she thinks he's a thoroughly regular, grand kid.

Forgive me for rambling on like this. You know how things go in Hollywood so it seems silly to explain, but I want to be sure you understand just what happened about Gary Cooper's story.

■ I started worrying about it in the middle of that perfectly grand evening and on the way home I began thinking of things I remembered about Gary that I wanted to work in as background for my story.

I met him first when he was engaged to Lupe Velez. Ah, those incredible evenings at Lupe's house with Gary as out of place in that wild menage as Dietrich's eyelashes on Joe E. Brown.

He would sit around strumming a guitar and singing mournful cowboy songs while Lupe was welcoming eight accordion players, a couple of organ-grinder monkeys and an English butler all of whom were playing or chattering or bowing at once without Gary's paying the least attention to them.

Lupe would be screaming and everyone dancing and I swear we wouldn't have had a single drink. Lupe's presence was stimulant enough. And there would be Gary seated near the fireplace with his long legs stretched out across the floor singing those cowboy tunes.

One night Lupe stumbled over his legs and fell flat on her face. "Darn your legs," she shouted. "I guess I weel bite one of your legs." This she proceeded to do.

Gary kept right on playing and singing. Then Lupe said to me, "Bite Gary's leg." At first I said politely, "No, thank you, dear," and then I thought maybe I should because it might be something to tell my grandchildren so I did—but not very hard. I haven't any grandchildren but if I ever do I'll tell them.

It was all wrong—Gary's and Lupe's engagement—except as some fantastic show to watch, yet in his strange Western way Gary was fond of her and their parting hit him rather hard.

He went to Africa or somewhere to shoot big game and forget. He stopped on the way home in England and bought himself some Bond Street clothes. Before that Gary had never cared about clothes—an old pair of slacks and a sweat shirt was good enough for him. But he liked his new clothes now and, rather on the defensive, he asked, "Don't you see a difference in me?"

Although he was trying to be very sophisticated and man of the world (and not making too good a job of it), I could see that Gary had grown up. He wasn't that slow kid aimlessly kicking around Hollywood any longer.

■ Well, planning on using this stuff somewhere in my story I called Gary's studio bright and early the next morning. He was on location and I admit I felt relieved because that was the day Joan Crawford was having an all day swimming and badminton party and I did want to go.

I don't need to tell you the party was wonderful. Beautiful movie stars beautifully draped [*Continued on page* 57]

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Baby Queen

[*Continued from page* 30]

in a new pair of skates (the blades alone cost $47.50) and she was apt to be conscious of her feet which is the last thing a figure skater should be aware of. She'd be off balance; she'd probably fall down and go "boom" more than once; she wouldn't be able to keep time to the music. And more than all this, she'd more than likely blister her little heels. Her mother was pretty gloomy about the whole practice session that morning, but as it turned out she shouldn't have been because during the 120 minutes we watched, Irene, clad in woolen ski pants, white sweater, and a kerchief around her head, performed like an old-timer. All the difficult steps of an ice-skater's routine were repeated over and over again without a mis-step. She did topple over while finishing up a salute but that didn't count because she was up on her feet so fast we thought it was part of the routine. And once during the last ten feet of a Charlotte Stop she almost had her pretty little nose rubbing a mark on the ice, but that didn't count, either, because the ice was soft, the skates were new, and other members of the ballet came swooping past her just close enough to cause her to look up at the wrong time.

Now it seemed to us that two hours of steady practice was more than enough for a five-year-old girl, but apparently not for Irene. When her mother looked at her watch and shouted "Time's up!" Irene came skating over and registered a very decided complaint. "I'm just beginning to have fun," she said, "and here I have to quit." Marny George, a Seattle professional girl skater, and Walter Ridge, a Los Angeles figure skater, who had been out on the ice teaching her the *Breaking the Ice* ballet steps came up, sided in with Irene who finally won another fifteen minutes of practice that certainly was worth paying good money to see.

Irene is the youngest figure skater in the world, a fact that may or may not interest you. But perhaps this will. This little bundle of dimples, curls, dark eyes, and flashing blades put on her first pair of skates only a year and a half ago! Since then she's been in more than sixteen big ice shows and a decided hit in every one of them. As a matter of record, she took part in her first show before she'd been skating two months! And if you don't think that's an ice-skating achievement ask your nearest professional figure skater!

"Irene," so her mother told us, "so far as we knew, never showed any inclination to skate. Most of her spare time had been devoted to her lessons in acrobatic dancing of which she was very fond. Then along came Orin Markus, the famous figure-skating teacher of St. Paul, who suggested, after watching her dance, that he be allowed to teach her to skate. Orin happens to be a friend of the family and when he went on to say that he thought our daughter would develop into a future champion we just thought he was trying to be pleasant. But finally we agreed to get her a pair of skates and let him see what he could do with her. And here she is, in Hollywood, in pictures—all within one and one half years of skating! It certainly seems like a dream."

Markus didn't teach Irene how to skate the first time he put on her skates for her. That first lesson, which lasted less than half an hour, was devoted to just one thing—learning how to fall! Learn that, Markus told Irene, and then, when the actual spills came during the practice of a difficult routine, there'd be no sprained wrists, ankles, and strained and sore backs. So Irene went to it, took her initial bumps and booms according to her teacher's expert directions, and got onto them so quickly that the second lesson was a thrilling excursion into the highly specialized art of cutting rhythmic half-circles and figure-eights. Of course she's taken her share of falls since then, but she's learned how to take them and there's been no more than a mere "ouch"! of complaint registered whenever she's found herself playing the part of an animated broom trying to sweep up a couple of acres of ice.

■ Irene is not only the youngest figure skater in the world but she's the youngest professional skater on record. Her mother explained that, too.

"When Mr. Lesser offered us a contract for my daughter's services in *Breaking the Ice*, both my husband and myself went into a family huddle before signing. We both realized it was a golden opportunity for us to build up a financial backlog for Irene's future. In case anything should happen to us we wanted her to be protected. My husband, being a newspaperman, has seen life passed in review across his desk and he looks into the future with a very practical pair of eyes. Being a newspaperman doesn't offer a very quick chance to lay aside a nest-egg. And here was one—a motion picture contract which, if fulfilled, would release us from one great financial worry. But still we didn't sign. There was this side of the story that needed study. We wanted Irene to have her chance at becoming a champion. You know—proud and doting parents. Orin Markus had told us many, many times that in all of his long professional career, both here and abroad, he'd never come across such a likely prospect and we hated to deny her her chance when it came. Signing a contract would bar her forever, we thought, from ever attaining a championship in the amateur field. There was the Olympics to think of. Some day she might become an Olympic champion. Well, as I said a moment ago, you know how proud and doting parents sometimes are. It was Mr. Lesser who finally solved our problem by obtaining rulings from the National Amateur Ice Skating Association. He learned that our daughter, if she turned professional, now, could, after a lapse of two years, be reinstated to her amateur ranking. Irene, he told us, was too young to bother her curly head with thoughts of Olympic medals. That could come ten years from

now. Let her become a professional and earn enough money so that her future would be amply provided for. In other words make hay while the sun was shining. Well, with this ruling known and added to Mr. Lesser's sensible advice, we signed the contract. Now all we are worrying about is whether or not Irene is going to make good in her ice-skating screen debut. Funny thing about that. Mr. Lesser doesn't appear to worry about that at all. He's not only given Irene four beautiful ballet sequences but has written a good speaking part into the script for her. But it still seems a dream to us just the same."

■ Lesser, who has the reputation of being Hollywood's No. 1 success when it comes to finding and developing child stars and recognizing talent in screen moppets, almost missed out on Irene. He'd heard a lot about her from friends in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and last winter, when he learned that she was to appear in an ice show in the Hotel New Yorker, he flew East just to give the youngster the Hollywood "once-over." When he arrived and registered at the hotel he discovered that she had been barred from the show on two counts. First, because of her age which conflicted with the child labor laws of New York State, and second, because of the fact that the New Yorker sold liquor.

Naturally there was a great how-de-do about it. Officials, clear up to the Mayor, were appealed to—but in vain. Little Irene might be an ice-skating queen, but by golly she wasn't going to be allowed to prove it in good Old New York, not by any thousand miles of red-tape that might be unwound. Yes, she could give a performance for the benefit of the newspapermen, but that was all. Well, so far as Sol Lesser was concerned, that was enough. He horned in on a press pass, gave Irene the Hollywood "once-over" and went away shouting her praises like the rest of the hard-boiled spectators. Since then, the rest of his time has been spent trying to get her signed to a Sol Lesser motion picture contract, and now that that has been accomplished, most of his time is spent down at the Polar Ice Palace where his tiny protege and star does her cartwheels, fans, elbow-drops, Charlotte Stops, spins, spirals, and salutes. It wouldn't surprise us in the least if he buys himself a pair of skates and takes a few lessons himself!



Mickey Rooney, the noted Thespian, relaxes by hanging himself up with the coats in one of the rare free moments he has had in several months. He is playing in *Stablemates* with Wallace Beery, and in *Boys' Town* with Spencer Tracy, and preparing a new Judge Hardy's Family film

Irene is in the first grade at school and although she gets a report card full of A's and loves her school work she loves skating better and if she were permitted to, would stay on the ice all day long.

■ Funny thing about that, too. Neither her father nor her mother can skate a stroke and probably never will despite her promise to teach them all about it in one easy lesson. "It's just like dancing," Irene claims, "only it's more fun." Well, Pop and Mom are pretty cagey. It may be true—fun is where you find it, but so far as they are concerned not on a big flat sheet of frozen water and if any didos are to be cut they think Irene should do 'em!



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A Hollywood Bride Has Problems

[*Continued from page 19*]

ventional question as to "who giveth this woman in marriage?" instead of stepping back with the others assembled, as he was supposed to do, he just kept on standing there at the altar with the bride and groom . . . "So close to us," Virginia told me, "that Sonny could hardly put the ring on my finger. We whispered to him to get back but he didn't hear us and just kept standing there, knowing something was wrong, but not knowing exactly what to do about it. Of course, it didn't matter, but it was hard on him and it all happened because I couldn't find time to rehearse. I guess it was a sort of omen," Virginia said, ruefully. "Because, while 'career' certainly hasn't interfered with the course of true love in our case, it hasn't exactly made the course of true marriage run very smoothly."

■ Take, for instance, the matter of the "thank you" notes. Virginia had some seventy-five to write and with her own lily white hand, too. Moreover, she takes pains with such things. She always wants everyone to know she is really grateful for kindnesses.

She was starting on the list one morning shortly after the wedding, safe—she thought—in the promise from the studio that she wouldn't have to work that day. She had everything spread out on beds and tables—each gift with its donor's card carefully adjacent so there would be no mistakes or confusions.

Then the phone rang. She was wanted at the studio right away. Well, a call from the studio is a call from the studio. She left the gifts and cards where they were, spread out all over everywhere, and dashed off.

She was gone several hours but not so long there wouldn't have been time to work some more on the "thank you" notes. "I'll pick up right where I left off," she said to herself.

But those were idle, mistaken words. When she got home she found that her new housekeeper, a Filipino woman trained to be orderly and to keep "t'ings nise, pliss," had carefully stowed the gifts away in a closet and as carefully had stacked the cards up in a pile and tied them together with a ribbon!

"I felt like putting an ad in the paper," Virginia said. "'*Will the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Ruben who so kindly remembered them with wedding gifts, please overlook it if they are thanked for a salad bowl when they gave a luncheon set?*'

"Of course Sonny and I sorted things out as best we could before I wrote any more notes, but we didn't do too well. I thanked Norma Shearer for salad plates when it should have been dessert plates. I thanked some other friends for a cocktail set when they had given us linen and vice versa. And worse than that, I thanked a business acquaintance of Sonny's for some prints only to find out later he never gave us anything while, on the other hand, to this day I have NOT been able to find out who gave us those lovely prints.

"And that," she finished ruefully, "is an example of the trials and tribulations of a married woman who is also a movie actress!"

■ There was also at that time the servant problem to solve which, as it happened, was something of an international problem, too, on account of Mac. Not that Mac is his name. Mac is a Filipino and his real name is something long and unpronounceable. "Sonny" Ruben has had him for ages. He is a wonderful cook and "Sonny" wouldn't lose him for anything. But when it came to enlarging the Ruben establishment to accomodate a wife, with the attendant need for more servants, Mac, something of a despot, insisted the new ones be Filipino, too.

"We getting along more better," he suggested.

But to find the right ones was not so easy. The Rubens wanted a married couple trained to carry on in a home whose mistress was likely as not to be absent most of the time. Virginia interviewed a dozen or so pairs of candidates without success. Whereupon Mac volunteered to help her.

"I finding extreme good man and wife," he announced.

Well, he "finding" them all right, and they knew how to do the things they were supposed to do . . . Except that the wife couldn't understand English. She would bow and smile confidently at every request, but, likely as not, if Virginia told her of a morning she would wear the grey suit today, Clemencia would get out a chiffon afternoon frock. If Virginia asked her for a glass of hot milk, ginger ale or maybe orange juice would be forthcoming. It got to be pretty disconcerting, and when, one night, rushing home late to keep a dinner engagement, Virginia found a complete beach ensemble laid out neatly for her to wear, she gave up. Clemencia and her husband had to go and Robert and Grace, also Filipino, shamelessly bribed away from the Robert Youngs (Virginia admits it) took their places.

■ Being well versed in both housekeeping and English, Robert and Grace did very well—so well, in fact, that Virginia felt justified in installing an extra bit of domestic efficiency and thrift—a household budget. So much for this. So much for that. So much for the other thing. Robert, Grace and Mac were to carry it out. She explained to them carefully. Each Monday morning Mr. Ruben would give them a certain amount of money to cover the week's expenses and this money was to DO! Did they understand?

They did. They bowed deeply and importantly. They understood perfectly.

Well, it worked at first. Things went along fine. Virginia, deep in the process of making *Yellow Jack* came home from work every night to a beautifully run home . . . until a certain Saturday night when she and "Sonny" had planned to have a quiet dinner alone and an evening of chess.

It was a good thing they were alone, Virginia says, because the quiet dinner had its peculiarities. There was no butter. Rolls, yes, hot from the oven. Other well-cooked delicacies. But no butter.

Virginia rang the bell. "Please bring some butter," she said to Grace who waits on the table as well as being Virginia's personal maid.

But Grace shook her head. "We having no butter," she said.

"'Having' no butter? How is that?" Virginia and "Sunny" spoke in unison.

Grace looked virtuous. "Refrigerator break. We get man fixing it. Nine dollah, seventy-fi' sen. Budget money running out but more coming Monday. No having butter between times."

Virginia kept a straight face. After all, she had given orders to make the budget do. But—

"Couldn't you have stretched a point and charged it?" she inquired, tentatively.

Grace was determination personified. "Missus not here. Missus at studio. Not stretching point if not asking permiss'on." Obviously that was that.

"Yes, 'Missus at studio'," Virginia observed to me, reminiscently. "Missus usually at studio, I find. But what can you expect of a movie actress? So Sonny and I just 'snuck' out after dinner and bought a pound of butter and put it in the refrigerator. Our budgeteers didn't approve but we had butter over the week-end and that was something."

■ There was also that memorable night when career was responsible for a near calamity in the matter of Virginia's new gold dress. The occasion was a very elegant one. Virginia and "Sonny" were to be guests of honor at a dinner dance.

"Tell me the color of your gown and I'll arrange the table decorations to match," the hostess suggested.

"Gold," Virginia said. There was that cloth of gold gown which she had meant to have finished at the time she was married but hadn't had time for a final fitting. Well, she'd just pop around on her way home from the studio that afternoon and see about it.

But the best laid plans of mice and men and movie actresses "gang aft agley," indeed! It was eight o'clock before Virginia finished work that night.

"I'll go tomorrow," she promised herself. But it was seven o'clock that night. And seven the next night.

Finally, in desperation, she phoned the dressmaker. "Finish it up and send it to me," she instructed. "I shall have to take a chance on its fitting."

Came the night of the festivities. Virginia actually got home around six-thirty, in good time to get ready. The dress was there before her, very luscious looking with its wide girdle and soft, full skirt. She rested a little while, took a leisurely tub. Her hair went well. She felt fresh and lively. The world looked rosy.

And then she put on the gold gown. The neck was right. The bodice was right. The skirt was right. But the girdle —that beautiful, wide girdle—wouldn't go around her.

No one, by the wildest stretch of imagination, could call Virginia even the least bit plump. Her slenderness and the way she can still eat everything she wants to are the envy of Hollywood. But that girdle apparently had been made for the original bean pole. Virginia held her breath and Grace pulled but it was no good. They got one hook in place only to have it pop like a small firecracker when, inevitably, it became necessary for Virginia to breathe.

"What shall I do?" she wailed to "Sonny" who appeared on the scene just then.

"Didn't it fit you when you tried it on at the dressmaker's?" he inquired.

"I didn't have time to try it on at the dressmaker's," Virginia informed him, half in tears. "I never have time to try on anything. I never have time—"

He interrupted her. "Well, you haven't time to monkey with it now, either. We're late. Why don't you wear that pink dress? It's pretty. You look lovely in—"

"But the decorations!" It was Virginia's turn to interrupt. "I am supposed to match them!"

Whereupon Grace came to the rescue. Scissors in hand, she unripped the girdle; removed the hooks and eyes. "Plenty tucking in behind," she told Virginia, beaming. "I fixing soon."

Deftly she let out the material. Deftly

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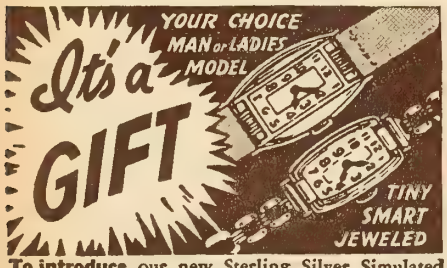
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she replaced the hooks and eyes. One, two, three, four. . . It wasn't so long—not too long, anyway—before Virginia was comfortably hooked up in the gold gown and she and "Sonny" were dashing off to the party.

"Gosh," she thought to herself as they bowled along, "what a life!"

■ And "what a life!" she said again to me in her lovely rose and dubonnet dressing room at M-G-M the other day as she was telling me about all of this. . . About the time she and "Sonny," enjoying a honeymoon visit with Mrs. John Hay Whitney in Virginia, had to return to Hollywood without even going to New York as they had planned because she was wanted for some added scenes for *Arsene Lupin.* And then found out she wasn't needed for a single one. . . .

About how she was late for her own party—the first she had given since she was married—and had to sneak in the back way so as not to arrive with the guests. Yes, working as usual. . . .

About how she never has time to watch the building of their new home at Pacific Palisades which is going up right this minute, and about how she is certain all kinds of dire things are happening in her absence. . . .

And about how she had to work nights for almost a week, recently, and with "Sonny" working days, they scarcely ever saw each other and took to leaving notes around the house: *"Hello, darling. How are you? Remember me? I'm the guy you married."* And: *"Yes, I seem to remember you. How about a date next month?"*

"Still, it's fun," Virginia said. "It's hectic and it's mad and it takes a lot out of you, sometimes, but I love it! I wouldn't be out of it for anything! I am completely happy the way things are. You see, for one thing, Sonny being in pictures, too—being right in the middle of the business and knowing exactly how things are—helps a lot. I suppose some husbands couldn't understand the demands that life makes upon a woman. But he—well, he knew how it would be when he married me. He knew I was an actress and he said: 'So what?' And that makes all the difference in the world. We do our work and like it. We see as much of each other as we can and we like that, too. . . ."

At which moment I had a chance to observe just how well they like it. The door opened and in bounced the very attractive Mr. J. Walter Ruben. He swept Mrs. Ruben into an embrace worthy of Clark Gable.

"Hello," he said, exuberantly. "Almost finished?"

"Almost," Virginia told him. "But it will be late when I get home tonight. I hope you won't mind."

It was not a question. It was a statement. She knew he wouldn't mind. She knew he would understand. He did.

"Okay, darling," he said.

Another kiss and he was gone, as busy in his way as Virginia is in hers. And as she turned back to me, I realized that though she has many problems to contend with in this business of being at once a bride and a screen star, Friend Husband is not one of them.



Alan Mowbray and Patsy Kelly decide that Philco's new Mystery Control unit is black magic, and we are inclined to agree. The box has no wires, may be carried all over the house and used to change stations and regulate volume on the big stationary set. You'll see it in *Topper Takes a Trip*

Meet The Woman Who Bosses Bob

[*Continued from page 21*]

her to baseball games, and football games and church; and how she always had ginger cookies for me in a jar whenever I came to see her. Things like that, until the secretary would call her off that track and put her on the right one.

"We got her straightened out on that after a while, but we never could cure her of sticking one idea into those letters. It was almost like a form paragraph and it always crept in. It read like this: 'No, Bob Taylor is not my real name. It is Spangler Arlington Brugh, and I was born in Nebraska. As a matter of fact, my grandmother does not like the name of Bob Taylor at all, and cannot understand why they ever wanted me to change it, since the name Arlington is so much more beautiful, and that is what I have always been called. It's a family name, handed down from generations, and Bob is so ordinary by comparison.' I remember once I caught her right in the act of dictating that. She was sitting there with a big knitting bag by her side—filled with letters, not knitting; she carried it everywhere!—and she looked so cute and guilty I had to laugh."

■ Then a few months later, when the mail began arriving in such piles that Grandmother was all but buried alive under it, Bob knew that it was time he got her out from under it entirely. But he knew better than to come out with it bluntly. He tried tact, with a little quilting information thrown in—and here's the way it worked, at the dinner table, one Sunday noon, when Bob had stopped in for lunch with the family:

Bob: (after having downed a mouthful of mashed potatoes) "Say, 'Granny', how much did you get for those quilts you used to make at the church back home?"

"Oh, I don't know, Arlington . . . it depended on the size. Sometimes fifteen dollars, sometimes twenty. I know we used to figure we could keep a whole family for a month on the proceeds. It was all for charity. Why?"

"Because somebody was telling me they raffled off a quilt at a church bazaar, on Highland somewhere, and one quilt brought sixty-five dollars!"

"Sixty-five dollars! Why, what our club could have done with that!"

"This club has plenty to do with it, too. They're getting ready for their Thanksgiving baskets."

For a moment Grandmother still mused over the amazing information her grandson had just divulged. "I can't believe it—church socials in Hollywood . . . quilting bees! Funny, I just didn't think they'd exist out here."

"Oh, they exist all right. Jeanette MacDonald's mother goes to some quilting club that meets every Tuesday and Thursday."

Out of the corner of his eye Bob could see that his grandmother's interest had been trapped. From that day on Grandmother relieved herself of the mail work for the enterprise of quilting for charity.

■ "Granny" has many fine stories to tell about Bob. When he was eleven or so, he had his first pony, a temperamental young rascal named Gyp. Gyp was a birthday present, and immediately Bob wanted to ride her over to Grandmother's to show her off. That was a distance of fourteen miles, and before leaving he phoned her that he was coming. Grandmother also interpreted that call as a warning to have something good to eat ready and waiting when he arrived. She waited quite a while and then came another call. It was Bob again. "I'm sorry, Grandmother, but I'm not even half way yet. Gyp keeps turning around and wanting to go home and we only go three yards ahead and then two back, and I don't think I'll ever get there. What'll I do?"

"That's up to you," Grandmother said sternly, though there was a smile in her voice that she was trying to hide. "But you'd better make up your mind right now, young man, who's to be master—you or the horse?" And she hung up.

Three hours later he arrived. It had been no small battle, but he had won. Now



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when Grandmother tells that story she points out the moral proudly. "Of just such little things as that a man's character is built."

■ Then there was that other time when he walked to Grandmother's, the whole fourteen miles through a raging summer storm, arriving rain-soaked and mud-splattered from head to foot. He had started out on his bicycle with a boy pal, but when they ran into the storm they had had to park their bicycles in somebody's barn, and continue on foot. When they got there Grandmother made them undress and put on some of her husband's clothes until she could dry their own. Then she said, "Now, Arlington, I see that you've got a secret to tell. Nothing else could have brought you all this way in the rain. Now hurry, out with it, before you burst."

She had hit the nail on the head and the story came out in leaps and spurts. The night before Arlington and Gerhart had had the most amazing adventure! They had been bicycling over to see Mary Ellen (the best girl in his life at that moment), and peddling along a lonely road they passed a car stalled along the side. A man called out to them and asked them where he could get a lantern. There was something wrong with his engine, and he knew how to fix it, but it was too dark to see. Then he gave them some information which made their eyes pop. He was a convict, he admitted, from the State Prison Farm. He had been granted a 24-hour parole, and he had already used twenty-two hours of it. Now he had to get back or else! To the boys it was as exciting as though they had suddenly been held up at the point of a gun. They lost no time in scurrying off to the nearest farmhouse, and a few minutes later they were back with a light.

"You mean you were frightened of the man?" Grandmother asked, as Arlington paused for a moment in the telling. "Why, what could he have done to you? You could have just gone off and never come back!"

"Aw, Grandmother," he said disappointedly. "You don't understand. You think we got the light for him because we were *afraid*? Heck, no! We just wanted to get a good look at him ourselves! A *convict*, Granny! The first one we ever saw in our lives."

■ Today it's quite a different young man who comes to Grandmother's house, and the mode of his arrival is quite a little different, too. It's a black Packard which rolls up now, and it's no longer Gerhart who accompanies him up the walk, but a young lady. He no longer sits in front of the fireplace in his grandfather's too-big clothes, with remnants of mud still on his cheek. He sits there in expensive sport clothes, and now there are other things to discuss besides convicts along the road. But essentially he is the same; essentially the relationship between grandson and grandmother is the same. She still finds fault with him and she still



Representing the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce, Gordon Oliver and Judith Barrett turned up at the station to welcome the Movieland Tourists, and presented the key of the city to the senior member, the charming little sight-seer who has celebrated her eighty-third birthday

finds much to praise. She has not let his new success in the world affect her opinions, not one whit.

One of the things that most upsets her about Bob Taylor of today is that rugged, sun-tan color he has acquired during the last few years. Invariably as he steps in the door, she says, "Oh, Arlington, I had hoped that you would give up this tanning business. Your nose is peeling and you look like a young Indian! Please!" And then Bob explains all over again for the forty-eleventh time that a fellow can't have a ranch and ride horses and raise alfalfa and play tennis in the California sun *without* getting burned and peeling now and then. And besides he likes it that way. So in the end the discussion never arrives anywhere: Grandmother still sticks to her ideas, and Bob still peels.

■ Another opinion that Grandmother has is that Bob should get more fun out of life. She is inclined to believe that he lets fame rob him of too much. "Now for example," she said, "Arlington gave me a beautiful white fur jacket last Christmas to wear with my formals—" Oh, yes, Grandmother is very modern in the clothes-respect— "and then he invited me out for an evening, so I could wear it, I guess. Barbara went along too, and we all went dancing some place. To one of those night clubs. But everybody stared and looked at us so that it got uncomfortable after a while and we decided to move on somewhere else. We went to the Palomar next, and we were just beginning to have a wonderful time there when the same thing started all over again. People asking him for autographs; strangers dancing right up to him on the floor, saying, 'Hi there, Bob Taylor'—dreadful name!—and everybody watching and listening to everything he said. So we had to leave there, too. Things like that happened so often that after a while Arlington just didn't want to go out any more at all. But finally I had a good talk with him about it, and scolded him a little. Barbara and I together did. Because Arlington is a boy who likes gaiety and dancing, and if he's going to stop those things, just because of being stared at, then he'll grow old in no time. I tell him he just *can't* be so sensitive. A man in this business just can't be sensitive about what people say or do or write about him—or he won't have any youth. And youth is the most important thing in the world.

"Then after youth, the most important thing in the world is a happy home life. I tell him, and Arlington knows it too, that all the money and all the fame in the world doesn't mean anything, if you're not happy in your home. So pretty soon, I guess, Arlington will settle down to that, too.

"Of course he's got a cute little home now, but it's a bachelor's home, and no bachelor's home is complete. But he does have a few little things around to remind him of his old home and of us, his mother and me, and to make him look forward to another, more real, home when he's married someday. He's got a silver napkin ring I gave him twenty years ago, with his name on it, and he uses it even now. And he's got the same old cookie jar I used to keep full of ginger cookies, and every now and then I send him over a batch so he can keep it full now. Things like that keep a man remembering what a home life can really be like even if he is a movie star.

■ Grandmother suddenly looked at the clock and jumped. "Oh, I'm sorry, but you'll have to excuse me now. Arlington and Barbara are coming for supper and I want to get everything ready for them. There are a couple of little things I bought for them today—sort of as a little joke. Would you like to look at them? See, it's the maid's night out and Barbara and Arlington are going to get the dinner themselves."

There on the dining room table reposed an apron for Barbara, of blue, yellow and red printed calico, and beside it was a white chef's cap for Bob.

"What am *I* going to do?" Granny laughed, and a twinkle came into her eyes. "Why, while they work I'm just going to sit around and tell them what to do!"

So in a way it's still much as it used to be, Grandmother still rules the roost. The roost has moved from Nebraska to Hollywood, and the trimmings are a little different, but Bob still likes to go there just the same!





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You Can't Take It With You

[*Continued from page* 29]

Jack Benny air show, was having the time of his life truckin' to the music of Lionel's harmonica and Donald Meek, who was also in the cooler by this time, got all hot and bothered and after pushing us bums around, cleared a little space and tried to show Eddie a few jig steps of his own. I'll say this for a little guy who is getting somewhat stiff in the joints (and I don't mean nightclubs, Miss Editor) Donald certainly showed Eddie a number of heel-and-toe routines that would grade an A-plus in any hoofer's league.

All this time I was wondering what had become of Director Capra. Once in a while I'd steal a glance toward the cameras to see how he was taking it, but he was nowhere in sight. It was only when somebody rang the bell and the cameras stopped grinding that I managed to get a peek at him. He'd come onto the set, then, and in his soft, quiet voice explain what he wanted done on the next 'take.' Not a sign, though, of the bullying, excited, loud-mouthed and nervous directions uttered by so many other big-time directors when the shooting went off on the bias. He was always patient, always kind and gentle—but don't think for one single minute that he didn't know what was going on, what he wanted done, and that we didn't try to do what he asked. And that goes for Edward Arnold, Jimmy Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Donald Meek and the rest of the high-priced cast—all of whom seemed to be mighty well pleased to be working for him. I even heard them say 'yessir' to him—and that's something an actor rarely says to a director.

■ Well, as I say, the bell kept ringing, Art Black kept shouting "quiet," and we kept on doing this sequence over and over with Capra never once flicking an eyelash in excitement, never once speaking sharply; and the funny thing about it all was that nobody seemed to get tired. Not even Lionel Barrymore who was a pretty sick man in real life as this reel was being shot. Lionel had the misery in his right leg and he was suffering ninety-nine per cent of the so-called tortures of the damned, but the old trouper found plenty of time between takes to spring his favorite jokes.

It was Barrymore who sprung the surprise birthday party in honor of Director Capra during the luncheon hour that day. When the director came back on the set to resume the shooting he was greeted by a chorus of "Happy Birthday to You" and leading the chorus was none other than Lionel. It was Lionel, too, who led Capra to a table in the center of the set and uncovered a monster birthday cake, decorated with one lone candle and an inscription "Happy Birthday from the Capra Troupe."

It was Lionel, too, who made the speech of the occasion.

"We weren't sure, Frank, about the candles," he grinned broadly, "except that you rated a lot less than my cake held when you gave me my birthday party last week. So we only used one."

That was the only time I saw the director flustered. But flustered or not, he authored a neat little impromptu speech in return when he said: "Let's cut the cake, Lionel, because *You Can't Take It With You.*"

■ After we'd had our cake—and eaten it, too—Jean Arthur, who plays the feminine lead in the picture, introduced her new game of "couplets." Here's the way it goes just in case you want a good substitute for charades, quizzes, and anagrams.

First Jean wrote various words or phrases on several slips of paper. These referred in each case, to some phase of the picture. The slips were then tossed into a hat and everybody on the set came up and drew out one. Each of us was then required to write a couplet in which the word or phrase was rhymed.

Jimmy Stewart, in the opening clash, drew a slip bearing the words "Academy Award" and was declared the inter-cast winner with the following championship verse:

Frankly, Mr. Capra, ain't you getting
kind of bored,
Always winning, or presenting, the
Academy Award?

Halliwell Hobbes and Donald Meek protested Jimmy's versified victory on the grounds of professionalism. They called attention to the well-known fact that Jim, while at Princeton, studied poetry under Alfred Noyes, professor of English verse, but Jean stuck to her selection and declared Jim the winnah.

Ann Miller, whose role in the picture caused her to be on her toes eight hours a day in ballet slippers, drew the word "Capra" and Jean awarded her second money with this couplet:

Working for Capra
Is not any snapra!

The name "Robert Riskin," author of the screen play, appeared on the slip drawn by Spring Byington. Spring, who plays the playwriting part of Penny, leaped to her property typewriter and in less time than Lionel Barrymore could play *Turkey in the Straw* on his harmonica she had pounded out the following couplet to win third place:

Through these funny scenes we're
friskin',
Thanks to Mister Robert Riskin.

Other verses, mine included which ran its ragged meter something like this:

Us extras can't act like Auer Mischa
and Hobbes,
But we sure can eat cake—just gobs
and gobs!

were listed among the "also rans" in the jingling handicap and maybe the less said about them from now on the better.

Away from a set, and at a home party, Miss Arthur explained, her new game of "couplets" should prove fun. Where there is a guest of honor, for example, all the

words or phrases to be rhymed should concern some humorous reference to that person.

I met up with a very interesting guy that last day in the hoosegow. Johnnie Tyrell. Maybe you remember him. He used to be a comedian in big-time vaudeville. Since coming to Hollywood he has been typed as a gangster and in this picture he takes the part of "Brainy" who is hired to drive Lionel Barrymore and his eccentric family out of the neighborhood. He, along with Dick Curtis, who goes by the name of "Dopey" in the picture, are to be paid $100 for the job.

"But when we get to the house," Johnnie said, "fireworks explode and blow us smackdab into jail."

It was Johnnie, sitting there beside me, puffing on one of my home-made cigarettes, who explained the plot of the picture and if it's as good as he claims Columbia Studio has really 'got something there.'

"Grandpa Vanderhof, played by Lionel Barrymore," he said, "has been a money-grabbing financier in earlier years. But thirty-five years before the story opens he has decided that excess wealth was worthless. Imagine that! In these days! 'You can't take it with you,' Grandpa says, and so he quit business and started the fun-filled career of rearing a family imbued with his own care-free theories. So," went on Johnnie, "living under the tolerant Vanderhof roof we find these members of Grandpa's family:

"Penny Sycamore (Spring Byington), who writes and paints; her husband, Paul (Samuel S. Hinds), who makes fireworks; their married daughter, Essie Carmichael (Ann Miller), ballet dancer and candy-maker; Essie's husband, Ed (Dub Taylor), who sells Essie's candy, prints, and plays the xylophone; and Alice Sycamore (Jean Arthur), sanest of the family and a secretary in a New York banking firm. In the household, along with the above-mentioned screwballs, are Mr. Poppins (Donald Meek), Mr. De Pinna (Halliwell Hobbes), who helps make the fireworks; Boris Kolenkhov (Mischa Auer), Russian dancing master, and two colored servants, Donald (Eddie Anderson), and Rheba (Lillian Yarbo). What a family!

"Now," went on Johnnie talking fast, "Alice loves Tony Kirby (James Stewart) whose private secretary she is. Tony is son and heir of Anthony J. Kirby, multi-millionaire, and Mrs. Kirby (Mary Forbes), snobbish dowager. Tony loves Alice and believes his pop and mom are genuine enough to like the Vanderhof outfit. Alice decides to invite Tony's family to dinner, but Tony crosses her up and brings them one night when the screwballs are their screwiest and believe me, pal, things begin to happen. The police arrive, the fireworks start to explode in the basement, and the whole kit and kaboodle start to explode in the city jail. In court, Alice angrily repudiates the smug Kirbys—Tony included—and when they are released on bail she takes it on the lam for a good long rest. Tony resigns from the bank, Papa Kirby gets converted to Grandpa's philosophy, and in the final fade-out everything ends happily with the united families gathered for a dinner of celebration."

That's the story just the way Johnnie told it to me as I sat there in the nice, cool pokey waiting for Director Capra to give the "go" sign to his cameramen.

Well, as I said in the beginning, it finally happened here!

I got tossed into jail for three days—and got paid for it. And since I couldn't take it with me I took my folding money and went out and had a lot of good, old-fashioned fun, and, while it isn't for publication, I can still hear fire-crackers, pinwheels, and bombs going off inside my noggin!



Dixie Dunbar is all dressed up for college, at least she is dressed for her new picture, *Freshman Year*, now ready for release

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QUICKIES are downy-soft circles of special cloth that come to you all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and freshening lotion! One QUICKIES instantly wipes away powder and rouge ...cleanses your skin *without drying it*... freshens your skin...smooths it and gives a base *that powder will really stick to.* Carry QUICKIES...for a quick facial any time, anywhere! So economical too! ...100 QUICKIES in a boudoir jar and 15 in the purse vanity 55c...everywhere.

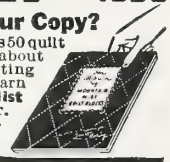


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Just Out QUILT *Album* OF 1939

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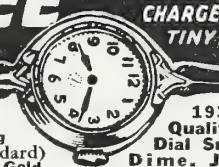
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Rush offer. ☐ Ladies' Model ☐ Men's Model
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Girl Crazy

[*Continued from page* 34]

comes from Texas. She arrived in Hollywood via the beauty contest route but refused to accept the fate of the usual contest winner. She would not quit and go home when success was slow in coming but plugged along five years to get a real break. After that, her first small part, she sailed right into leading roles and has played them ever since. She has been married for two years to Edward Norris, a dark, quiet chap who has won plenty of commendation himself in Hollywood as an actor. Photogenically, she is Warner's best bet.

Contrary to the general impression, the Kids are not the product of New York's slums. It is a sincere tribute to their respective talents that the illusion they created on stage and screen has become endowed with life. Neither has any of them ever known real want. Respectable, middle class parents are behind all of them.

Four of them were trained in the Children's Professional School in New York from whence they were drafted for the original "Dead End" cast on Broadway. Bernard had an uncle who was a theatrical agent, and Leo's father is a well known comedian, which accounts for them.

■ Leo is the eldest, being 21. He'd like you to think he's the toughest, the way he glowers and swaggers around. Actually he has a soft and sensitive streak in him that expresses itself in his writing of sentimental stories and poetry. (But never make the mistake of confronting him with it!) He's mad about speed. So much so that the studio found it necessary to install a throttle governor on his car which sets his limit at 40 m. p. h. It would be 90 if he had his way about it. Physically he is the smallest, standing only 5 feet 6 and weighing 125 pounds. He has a swarthy skin, dark hair and blue eyes, and has played in more pictures than the rest.

■ Gabriel is 19, the son of an Italian doctor and mother. He wants to be a writer or a motion picture director. He'll fight for his convictions but he won't do it via a loud argument. The other boys respect his abilities with his fists, despite the fact there appears to be little of the rowdy, genuine or faked, in his make-up. His first interest in the theatre was aroused in high school where he played an unique interpretation of Hamlet *a la* farce, of all things. He was born in Brooklyn, has blue eyes and brown hair, is 5 feet 10 and weighs 145 pounds.

■ Huntz Hall is next in age. He's 18 and reminds one of a playful puppy. He is Irish, and was christened Henry but looked so much like a little German baby he was nicknamed Hans, from which the Huntz was derived. He is quite the "ladies man" of the bunch, likes to gamble, and wants to be a movie producer so he can order 40 elephants at a crack. Born in New York, he is 5 feet



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8½, blue eyed, and weighs around 140. He has five brothers and two sisters.

■ Although only 16, Billy Halop gives the impression of being top guy of the bunch, probably because of the quiet way in which he seems to assume authority. He, too, was born in Brooklyn, the son of an attorney. He made his professional debut in radio when he was 6 and has had more experience than the others. He has a fine analytical mind and expresses himself well, a trait undoubtedly inherited from his lawyer father. He is 5 feet 7, has brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 142.

■ Both Bobby and Bernard were born in New York 15 years ago although Bobby has a four months' edge on Bernie. His father owned a garage. Bernie's dad ran a clothing store. Like Billy, Bobby made his debut in radio when he was 6 in a radio serial that ran 3 years. In pictures he has played a number of roles apart from the group, and was a member of the original "Street Scene" cast on Broadway. Bobby is the least handsome and has the most charm of the six, a double-edged fact which seems to annoy him. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is slightly taller than Leo and weighs a couple of pounds more.

Bernie is the student of the six, prefering a good book or a good play to batting around with the other kids. When he is with them, however, he plays the noisy rough-neck role to the hilt. He wants to be a bacteriologist and sincerely is convinced that scientists contribute more to humanity than actors. Until "Dead End" opened, he never had set foot on a stage. He is top man in weight with 170 pounds, stands 5 feet 7, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

■ There, then, are the six girl-crazy young gents and the girl they all are crazy about. As I said, the affair started as a gag. To give "Toots" the works. They failed to reckon however (as many men before them have done) on the staying power of red-heads and the particular brand of dynamite they pack. Epecially Ann's brand.

At first it was good, clean fun. They dogged her footsteps. They romped all over her. They chased her to her dressing room and pounded wildly on the door for admission. They lampooned her quiet husband and made noisy and passionate avowals of their love. They moved heaven and earth to get her goat. No matter where she turned she found at least one, and usually six, obstreperous young hooligans ready to bedevil her with some new nonsense.

"Scram, you bums," she would say in their own language, and they'd scram—closer! It reduced Director Mike Curtiz to tears of rage. Ann, however, continued to smile and it baffled them completely. If just once she had broken under the siege, the thing would have ended then and there.

"There's something sour here," Leo muttered. "The dame's not human."

"Yeah," the others agreed. "It's the nuts."

■ Something was bound to happen. It did. Ann entered her dressing room one morning to find a lovely box of dark red roses awaiting her. Inside was a card with a name scrawled on it. For the first time one of the brats had brought tears to her eyes.

"Thank you, Bobby," she said later. "It was dear of you to send me those roses."

Bobby blushed violently and squirmed under the accusing looks of the others. So! There was a traitor in their midst! Defiantly he squared his shoulders, met their eyes straight on. "It's okay, Toots," he said. "Glad you liked them." He turned to the others. "Any of you guys got anything to say about it?" he demanded. "If so, step outside."

No one had anything to say. But there was a lot of good, hard thinking being done.

The next morning Ann found a small bottle of fine perfume. With it was Gabriel's message. Billy's tempting box of candy arrived next, and after it, a soft lacy scarf from Huntz. By now the kids frantically were trying to top each other and made no bones about it. It was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Bernie scored heavily with a book of poetry but it remained for Leo to walk off with top honors. He wrote a poem, and dedicated it to her!

"Now what?" Ann wondered. The thing was getting a little out of hand.

■ It was with distinct relief she noted the return to normality a few days later. The noisy, embarrassing adulation began all over again with Eddie, her husband, coming in for a fine rousting around. They threw the book at him as far as uncomplimentary names were concerned. Long and loudly they advised her to get rid of "that character," "that comic cartoon," "that specimen," "that mouse of a man."

"The Character can take care of himself," she would answer. "You guys aren't so tough!"

I have my suspicions it was The Character who framed the deal. Certainly it was he who planted the seed of the idea for the seven-way date.

"You punks are always *talking!*" he said. "Why don't you *do* something. You've been yapping about dates. Why not take her on one?"

The kids went into a huddle. Out of it emerged The Plan. All six of them would take her on a date at one and the same time!

A Friday night was set. After considerable bickering among themselves, the Palomar, a public dance hall, won out over the Rollerdrome, a skating rink. All six sent corsages which Ann meticulously wore. A fragrant but slightly confusing mixture of orchids, gardenias, roses, camellias, violets and snap dragons. All six arrived at Ann's home in their own cars, too, not having been able to settle that argument among themselves. A battle royal was averted when Ann suggested they draw straws to decide in whose car



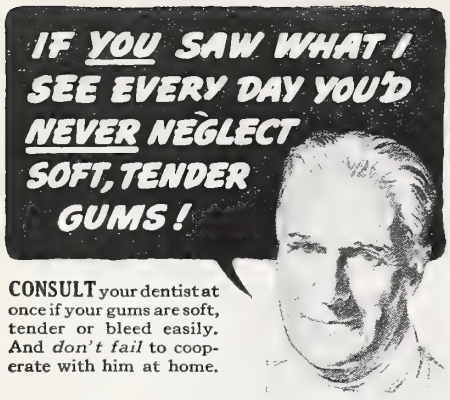
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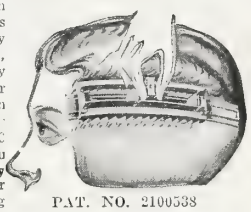
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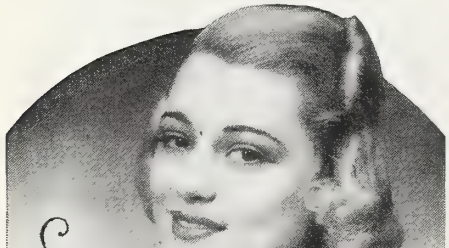
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she would ride. Bobby won but not without accusations (and rather well-founded ones) of nefarious chiseling.

"Now about dinner," Billy said. "We thought it might sort of be fun to drive in a hamburger joint along the way and. . . ."

"Hamburger nothing!" Ann said. "When I'm out with six guys like you, it's the Brown Derby or nothing. Besides, I'm hungry!"

"See, sap!" Bernie hissed. "I told ya we oughtta just. . . ."

"Shut up!" Huntz snapped. "You smart guys will never listen. . . ."

"Kill it!" Leo ordered. "We'll take that up later."

All decidedly was not well among the six toughest guys in town. It got no better fast at the Derby and at the Palomar where they went for dancing after dinner. In the first place, they had been hit in the pocketbook unexpectedly, and in the second, jealously was biting right and left. Huntz was trying to grab every dance. Billy was monopolizing her conversation. Bobby was trying to put over a fast one, taking her out to look at the moon. Bernie was playing an unfair advantage with his "I'm the youngest" act. Leo was double-crossing them with a lot of highfallutin' smooth talk. Gabriel, by keeping quiet, was hogging the limelight.

Three invitations to "step outside" were issued—and accepted. Open threats were made and warnings given. A good, old-fashioned free-for-all was ready to pop when Ann said it was about time she was getting home.

"Now listen, you guys, *I'm* taking Ann home. Get it?" Leo stated.

"Yeah, over my dead body," Billy informed him.

"Yeah, and mine!" came from the other four.

"There's no use fighting about it, boys," Ann cut in. "You see, I've already. . . ."

"Sorry, Toots, but you keep out of this. We'll settle it ourselves," Leo answered.

"But. . . ."

"No dice, Sister. Don't argue. We'll handle this. We take care of things different than The Character."

"Okay, Big Shot," Ann shrugged. "I won't say another word." She smiled quietly to herself.

The straw system again was invoked, the holder of the longest straw to escort Ann home. Eagle eyes were kept peeled for chiseling and amidst a noisy ruckus the straws were produced and the cutting started. In the general hullaballoo no one noticed the arrival at the table of a tall, dark chap who stood quietly. No one but Ann.

"Ready, darling," said The Character's wife. She rose and slipped into her wrap.

"Good night, boys, and thanks," she called to them. "I'll be seeing you."

The mouths of six very tough young gentlemen fell open. For the first time during the entire evening there was perfect quiet as they realized they held in their hands a nice big bag.

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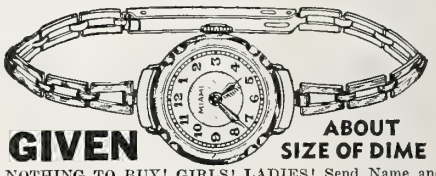
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Roping Gary

[Continued from page 43]

around Joan's beautiful pool. Trays of food being served hourly. The garden stretching far back. A couple more beautiful movie stars playing badminton and Cesar Romero (have you ever been able to figure out why they call him "Butch?") trying to make up his mind whether he would feel better or worse for going into the pool. Ray Milland sitting in the shade reading magazines.

But Ray Niven was there so I didn't care what else happened. I owe him a debt of gratitude for a valuable lesson he taught me. I'm the sort of person who prefaces every story with, "Just listen to this. It's the funniest thing you've ever heard. You'll simply die over it." After such a build-up I'm lucky if I get even a polite snicker.

Niven has a different technique. In that quiet way he begins, "I shall tell you a story. I'm sure it won't make you laugh." And he tells you something so screamingly funny you're rolling on the floor.

Ray Milland and George Murphy had to go home sometime during the afternoon to feed their respective dogs. What with Sunday traffic we were already seated at the dinner table when they returned since Joan was running a movie that night which had to be out of her house by nine o'clock for someone else to run.

Poor Ray, excited by holding things up like that turned over a glass on Joan's best linen. Niven turned to Mrs. Milland and said, "So! He's not only late but dirty."

■ It was Mrs. Milland who reminded me about my undone story—and I'd been trying to push it back into a dusty mental pigeon hole. She confided that for years Gary Cooper had been her favorite screen star. At last she met him and was putting her best foot forward when Ray, who, like most husbands can be such a big help at a time like that, came up and said, "Mal's a pretty nice girl, Gary."

Gary said he had found that out and Mal felt wonderful.

"Except for one thing," Ray went on. "She's crazy about you!"

Mal said she felt simply terrible but that Gary was still her favorite and she told me she had heard from people who had been on the set that *The Cowboy and the Lady* was the best film Gary has made since *Mr. Deeds* and she was mad to see it.

So that night I was still thinking about Gary and I knew that I simply had to see him the next day because time was flying as time does. I wondered if maybe Gary was getting temperamental. Could it be that he was going ritzy about interviews?

I thought about how amazed everyone was when Gary married a social register girl. Folks said they couldn't imagine that long tall cowboy keeping pace with a sassiety girl like Sandra Shaw. Yet once Gary's father had told me, "All this stuff about Gary's being a cowboy is a laugh. Why, the boy was educated in England. If you want to know about Gary you should interview me not him."

Was he reverting to type, maybe? Had the critics' raves he's gotten gone to his head? I'm not asking you I'm just telling you what was going through my mind that night on the way home from the party. But I answered those questions myself by



Don Ameche, a little thinner after his appendicitis operation but in fine spirits, snapped on board ship with Mrs. Ameche on their return from Europe. After a short rest, he starts in *The Life of Alexander Graham Bell*. You remember! The man who invented the telephone

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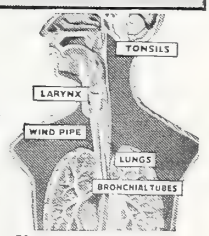
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Between the ages of 13 and 25, or even longer, important gland changes often upset the system. The skin often becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons from the intestinal tract may get into the blood stream . . . and be carried to the skin to cause disfiguring pimples.

Many have been helped by the regular use of Fleischmann's Yeast. Millions of tiny, *live* plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help keep intestinal waste poisons from the blood . . . and so help your broken-out skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—one cake ½ hour before meals. Buy some today!

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INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
231 W. Monroe St., Dept. 1118, Chicago, Ill.

recalling something that had happened a couple years ago.

I had wanted a specially posed picture of Gary and had talked to his press agent about it. "Gary's being difficult," the PA said. "I can tell you right now he won't do that picture. No use even asking him."

As I was leaving the studio I saw Gary coming in. Just on the chance that the press agent might be wrong I asked Gary to do the picture.

He smiled that slow smile. "Sure," he said, before I even told him what it was about. "If you've got the time I'll do it right now." And we went to the photographer's and the picture was taken.

I thanked Gary, "Don't mention it. Any time. You know that." Gary smiled again—that slow warm smile coming up like the dawn across his face. And I knew then that anybody with that kind of smile just doesn't go temperamental.

So I got the studio on the telephone and explained that I was leaving town next day and I received their promise that I would be called back in the course of an hour. But the awful thing is that I wasn't there when the call came! Ten minutes after I had spoken to Gary's studio, Joan Crawford called and asked me to come out for luncheon. I told myself it was my professional duty to go because that would be a big smash story for you if she talked about her separation from Franchot, and naturally I hadn't brought up that at her big party.

Joan was having a singing lesson when I arrived, so I listened to that voice that's so strong and true she seems to be pulling the notes right up from her painted toes. Luncheon was announced just as the last low G was rumbling around in the music room and you can't get intimate when a butler is hovering near. And by the time we had recovered from luncheon there was horseback riding to be done.

But on the way to the stables I honestly asked Joan what she intended saying about the separation for publication. And she said she didn't intend to say anything, that there wasn't any big inside story, and that she didn't know what more to say. Honesty made me agree that she was quite right and that anybody with a lick of sense could see that the whole trouble was that Franchot wanted one kind of life and she another.

■ So that was that and I felt guilty because I had enjoyed myself so much with the singing lesson, the luncheon and the horses and didn't have any big smash story for you. When I got back home the studio had called and I could have seen Gary that afternoon but it was too late.

Gary had left the studio, and I had to leave Hollywood, and I didn't have the story from Joan, and I didn't have the story from Gary, and I feel terrible about the whole thing.

Yours apologetically,
KATHERINE ALBERT.

Cupidata: Marie Wilson's bosses must have assured her she's going to be a star. She has always said she wouldn't marry until she was sure her family would be provided for, without help from her husband-to-be. Now she says she's going to marry Director Nick Grinde, come October 21. Their engagement has set a long distance record, for Hollywood: four years.



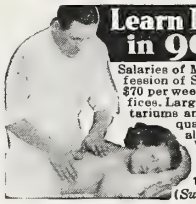
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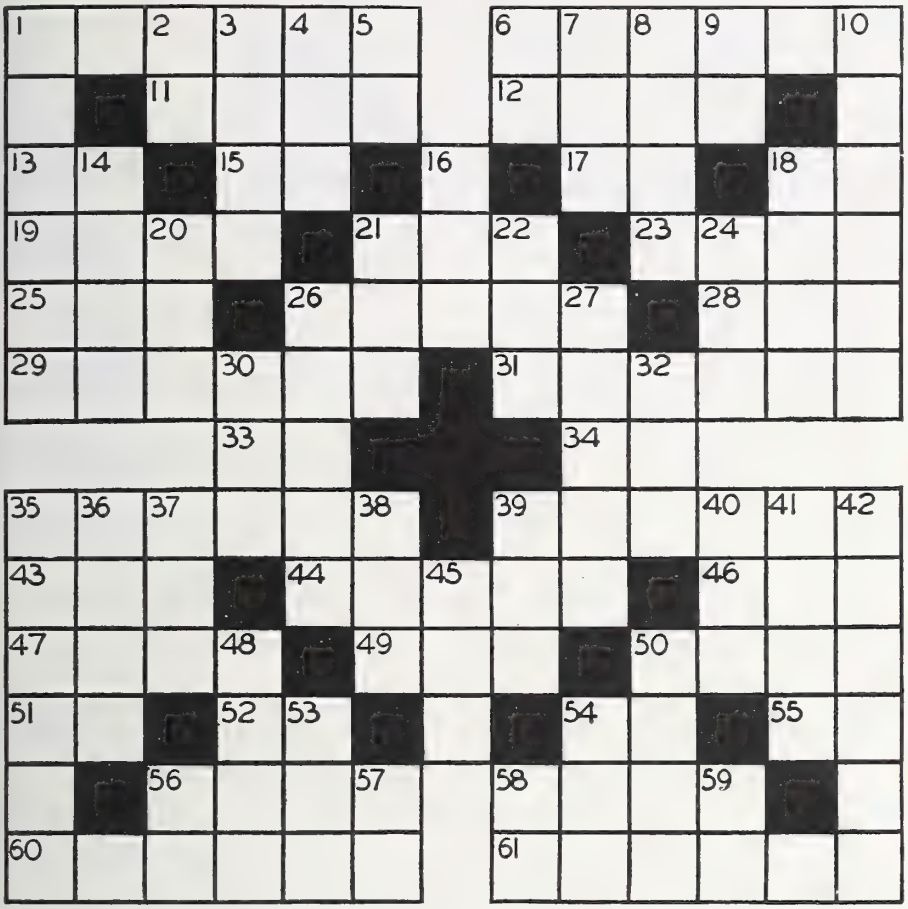
Remove superfluous hair privately at home, following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again by killing the hair root. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps **TODAY** for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

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MOVIE CROSSWORD



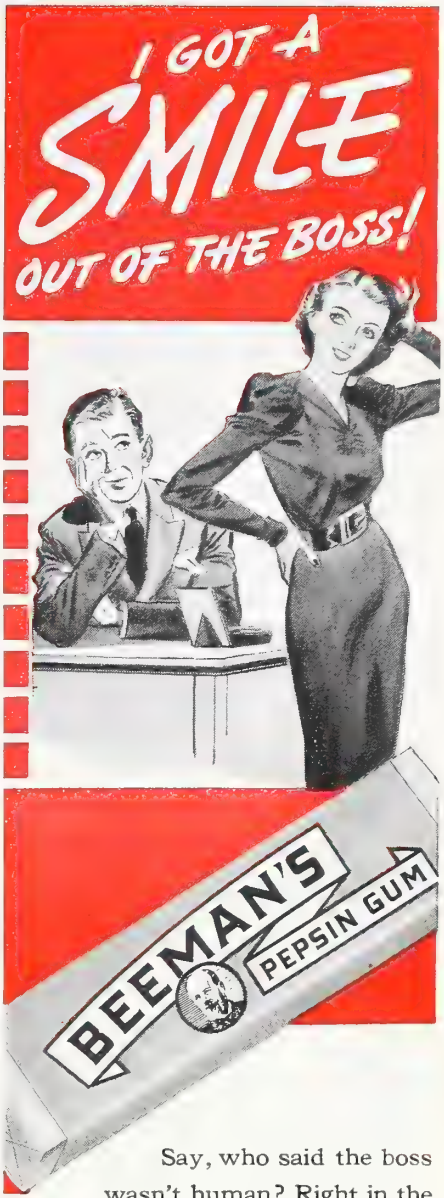
ACROSS

1. Nickname of Mr. Gallagher, comedian.
6. *Todd Harrington* in *Little Miss Thoroughbred.*
11. ——— *of the Underworld* (pl.).
12. Songstress of the animated cartoons.
13. ——— *from the City* is Joe Penner's latest.
15. ———*Red the Rose.*
17. Director Lang's initials.
18. Charles Boyer's birthplace (abbr.).
19. *The* ——— *Stand.*
21. Feminine lead in *Panamint's Bad Man.*
23. *Flash Gordon's Trip to* ———.
25. ——— *Wild Night*
26. Descriptive of a Donald Duck film.
28. First name of one who was *Buzzy* in *Having Wonderful Time.*
29. *Pat* in *The Cowboy From Brooklyn.*
31. M-G-M male star (poss.).
33. *The Two of* ———.
34. Miss Astor's initials.
35. *Four Men and a* ———.
39. She portrays the mother in Jones Family series.
43. Laurel and Hardy co-starred in ——— *Relations.*
44. Registers sullen crossness.
46. ——— *Hot To Handle.*
47. Russian actress.
49. ——— *Meets Girl.*
50. *The Crowd* ———*s.*
51. Thurston Hall's initials.
52. ——— *Doctor.*
54. Locale of many scenes in *The Toy Wife* (abbr.).
55. Mr. Carey's initials.
56. First name of one who portrays a governor in *Booloo.*
58. Hero of *Pride of the West.*
60. First name of 29 Across.
61. She had lead in *Rich Man, Poor Girl.*

DOWN

1. *Give Me a* ———.
2. *Ole* in *Little Miss Broadway.*
3. Buck Jones starred in *Headin'* ———.
4. ——— *Gun Justice* was a Tim McCoy film.
5. Initials of actress who recently wed Luther Adler.
6. Miss Brian's initials.
7. Animal seen in westerns.
8. The secretary in *My Bill.*
9. *Bringing* ——— *Baby.*
10. Western stars ride them.
14. Long hair on neck of *M-G-M* lion.
16. Short for Mr. Hinds, character actor.
18. Remember Norma Shearer in *A* ——— *Soul?*
20. *The Port of Seven* ——— (sing.).
21. A star of *Gateway.*
22. What a blonde often wears when portraying a brunette.
24. *It's* ——— *Yours.*
26. *A Slight* ——— *of Murder* (pl.).
27. *The Luck of Roaring* ——— (pl.).
30. First name of one who portrayed the judge in *Romance of the Limberlost.*
32. 58 Across had lead in ——— *20 Justice.*
35. Decorative bill in a theater lobby.
36. First name of 61 Across.
37. *The Marines* ——— *Here.*
38. The museum attendant in *Professor Beware.*
39. Richard Dix starred in ——— *Giant.*
40. The Sakai Chief in *Booloo.*
41. First name of a featured actor in *Panamint's Bad Man.*
42. One of *Dead End* boys.
45. She is sometimes co-starred with 31 Across.
48. British miss in *The Girl Was Young.*
50. Songstress in *Walking Down Broadway* (poss.).
53. ——— Roach is a producer.
54. Mary ——— Lender was the bride in *Professor Beware.*
56. *Ladies* ——— *Distress.*
57. Virginia Bruce was born in Minnesota and reared in this state (abbr.).
58. Miss Hume's initials.
59. Initials of actress formerly wed to 58 Across.

(Solution on page 60)



Say, who said the boss wasn't human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman's. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

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Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 17*]

combined to give Virginia Bruce her biggest break in years, the role opposite Freddy March in *There Goes My Heart* at the Hal Roach Studios.

The gals mentioned above turned down the part because they felt that they'd been mixed up in enough comedy. As a result, Virginia gets her first starring part in a million-dollar production, her first comedy role, and her first appearance opposite March.

■ *** No more of this kicking the pigskin around for Mickey Rooney. Both his mother and M-G-M have nixed the idea that when he enters UCLA this fall he can play football. Not even on the scrub team. For one thing, Mickey is too small (four feet, eleven inches) and for another he's too light (he weighs 128 pounds in his birthday suit) and for another the little guy is too important in M-G-M pictures to have him risking his neck on the gridiron.

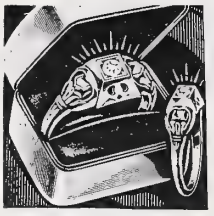
■ An agent was complaining about the slowness of his business because of the slowing down of production at the studios. He said to Carey Wilson, "Last year things were so good that I was even getting servants jobs as actors. But now things are so bad the actors are considering jobs as servants." Wilson was immediately interested. "Could you get me a cook who looks like Alice Faye?" he wanted to know.

■ What with one judge deciding that a Mexican marriage isn't legal in California, while another judge may say it is, Gloria Stuart and scenarist Arthur Sheekman didn't know whether they were married or not—even though they did elope to Agua Caliente four year ago. But they agreed that, if they weren't married, they'd like to be. So they eloped all over again, this time north to Carmel, and had a justice of the peace make it official. This has given ideas to other married-in-Mexico couples, like Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and Gail Patrick and Robert Cobb. Watch for more "second elopements" out of Hollywood.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

S	K	E	E	T	S		M	C	H	U	G	H
A		L	A	W	S		B	O	O	P		O
I	M		S	O		S		W	L		F	R
L	A	S	T		D	A	W		M	A	R	S
O	N	E		C	O	M	I	C		L	E	E
R	E	A	G	A	N		G	A	B	L	E	S
			U	S				M	A			
P	R	A	Y	E	R		S	P	R	I	N	G
O	U	R		S	U	L	K	S		T	O	O
S	T	E	N		B	O	Y		R	O	A	R
T	H		O	H		Y		L	A		H	C
E		I	V	A	N		B	O	Y	D		E
R	O	N	A	L	D		H	U	S	S	E	Y

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The Show Goes On

[Continued from page 8]

from Bulova watches, the man from the airport and the three representatives from movie studios.

The telephone rang and a bell boy came in with a fist-full of telegrams.

I looked back at the little grey pants in disbelief, and noticed a great big suit hanging on the other end of the mantel. One of the pockets was torn, two buttons were ripped off and something seemed very wrong with one lapel.

The telephone rang and Bern came back to answer it, pointing at the suit as he passed. "Crowds wrecked three of them," he said. "Maybe the boy's smart to stick to his leather jacket."

Bern is a big man. A very big man. He must stand over six feet tall, and he looks as if he played football in college. The suits looked as if he had been playing football in the streets of New York.

This is supposed to be a story about Douglas Corrigan, but you should know about Ed Bern, too, because he is as much a part of modern aviation as the air, itself. He is also an important part of the story of Corrigan.

Bern is one of the great public relations counsels. He has been at various times in his career, a flier, head of an airplane transport company in the early days of commercial aviation, and of later years representative of American Airlines. And during Corrigan's stay in New York, he found himself acting as involuntary bodyguard more than once.

He has that hard-bitten mouth, that soft voice, that eagle look, that sense of humor that is typical of so many fliers. And he has been in constant touch with Corrigan since that incredible boy set his high-powered crate down in Mitchell Field after his transcontinental flight.

The story goes that Corrigan turned up uneventfully, saying he had just flown in from Long Beach. At first airport officials took it for granted that he meant the Long Beach on the eastern coast. Then, bitten with a sudden suspicion, they said, "Long Beach, where?" "California," said Corrigan. "How did you come?" asked the officials, eyeing the "crate" in disbelief. "By the southern route," said Corrigan, and went into detail as to why, in his opinion, that was the best way across.

The southern route is the one flown by American Air, and the result was that Corrigan was signed for $500 to fly back along that way, making numerous stops to exhibit his ship and repeat his opinions.

The next that the company heard of their new employee, he was lost over Boston. And the next after that was that he was in Ireland.

To the eternal credit of the company, let it be said that they reached Corrigan on the transatlantic telephone. "Listen, boy," they said. "Things have changed a good deal since we signed you, and we're not going to stand in your way because you'll get some big offers."

Under the Atlantic, Corrigan's voice came clear. "I signed for it, and I'll do it on the dates agreed," he said.

And that was the way it stood.

"He's never broken his word about the smallest thing since I've known him," said Bern. "His word is a contract to him."

The telephone rang, there was a wild flurry at the door and in stepped Corrigan, followed by the Mayor's personal representative, two newspaper men, the hotel manager, a man bearing a big metal placque, a photographer, and a chauffeur.

Then the storm broke. Flash bulbs flared. "Yes. No. Yes. No. Fine. Yes. No. Maybe," said Corrigan to the reporters. The telephone rang. Corrigan held his left hand out so the Bulova watch man could try on his new wrist watch. With his right he signed some kind of a paper needing immediate attention. The telephone rang. The strap on the watch was too big for his sinewy narrow wrist, and a messenger was dispatched to get a new one after a barrage of questions as to when he was leaving for the field. The telephone rang. "No, I won't sign," said Corrigan to one of the men with contracts. "Have to think it over." A waiter brought in a table with coffee and orange juice. The telephone rang. Bern handed Corrigan the newest batch of telegrams. "Have I got time for a sandwich?" said the chauffeur. The telephone rang. "Then will you make an appointment for Monday?" said one of the men with contracts. "Then will you give us an answer at the field this afternoon?" said another of the men with contracts. "If you won't sign, will you promise to see us before you leave?"

Suddenly there was peace.

The reporters had finished and were gone, and Bern skillfully cleared the room.

"Where's my razor?" said Corrigan running an embarrassed hand over the light stubble on his chin. He was assured that his 15-year-old razor was waiting in the bathroom, but he could attend to that after he had told readers of Hollywood Magazine about his picture career.

"I know one thing," said Corrigan, and his small face broke wide open into that mischievous smile which has become so famous. "No love scenes. Nope. I should say not!"

"Have you ever seen a movie yet without a love scene?"

"I'm going to make them put it in the contract!" said this most amazing of all potential actors. "Not me. I'm going to write the story myself with Marcella Burke and they aren't going to get me to write in any of that love stuff in my part."

At that time there was talk of Corrigan's playing in a film, but evidently the idea of a movie clinch and all of the other things expected of an actor made him think again. Around about he turned on all of the acting contracts, off he went in the other direction, and the last news is that he has gotten his own price for releasing the story of his life to Radio Pictures, but that he will not appear in the film, and so is making good his promise not to engage in a movie clinch.



Here's a tip... There's an Important Ingredient in Chamberlain's not generally found in other lotions, that goes to work immediately to keep skin soft, smooth and young. It soothes as it smooths away roughness and redness... and there's never a trace of stickiness. Chamberlain's is more economical, too... that's why so many prefer it. Try Chamberlain's Today!

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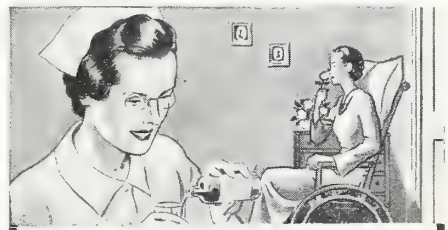
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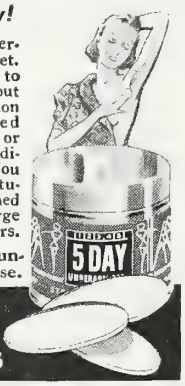
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Evalyn Knapp has her own especial recipe for ginger snaps, and here she is at work in her own kitchen showing how she makes them

The Cookie Jar

No home is complete without a well-filled cookie jar, and here are some of the favorite recipes of a favorite movie star

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Everyone, I suspect, has a hankering to know how they make those exciting "westerns" in Hollywood, so I looked forward eagerly to a visit with the company shooting *Rawhide*, way up the San Fernando Valley near an old stage-coach stopping point. Smith Ballew was a gay and dashing cowboy hero, and one of my favorite actresses, Evalyn Knapp, was the feminine star. Scenes were made swiftly, for here is what we want in movies—fast action. Following the troupe around gave us all prodigious appetites, and about four in the afternoon Evalyn rode over to us, reached into her saddle bags, and drew out a bag of cookies. Ginger snaps!

"Made 'em myself," she smiled. Smith Ballew already had popped one into his mouth but he managed to say, "Oh, yeah?"

Well, Miss Knapp *did* make those cookies, because a few days later she made some for me in her home, and also gave me her cherished recipes for "Knapp's Nacks," a baked dish of meat balls that is not only tops in taste, but tops in economy, too.

Fond as she is of outdoor life—she is Hollywood's most accomplished sailor and makes frequent trips with her husband in their yacht, *Cielito Lindo*—Evalyn also is strongly domestic in her inclinations. She treasures the recipes which, in some cases, have been collected in her family for several generations. She is certain that hers have a different taste from other ginger snaps. Why not try them out and see for yourself!

GINGER CAKES

1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup molasses
4 cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. ginger

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Add well-beaten egg and molasses. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, soda and ginger together and blend into cream mixture. Chill 1 hour or more. Roll out *very thin* on cloth-covered board (with flour rubbed into cloth to keep dough from sticking). Cut with cooky cutter (2 inches in diameter). Place on well-greased cooky sheet. Bake 6 to 7 minutes in a quick moderate oven, 375° F. Amount: 12 dozen cookies.

SUGAR CAKES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1½ tsp. vanilla or lemon extract

Cream the shortening and add the sugar gradually. Add the well-beaten eggs. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Add the flavoring. Roll out dough as thin as possible. Cut with 2-inch cooky cutter, sprinkle with sugar and bake 8 to 12 minutes, depending on thickness of cookies, in a moderately hot oven, 400° F. Amount: 6 dozen thin cookies. NOTE: Chilling dough a few hours will make it possible to roll cookies very thin. Dough will be easier to handle with a cloth on the mixing board and a cover on the rolling pin.

KNAPP'S NACKS

For four persons allow a pound of ground round steak or first-class (not too fat) hamburger. Season the meat very well with salt, and ground pepper corns. Make into balls about the size of small walnuts.

Cover the bottom of a deep baking dish with sliced raw potatoes. Put another layer of sliced raw onions on top of the potatoes. Then put a layer of meat balls—not too close together. Cover the meat with another layer of sliced onions, followed by a second layer of sliced potatoes. Carry on in this order, being careful to always have the meat sandwiched between the two layers of onions. When the meat balls are entirely used up, finish the top with onions and potatoes.

Take a can of tomato soup or puree of tomatoes. Season with salt, a little lemon juice and either hot chili peppers ground fine or genuine cayenne (not paprika). Pour this over the meat, potatoes and onions in the baking dish. Place in a moderate oven and bake slowly. When the potatoes are thoroughly cooked (it will require from forty-five minutes to an hour) the dish is ready to serve.

This makes an excellent dinner when served with a green salad.

If you wish kitchen-tested recipes for any particular dish, just write to me in care of this magazine, enclosing a three-cent stamp. Remember, my files contain recipes of every kind and description, so do not hesitate to make use of your cooking department in HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE for any special recipe you may want.

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Tough Guy

[*Continued from page* 15]

material for the jails," he says in that quiet, subdued voice of his, "but fortunately for me the juvenile authorities got busy and packed me off to Angelo Patri's school. And that," he smiles proudly, "was the greatest break I've ever had in my life!"

Since Patri's school is one for problem children most alumni might hesitate to admit that they had ever been students there—but not John Garfield.

"Angelo Patri is one of the greatest men in the country," he tells you. "He's making useful citizens out of countless hundreds of underprivileged children. He's had many opportunities to head bigger institutions at a much bigger salary, but he prefers the one that bears his name. It would be a calamity if he ever left. He certainly changed the course of my life."

Patri had a hard time doing it, though. Garfield, at the end of his first week in the school, decided that he'd had enough. He figured out what he thought was an excellent scheme for an escape and put it into practice—only to be caught before he had gotten as far as the boundary fence.

"My captors brought me into Mr. Patri's office and I prepared myself for the worst. When he started to talk it wasn't about my escape at all, but about the heartless way I had stamped down his flower garden. He talked about other things, too, and all I could do was to sit there before him listening and thinking that pretty soon, now, he would begin to scold me. So I sat there, getting ready to jump when he got ready to beat me. I had always gotten a whipping before when I had broken a rule and there was no reason to believe that I wouldn't get one, now. But he kept on talking quietly and kindly. I believe that right now I could repeat every word he said! And there was no whipping when he was through! Think of that!"

■ Garfield spent many hours in Patri's office after that initial meeting, and one day the latter astounded him by saying that he thought Garfield might make a good actor.

"He told me later," the ex-toughie says, "that he had been trying to find some interest that would appeal to my imagination and had decided upon dramatics. Well, the moment he mentioned that art I decided upon it, too, and for the next three years that's practically all I thought and dreamed about."

Spurred by his new incentive, young Garfield thought, and dreamed, and studied so much and so hard that during his first year at school he entered a national oratorical contest and reached the semi-finals before being eliminated! Not bad for a cop-baiting, dead-end kid in his first trial at public speaking! The contest had another far-reaching effect upon him outside of the great thrill of competition in that it immediately won for him the respect and admiration of the Bronx neighborhood in which he lived. Those who had avoided him like the plague now sought his friendship and looked upon him as a hero—which he was, everything considered.

"I was dumfounded," he admits. "Here I'd been trying in vain to pound respect into the kids with my fists and now I'd won it by words. That was quite a lesson to me."

■ After he had graduated from Patri's school he was pretty much stymied on the course to pursue to further his dramatic studies. He finally hit upon the brilliant idea of writing a letter to Jacob Ben-Ami, the great Russian actor then appearing at the Guild theatre. He explained his circumstances, dwelt upon his burning desire to go on the professional stage and ended up his letter by asking a question. "But how shall I proceed?"

"Much to my surprise I received a reply from Ben-Ami who suggested that I enroll in the Hecksher Foundation. The idea was a grand one and I was all for it, but it took money and all that I was earning at the time was about $6 a week selling newspapers. Desperate, finally, I went to the Foundation and explained my circumstances. Toward the end of the interview I once again learned the value of words. When I said that I was *recommended* to the school by none other than Jacob Ben-Ami the whole complexion of the interview changed. It was a white lie, my saying that, but it worked. I got the promise of an immediate scholarship. I told Mr. Patri about it and what do you suppose he did? Nothing but add another five dollars a week to my paper sales earnings! Don't think I'll ever forget that kindness!"

Young Garfield stayed with the Foundation seven months. When he left he got a job as an apprentice with the Eva Le



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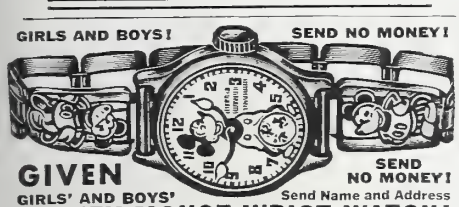
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RomanticStory

Gallienne Civic Repertory theatre and remained there until his nineteenth birthday.

"Then I decided to see America. I was pretty sure that I never could become a good actor unless I did and—"

■ He wore out two thumbs hitch-hiking across the country. And he wore out his back and arms in the fruit orchards and wheat fields of a good many states. He saw America—from the tops of fast-moving passenger trains, from the "rods" of slow-moving freights, and from the blind baggages of mail trains. He saw America as far west as California and learned a lot of things, strange and new, about this vast country of ours. On the way back he got a temporary job as a farmhand in Nebraska and likewise a very fancy case of typhoid fever from drinking water from a stagnant well.

"I reached New York with a terrific fever that sent me into a hospital for eight weeks. After my convalescence I returned to the Le Gallienne theatre and from that into a small role in a play entitled *Lost Boy*—a story of reformatory life. The play managed to last three weeks and then I was shipped off to Chicago to play with Otto Kruger in *Counsellor at Law*. Six months of that and then back to New York to join the Broadway production of the same play with Paul Muni."

That's about all except that from then on he was the fair-haired boy of Broadway. Such notable Big Stem successes as *Johnny Johnson, Waiting for Lefty, Awake and Sing, Weep for the Virgins, Peace on Earth, Golden Boy,* and *Having Wonderful Time* make up the list of plays in which he was either featured or starred.

As far back as 1934 Hollywood began to send him offers, but he rejected them as fast as they arrived. He wasn't ready for the screen, he said.

■ That's the way things stood until February, 1937, when he relented enough to make a test for Warner Bros., at their New York studio. The test was satisfactory but the contract wasn't and he refused to sign. A year and a half later the persevering young man from the Bronx got what he wanted—a Warner contract (long-term, too) containing a clause that stipulated that he might return to the legitimate stage once each year.

"Two days after my arrival in Hollywood I was playing the role of Mickey Borden in *Four Daughters*. When that picture was finished I began work in *They Made Me a Criminal* and now I'm scheduled to appear in *Dust Be My Destiny*. It begins to look as though I'm never going to get a chance to visit California outside of the studios. But I don't mind—just so long as I get good parts."

Well, he certainly can't complain about his Mickey Borden role in *Four Daughters*. It is a grand role. And movie audiences aren't going to complain about the way he played it, either. He does about the finest job of acting seen in these here parts in quite some time. Don't stop us if you've heard this before. Go to your nearest theatre and see for yourselves!

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John Barrymore in a college daze thinking over some action for *Hold That Co-Ed*

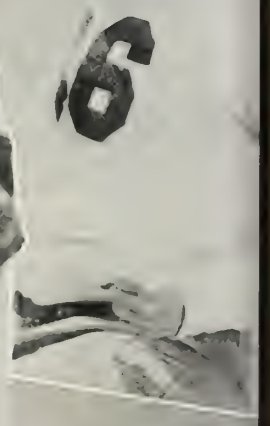
No doubt Gracie Allen and George Burns picked up some of this idea from *College Swing*, but most of it is their own











And battling Joe E. Brown gets ready to smash that line in *The Gladiator*

Joe Penner took time out from the filming of *Roaming Around* to show how well he can look as an All American half wit

Joan Davis, also in *Hold That Co-Ed*, demonstrates the new offensive technic for the fall of '38



Every Day Is Miracle Day

ONCE UPON A TIME there were ugly ducklings
And once upon a time it was a wonderfully kind fairy godmother, waving her magic wand, who bestowed the rich gift of beauty on fortunate girl babies.

And at that time there were lots of ugly ducklings because only lucky little princesses had such lavish fairy godmothers. All the others were left out in the bitter cold of ugliness or just plain-Janeliness.

The fairy godmother still exists, but she's changed her instruments of witchery. And because she's changed, there are no more ugly ducklings. The fairy godmother's garb is now streamlined, her generosity far flung. She is, if you please, the modern beauty shop, dispensing the rich gift of beauty to princess and poor alike.

The standards of beauty are higher in America than anywhere else in the world. Income level doesn't matter. A woman's natural heritage of beauty—or the lack of it—doesn't matter. Beauty is every American woman's for the asking, thanks to the beauty shop, the twentieth century fairy godmother!

The deft hand of the well trained beauty operator waves as a magic wand over the plainest of plain Janes, the ugliest of ugly ducklings, erasing mediocrity, replacing it with individualized beauty. No woman in the world has such weapons against lack of good looks as the typical beauty shop offers the American woman.

That benevolent fairy godmother, the beauty shop, indulges in no ring-rubbing or crystal gazing today. She practices her wondrous art with scientific knowledge, a fine skill and superlative mechanical equipment. She has potions that give the sheen of starlight to the hair and myriad other preparations that in themselves are pleasant sorcery captured in jars and bottles.

Beauty problems? There are none any more. That fairy godmother knows all the answers. New found glamor is the reward of the ugly duckling who would be a swan, the middling-fair who would be a beauty and the beauty who would be glorified, if she but join the great American trek to the beauty shop. Every day is miracle day in the modern beauty shop.

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De Lesseps—whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance . . . conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!
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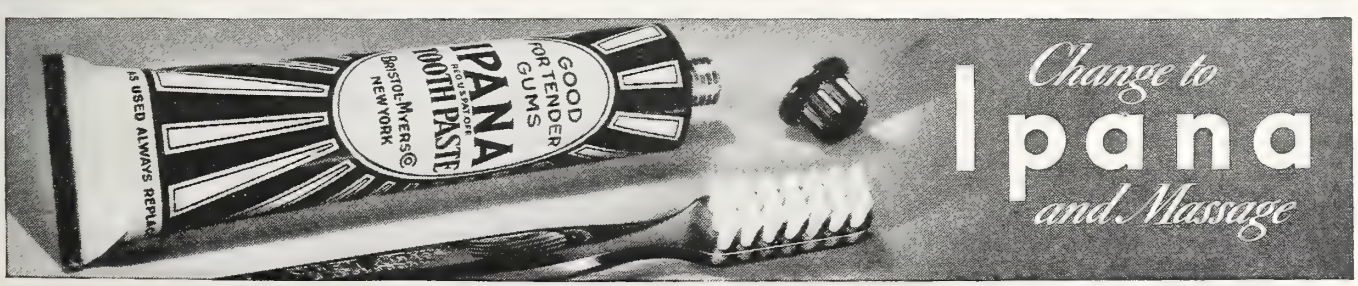
HOW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

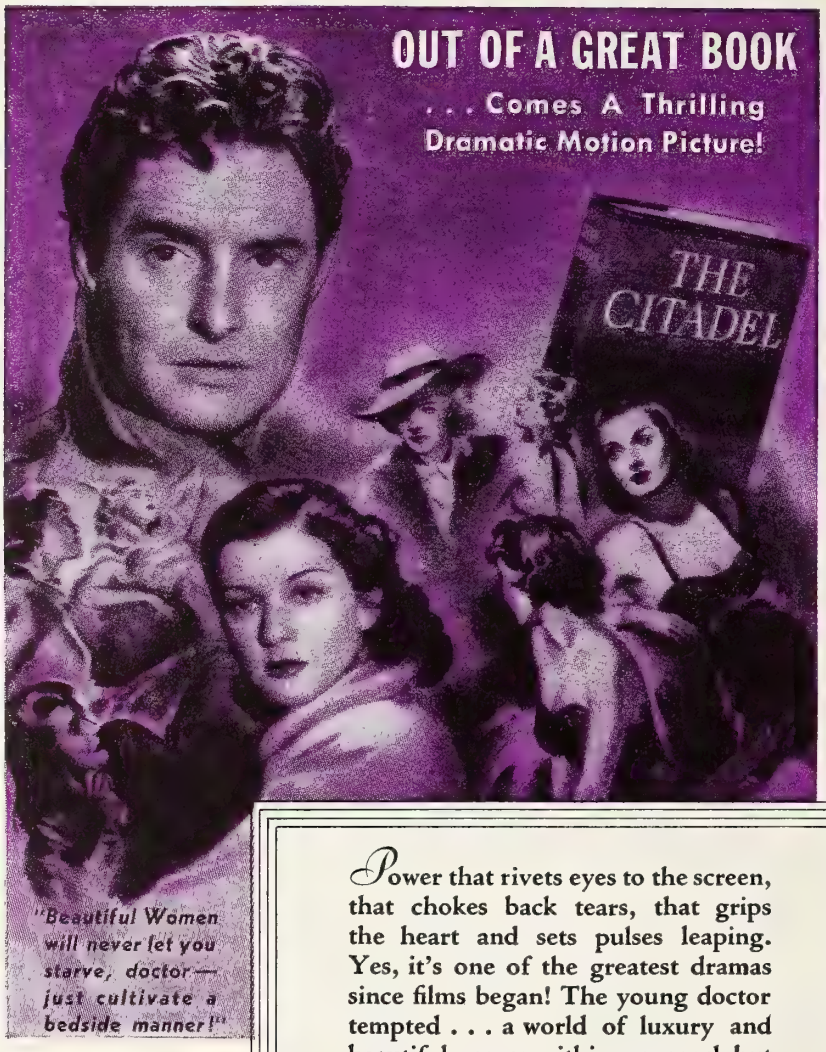
Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums, deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.





Power that rivets eyes to the screen, that chokes back tears, that grips the heart and sets pulses leaping. Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas since films began! The young doctor tempted . . . a world of luxury and beautiful women within easy reach but the cry of humanity calling him back to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

THE CITADEL

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL
IN

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin

with **RALPH RICHARDSON**
REX HARRISON · EMLYN WILLIAMS

Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams. Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR



With everybody writing a column, I don't see why I should not take a crack at it myself.

★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I've got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest studio.



The late Will Rogers said all he knew was "what he read in the papers." All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The Citadel" in our advertisement on the left. It's made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is "Sweethearts", which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★

"Sweethearts" is their first *modern* musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.



Hunt Stromberg, who produced "Naughty Marietta", "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us "Sweethearts"—and it's all in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★

And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little book, "The Screen Forecast," M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's free!



Just call me *Leo*

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

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DECEMBER, 1938
Vol. 27 No. 12

Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LLEWELLYN MILLER, Editor

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DEANNA DURBIN now to be seen in *That Certain Age*

RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor

CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ELMER SUNFIELD

■ Thank goodness, our favorite funnyman, W. C. (Bill) Fields is back in harness again with his *You Can't Beat An Honest Man* for Universal Studios.

And harness it is, for Bill says he has never worked harder during his movie career.

Under the flat roof of a second-story office at the studio Bill personally has pounded out the story for his picture.

"It's a story I've had in the back of my mind for years," Bill says. "I've always wanted to write it and to play it. It is founded on first-hand experiences and observations made during my 41 years in the entertainment business."

Bill, as you may recall, started amusing audiences with a medicine show. From that he progressed by hard stages to musical comedy and to pictures.

Talking of the tricks of the con man, the circus short-change artist, the phoney stock salesman and others of their ilk, Bill has this to say: "I've always noticed that it is impossible to cheat an honest man. An old trick of the old-time ticket seller at the circus was to seem to give the sucker too much change for a big bill. At the same time he'd yell: 'No mistakes rectified after leaving the window!' The chump, seeing that he's getting a dollar or so too much, folds up the change, jams it into his pocket and hurries away from the window, confident that he's gotten the better of the circus sharper. It isn't until he counts his change that he discovers that he's been a sucker for a short-change trick. Now, if he'd been entirely honest, he'd have called the ticket seller's attention to the apparent mistake—and then would have discovered the shortage. Being dishonest, he was cheated. The same applies to every other form of 'con' game—the sucker thinks he's on the inside, and is going to rook some one else—and he's the chump that pays off. The 'stolen fur' racket is another sample."

Fields decries the absence of good comedy writers in Hollywood.

"Hardest thing to find," he insists. "Any number of crack dramatic writers are around these parts, but there isn't but a mere handful of good comedy writers in Hollywood. That's why," he ended with his usual sly, modest smile, "I had to write most of this script."

■ What's in a name? Well, just this, for example. When Gene Autry was battling Republic Studios over salary, the men behind the cash box substituted a young fellow by the name of Dick Weston who had previously made horse operas for the studio. He had been a success on the radio, too. For some reason or another they slapped on a new moniker and he went under the name of Roy Rogers. Apparently Republic forgot all about the real Roy Rogers, who has been trouping for years. Now this real Roy Rogers is suing both the reel Roy Rogers and Republic Studios for the tidy sum of $150,000!

■ Big star, little Mickey Rooney has signed autographs until he's got writer's cramp and now, in payment for it, he's going to ask his fans to return the favors by sending in suggestions for a name to the new ranch he recently purchased out in the San Fernando Valley. Studio friends have offered such names as Mickeyville, Rooney's Roost, Rooneyranch, and Mickeymanor, but the young star has turned them down as not being quite dignified enough.

"I want a name," says Mickey, "that will include the feeling of the old West, motion pictures, and either my first or last name. It sounds like a tough assignment, but I hope my fans will help me out."

Hollywood is getting quite a chuckle over the "I'm glad to give all my salary to the Old Man With the Whiskers" speech credited to Carole Lombard. Not that Carole wouldn't be glad to do it, for she's one of the most generous souls in this town, but Hollywood is laughing because the quotation just doesn't fit in with experience. It's a sad commentary on the gay, free, and big-money life in the motion picture capital that a lot of the top stars are tighter than a drum when it comes to providing even a five-spot for their local charities. And that they hate like sin to see the government take its cut off their salaries is too well known to be news.



No, look again! It is not Hedy Lamarr, it is Joan Bennett all done up in the black wig which she wears through much of *Trade Winds*

■ Robert Taylor waxed a little poetic the other day after an hour's inspection trip around his San Fernando Valley ranch de luxe and batted out the following livestock gem without once calling for help from his nearby ranch neighbors. Here's the way it goes:

We've bathed the Guernsey's tootsies,
 We've cleaned the rooster's ears,
We've trimmed the turkey's wattles
 With antiseptic shears.
With talcum all the guinea hens
 Are beautiful and bright,
And Dobbin's wreath of gleaming teeth
 We've burnished snowy white.

With pungent sachet powder
 We've glorified the dog
And when we have the leisure
 We'll manicure the hog.
We've done all in our power
 To have a ranch de luxe,
We've dipped the sheep in eau de rose,
 We've bathed our little ducks.

The little chicks are daily fed
 On sanitated worms,
The calves and colts are always boiled
 To keep them free from germs.
And thoroughly to carry out
 Our phophylactic plan,
Next week we think we shall begin
 To wash the hired man!

■ The happiest man in motion pictures is Harry Langdon and you can comb Hollywood from stem to stern without finding a man or woman who isn't happy with and for him over his recent good luck. Hal Roach has planned a series of pictures for him, teamed with Oliver Hardy. The first will be *Zenobia's Infidelity*, with Langdon playing the role of a small town justice of the peace and Hardy playing the role of a small town doctor.

■ Women, opines Jimmy Stewart, the M-G-M bachelor, are like automobiles. Some are chummy roadsters and others are merely runabouts.

These are the

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"



JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky **. . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get —until they get me!**



PAT O'BRIEN

as Father Connolly **. . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"**



THE 'DEAD END' KIDS

as Themselves **. . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!**



HUMPHREY BOGART

as Rocky's Mouthpiece **. . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"**



ANN SHERIDAN ***as Laury*** **. . . "I'm Rocky's girl —so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"**



Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

with GEORGE BANCROFT
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff · From A First National Picture

Directed by Michael Curtiz
a Story by Rowland Brown · Music by Max Steiner
Presented by WARNER BROS.

THE SHOW GOES ON

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

Basil Rathbone and Sabu both provide excitement for the town when they vacation in New York

Decidedly baffled was Basil Rathbone after he had been in New York for three days.

"Who do I look like to you?" he asked.

Beyond any argument, we thought he looked like Basil Rathbone, but evidently that was not the right answer, so we took a little time to think it over, and kept a discreet silence while searching frantically for the witty quip that seemed to be expected.



One of the most striking characterizations currently on the screen is Basil Rathbone's performance as Louis XI in *If I Were King*

At that moment a very cordial lady swept up to our table. "I don't want to interrupt you, but I cannot resist saying hello. You gave all of us so much pleasure that night at dinner and I just wanted to thank you again, Mr. Merrivale," she said warmly and hurried away all a-smile.

Except that both men have great distinction, Basil Rathbone and Philip Merrivale look nothing alike.

"Do you suppose it's a conspiracy to shake my reason?" inquired Rathbone. "That's been happening ever since I got in from Hollywood."

The first time his identity was mistaken, he did not think much of it at the moment, because the other person involved had looked upon the bottle far too long and lovingly. That happy gentleman, when introduced to Rathbone in one of the night clubs, shook his hand with unsteady but deep affection, "Happiesh day of my life to meet you," he said. "Didn't cash the name but know the face, an' I wanna tell you you're the bigges' fool on the screen. I'm crazier 'bout your comedies than about alla other pictures put t'gether . . ."

The next day, a new acquaintance congratulated Rathbone warmly for a performance given by Ian Keith! Then Philip Merrivale's friend had turned up! No wonder Rathbone was asking questions about his appearance.

We couldn't think of a bright quip, but we advanced the thought that many different people have many different ideas about Rathbone because he is a real actor. Even though he uses very little make-up, his appearance on the screen is so different from his appearance out of character that it is astonishing.

For instance, he does not bear more than a family resemblance to the bent, near-sighted, grimacing Louis XI, his newest role which you will see in *If I Were King*. For that matter Basil Rathbone does not bear more than a superficial resemblance off the screen to any of his movie characters. He doesn't look like the cold, sardonic Mr. Murdstone whose chill voice and fish eye terrified little *David Copperfield*. He does not look like the passionate Tybalt who engaged in all that smashing swordplay in *Romeo and Juliet*. He does not look like the powerful Russian minister whose brutality could be warmed by sarcastic gallantry when occasion demanded in *Tovarich*. He certainly does not look like the sneaky double-dealing Sir Guy of Gisbourne in *Robin Hood*, or the haughty, cruel Ahmed in *Marco Polo*, or the sybaritic Pontius Pilate in *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

Off the screen he is a tall, slender, extremely attractive young man . . . far too young in appearance to make it quite believable that his son, Rodion, is old enough to be married. He looks very much part of a big city and a big world. Quite effortlessly, quite unself-consciously, he gives an impression of great sophistication and great charm. His energy is enormous and so is his enthusiasm for new ideas. But perhaps his outstanding quality is that indefinable something that makes you think, in some surprise, "This man is first of all kindly. He wishes other people well. Without a spot of conceit, he is quite sure of himself and so he doesn't waste any time with hesitancies or jealousies. This arch villain of the movies really feels friendly to all the world. This supermenace of the movies is really a very good, very nice person."

It will be interesting for you to keep in mind that dashing young man who descended so gaily on New York for the opening of *If I Were King* when you see that picture. On the screen Rathbone has created a living character, complete with one of the best cackles it has been our privilege to hear, a nervous grimace, a different way of walking, a voice unlike any he has used before. He has created a subtle, disillusioned, shrewd and shrewish old nobleman whose sarcastic wit is intrigued for a week in distracting his court and bewildering a beggar by giving him kingly power . . . and a death sentence.

We left Rathbone thinking pretty fine intellectual thoughts about how tragic it is that there is so little real acting in Hol-



Entirely different but equally individual and forceful is Rathbone's part in the grim war drama, *Dawn Patrol*

7 GREAT PERSONALITIES



JANET GAYNOR
"A Star Is Born"



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.
"Rupert of Hentzau"



PAULETTE
GODDARD
In her talking debut



ROLAND YOUNG
First picture since "Topper"



BILLIE BURKE
"Mrs. Topper"

Selznick International

presents

JANET GAYNOR

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

PAULETTE GODDARD

in

THE YOUNG IN HEART

with

ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson *Directed by Richard Wallace*

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK.. *Released thru United Artists*



RICHARD CARLSON
New Screen Personality





MINNIE DUPREE
In her first screen performance



From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by I. A. R. Wylie

WHY WAS CLEOPATRA *Never Kissed?*



➧ Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra's time. She died in 30 B.C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too. She used skin lotions, but did *not* have the famous Skin Softener — Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with "a little of this and too much of that" —but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady's skin.

Here is a *scientifically* made skin-softening beauty aid that will help to keep your skin smoother and softer—fresher-feeling, more kissable and thrilling to the touch.

In Italian Balm you get not only a skin protection against chapping and skin dryness. You get also the costliest ingredients used in any of the largest selling lotions—yet the cost to use Italian Balm is negligible because it is rich, full-bodied and concentrated; not thin or watery. Try it FREE. Send coupon below.

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Italian Balm

FREE

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571 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois

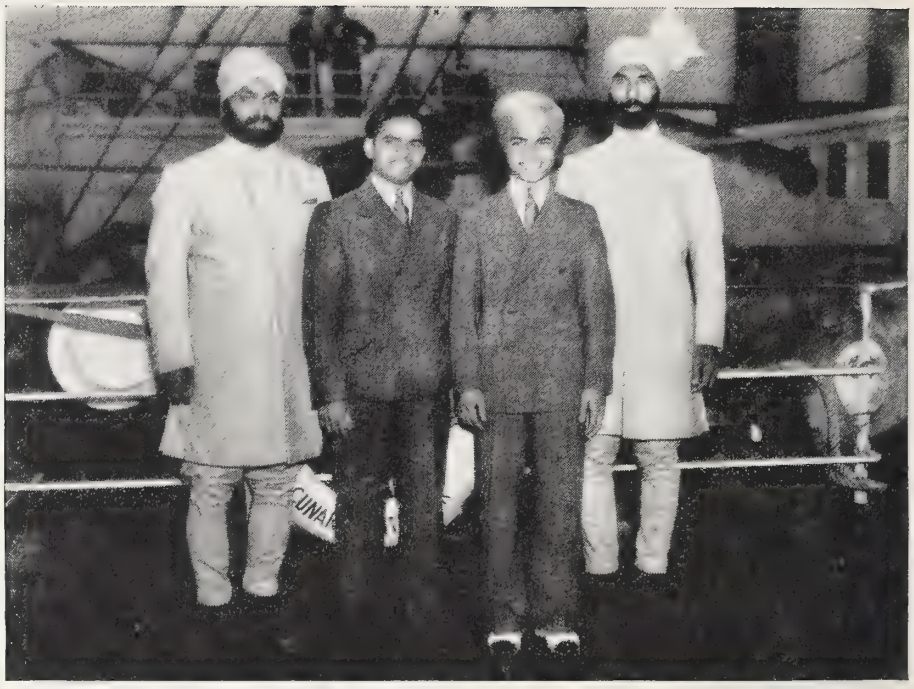
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

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*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F571 Caledonia Road, Toronto



Sabu, resplendent in a red turban, made a flying tour of the United States to celebrate the opening of his second picture, *Drums*. He was accompanied by two Sikh body-guards and his brother

lywood and how exciting a thorough characterization is when it appears on the screen. We kept on thinking about type casting and how little chance many fine players have to show their talents. We were still thinking of it two days later when we saw a big crowd on Times Square. The autograph hunters were in full cry after Basil Rathbone, who was making his way to the Paramount theatre.

Then we thought . . . belatedly . . . of the bright quip that we should have used at luncheon and made ourselves very conspicuous by shouting, "Hello, Freddie Bartholomew! My! How you've grown!"

"Hello, Mr. Beery," we called. "When did you get into town?"

SABU MARCHES ON

■ Perhaps more than any other one person, Sabu typifies the Aladdin's Lamp qualities of the movies, now that he has made his tour of America by air.

Hardly more than two years ago, he was hanging around the elephant stables of the Maharajah of Mysore. His father had been a mahout in the service of the Maharajah. It was not a very exalted post, but to little Sabu, his father was the greatest of men, because he knew all there was to know about elephants. "And everybody know," Sabu explains. "Elephants are the most darling beasts of all the beasts."

When his father died, Sabu got a pension, two rupees a month. That is about seventy cents in American money. And on that he managed to live until Robert Flaherty saw him and cast him in *Elephant Boy*.

Since that time, things have moved quickly, and the whole enormous world of western wonders has been spread before the small Indian boy who is not yet fifteen years old.

He saw the bustling, crowded coast cities of his own India. The vast liner which was to take him to England was a seven days wonder. Then, in quick succession, he saw London, Paris, Rome. He skiied in the Swiss Alps. He went to a proper British boys' school. He learned to wear European clothes and eat ice-cream. He picked up a very adequate English vocabulary, and, because of his devotion to American movies, a handsome variety of American slang. He played the Prince in the exciting adventure story of East Indian revolt, *Drums*. Then he sailed for America.

For the few days he was in New York, he was a picturesque addition to the color of the city. Two towering Sikh bodyguards were eye-catchers in themselves. They were dressed in cream-colored thin cotton coats, tastefully piped in baby-blue. The coats reached to the knees. From there, tight cotton pants of the same color carried on down to the large polished black British brogues which protected their feet from the hard western pavements. Baby-blue turbans surmounted their dark faces, and one guard wore his short curly black beard in a sort of string hammock, for reasons which never have been explained very clearly.

Sabu's small, well-built figure looks very well in the neat double-breasted suits which are his usual attire. He never appears without a smoothly wrapped red turban.

His great passion is motor cars, and he longs for the day when he can have a license and will be free to venture on public highways. Because, even though he had more experience in the last two years than many people have in a lifetime, he still is not fifteen, and the motor laws make no exceptions.

Although his enthusiasm for motor cars is unbounded, he still insists that driving

an elephant is much more simple for the chauffeur in the case.

"No gears . . . grrrr . . . grind . . . on an elephant!" he grinned brightly. "No brake! no puncture! And he can go fifty miles an hour, too, when he is in a hurry. Oh, yes. He is a much more practical thing to have. He can have little elephants, but limousines don't have roadsters for babies!" he finished triumphantly.

Sabu's wits move quickly, and so does he. He managed to visit a skating rink, attend a baseball game, tour Rockefeller Center, ride a subway and visit a dozen notables before he stepped aboard a plane for Hollywood. That was the part of the trip he looked forward to with greatest excitement, he admitted, because he was so anxious to meet a movie star.

"Which one do you want to meet the most?"

"King Kong!" he answered promptly.

We left him doing the Lambeth Walk, at which he seems expert, down the hotel corridor.



Here is Sonja Henie, now busy making *Castles in Norway*. She is wearing one of the charming sweaters which she will give as one of the dozens of prizes in her big contest which still has the judges muttering in their sleep. Never before in the history of HOLLYWOOD Magazine has there been such an enthusiastic response to a contest. Great piles of mail are stacked all over the office, and two of the judges are complaining of eye-strain, but they promise faithfully to have names of the lucky winners ready for announcement in the January edition of HOLLYWOOD Magazine

She won College Honors ... but *"Flunked"* as a Wife!



One subject she hadn't learned was Feminine Hygiene—with "LYSOL"

MANY family doctors—and husbands, too—have seen otherwise happy marriages fail, for lack of knowledge about proper feminine hygiene. A wife may not be conscious, herself, of any neglect on her part. That's the tragic thing about so many cases of "incompatibility". Wives don't realize . . . and husbands can seldom bring themselves to the point of mentioning it. If only there could be more frankness . . . but the subject of feminine hygiene is so delicate.

If there is any doubt in *your* mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". For more than 50 years "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and thousands of women, for the exacting needs of feminine hygiene.

Some of the important reasons why it is especially valuable in feminine hygiene are—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 12-H., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet, "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

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"She's

Is your girl a knockout, according to Hollywood standards? The best way to find out is to ask these eighty questions

Robert Montgomery was reading studiously and making pencil notes as he went along when we saw him a few weeks ago at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. "Ah, there's a conscientious young man," we thought. "Already hard at work on his part for *The Earl of Chicago*." But we were wrong. Mr. Montgomery raised a sunny face as we drew near and waved the November issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine open at Loretta Young's questionnaire.

"I'm finding out whether I'm a 'Regular Guy,' or not," he said.

"How do you rate?"

"Haven't added it up yet," he said. "But I want to register a protest. I think it's an awful thing to let an actress ask all these probing questions about men. You ought to have another set of questions for girls to answer. It's not fair. It's a rank injustice. It is apt to lead to endless strife, not to mention j e e r s, arguments and unkind snickers. I protest."

"Mr. Montgomery," we said

Robert Montgomery, in the classic pose of "The Thinker," is wondering if he left out any good questions in his Quiz. He is not so serious about it all in his new comedy, *Three Loves Has Nancy*

a Knockout IF——"

generously. "The magazine is yours. You can have the honor of asking 80 questions for the girls to answer."

Modest Mr. Montgomery needed a little persuasion, but after going into conference with his wife and a number of his unmarried friends, he claims that a girl who has the right answers to all of these questions will have as much popularity as Janet Gaynor does in *Three Loves Has Nancy.*

So, if you want to see how your girl rates according to Hollywood standards, get a pencil, make her promise to tell the truth, and let her have it:

ON A DATE

1. Do you ever say, "I bet you say that to all the girls?"———
2. Do you use your powder-puff in public?———
3. Do you ever start a sentence, "I know I look terrible, but—?———
4. Do you straighten ties?———
5. When asked which of two entertainments you prefer, do you say, "Anything you like?"———
6. Do you expect to be kissed "goodnight" by every date?———
7. Do you get insulted if a date thinks you expect to be kissed "goodnight?"——
8. Do you dislike—be honest, now!—to introduce your boy friend to another girl, for fear she may try to take him away from you?———
9. Do you think the evening is wasted if you get home before 2 A. M. on a midweek date?———
10. Do you tell about the fascinating qualities of Tom, Dick and Harry when you are out with Joe?———

IN MOMENTS OF STRESS

1. If your freshly-coiffured hair were blown to pieces in an open roadster, would it ruin your entire evening?———
2. Do electrical storms reduce you to a state of hysteria?———
3. Would the fact that you didn't have a dazzling new dress to wear to an important social function prevent you from going?———
4. Do you ever ask a man to stop drinking when you think he has had enough?———
5. Do you play for higher stakes than you can afford at bridge?———
6. Do you ever take too much to drink?———
7. Are you annoyed when an escort shows up in an old car, several years older than you're accustomed to riding in?———
8. Can you argue without raising your voice?———
9. When you are in the wrong can you say "That was my fault—I'm sorry" without trying to alibi?———
10. Do you sulk if a date is broken at the last minute for a perfectly good reason?———

AT HOME

1. At any time in the past month did you leave a guest for a long telephone conversation with another friend?———
2. Do you object to pets, especially dogs, around the house?———
3. Do you say "When will I see you again?" instead of "Come again soon!" to a departing guest?———
4. Do you usually look neat and fresh, even though you don't expect anybody to drop by?———
5. Do you ever apologize for not living in a bigger house on a handsomer street?———
6. If unexpected guests drop by, are you prepared to entertain them without a lot of flurry?———
7. Do you make a dive for your favorite column before the rest of the family can glance at the paper?———
8. Do you like to cook?———
9. Do you discuss members of your family with guests?———
10. Do you like to entertain at home?———

AT THE OFFICE

1. Do you wear ornaments that rattle?———
2. Do you try to carry on a number of flirtations over the office telephone?———
3. Are you a "nibbler" with a stock of candy bars always on hand in your desk?———
4. Do you wear frilly things to work?———
5. Do you hum at your work?———
6. If the office seems cold, do you close the window without checking on the wishes of others?———
7. Do you think being cute is better than being efficient?———
8. Have you designs on the boss?———
9. Have you so strong a dislike for one of your fellow workers that it interferes with your job?———
10. Do you complain about how your company treats its employees to outsiders?———

AS A WOMAN AMONG WOMEN

1. Have you as many friends among women as among men? Count them!———
2. When you say "I'll call you tomorrow," do you always do so?———
3. Do you give sincere friendly advice to a girl who tells you her romantic problems?———
4. Do you enjoy gossiping about other women?———
5. Do you try to out-dress your friends?———
6. Have you [*Continued on page* 56]

Try Robert Montgomery's "Quiz"—It's Fun!

MICKEY ROONEY FOR MAYOR



In which the mayor of *Boys Town* tells how he would run the town of Hollywood, if he could

By

SERENA BRADFORD

■ MICKEY ROONEY FOR MAYOR! His Platform: THE RETURN OF THE HORSE AND BUGGY!

All right, all right; granted that the sixteen-year-old snub-nosed dynamo appears more *simpatico* with a streak of lightning than with a horse, much less a buggy. The fact remains that when, after the shooting of *Boys Town,* somebody suggested Mickey for Mayor of Hollywood, Mickey announced this horse-and-buggy platform and stood firmly upon it.

Mickey himself has a streamlined car of the latest make. Mickey has an up-to-date football team of his own, he sometimes goes to the Cocoanut Grove for an evening of Big Apple, and he's crazy about airplanes. Modern, that's Mickey down to the last freckle and if modern Hollywood took a Mayor unto itself (being part of Los Angeles, it can't), Mister Rooney might not be such a flop, at that. Just the same, he wants to make the Mayoralty race via horse and buggy.

"It'd slow us up? Sure!" he said with the Rooney chuckle, "that's what I mean."

To get what he means, though, you need to take a look at some scenes from *Boys Town.* Step over to Stage 10 on the M-G-M lot and into the yawning doorway where all those youngsters are jostling one another. Watch for a few minutes. Are you ready? Hold your hat!

Crash! Bang! Ya-ah! A couple of hundred boys smash the windows of the roadhouse and come boiling through the gaps, sticks in their fists, to surround Mickey ("Whitey Marsh") who stands there, gun in hand, beside a wounded man.

"Try it again," says Director Norman Taurog. They mount some new windows —not glass, but a sugar composition (you could eat 'em if you felt hungry) and do it over, while Father E. J. Flanagan watches with his understanding smile.

There are few people who do not know nowadays about Father Flanagan of Omaha, who twenty-one years ago started a home for homeless boys, regardless of race or creed, on the theory: "There is no such thing as a bad boy." He wanted to keep homeless boys from becoming criminals, and he succeeded so well that now there is an incorporated city called Boys Town, Neb., with 4,500 graduates and with 250 resident boys—all on the honor system—who elect their own Mayor. None of his graduates has ever had a criminal record.

From the beginning with five boys and $100 contributed by a Jewish pawnbroker friend of his, plus one barrel of sauerkraut as their only fare for the first Christmas, Father Flanagan kept a file and the *Boys Town* picture is based on actual case histories.

It was only when he reflected that he had to turn nearly a thousand boys away last year because of lack of funds that the priest allowed a film to be made around his trim town of brick and frame buildings.

Even after he gave his consent, and after he realized how much it might help if the screen told the public about his project, Father Flanagan had qualms till he found that the company sent to Omaha for many of the scenes would include Spencer Tracy in the role of "Father Flanagan." He remembered Tracy's fine impersonation of the priest in *San Francisco,* and felt that he could trust his own life story to that one actor. Rooney was considered perfect from the start.

"I'm the lug of this piece," Mickey confided exuberantly between scenes in the roadhouse as he twirled the revolver madly around a finger, "anyway, at first. I'm such a tough brat that you hate me—"

"You like people to hate you?" I asked in surprise at his pleased expression.

"No," Mickey replied, his impish face suddenly sober, "I don't believe anyone wants anyone to hate him . . . But in the picture I'm so fresh, I have to have my ears slapped down and you're glad when it happened. Finally, in spite of how it looks as though I'd shot somebody and disgraced Boys Town, I turn out all right. I don't see how any fellow at Boys Town could turn out anything *except* all right—I went there on location, you know. Yes, in the picture, I believe I'm finally elected the Boys Town Mayor."

So what about [*Continued on page* 47]

Santa Sometimes Rings Twice

All pictures on this page copyrighted by NEA

Jean Hersholt, honor guest at the first celebration, has a present, too



The five little Dionnes celebrated Christmas early in the fall for the sake of the cameras in their new picture, *Five of a Kind*, but nobody complained! There'll be another party on December 25



Off for a spirited race on the five hobby-horses



New dresses for a new dance to celebrate Noel

Hersholt learns the newest fashion in wearing napkins



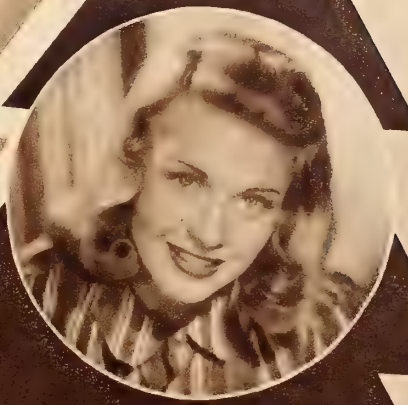
The end of a perfect party . . . Merry Christmas!



X (mas) Marks a Spot

In every life one particular Christmas stands out as most memorable. Dozens of stars contributed tales of the day they'll never forget for this story

By JESSIE HENDERSON



GINGER ROGERS



JANE WITHERS





■ Xmas marks a spot! It marks the spot in which more than one film star has found himself on a Christmas, recent or in the past; which is forever memorable. Sometimes the day stands out because it was glad, or sad, or mad, or just plain haywire. Santa Claus, take it from Hollywood folks who have met him in various places in various ways, is a jitterbug, a dipsydoodle—or worse.

Clark Gable once celebrated Christmas in a snowdrift. Melvyn Douglas, trying to assemble a meal in Swedish. Andrea Leeds, on a desolate cliff waiting to be kidnaped. Merle Oberon, bawling in her handsome Hollywood kitchen. Errol Flynn, at a primitive feast in Ethiopia. James Garfield, in a box car with hoboes. Tyrone Power, walking down Fifth Avenue in his stocking feet. And Janet Gaynor—newly arrived in Hollywood after a job in a San Francisco shoe store—spent what she says was the most exciting Yuletide of her life pacing the parlor carpet and wondering if she'd ever get into the movies.

It was when Clark Gable had been an oil field worker

in Oklahoma and was on his way to a lumberjack job outside Seattle that the train stalled in a huge mountain snow-bank on Christmas forenoon. People got off—Clark among them—and floundered through the drifts, at some risk, to hack down a small fir tree which they set up in the dining car. They hung the branches with strings of notched lump sugar and, for gifts, exchanged things they had in their luggage or their pockets. Clark gave away a woolen scarf and received a really good hunting knife. Somebody had a box of candy. Somebody had a package of home-made gingerbread. Somebody knew how to do card tricks. All in all, though the train was none too warm and the silent snow held them prisoner, this is a holiday which for jolly companionship Clark counts among his best.

When Melvyn Douglas was a child he went with his parents to visit friends in the Swedish countryside for a Christmas filled with unforgettable joy and anxiety. The anxiety, as he explained in pauses between picture conferences on the Columbia lot, came from his fear that Santa wouldn't be able to locate Melvyn if Melvyn were in Sweden instead of at home in England; and from his own inability to say in Swedish what he wanted to eat. Both fears were groundless; especially about the

[*Continued on page* 49]



CLARK GABLE



TYRONE POWER



JOAN BLONDELL



JEANETTE MACDONALD



EDGAR BERGEN
and
CHARLIE McCARTHY



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

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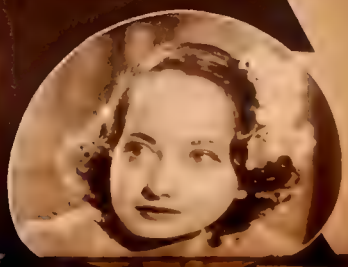
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[Continued on page 49]


GINGER ROGERS


JANE WITHERS


BETTE DAVIS


MERLE OBERON


TYRONE POWER


JOAN BLONDELL


CLARK GABLE


JEANETTE MACDONALD


EDGAR BERGEN and CHARLIE McCARTHY


CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Fontaine supply romantic angles for RKO's spectacular *Gunga Din*, story of native revolts in India

Going Native the Hard Way

In which our favorite extra once more sacrifices comfort for art, and becomes an East Indian Thug by the simple application of body paint

By E. J. SMITHSON

DEAR EDITOR:

When you wrote me last week and said you'd like a story on the *Gunga Din* picture now being filmed by RKO, I grabbed at the chance like a Los Angeles playboy does the check in a nightclub. Then I grabbed for a phone and called up Perry Lieber, the Assistant Chief of Publicity of the studio, and put my trained index finger on him for a couple of days' work and in no time at all he called me back. Everything was okay, he says, and would I report at the studio the next afternoon at 4 o'clock ready for a trip to Mt. Whitney where the company was on location and I say sure—and I was. Mt. Whitney, I learned, was 220 miles away as a bottle of Old Crow flies and just to be sure I wouldn't have to hitch-hike I was in Perry's office at 12:30—just in time for lunch as it happened. Well, as I say, there I was at 12:30 with my "turkey" packed with long underwear and heavy sweaters and twenty minutes later my stomach was packed with RKO commissary food, and about four hours later I was in a RKO bus whizzing through the orange and lemon groves at sixty miles an hour. It was all very rural, idyllic, and peaceful and much like a trip through the Elysian [*Continued on page* 44]

Make Your Own Cards

What is more natural in a picture-minded town than photographic Christmas cards? Here are some hints about how to make your greeting personal and different with your own camera



The Paul Kelly's included fire, family and Scotties, in a charming greeting. Right, little Miss Robin, adds her greetings on a distinctive card







Above, Joe E. Brown took this picture of Mary Elizabeth and Catherine Frances singing their Christmas greetings

Chester Morris is using this snapshot of his children, Cynthia and Brooks, on cards for close friends of the family

Young Richard Ralston Arlen, having hung up the stockings, poses for the card the Dick Arlens will send out this year



Marriage By Remote Control





■ Being in love, Johnny Payne and Anne Shirley don't like separations, as how many happily married couples do? But being also in the movies, with Johnny working in *Wings of the Navy* at Warner Brothers Studio and location points north, east, south and west, and Anne in *A Man to Remember* at RKO Studio and similarly scattered location points, there came a time when, although living in the same house, they played a hectic game of hide-and-seek. . . . And thereby hangs this tale of marriage by remote control.

As you can see, the villains in the piece are various directors, production managers and other picture-making officials, and Johnny and Anne, assisted by their Filipino house boy, Toto, had quite a time thwarting them.

But just exactly what happened—and what did not happen—is contained in the following collection of documents which the young Paynes have carefully preserved, perhaps for the edification of their grandchildern. . . . Who knows?

Six a.m. (horrible hour!) Monday

Johnny, darling:

The studio just phoned (I hope the bell didn't disturb you) and wants me there early, so I'm off. 'Bye, and I'll see you around six tonight. Let me know if you are going to be late.

Your dutiful wife,

Anne.

Date: August 15, 1938

Subject: phone call

To: Miss Shirley, "Man to Remember" set

From: RKO Operator 7

Mr. Payne called at 4:36 p.m. Says he must work tonight and won't be home until late. Says he knows you will be tired and not to wait up for him.

Ten-thirty Monday night

John dear:

I am taking you at your word and am going to bed, on account of I have to be up at the crack of dawn again tomorrow. Honey, will you leave Toto's wages on the kitchen table for him, please? Tomorrow is his pay-day, you know.

Anne.

Ten o'clock Tuesday morning

Sugar Puss:

Sorry you had to leave so early, but that's life in the city of Hollywood. Me—I've a late call for today, but will surely be home by eight tonight. Meanwhile, I miss you like the devil!

Johnny.

dere mrs. Payne:

I reading note to mist Payne but he forgeting pay wages. Nevr mine you pay em tomoro?

Toto.

AUGUST 16 PM 6 11

MRS JOHN H PAYNE—FOUNTAIN AVENUE HOLLYWOOD CALIF

AWFULLY SORRY BUT AM ON LOCATION HERE FOR NIGHT SCENES WONT BE BACK UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING AROUND NINE OCLOCK STOP BY THE WAY WHERE IS MY LIGHT GRAY SUIT COULDNT FIND IT WHAT KIND OF WIFE ARE YOU QUESTION MARK LOVE YOU ANYWAY

JOHN

Wednesday morning

Dear Marco Polo:

I waited for you as long as I could, but it is nine o'clock now and I have to go. Anyway, we'll have dinner together tonight. By the way, what do you want for an anniversary present, it being a year ago, come Sunday, that I became your bride. Or are you a man to forget such occasions? Anyway, I intend to keep your memory jogged as the years go on. I'm that kind of a wife. Also, your light gray suit is at the cleaners where it belongs. I am also *that* kind of a wife!

A.

Date: August 17, 1938

Subject: Change in schedule

To: Miss Shirley (to be delivered immediately upon arrival at studio)

From: Production supt.

"Man to Remember" shooting schedule has been changed. Cast will leave studio for RKO ranch at 5 p.m. for night scenes.

Dearest:

We seem to be jinxed! I'm home for a mid-day rest, now, but tonight I have to work at the RKO ranch and won't be home until very late, so don't wait up.

Your beginning to feel forlorn wife,

Anne.

Dear Toto:

Here are your wages. I'm sorry Mr. Payne forgot them.

A. S. P.

Six a.m. Thursday (You're right, it IS a horrible hour!)

Dearest Sugar Puss:

I'm sorry! I did my darnest to stay awake until you got back last night, but couldn't make the grade. I didn't even hear you get in. Of course, this morning, I was mighty tempted to wake you up and say, "Hello, remember me? I'm the guy you married," but hadn't the heart. How about lunch? You won't be working until afternoon, surely. Come on over to the studio, why don't you?

Your lord and master.

J. H. P.

P. S. I had not forgotten our anniversary. I'm not that kind of a husband!

Date: August 18, 1938

Subject: Message

To: Miss Anne Shirley (to be delivered in Green Room, 1 p. m.)

From: Warners Operator 5

Mr. Payne says he has gone to Calabasas on location. Will return to studio at 4 p.m. and will be home for dinner.

Dearest:

Strange! My love remains unsullied, despite the fact that you've stood me up, again. Thank heaven I'm in pictures, too, and know how it is. Otherwise, I might be in Reno. As it is, I'll be expecting you for dinner.

Love,

Anne.

P. S. I'm leaving this note with the unit man. Hope you get it when you return. By the way, where is Calabasas? Do you need a passport to get there?

Date: August 18, 1938

Subject: Message

To: John Payne, "Wings" set

From: Warners Operator 9

Mrs. Payne phoned at 4:13 p.m., and says she's sorry, but she has to go back to RKO ranch again, for more night shots. Says she may not return until morning.

6 a.m., Friday

Dearest Sugar Puss:

Leaving for work early this morning, and so have missed you again. In fact, I miss you like the devil, or have I mentioned that before? I may get off early this afternoon. How about driving down to Del Mar for the races?

J.

P. S. I have left Toto his wages. Calabasas is in California. Where is your education?

Dere mrs, and mist Payne. you both leve me wages so which do I keeping? I hones boy.

Toto.

11:45 a.m., Friday

Dear "mist Payne":

I got home this morning just in time to see you drive off. Why do you wear that old brown hat? Also, it seemed to me that you need a hair-cut. Men go to rack and ruin without a woman to take care of them! I shall tell Toto to keep *your* wage contribution. Me—I'm going to buy a new hat. I've got to work this p. m. so can't go to the races, but you go and *don't* lose the family shirt!

Your loving wife,

mrs. Payne.

P. S. In case you don't recognize me after our long separation, look for a girl with reddish hair, brown eyes and a winning smile. Maybe you'd better wear a red carnation in your buttonhole so I'll know *you*.

mrs. P.

AUGUST 19 PM 5 56

MRS JOHN H PAYNE—FOUNTAIN AVENUE HOLLYWOOD CALIF

BELIEVE IT OR NOT AM AGAIN ON LOCATION AT SAN PEDRO AND NEVER EVEN SAW RACES WONT RETURN UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING BUT THERE IS STILL DINNER TOMORROW NIGHT STOP HOW ABOUT THE TROC IN FESTIVE ANTICIPATION OF OUR ANNIVERSARY LOVE

JOHN

Saturday morning, 10 o'clock

Darling:

I tried to wait for you to come home from San Pedro, but finally had to leave. I *should* be home fairly early today, but I have my fingers crossed. Anyway, there will be tonight. I have a new dress.

Love,

Anne.

dere mrs. Payne. mist Payne tellfoned say he in town but derayed too late at stoodio. He say you ray out his clos for tonit if possibel.

Toto.

Date: August 20, 1938

Subject: Message

To: John Payne, "Wings" set

From: Warners Operator 4

Mrs. Payne phoned at 4 p.m. Says she

[*Continued on page* 43]

Christmas With Shirley





Until you see these pictures from the album, you don't realize how the first lady of the screen has grown. Her Christmas present to you this year is *Just Around The Corner*, her New Year's gift is *The Little Princess*





Gracie the *Practical* Giver

***The Gracie Allen Murder Mystery*, soon to be released, is no more thrilling than Gracie's private life, if you judge by her Christmas plans**

By MARIAN RHEA

■ "George," said Gracie, sweetly serious, "would you like it if I gave you new dining room drapes for Christmas?"

We were having breakfast in said dining room (that is, Gracie and George were; I had just dropped in for coffee) and I suppose that's how Gracie happened to think of it just then.

"But we have some new dining room drapes," said George very, very quietly.

If his manner was perceptibly unenthusiastic, Gracie seemed unaware of it. "I know, George," she told him, brightly. "But maybe I haven't mentioned it—I want to be practical this Christmas. I want to give *useful* things, and so I thought—"

"So you thought you'd give me drapes for Christmas," George said.

"Yes, of course not only drapes," she hastened to add. "I shall give you other things, too."

"Other practical things?"

"Of course," she reassured him. "I told you I am going to make this a very practical Christmas."

That was around the latter part of September. Gracie, besides being practical, had decided to do her shopping early.

"Only sixty-four days before Christmas," she vouchsafed in statistical manner the Los Angeles and Hollywood Retail Merchants' Associations would have adored. "I'm going to begin buying things tomorrow."

Very business-like (and also, very pretty in a luscious-looking green and orchid Japanese kimono recently purchased in Hawaii and tiny embroidered slippers; her hair up high much like *Cho-Cho-San's*) she got out pencil and paper and, George having left us for his morning swim, began her shopping list then and there.

"Let's see. . . . For George: Drapes, shorts, shoes, shirts, socks, grass seed—"

"Of course," she confided, "with the children and my sisters and maybe some of the rest of the family, I shall probably have to break over a little, but at least with George I can stick to sensible things . . . tires, laundry soap, shoe polish, stamps—"

She was still at it when I left. Obviously, she meant business.

Not long after that George and Gracie went East on their personal appearance tour, and it was several weeks before I had a chance to check up on the progress of the latter's Practical Christmas. [*Continued on page* 52]



Thoughtful Gracie, in her role of Mrs. Santa, using the last ounce of holiday spirit to get the tree home

St. Nick Is Just a *Nightmare*

Here is a wail from a star to whom Christmas is just a headache. She used to love the day when it meant cutting down on lunches to get presents for her dear ones. But now, things are changed



Dear Llewellyn:

I'm awfully sorry about that story. I tried to explain to the nice girl you sent to interview me. But I think I should write you, too. You see, darling, there just isn't an "untold story" in my life. I racked my little brain for all of half an hour (should I have gone on longer?) and couldn't think of a thing. In the first place everything that possibly could be written about me has been written. Maybe I should go out and "live" some more. I would, too, and love it if I weren't so durn busy making movies.

I thought for awhile (about ten minutes, I guess) that I'd make up something to tell your interviewer, but decided that wouldn't be fair. I feel terrible about the whole thing. I'm sure I should have thought longer. And maybe I *could* have dug up something if it hadn't been this time of year.

It's Christmas and I can't think of tragedies. Wait a minute, darling. Don't get me wrong. It's not because I'm so merry and bright at this gladsome season that nothing but the happiest thoughts come to me.

Oh, no! Not that at all. It's because I hate Christmas. Hate it! Hate it! Hate it.

That girl arrived just when I was making up my list. I thought for a moment I'd tell her my personal tragedy was Christmas but, I'm sure she would have called the wagon to come for me. (I sort of wish she had. You see, if I were in a lovely padded cell in a nice little Lanvin straight jacket I couldn't be writing down such things as, Norma Shearer—silver tea service. Merle Oberon—a pint of perfume. Carole Lombard—gold plated backgammon set.)

■ Yet I realized if I started expounding about the horrors of a Hollywood Christmas my house would be a fit target for a bomb. For it's perfectly dreadful that I, with this great big check coming in every week, that I, who have plenty of money to spend on my gifts, should be complaining.

Why, when I was pounding my fingers to the bone on that awful typewriter in the office of a slave driver I used to think, "Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if I could buy anything I wanted for people?"

I was making $22.50 a week then and I loved Christmas. My list was small and intimate—just the members of my own family and a few very dear friends. I knew them all. I knew what they wanted, too, and I wanted to give all of their out-of-reach dreams to them.

But of course, I had to make compromises. For instance, one year I overheard my mother telling my sister that her new print dress would look just right if she had a pair of nice earrings to wear with it. How I would have loved buying her diamond ones. Instead I had to compromise on imitation pearl. Yet when Christmas morning came and she, opening my gift, said, "Earrings——how sweet of you, darling. However, did you know I wanted them?" my heart almost burst with pride.

■ Then I became a movie star and they gave me a fortune and I could buy everybody on my Christmas list everything he wanted. Aha, I'm laughing with tears in my eyes. That's what *I* thought.

Just after I [*Continued on page* 39]

If you are thinking of Hollywood, think twice before you plan to arrive as anyone but your own sweet self. Many people have tried to put over exotic pasts and foreign accents, and paid heavily for it

By SONIA LEE

Beware! Hoax Don't Hollywood!



Margaret Lindsay smiles a warning to newcomers. Her new pictures are *Garden of the Moon* and *Broadway Musketeers*

■ How much is Fame worth?

Is it worth constant Fear?

Is it worth the nerve-wracking expectation that tomorrow, or even today, the hoax by which you achieved Fame, would be blazoned across a hundred newspapers?

Is it worth chills and fever at the unexpected ringing of your door-bell? Or a flutter of guilt at a searching glance from a stranger? Is it worth denying old friends, or hesitation in making new ones?

Is it worth living in a shell of dread?

The hoax is an old method by which innumerable ambitious youngsters have sought to arrest the attention of Hollywood motion picture executives, producers and directors.

In singular instances it has succeeded. First footholds in Hollywood have been gained in the past by whopping lies about family, background, experience or importance in Europe.

But is the fear of discovery, which goes hand in hand with a hoax, too great a price to pay for Fame?

■ "It's far too great a price," says Margaret Lindsay, "I got into pictures through a hoax, and I know! You pay in fear and in embarrassment and in limitation of your progress. I hoaxed Hollywood into believing I was an English actress. It got me a start. But I still am paying for it."

Six years ago, a girl introduced herself to the producer casting the historic *Cavalcade* as Margaret Lindsay, "the London actress, you know!"

Months later, when the picture was released, it was revealed that Miss Lindsay was a Dubuque, Iowa, girl who had deliberately acquired a British accent, changed her name, given herself a fictitious record of London stage experience, to expedite her career in the homeland.

It was a hoax well-planned, well-executed, and carried off to brilliant success. It gave Margaret her start in Hollywood. No hoax on Hollywood, before or since, has worked so well.

"Give her credit," many said. "She carried it off. She got somewhere. You have to admire someone as clever as that."

On the surface it would seem Margaret Lindsay benefited. She is now an established actress, sought-after by many producers, entrenched in her profession. Yet, today, six years later, she ruefully insists that her hoax has exacted a peculiar toll from her career and from her happiness. That she paid for her Fame with months of fear.

■ She sat in the living-room of her apartment—a slim girl in white shark-skin slacks—a wholesome, sturdy, typically American girl, and discussed candidly the reasons she advises newcomers to tell Hollywood the truth about themselves. To take chances on their own intrinsic merits, rather than to borrow fantasy as ammunition for their onslaughts on Fame.

"No one knows what fear is until there is something to hide," she declared.

"Then every whisper, every stranger at your door, every ring of the telephone, sends a quiver of fear through you. You feel like a criminal! Haunted and hunted!

"I remember how desperately afraid I was when two immigration officials came on the set of *Cavalcade*. They had entry records of all the British players. But they could find none for 'Margaret Lindsay.' I avoided questioning for days. But finally they caught up with me, and I had to tell them the truth.

"Little by little the circle of those I was forced to take into my confidence grew! In many instances, it was an embarrassing secret to keep. Many a lie must have been told for my sake.

"Friends back home recognized my picture in the [*Continued on page 42*]

Bang! Bang!

Skeet shooting is Hollywood's newest rage, and Carole Lombard is a consistent high scorer. Here she is in action, after a morning of work on the *Made For Each Other* set



1. Make Ready!



2. Aim!



6. Another round, while skeet shooting champion Harry Fleischmann looks on in approval



5. Got it!

3. Fire!

4. Aw . . . missed!





WOODEN ANNIVERSARY
..More Like a Honeymoon!





SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE...THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*



Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."





Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days . . . "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. **Extra 'skin-vitamin'** in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

(above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.*

• Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin . . . *gives sparkle* to my make-up."

Charming Hostess, **MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III** *(left) popular in New York's young married set*



* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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JOYOUS NEWS

The girl who made a sensational success on the radio and the New York stage is repeating in Hollywood



Year around swimming is just one of the reasons Joy Hodges likes Hollywood

Service De Luxe brings together Joy Hodges, Helen Broderick and Constance Bennett in a comedy-drama

By ED JONESBOY

■ If ever a girl thought she was sitting on top of the world it was Joy Hodges the day she won first place in a singing contest sponsored by Paul Ash and his orchestra during his stay in Des Moines, Iowa.

Here she was, scarcely in her 'teens and out of her pinafores, crowned as the A No. 1 warbler by the famous band leader, who had selected her out of a group of more than a hundred other girls from all parts of the "tall corn" state.

But that wasn't all. Not only was she considered the very best little canary of them all, but she was going to be something more than that. She was going to sing with the famous Paul Ash Orchestra. Paul Ash said so himself. He'd be in Chicago in a month or so, he said, and he'd wire or phone her from there. He made her promise that when he did she'd come a-running, and Joy, so excited that she was ready to go into a first-class nervous breakdown, promised she'd be there if she had to crawl on her hands and knees.

"Well," she remembers ruefully, "one month went by and no phone call and no wire. Then the second month. Then the third. And by that time I decided I'd better go down to Chicago and remind Paul of his promise. I had decided that if I were good enough to win a singing contest I was good enough to earn my living singing in a band and I wasn't going to let this opportunity slip by. So, with mother's consent I drew out enough money from my savings account to take care of carfare and hotel expenses and then I boarded the train for the City of Promise.

"But when I got there the cupboard was bare! I found Paul Ash easily enough—but I found no job waiting for me! When I said, 'Here's that Iowa girl again—what are you going to do about her?' he just looked sort of blank—and he kept on looking that way until I reminded him of his promise to the Des Moines song contest winner three months before. So I said again: 'Here I am ready to sing in your band,' and then waited for the good news. Well, I'll say this for Paul, he was very nice about the whole thing, even when he got around to confessing that he and his band were out of a job. He just couldn't keep his promise to me if he wasn't working—and would I mind too much if I waited for another month or so until he got to swinging his baton again?

"Well, I think I was just as nice and polite as Paul was, everything considered. I said: 'No, I wouldn't mind at all,' but that was much [*Continued on page* 58]



ENJOY THE GREATER COMFORT THIS NEW TYPE HEATER GIVES YOU!

NO NEED to put up with heat you can't regulate this winter! And when you burn cheap fuel oil in the new Duo-Therm heater, you needn't fuss with ashes, soot or dirt!

An utterly new type of heater! The new Duo-Therm "Imperial"* is lower—keeps heat down where you need it—keeps floors warmer. Heats every room in the house more evenly, more uniformly than a heater ever could before!

Brilliant new beauty! The lower, more modern and compact design makes the new "Imperial" the handsomest heater ever created—and one that's easily installed in any fireplace! The rounded corners and glossy new Golden Fleck enamel are easy to polish and keep clean!



Heat that's always "just right"! When it's bitter cold, turn the dial of your Duo-Therm and get plenty of moist, healthful heat! But on mild days, you can turn it down to a "candle flame"—get just enough heat to take the chill off!



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Less chimney waste! Duo-Therm's "Floating Flame" doesn't rush up the chimney! It "floats" against the sides of the heater. Like Duo-Therm's special "Waste-Stopper," it forces more heat out into the room—saves you oil.

Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Mail the coupon now! Get all the amazing facts about this new heater! Nine models, two beautiful finishes, designed to heat from one to six rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer—or write us.

Dealers: Ask us about the Duo-Therm franchise!

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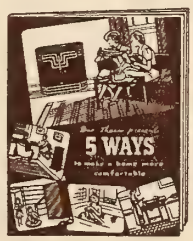
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Blondie in the Movies

Blondie's famous child, Baby Dumpling, is brought to the screen by Mr. Larry Simms who is doing his baby best to carry on the tradition of the widely syndicated comic strip



With his own mother as valet



Putting the bite on Arthur Lake



A quick frisk



And the promise of reward



Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton play Blondie and Dagwood

For a perfect head-stand



The trick works



But Snooks won't learn, so one little actor is tired out





Life as a model taught me ...



"Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it . . . take it easy if I didn't. But those days are gone forever! It was in the cards, I guess. You know the saying—'Friday's child is loving and giving . . . Saturday's child works hard for a living.' That's me!"



"Now I model clothes—at a shop where I used to buy them! And whew! —the weary miles we models trudge! Up and down . . . back and forth . . . shoulders back, 'tummy' in, head high!"



"Naturally 'certain days' are worse than others. But I soon learned from the other models how to make those days a lot easier! They introduced me to Modess—and, believe me, when you're on your feet all day, a napkin that doesn't chafe makes a world of difference!"



"If you'd like to know why Modess is so comfortable . . . just cut a pad in two. Feel that filler! It's like the down on a duck! So soft and fluffy—entirely different from napkins made of close-packed layers."



"And—see how safe Modess is! Take the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and drop water on it! That will show you why you need never worry again about ruining a dress . . . or being embarrassed."



"Then—if you're earning your own living and have to count the pennies, as I do . . . here's some more good news: Modess is easy on the pay envelope! Honestly—for all its comfort and security—Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin! So—take a tip from *me* and buy yourself a box of Modess *today*."

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

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He Wanted An Easy Job

Acting seemed like a nice easy life, but Henry Wilcoxon found that there is more than one hard way to make an easy living in movies

By EMILY NORRIS

From the start, they gave him nice quiet parts, like the action shown above from *The Crusades*



It's still an easy life, asserts Wilcoxon, even when you wear twenty pounds of helmet as he does in the rousing drama *If I Were King*

■ "Sure, actors are softies," said Wilcoxon heartily.

He gave an unashamed chuckle as he okayed the accusation which through the ages has been tossed at the fellow with an artistic streak by the fellow without it. The fleer has been tossed at Hollywood recently, too.

If anybody should chuckle, it's Wilcoxon. He stood beside the hearth in his living room, six feet two inches of brawn and sinew, as the story-books say, with a curved Saracen sword in his right hand and a long, steel-tipped spear in his left. By the aid of these weapons he was explaining and illustrating a couple of scenes that had occurred in two of his pictures.

One ankle was a trifle stiff from a polo game out at his ranch and a shoulder was slightly wrenched from tent-pegging in which you ride a horse at full gallop and with a lance try to yank an iron tent-peg from the ground in passing. You have to swoosh low from the horse's back and sometimes the horse swooshes also and falls down on top of you but, as Wilcoxon was saying in his calm English voice. "It's heaps of fun, really."

There were sundry abrasions and contusions likewise, but all healing nicely, thank you. They were the result of furious scenes and mishaps during work in *Mr. Moto,* in the Jane Withers *Keep on Smiling* film, and, especially, in sequences of *If I Were King* when (as "Captain of the Guard") he chased Ronald Colman (as "Francois Villon") through the byways and alleys of Paris.

"I took up acting," Wilcoxon observed, not quite concealing an "ouch!" as he moved the knee where a guardsman had inadvertently kicked him, "because it's such easy work." Hefting the spear, he added that from childhood he had been the sheltered, pampered type which would naturally gravitate to the movies and he supposed now he would never be anything else.

"Just a softie!" he sighed, blinking his blue eyes and running a hand through his light brown hair so that it stood on end.

Wilcoxon, as a matter of fact, has been so sheltered and pampered in the movies and in real life, from his boyhood up, that it's a wonder he hasn't spent half his career in the hospital. His nickname among friends is "Biff," and he has a brother in England called "Bang." The names express the Wilcoxon temperament pretty well.

[*Continued on page* 37]



Be lovely and be happy with healthful, delicious

Double Mint Gum





Lovely and happy . . . now this describes ***DEANNA DURBIN*** Hollywood's attractive young star, *above.* And it is such light-heartedness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. This popular double-lasting gum is so delicious, it helps you forget minor cares and you become more at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely. Try some Double Mint gum today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, ***DEANNA DURBIN***, Universal Pictures' star, now playing in "That Certain Age"—permits Double Mint to show style-sketch of her new party dress by Vera West, Universal Pictures' fashion creator. In Simplicity Pattern 2951 at ***SIMPLICITY*** dealers or write Simplicity, 200 Madison, N. Y. City. But remember Double Mint gum helps you to be lovely and happy—first essentials to looks.

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Now these precious milk-oils are being extracted and combined with other oils to make a new type of face creme that is winning millions of users. If your skin is too sensitive for ordinary cremes — try Duart Creme of Milk for cleansing and all skin care. This may be the *one creme* you have always hoped to find.

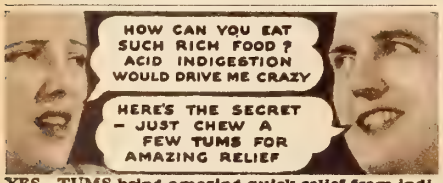
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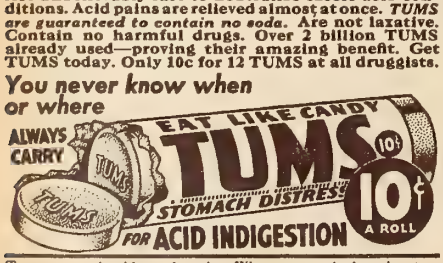
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This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.



Olivia de Havilland and Dick Powell in a scene from their new film, *The Hot Heiress*, make a good illustration for the title of this article

Hold that Man

Here is some smart advice about the things men notice

By ANN VERNON

■ I've been listening to the men! To your boy friends, fiances, husbands. And I've gotten a pretty good idea of what they do and don't like about you and me.

No, I'm not going to play the heavy parent and tell you that men like girls who are clean and sweet and pretty. That's an old story, and so is the fact that they like girls who look, act and are natural. Instead, here are some of their pet peeves. You young wives who want your husbands to stay in love with you, you gals who entertain high hopes of leading Jack to the altar, listen closely. If you want to hold your man—

BURNISH your hair. Number one "like" on all the lists was shining hair. They like hair that looks clean and brushed. They don't give a hoot, most of them, how many curls you pile on top of your head or at the nape of the neck, but they do want those curls to be immaculate, and they do want the smooth part of your hair to be sleek and glossy.

If your hair is what experts call drab—a mousy brown or lack-lustre blonde—use a rinse that is especially prepared for your needs. I'll be glad to give you the name of one that removes soap film from the hair at the same time that it accents its golden highlights. The rinse is an old friend, brought up to date with a new formula and new dress. Whatever your hair color, you'll find a type of this rinse that will bring out all the radiant beauty of your hair, and give it a new warmth of color. The food colorings used in the formula are U. S. Government certified, and absolutely harmless. They'll wash out, but won't rub off. A dime buys the new gold package with its red and black accent—want the name?

MAKE UP once and for all at your dressing table in the privacy of your home. If there's anyone the man can't stand it's Powder-Puff Polly—the gal who can't enjoy a meal, a show or a dance

because she's always dragging out her compact and re-doing her face. And Gooey Gertie, whose kisses leave a telltale lipstick smear, rates a close second.

For that flawless and lasting make-up I can recommend a special powder base. The wedge-shaped stick is easy to handle, and the creamy foundation spreads easily, evenly. Just touch the stick lightly to your nose, forehead, cheeks and chin—then spread it to an even film. My make-up lasts shinelessly through dinner and a long, long evening with this to keep it in place. The non-greasy foundation gives the skin a water-proof, velvety finish you'll love. Four skin flattering shades, in as many sizes priced from a dime to a dollar. Interested?

Your kisses won't give you away if you use a certain lipstick now out in a new type. The lipstick itself has always been famed for its indelible qualities. Apply it, let it set while you give your hair or eyes a finishing touch, then blot with a lipstick tissue. Your lips will be stained with a vibrant, glowing color that stays and stays. Of special interest right now is the new "black" lipstick from this manufacturer. It's magical the way the color changes from black in the case to red on your lips. You can lighten the color by moistening your lips—slightly for a medium shade, more for a light tinge. The harmless ingredients of the lipstick can't irritate or dry the lips. A dollar buys a generous stick.

BRIGHTEN your smile. More men than I could count told me how attracted they were by a pretty smile. Each one went on to say that sparkling white teeth are more important than perfectly shaped ones. What's more, when men say "sweet smile" they mean just that, so look to your breath, lady!

You can polish your teeth and sweeten your breath at one and the same time with the aid of a certain dentrifice. Its special penetrating foam floats away food particles that might cause unpleasant breath and dull, dingy teeth. The foam, and the soft, safe polishing agent of this toothpaste clean your teeth gently but thoroughly. Want the name?

SECURE your daintiness with two baths a day, fresh undies, and the faithful use of a perspiration corrective. There's a new cream perspiration stop that does its job quickly and effectively. The cream vanishes completely into the skin, and is so soothing that you can use it immediately before or after shaving. It checks perspiration, locally, for a period of one to three days, depending on you. A generous jar costs 35 cents. Name?

PRESERVE the honeymoon whiteness of your hands by the frequent use of a hand lotion or cream. One man told me that he still gets a thrill out of holding hands with his wife—because her hands are as satiny smooth and immaculately groomed as the day they were married.

Even dishwashing hands will retain their softness if you treat them to a hand lotion several times a day. Smoothe it over the entire hand, stroking it on as though it were a new glove, after every wash-up. A real bargain is the special good-will gift offer made by one of the oldest hand lotion manufacturers. With each of the fifty-cent bottles you'll receive a smaller bottle. Use the smaller, then if you're not satisfied, return the large bottle for a refund. I like the rapid-drying, non-sticky qualities of this milky lotion, and the way it soothes chapped raw skin. You will too.

Write me *before December* 15 if you'd like the names of any of these products. Enclose a stamped, return-addressed envelope with 3 cents in U. S. postage.

Read this article for beauty tips from men, then write Ann Vernon about your special beauty problems. She will be glad to give you personal help with them if you'll enclose an envelope with three cents in U. S. postage for her answer. Send your letter to Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.





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Apply just a few golden drops of Chamberlain's Lotion. Notice how it soothes as it smooths away roughness and redness. There's an **Important Ingredient** in Chamberlain's **not generally found in other lotions,** to keep skin soft, smooth and young. There's never a trace of stickiness **and you don't have to shake the bottle.** That's why so many prefer Chamberlain's. Attractive hands are yours for the asking if you ask for

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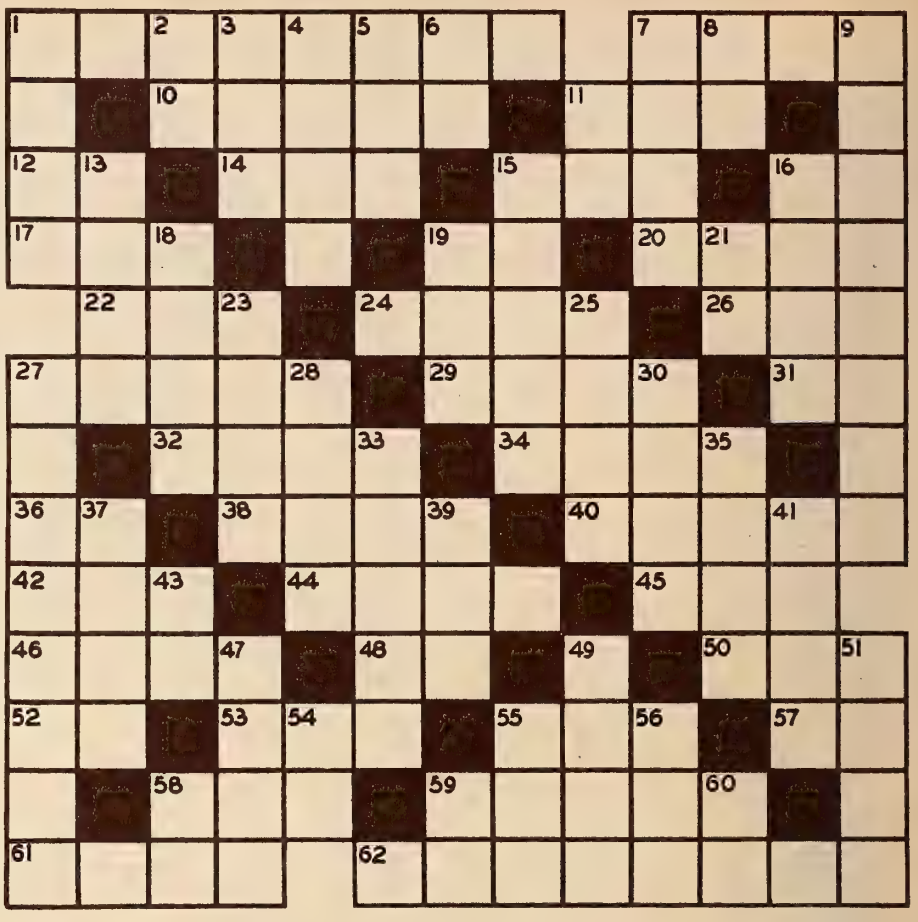
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Attach gift cards and complete shipping instructions if you want them mailed direct from Hollywood to your friends.

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Rogers-Astaire film.
7. Portrayer of *Hopalong Cassidy.*
10. First name of feminine lead of *Gold Mine In The Sky.*
11. *Rich* ———, *Poor Girl.*
12. Sarah Padden's initials.
14. First name of late Mr. Healy.
15. Deanna Durbin's birthplace (abbr.).
16. *Storm* ——— *A Teacup.*
17. First name of one who was *Gahagan* in *Torchy Blane In Panama.*
19. Initials of one who portrays *Mr. Moto.*
20. Wrestler seen in *The Gladiator.*
22. Billy Mahan is one.
24. You saw her in *The Buccaneer.*
26. ——— *In A Million.*
27. Whose role was that of *Emma in Four Daughters?*
29. ——— *Confession.*
31. Initials of a star of *Block-Heads.*
32. First name of a character in *Valley of the Giants.*
34. Boy actor in *Pride of the West.*
36. Initials of one of the Lane sisters.
38. M-G-M's Leo.
40. ——— Symphonies.
42. *Fools* ——— *Scandal.*
44. The girl in *Sing You Sinners.*
45. Joel McCrea's wife.
46. First name of one who was *Inspector Gleason* in *I Am The Law.*
48. Initials of Terry Walker.
50. Harold Lloyd's native state (abbr.).
52. Edward Earle's initials.
53. His first name is Sam.
55. Small role in a screenplay.
57. *And* ——— *They Were Married.*
58. *You* ——— *Me.*
59. *Lawton* in *One Wild Night.*
61. *Stella* in *Rascals.*
62. Star of *I Am The Law.*

DOWN

1. To assign an actor for a part.
2. Mr. Coleman's initials.
3. *She Had To* ———.
4. Bing's screen brother in *Sing You Sinners.*
5. His last name is LaRocque.
6. Comedian with Swedish dialect.
7. *Alexander's Ragtime* ———.
8. James Newill and Terry Walker were starred in ——— *The Great White Trail.*
9. *Leila Kennet* in *Army Girl.*
11. What Spring Byington is called in Jones Family films.
13. First name of Miss Negri.
15. He had title role in *Test Pilot.*
16. Whose role was that of Phillip Marshall in *Always Goodbye?*
18. Eskimo actor in *Call of the Yukon.*
19. *John Quinn* in *Garden of the Moon.*
21. Edna Oliver's initials.
23. *String* in *Little Tough Guy.*
25. His last name is Alberni.
27. *Mickey Borden* in *Four Daughters.*
28. *The Girl* ——— *No.*
30. Remember ——— Markey?
33. *Spawn of the* ———.
35. *Cecil* in *Clipped Wings.*
37. ——— *Finds Andy Hardy.*
39. *Gangs of* ——— *York.*
41. Director of *Mother Carey's Chickens* (poss.).
43. Mr. Arlen's initials.
47. *Mrs. Brewster* in *Give Me a Sailor.*
49. Mrs. Errol Flynn.
51. *When Were You* ———*?*
54. Initials of 61 Across.
55. ——— Baker is a star of westerns.
56. Date in October on which Harry Richman celebrates birth.
58. *He Loved* ——— *Actress.*
59. ——— *the Victor.*
60. Initials of a star of *The Texans.*

(Solution on page 51)

He Wanted an Easy Job

[*Continued from page 32*]

■ As a youngster, "Biff" was taken from England to the West Indies where, with other youngsters, he used to amuse himself by diving into deep water to explore certain ancient wrecks. There were sharks in the water, but the boys went diving nevertheless. One day Wilcoxon swam into a cabin on a wreck and the current closed the door after him; he had a heck of a time getting out and a heck of a tussle with his own psychology before he dove down into the cabin again to prove to himself that he wasn't scared!

In the midst of this sheltered existence, he discovered Shakespeare's plays and found that he liked to read the lines aloud. So, what with soccer, tennis, hunting, boxing and other sedentary pursuits, he found time to go upon the London stage and thence into American pictures.

His first American film was DeMille's *The Crusader*, in which he played "Richard, the Lionheart" with Loretta Young as his queen. His second was *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which he played "Antony" to the "Cleopatra" of Claudette Colbert.

"Right away I realized that the movies were the spot for any fellow who wanted an easy job," he explained; "my first hour on the lot, I heard about an actor who leaped off a roof to catch a rope dangling from an airplane—a scene in an adventure film, with a real roof, real plane, and real rope, too. Then I got talking with a chap who had been chased through the jungle by a lion; a sound stage jungle, but positively a genuine lion.

"Pictures? A cinch! An actor? A fellow with a soft handshake who lives on velvet. Ho hum."

In *The Crusades*, they threw him immediately into a spirited fist fight with a blacksmith. Nobody pulled punches. "Richard, the Lionheart" took it on the jaw, and the blacksmith got buffeted into a drinking-trough.

"Then came the battle scenes," Wilcoxon recalled, "marshmallow stuff where we clanked around in sixty pounds of steel mail and clunked one another over the head with iron battle-axes so sturdily that more than once we knocked one another out."

Yes, and the classic scene—remember?—when Wilcoxon, on a hillside full of milling warriors, snatched a Saracen from a horse, wheeled the horse about, and leaped into the saddle; all in practically one gesture. It had to be a darned quick gesture, too.

"I was new to the movies, and when they asked if I could do it, I said I'd try," Wilcoxon commented, "but if I'd known more, I wouldn't have attempted it."

Because of the physical danger?

"Because, without knowing it, I was depriving a stunt man of a job," Wilcoxon answered.

■ From this gentle introduction to the cinema, "Biff" progressed to adventures equally marshmallow in character. For *Antony and Cleopatra* they had a brisk fight with Roman broadswords; real swords, the short, broad blades with which Roman legions carved a way across Europe. The fight had to be a bona fide fight, except that Wilcoxon and his antagonists knew what the other fellow would do next—or thought they did.

Well, the fight went along beautifully, Wilcoxon fencing with four men at once, until one of his opponents unintentionally did the unexpected. According to the script, "Antony" smashed down on this fellow's sword and broke it. The soldier was supposed to fling the splintered blade at Wilcoxon's face, and Wilcoxon would fend it off with his shield.

But the soldier stumbled. Wilcoxon raised the shield and the broken blade went deep into his leg.

So much easier than working in an office. Sure.

■ But there came an occasion when Wilcoxon got back at a director; and without intending to do so. The thing was due to his days in the West Indies.

They were filming *Souls at Sea*. What

Her Petal Smooth Skin
STOPS HIM IN HIS TRACKS!





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the sheltered-life Wilcoxon had to do was stand by the rail of a ship and let Gary Cooper knock him backward over the rail into the ocean. At this point the ocean was dirty and murky and visibility into it from the deck was poor. "When Gary knocks you overboard," the director ordered, "just stay under water as long as you can, to give us time for a little more footage, and then we'll cut and you can come up."

"All right," Wilcoxon agreed. Gary struck him an awful wallop. Over the side he went and disappeared completely in the dark depths.

What the director didn't know, and what Wilcoxon didn't think to tell him, was that from his boyhood diving practice in the West Indies Wilcoxon had learned to hold his breath a lot longer than the average swimmer. This time he held it about a minute.

When he swam with leisurely strokes to the surface, the first thing to greet his eyes was a rim of white faces lined along the ship's rail, Gary's among them. The next was a confusion of men racing about the deck and yelling: "Throw down a lifebelt!" "Launch a lifeboat!" And the next was two figures shooting up simultaneously from beneath the billows and shouting: "Can't find him!"

As he stared, it dawned upon "Biff" that these antics were on his behalf. The director, and the company, thought Wilcoxon had hit his head on the keel or that Gary had knocked him unconscious. Two men had dived to search the muddy deep, and altogether it was a fine hullabaloo and the only occasion upon which Wilcoxon has put over more on the director than the director has on him.

■ No doubt it was in pursuance of the life of ease that Wilcoxon bought his ranch out beyond the Malibu Lake district, a good thirty miles from Hollywood. Here's a spot where a pampered actor can relax. Wilcoxon's first relaxation was to clear, with his own hands plus the proper machinery, ten acres of ground and make it ready for farming. This of course was a job for his idle moments, since the rest of his time outside pictures was spent in building corrals for his horses, breaking the wild horses, and learning to rope cattle.

He didn't much like the cabin which stood on a corner of his acreage, so during a vacation he yanked it to pieces and personally put it together again. He added sleeping porches and built a great fireplace in the living room.

Between times, he took long hikes over his property. It includes a small mountain and, slaying a rattlesnake here and there, he explored this section also. It was on his mountain that he came upon the remains of a prospector's outfit and picked up a broken shovel and a ghost.

The shovel he uses for the ashes in the living room fireplace. The ghost, or whatever it may be, is something else again.

■ Here's the story. Wilcoxon vouches for the facts, and for the belief of others in the ghost. Himself, he isn't convinced, though he admits that the facts have no logical explanation.

"Near where I picked up the shovel, I found what I tnought were human bones and buried them," he began. "The idea flashed into my mind that perhaps two prospectors had quarrelled and one had killed the other with that shovel. I don't know why the idea occurred to me, but it did.

"A few weeks after I'd taken the shovel down to my cabin and installed it by the fireplace, I had week-end guests, two married couples who for some reason began to talk about people who were psychic and about the supernatural. The ladies had gone into one of the bedrooms



The snow may be piled high, and the winter winds may be howling around your house, but this is the way Olivia de Havilland spends a winter day in California. You'll see her soon in *Wings of the Navy* and in *Hard to Get*

when suddenly the rest of us heard a most horrible shriek. We rushed out to investigate, and the girls told us that outside the window they had both seen a terrible face; a grizzled old man with his mouth bashed in, who uttered an awful cry. We others had not heard his cry, but only the screams of the girls—and their screams were no fake, they had really been frightened, they were shaking and unstrung.

"Of course we investigated and there was no one outside the house. And all the doors were firmly locked. We laughed and put the vision down to imagination and the conversation we'd had about psychic stuff.

"But a month later, when another crowd was at the cabin, one of the ladies woke all of us in the middle of the night by crying out. She said she had been asleep, but something woke her and she found a grizzled old man bending over her bed as if he were about to tell her a secret. At her cry, he vanished.

"We put this down to nightmare."

Wilcoxon mused a moment. He couldn't, he said, believe in ghosts, exactly. And yet the thing was jolly mysterious.

"Not long ago some more friends of mine spent the week-end at the ranch house. One of them was an elderly woman —the common sense type, not given to imagining things. She handed us the worst fright of all because she was so calm about it; simply came out into the corridor and said she wouldn't enter that bedroom again till daylight.

"She said she had not yet fallen asleep when she noticed a light flickering on the trees around the house, as if some one were walking about with a lantern. She watched the light for some time, supposing it to be a watchman, and then suddenly it occurred to her that the dogs weren't barking, as they do whenever anyone comes within earshot at night, and that through the open window she couldn't hear any footsteps.

"She sat up in bed and looked at an angle through the casement window, trying to follow the light around the corner.

"Then she realized that the light was entering her bedroom through the locked door behind her. She looked around, and here came a grizzled old man with a lantern in his hand. He came across the room to the bed and was leaning down as if to speak when she cried out: 'Go away!'

"He went. Nobody has seen him since —though this was just a short time ago— but I've asked all my guests if an apparition comes into their room to hold in the screeches long enough to find out what he has to say. I'd truly like to know."

■ He swished the Saracen curved sword through the air and added that nobody believed in ghosts nowadays, anyway. Still, he meant to go out to the ranch house this week, alone, to discover if in the silent watches of the night he might lure the grizzled old spectre into putting in an appearance and finally speaking his message. If ghosts really exist, naturally he'd like to meet one . . .

"You're actually g-going out there" (I asked) "alone? You're g-going to wait in the dark for the old g-griz—"

"Rather!" Wilcoxon answered. "He's probably a splendid old spook and we shall get along famously . . ."

Oh, certainly, stalking a spook requires calm nerves more than flexed muscles. Still, I'm allergic to ghosts; and when Wilcoxon, nonchalantly picking up a twenty pound andiron and balancing it on one palm, added: "Or suppose I get up a party to go out and sit up for old Spooker, would you care to go along—"

My teeth chattered so that I could hardly answer politely: "G-goodbye!" I was going to add a facetious, "Softie!" but the words stuck in my throat. Perhaps it was just as well.

St. Nick is Just a Nightmare

[*Continued from page* 24]

became a star—getting pretty big money—I stopped by Joan Crawford's house one scorching October afternoon (and you know what scorchers October afternoons can be in California—in New York, everything is crisp and the air is wine-like). What I wanted was a nice dip in Joan's pool but I found la belle Crawford hip deep in red and green ribbons, little tinkling bells, Santa Claus faces.

I thought she had gone crazy and started to back away, but she explained brightly, "Just wrapping up a few Christmas things. You see, my schedule is such that I'll be working from the middle of November right up until Christmas day. So I had to do my shopping and wrapping now. I'm tying up just a few things."

I give you my word that an undersized fly couldn't have found breathing space in that room. Joan was muttering and wrapping and checking off from a list that looked like a ticket to Tibet with stopovers at principal cities.

Finally, I ventured a question, "How many people are you—er—remembering this year?"

She ran her eye down the list and did some lightning mathematics. "Five hundred and eighty-two," she said.

I was growing incoherent, "But who—what—I mean."

Joan disentangled herself from the tissue paper factory and proceeded to tell me the facts about Christmas in Hollywood. She couldn't make many gestures, as she talked, because her right arm was bound to her side by 1600 yards of ribbon.

"It's like this," she began, "First, besides your family, there are your friends at the other studios and all the people on your own lot——people who have been terribly nice to you all year, prop boys, electricians, wardrobe people, all have to have special presents. It's work, but it's fun. I love Christmas."

In my ignorance I said, "Well, take those people you work with—you can certainly buy in job lots for them. I mean you can give every electrician a couple of ties, can't you?"

The minute I had said it I saw the withering look Joan gave me that you couldn't. "But, darling," she explained, as one explains to a child who can't pass from the first to the second grade. "You can't possibly give duplicates because everybody in Hollywood knows everybody else and they all show each other their presents. It would hurt their feelings if they thought you just ordered in job lots and didn't give them any personal thought."

I left then and took a swim in the YWCA pool. It's not so pretty as Joan's, but I didn't get all tangled up in Santa Claus' beard.

■ It was then I decided I wasn't going to become involved in Hollywood's type of Christmas. No indeed, I would do as I had always done—give only to my intimate friends and family. Oh, sweet innocent girl that I was.

Next year I was working on a picture right up until Christmas Eve. (You're always doing that, incidentally. They seem to plan it deliberately. An ordinary girl works until the last minute, too, but at least she can get a little shopping done during lunch hour. But not us. Studios are invariably far from the center of any town and besides we're usually done up in nine hundred beads and a G-string which is hardly a suitable shopping costume even in Hollywood.) So, thinking I was very cagey indeed, I asked one of those personal shoppers to come to my home in the evening.

As you know, that's one of the fine services Hollywood merchants render the busy movie star. Bright people come to your house with a line of merchandise and you can select what you want right there without the bother of going into the shop.

It seemed wonderful to me. But I didn't know. I just didn't know.

The shopper said, "Now just turn your Christmas problems over to me, dear."

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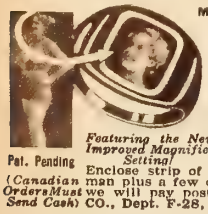
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In the new comedy, *Topper Takes a Trip*, Roland Young once more suffers numerous shocks from the whimsical ghost, played by Constance Bennett. In this scene she has materialized out of thin air to complicate Topper's holiday at the beach

She sounded so cozy and helpful. "Let me see your list."

I handed her the pitiful little thing—there were just twenty-two people on it—and saw right away she didn't approve. She tossed it aside in disdain. I realized I was going to have to begin all over again.

"Now!" she said taking me firmly in hand, "What are we going to give Carole Lombard?"

I said she wasn't on my list. I explained that I adored Carole, thought she was one of the swellest girls I knew, but I'd decided to keep my list down to family and very, very intimate friends.

"Oh, that will never do," the shopper said briskly. "For I know but can't tell—secret, secret—what Miss Lombard's giving you and it's something just too, too divine. You'd be just too embarrassed Christmas morning when you opened that present from her and thought about the card you'd sent her. Now let's see . . . what will we give her? I know what so-and-so is giving her, so we won't duplicate."

Well, "we" gave Carole Lombard a stunning house coat in black velvet. "We" also jumped my Christmas list from twenty-two to 240. And "we" made a smiling exit, figuring up commissions while I fell in a heap on the floor.

■ Just a beautiful tool of a merchant—that's what I am. And it didn't occur to dumb me until much later that maybe Carole wasn't going to give me a thing until "we" arrived and told her about the too, too, divine gift I'd picked out for her.

Although I hang my head in shame honesty forces me to tell you that sometimes a shopper can be very useful. Remember that wonderful emerald bracelet I love so much? I think you ran a picture of me recently with it on. Well, I got that through a shopper. I mean, sort of . . .

I espied it when I was discussing my Christmas jewelry problem with one of the many personal shoppers. The merchant saw my eyes light up. He said, slyly, "When Mr. So and So" (mentioning the name of the man I adore) "asks for suggestions about your Christmas gift should we suggest this?"

I'm only a woman after all—and weak. I didn't exactly put the shopper up to it but I didn't say, "Get out of my house you scheming rascal." And, as you know, I have the bracelet.

■ The longer you stay in Hollywood the worse it gets. Every year you give hundreds and hundreds of gifts to the same people who already have hundreds and hundreds of things. See what I mean? It's an endless vicious circle that goes round and round and round and round and. . . . Oh, won't somebody stop me.

■ There! I'm stopped. And I've been trying to think if anything has improved with the years. One thing has. Have you noticed the improvement in the card situation?

When I first came out here the greeting card competition was something to turn your hair grey. I'd thought, in my simple way, that a card was merely a gracious

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way in which to wish an acquaintance a seasonal greeting. Not at all! The Hollywood angle was to get as far away from the idea of merely stating "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," get something big as a house in the line of cardboard.

If one star sent out cards so big that two men had to carry one in the house, the next year six young leading men who hoped to be stars would send cards that could only be brought by a truck.

It got so that, in order to be original and bizarre you started thinking about your 1935 Christmas cards on December 26, 1934 and these great monstrosities set you back to the tune of some five bucks apiece.

And then the only wonderful thing that's ever happened out here concerning Christmas—happened. (That's a mixed up sentence but so am I.) Some really bright person thought up the idea of having you give your card money to charity and only a penny postcard was sent out. Why don't they do something like that about gifts? But I'm afraid they never will. Hollywood is the big gift town. Leave a star alone with his thoughts for ten minutes—as long as he can stand it—and he'll think up something to give somebody.

■ The gents have long since worn out the idea of presenting their lady loves with such little baubles as diamonds and pearls and have gone in for the bigger things. You know, of course, what Bob Taylor gave Barbara Stanwyck for her birthday. A tennis court. Now doesn't that strike you as just slightly on the unwieldly side? I wonder if he said, "Shut your eyes and hold out your hand." Or maybe he put it behind his back and asked her to chose right or left. Or maybe I'm going crazy. Do you think so?

Another lad I know had given the light of his life every possible thing a young man could give the light of his life. Christmas came to add to his confusion. She had so many diamond bracelets that when she put them all on she couldn't bend her elbow. She had so many necklaces her masseuse had complained he couldn't get that kink out of her neck caused by carrying them around. And with her fur coats she could have financed an expedition to Alaska.

Then suddenly her boy friend remembered that she had wanted to remodel her house. So he gave her the extra bathroom she needed.

■ Now do you understand why I couldn't think up any tragedies but this when your interviewer called? What's going to happen?

A friend of mine who is an economics professor (goody! goody! he isn't in pictures and I don't have to give him a present!) tells me that it's all a very good thing, that the more people spend on anything, the more people are put to work and the more money circulates. Well, I can see the logic in that. If Hollywood stopped buying Christmas gifts nine million people would be out of jobs. But do you think it would throw the entire system off balance if one person stopped giving? I'm speaking, naturally, of myself.

Suppose I went berserk, hog wild, crazy and tore up my Christmas list. Suppose I said I won't be a pawn on this mad chess board. Whoops! What a wonderful idea! I'd be free! I could live my own life! I could call my soul my own! I'd be my own woman and not the slave of Santa Claus!

It's a grand idea. I'm going to do it.

And yet and yet. . . . How would I feel Christmas morning when I opened the gifts sent to me and realized that nobody was receiving anything wrapped by my lily white hands . . . and then the electricians have been so very nice, and my hair-dresser is a dear, and I am so grateful to so many people who had been darling all year long, and Christmas is such a good time to let them know I appreciate all they have done for me. . . .

Forgive me, I ramble and I really must stop now. You see, I just *have* to complete my Christmas list.

With all good wishes for the holiday season, though I wish you'd shoot Santa Claus on sight for me,

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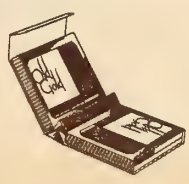
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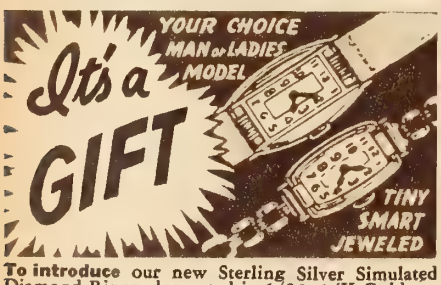
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Beware! Don't Hoax Hollywood

[*Continued from page 25*]

newspapers. People I had known in New York; girls with whom I'd gone to school, saw through my masquerade.

"I never again want to live through those long weeks while I waited for the day of reckoning and exposure! While I waited for my well-planned hoax to explode in my face.

"It finally came through an article in my home-town paper. What a relief it was—no matter the consequences—to be myself, to tell the truth, to be afraid of nothing!

"It was dreadful to meet people from back home, whom I knew well, and yet to be forced to deny my identity. To see the doubt and the bafflement in their eyes. It used to upset me dreadfully to be cornered into doing things like that.

"No—believe me—the hoax isn't worth the candle, from a personal standpoint.

"And it isn't worth the candle from the career angle.

"From the beginning I was tagged as an English girl—cool, aloof, reserved. I was labeled—and the label remained on.

"Even when I admitted everything—bragged about my Iowa background and how typically American I really was—I couldn't make anyone believe that I had an emotion to my name.

"I had, you see, planted my hoax too well. I had been too successful in my campaign to be accepted as British in the beginning. Primitive roles—that is, roles of warm, human, electric women—were not given to me. I was supposed to be wholly without verve and flamboyance.

"Admittedly my break in Hollywood came through a hoax. But my career has suffered because I've never had a chance to be myself. Once tagged—you're 'it' permanently in Hollywood.

"From time to time I've thought of doing spectacular things, so that the public and the producers would realize that I was not inhibited, that I was not cold, that I was not a calm and collected person to match my accent. I think if I threw somersaults in someone's drawing-room I would still be considered the haughty and reserved Margaret Lindsay.

"On occasions I have said to myself—'Shall I roll a peanut down Hollywood Boulevard? Shall I affect bizarre clothes? Shall I suddenly immerse myself in scandal and headlines?' In my darkest moments I have had the notion to go out and borrow a peck of trouble in the hope that the fiction of my reserve would go up in smoke. Now if I hadn't pulled that hoax about being British, I wouldn't have had all those bothers.

"I believe that if a person is fated for a certain place in life, whether it be in the theatre or anywhere else, that achievement will come without the need of lies of subterfuge. It might be harder at first. It will be easier later. I didn't know this six years ago. I do now!

"And so to Hollywood newcomers I want to say—'Beware! Don't hoax Hollywood! Your hoax will bounce back some way. You'll get farther, in the long run, telling the truth.

"From now on, my life is an open book. I have no secrets. When I plan marriage (Hollywood believes that Margaret Lindsay's marriage to Bob Abbott, the business manager, is imminent) I shall announce it formally, get married in Los Angeles—do everything in accordance with time-tried formula.

"No more subterfuges—or hoaxes—for me! I'm cured!"

■ There is a certain type of naive misrepresentation which Hollywood not only condones, but encourages.

It's quite all right for a newcomer to acquire without benefit of fact, a finishing-school background and Mayflower forebears. It's even cricket for marriages, contracted before film fame, to be hidden. Frequently, they subtract from glamour and interest. But hoaxes about past importance, invariably pay slim dividends.

For months before *Marco Polo* was in production, tales began to seep through about the glamour, the artistry, the rare personality of a girl called Sigrid Gurie, whom starmaker Samuel Goldwyn was grooming.

The impression was given that her appearance on the screen was delayed until her English was perfected, until she was the perfectly polished gem which would excite even Hollywood's jaded fancy.

There were few details available about her—only that she was a great Norwegian actress, miraculously found and persuaded to lend her luster to the American screen.

Her appearance as the Chinese Princess opposite Gary Cooper was awaited with considerable curiosity. Would this import deliver—or was it another case of a foreign actress being over-sold? Her origin went unquestioned.

She came up to the mark on preview night. She was exotic, she was deft, delicate, subtle. She had an exciting quality.

But on the heels of her debut came her husband's suit for divorce. Disclosures followed thick and fast. She was Norwegian, true enough. But born in New York, while her father, a construction engineer, was on a tunnel project in this country. She had lived most of her life in Oslo, Norway. But for the past four years she had been in Hollywood, making every effort to break into the movies.

Not a seasoned actress—but a novice! Not a lucky discovery, but a girl who had been brought to Goldwyn by her agent.

Has Gurie's hoax helped her career? I doubt it!

The public dislikes to be disillusioned. When it is, the reaction may readily cause resentment or indifference.

It may well be argued that talent is talent—no matter where it is found. Or how! But the public hates to be taken for a ride in their introduction to the talent.

■ As a general rule, liars lose out in Hollywood, because their fictions are discovered before they have made their mark by merit.

Behind Hollywood's closed doors the story of the producer whose susceptibility to Russians is frequently told. Some years ago, he was taken in by a husky-voiced, sloe-eyed, young lady who claimed kinship to Russian royalty. The gentleman received her with open arms. He touted her as a great discovery. But when her bread-and-butter American background was disclosed, he dropped her like a hot potato. The lady disappeared from the Hollywood scene, before she was an integral part of it.

In more recent months, a wild-haired gentleman was introduced to him as the last word in Russian artistic achievement. The supposed director of the Russian Art Theatre was ensconsed in a vast office with chromium trimmings and surrounded by a barrage of secretaries. His salary check delighted the income-tax collector.

I had occasion to meet this gentleman. Something about him was vaguely familiar. I scratched my memory—and then I recalled him. As a newspaper woman in Chicago I had run across him on a story. At that time he was a hard-working hardware salesman, with artistic yearnings. The nearest he'd ever come to Russia was watching a performance of the Chauve Souris. His little hoax caught up with him eventually. It was too bad—I was rootin' for him to get away with it.

When C. B. DeMille was casting *This Day and Age*, he set forth his specifications for the feminine lead in the production. Chief among them was that the girl must be unmarried and possess a "virginal beauty." With great fanfare Judith Allen was assigned the role. When it was disclosed that she was the wife of a wrestler, and had been for some time, the disclosure didn't help Miss Allen.

There are probably, at this very moment, half a dozen perfect pets in the shape of hoaxes being pulled in Hollywood. Some will continue hidden, and stars will be safe!

Others will be revealed—and the hoaxers will either disappear from the business, or start paying off on their little jokes.

Hoaxes are unreliable!

They break up on such little reefs! Pouf! And they're exploded!

Which brings up to the story of Eloise (which isn't her name) who was vanquished by a harmless little oyster!

In August, Eloise's accent was French and intact. People believed her story that she was "ze g-r-r-eat artiste!"

In September the first timid blue-point on the half-shell made its appearance to Eloise's undoing!

"Ah, splendide!" cried Eloise. "All of my life in my beautiful France I hear in zis countree you have in all ze world ze most wonderful erysters!"

Eloise doesn't live in Hollywood any more.

Marriage by Remote Control

[*Continued from page* 21]

has layed out your clothes for tonight but now has to return to her studio for retakes and will be late for dinner. Suggests she taxi to Trocadero when she is finished, meeting you there.

Date: August 20, 1938
Subject:

To: George Brent, "Wings" set
From: Dan Mainwaring in publicity

Dear George:

Think John Payne is getting ready to celebrate this anniversary or something tonight. Thought perhaps you and the boys would like to think up a gag to delay him. Let me know if there is a story for the columns.

To: Miss Anne Shirley
From: Trocadero Operator 3

Mr. Payne phoned at 7:59. Says he must work late but that he has phoned Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan to meet you here and keep you company.

To: Mr. John Payne
From: Trocadero Operator 4

Miss Shirley phoned at 8:14. Says she has been delayed but will arrive later.

To: Miss Anne Shirley
From: Trocadero Operator 6

Mr. Payne phoned at 10:05. Says he is through work, but believe it or not, has lost his car keys and his shoes.

To: Mr. John Payne
From: Trocadero operator 2

Miss Shirley called at 10:11. Says she is terribly sorry, but that she is still delayed. Hopes to be finished soon.

To: Miss Anne Shirley
From: Trocadero Operator 3

Mr. Payne called at 11:25. Says he has left for home, without shoes and in a taxi.

To: Mr. John Payne
From: Trocadero operator 3

Miss Shirley called at 11:26. Says she is through work, now, but is so tired she thinks she will just go home and wait for you there.

(Note on Johnny and Anne Payne's front door Sunday, August 21:)

"The doorbell won't work. The telephone is out of order. We have left for China."

NEXT MONTH

Don't miss HOLLYWOOD Magazine's annual Quiz on movie news. You'll have fun seeing just how much you remember of the year's big events so don't miss the newest questionnaire.

WORLD-FAMOUS EXPERT TELLS HOW TO *Make Your Lips Adorable* WITH NEW "BLACK" LIPSTICK



A Heart-to-Heart Talk with VARADY, *Eminent Beauty Authority*

"Few women know the power of their lips in enchanting men," *says Varady, world-renowned authority on beauty and feminine charm.* "Yet every woman knows her lips are the most glamorous, the most seductive instruments of romance.

"Therefore, I say to all girls and women—give extra time and attention to making your lips attractive, magnetic.

"And that is exactly why I offer you my new 'black' lipstick creation—Varady's Midnite Rose Shade. *Designed especially for you to make the most of your lips.* When applied, it changes instantly to a ravishing red—a blood-warmth color that makes your lips vivid and alluring, with the moist, dewy effect that wins men's hearts the world over.

"Try my new 'black' lipstick now. It comes in two shades: Midnite Rose, light, and Midnite Rose, dark—for blondes and for brunettes. Ask for Varady's Midnite Rose Shade at any cosmetic counter now. Make your lips adorable!"

THESE ARE LIPS MEN ADORE!



GLORIA BREWSTER, *of the famed Brewster Twins, now featured in 20th Century Fox's "Hold That Coed," musical hit.*



MOVITA, *glamorous star of Monogram Picture's "Rose of the Rio Grande." Movita brings a new type of loveliness to the screen.*



BARBARA BREWSTER, *sister of the lovely Gloria (at top). The Brewster Twins have enchanted millions with their singing and dancing.*

Varady

The Original American-Made "Black" Lipstick!

Now! See How Amazing Cream Makes Skin Lovelier!

• *The very first time you use Varady's Face Cream, your own mirror will show you the wonderful results! Skin that is clear and smooth . . . skin that is soft and thrilling to touch! This all-purpose cream is light, velvety.*

It spreads readily, almost instantly sinks into the pores. Just pat gently — no hard rubbing or slapping in. Leaves skin radiant, soft, smooth—wonderfully lighter and brighter looking.



For your beauty's sake, try these other Varady aids to loveliness: Oil of Youth, Face Powder, Blending Rouge. If not available at your favorite cosmetic counter, write Varady, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

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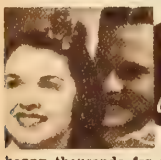
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Send 10c for Sample—State which

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Ends Dull Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy oil and dust-laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look, all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies. New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, lustrous, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. All shades of blondes find New Blondex leaves their hair lighter—lovelier. Start BLONDEX today. Sold at all stores.

Going Native the Hard Way

[*Continued from page* 18]

Fields would be, and I sat there thinking nice thoughts and once in a while pitying the boys and girls who were in their stuffy rooms back in Hollywood nervously waiting a call for work from Central Casting.

And then the rude awakening! How was I to know, Miss Editor, that this journey to "location" would take me across the Mohave Desert? How was I to know that I wouldn't be working high up on Mt. Whitney where it would be cold? How was I to know that I was to act (?) in a temperature that was above 120 degrees at ten o'clock in the morning? Just to give you a vague idea how hot the desert is in the summertime imagine yourself sitting on a redhot stove and multiplying it by ten! I lost 15 pounds by evaporation during that motor ride across the burning sands and another 15 after acting (?) for two days in the boiling sun. How in the world Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen, Montague Love, Joan Fontaine, Robert Coote and the hundreds of others in the cast and on the staff stood the intense heat is more than I can fathom—and as you know I'm undoubtedly the A No. 1 fathomer in Hollywood! Nobody went "crazy with the heat" as far as I could see except myself and that was to be expected, everything considered pro and con, Perry Lieber said.

■ But it wasn't the heat that finally got me down. It was the humility! How would you like to stand on a revolving turn-table and stand there as bare as Sally Rand without her fans while a guy with an automatic flit gun sprayed you up and down and all around with black paint? You, along with six other extras? Well, that's exactly what happened to me and was I mortified! And humiliated! But I'll go so far as to say this for the guy with the flit gun—he certainly gave all of us swell Duco jobs!

Remember that old, two-line jingle about the poor old heathen Hindu, for clothes he makes his skindu? That was me!

Now the reason for all this shellacing was because, when I reported the following morning to George Stevens, the director, he said if I wanted to work I'd have to "go native." I said I've been known to go Hollywood, to go berserk, and to go crazy at various and odd moments but never native, and if it was all the same to him (which it probably was) I'd go home and I began to look around for the bus to take me back, but about that time along came Abdul Hassan who took me over to the turn-table and ordered the paint job.

This Abdul Hassan, by the way, proved to be a very interesting character. He claims to be the son of the mayor of Dakunu Kalatare, a province in southern India. He can trace his family tree clear back to King Wajii who lived 3,000 years ago. Abdul told me he had just finished writing *Hell Beyond the Khyber,* that he expects to produce the story in movie form in India, and will not only co-direct the picture but play the leading role as well. Abdul ran away from home as a boy and has traveled over all the world in a vagabond, hit-and-miss sort of way. He speaks five languages, including the Norwegian, and hopes to learn enough about our methods of film making so that he can make good pictures when he goes back to India. He has been in the United States about three years and speaks Hollywood English with scarcely a trace of accent. Director Stevens hired him as a technical advisor for all the Hindu sequences in *Gunga Din.*

■ In the sequences we shot that first morning fifty genuine Hindus were employed (all that were registered at Central Casting) and the rest had to be recruited from the rootin', tootin', shootin', hard-ridin' cowpokes of the horse operas. All of us, Hindus and cowpokes alike, had to take the flit gun treatment so that we'd all have the same shade of black. The guy with the flit gun sprayed about 500 of us that morning so you can see that the turn-table kept going 'round and 'round for quite some time.

The Hindu village where the action took place covered more than a city block and was so authentic looking that the Hindus, themselves, were completely fooled when they first saw it. Part of it had been accidentally burned down three days before I got there, but you'd never know it. Al D'Agostino and Perry Ferguson, along with all other heads of the various production units put on an efficiency show that has never been equalled in any studio I ever heard of. Forty trucks were sent scurrying back to Los Angeles to collect 4,000 different pieces of props, lumber, and furniture to take the place of the material destroyed by the flames. These were rushed back to location and whether you care to believe it or not, the village was practically reconstructed within three days from the day of its destruction! No wonder those hard-working boys were receiving orchids from the front-office! In less expert and efficient hands that fire easily could have added $300,000 to the $2,000,000 already budgeted for the picture. As it was, actual production was scarcely halted although Lloyds of London, insurers, characterized the fire as their biggest motion picture loss in 16 years.

■ Well, after all of us had our Duco finish, we hopped into busses that carried us up a steep hill that was about three miles from camp and hotter than the hinges of you know what. That little journey up the hill was so slow and so hot that after we arrived we were taken in hand by a dozen guys with brushes and paint pails and given another daubing over spots that had melted off! When I slid out of the bus the first three people I saw were Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen, and all of

'em sitting in the shade of a tent and imbibing cool drinks that looked so delicious that my tongue stuck out a full foot. I asked Cary how come and he said something about sticking around and I'd get my share—and sure enough, I did. The drinks proved to be a concoction of lemon juice and salt that the medicoes attached to the company compelled everyone to drink. All who worked in the picture lost so much salt under the terrific heat of the desert that in order to compensate for the bodily loss they had to prime themselves with this lemon-and-salt solution. I drank so much of it during those two days that even now when I get a bit warm I begin to get covered with salt crystals! Cary, Doug, and Victor really took a lot of punishment that day as they had to wear the full dress khakhi uniforms of the British foreign service and being clothed in yards of that canvas suiting must have been like being wrapped up in so many yards of redhot metal sheeting.

After receiving our second Duco paint job Edward Killy, one of the assistant directors, took us in hand and explained what we were to do. For some reason or other he selected me to be a Thug under the command of Chota who turned out to be Abner Biberman. According to the way Abner told it, these native fanatics were reviving the ancient practices of Thuggery, the murder-religion dedicated to the service of the four-armed goddess Kali, and the British authorities were sending out large bodies of Lancers and Highlanders to cover the district and round up the various Thug bands. A fight was going to take place in the village between the Thugs and the loyal native troops under the command of Sergeants Cutter (Cary Grant), Ballantine (Douglas Fairbanks), and MacChesney (Victor McLaglen), and, so Abner went on, it was going to be a very tough one, indeed.

■ It's going to be hard, but try to imagine me, clad in a little more than a G-string, whooping it up and down that narrow, hell-hot Hindu street shooting blank cartridges at little black guys hiding on top of roofs! The noise of all those guns popping off, coupled to the shouts of the Thugs, the defending garrison and the cries of the director and his corp of assistants made that sequence mighty real to us all. That is, all of us except George Stevens, the director, who kept making us go through with the same "business" again and again. It wasn't until late that afternoon that we bloodthirsty Thugs finally drove the enemy out of the village. By then I had received as many as ten more paint jobs, I had lost at least ten pounds in weight and in addition I had received a hellova sunburn that's still a hellova sunburn as I try to sit lightly at this typewriter and tell you about it ten days later!

■ When the whistle blew for quitting time I was ready to quit for all time—but you know me—my art comes first! But to be honest, the only reason I didn't start back for dear old Hollywood was because there were no busses leaving.

Joan Fontaine arrived just as we were having dinner and I'm going to credit her with the best "nifty" heard on the trip.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume?" Doug Fairbanks greeted her as she stepped out of her car.

"No, sir," Joan smiled, "merely Joan of Ar-K-O."

Not bad, considering the heat and all.

Before hitting the hay that night I attended a movie show in what is undoubtedly the largest open air movie theatre in the world. The movie screen was set outdoors on the edge of the tent city, with the foot hills as loges and the slope of Mt. Whitney for a balcony. This movie show goes on nightly with a change of program and is just one of the thoughtful acts of RKO's to keep from 600 to 1,500 exiles contented during their stay nearly three hundred miles from Hollywood.

■ Came the dawn.

And with it, just about the most goshawful noise my shell-pink ears ever listened to. According to what I learned



Groucho Marx, fascinated by Mortimer Snurd's celluloid collar, takes a long look while Edgar Bergen makes the introduction



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You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bottles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones

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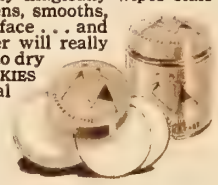


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When you're miles away from your dressing table and you need a complete new make-up before meeting HIM . . . a dainty QUICKIES Cleansing Pad will save your face, your charm, and his enthusiasm for you!

QUICKIES are downy-soft circles of special cloth all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and refreshing lotion. One QUICKIES whipped out of the cute QUICKIES purse vanity magically wipes stale make-up away . . . softens, smooths, tones . . . refreshes your face . . . and leaves a base that powder will really stick to. Actually helpful to dry "winter skin." Carry QUICKIES with you always for a facial any time, anywhere. Humidor jar of 100 ready-to-use QUICKIES and air-tight purse vanity filled with 15, all for only 55c.



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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. ©1938, C.P. INC.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads give instant relief; soothe, heal; stop shoe pressure; ease new or tight shoes. Quickly remove corns, callouses, *Medically safe.* Cost but a trifle. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



No, this is not a war scare in Hollywood. But the gas masks are real. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien nearly strangle while doing a scene for *Angels With Dirty Faces* in a smoke-filled set, while director and camera crew work in comfort

later, a wisecrack by Cary Grant, overheard and taken seriously by an inventive sound man, resulted in the most novel—and certainly the loudest—alarm clock in the United States.

When Director Stevens worried aloud about his problem of rousing all of his different crews each morning, Grant said: "Why not hook up an alarm clock to the camp's public address system?" Whereupon sound man John Tribby did just that, wiring the gargantuan device so that the hands of the clock automatically turns on the electricity for the loud speaker at five each morning when the alarm goes off with the loudest roar ever heard in the Sierras.

Up at five, breakfast, another turn at the turn-table for the flit-gun spray and then up the hill for another day in the burning sun. I got myself mixed up in a lot of hand-to-hand fighting and once almost got cracked down when a native fell off a roof and landed kerplunk right at my blistered tootsies. It was late in the afternoon before the Thugs were able to drive the enemy out of the village and into the river what with all the different angle shots Director Stevens took with his four or five different cameras spotted on roofs, the street, and in doorways.

I don't know what happened the next day except what I read in the script back in Hollywood. I left that night with my paycheck, my back covered with blisters, and my stomach full of that lemon-and-salt concoction, and my mind made up never to believe what Perry Lieber has to say about extra work. If I do believe him, I'll take it with a handful of the salt that oozed out of my Thuggish body up there on the desert.

Gunga Din is, by far, the most pretentious motion picture to emerge from RKO cameras in a long time. It's going to cost in excess of $2,000,000 before the final sequence is shot. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol, springs from Rudyard Kipling's famous ballad of the same name. The locale is on India's Northwest frontier. Its principal settings are the army cantonment and the town of Muri, the native village of Tantrapur, and a huge temple to the goddess Kali in the jungles. According to the screen story a sort of "Three Musketeers" friendship springs up between a trio of British army sergeants and to this is added the story of the devotion and loyalty of an elderly native water carrier.

Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Victor McLaglen, Joan Fontaine, Sam Jaffe, Eduardo Ciannelli, Montague Love, Robert Coote, Abner Biberman, Cecil Kellaway and Lumsden Hare are principals in the cast. I figured, maybe, they'd stick my name in the credits but for one reason and a dozen others I don't care to tell you about, they said no. Very emphatically. Which maybe is the best thing after all since I had only one sunburn to give to my picture career.

But when all is said and done—which seems to be plenty—one thing is sure. I'm never going to go "native" again. Not for all the spray guns in Hollywood. Not for all the editors in the United States. Just as soon as I can get out of my sunburn bandages which won't be until next week, my doctor says, I'm going to get a job working in a nice cool sewer! I'd rather do that than try to make an honest living running up and down in the desert sun clad in nothing but a coat of black paint and a G-string! Why, I won't even listen to the Desert Song again! And it's my favorite!

P. S. I understand a studio is going to shoot a picture soon with a North Pole locale. How about doing a story on it?

Yours sincerely,

E. (THUG) SMITHSON.

Mickey Rooney for Mayor

[*Continued from page* 14]

this Mayor of Hollywood idea? And what about this horse-and-buggy complex?

Mickey grinned. Then he began to talk. He's the most surprising talker, because in spite of his slapdash roles, his gutter-snipe impersonations, he's a hound for education, reads serious books, studies with a psychiatrist as well as his regular tutor, has a profound reverence for learning, and uses beautiful English—when he feels like it.

"Horse and buggy is grandpa stuff, isn't it?" he asked. "And that's what I mean: grandpa had a lot of ideas that'd go good right now. But I'll come back to the horse and buggy later . . .

■ "First thing I'd do if I were Mayor of Hollywood, I'd throw out all the phonies. The people that have a knife in your back. I can spot 'em a mile off. You know, the kind that start talking about you if they can't think of anything else to occupy their time; just idle chatter, full of vitriol. You find them other places, and comparatively there may not be so many in this town, but those there are—out!

"Then I'd toss out all the gripers. Oh, boy, would I! The fellows that are always complaining, especially the ones that complain about the fact that time is passing. Sure it is! So what? Myself, I don't want to play 'Andy Hardy' when I'm 53. What the heck, I'll grow up and play somebody else. These folks that never smile because life's so serious. Huh. You know me; I like laughs. I'd walk forty miles for a laugh.

"Then, the people that slop over each other—'Darling' and 'Dearest' and 'Honey-Boy' and goo-goo! Out with them!"

Mickey spoke with some heat. "I mean, really sloppy. I hate to be embarrassed. When I go home, I want to kiss my mother, but I can't. You know? It's hard for me to show affection, and the more I feel it the less I show it, so out with these guys that are forever making a show of it but not meaning anything by it at all."

The metaphorical Mayor looked around his metaphorical office and made a sweeping gesture as if with it he cleaned his desk. Then he started in on really constructive stuff.

"Then I'd fix things so the studios would have Saturday off as well as Sunday—I've always thought," Mickey said with the authority of a mature man of affairs, "that actors should have two days' rest a week. But, not to interrupt things too much, let's make it Saturdays off during the football season.

"What's more, the studios would work from 8 to 4 instead of 9 to 6. That way, you get your four-hour stretch in the morning when you're full of pep, not in the afternoon when you're logey. If you get home after 6, as we do now, there's no time to relax before dinner; and if you eat around eight, there's no time to go to a show. Movies for movie actors! I don't know when I've had a chance to see a picture."

They called him just then for a scene in the *Boys Town* dormitory. A pleasant place, with blue blankets on the beds. But at lunch time—we had a cold plate with hot asparagus and Thousand Islands dressing, which he selected from the buffet table—he returned to the business of being Mayor. With lots more ideas.

■ "Take Hollywood Boulevard," he observed breezily, "it needs trees. Maple sugar trees. In a double row down the middle. Of course, we may have to widen the street, pull down a few office buildings and stores, but—" with the magnificence of your true Mayor— "we can build others. What? A maple sugar tree won't grow in a warm climate? But we can have each one sprayed all day with ice water and the sap will never know the difference." Mickey isn't above a pun now and then.

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this is all free to the—er—" His eyes twinkled. "To the taxpayers. And everybody.

"We'd do something about the public drinking fountains, too. They're all right, only they're full of water. We'd fill them with soda pop instead—strawberry, I guess—and on every corner there'd be a free tennis court, or football field, or swimming pool.

"And—this is important—every kid would get free rides to fires. On the fire truck. And they'd let him work the siren."

It happens that Mickey is a special fireman in New York City. Former Governor Al Smith, a great pal of Mickey's, gave him the badge at about the same time he gave him a special work permit so that Mickey, at the age of four, could appear in vaudeville acts. As a matter of fact, he had been appearing in them since two months after his birth in Brooklyn when, as Joe Yule, Jr.—his real name—he was carried on in a specially made dress suit. It's Mickey's boast that he has "never worn knee pants."

■ "Let's see now," Mickey went on, "there must be some other reforms I could inaugurate in my spare time . . ."

Spare time—that's good! Mickey, as he himself says, loves to work. At the moment he was making three pictures, dashing from one sound stage and one character to another with the ease of the daring man on the flying trapeze; he was doing *Stablemates* part of the forenoon, *Boys Town* most of the rest of the day, and—in the spare time of which he spoke—rehearsing for a new "Judge Hardy" film, besides composing music (and mighty well, too, they say) for a song he's writing about *Boys Town*. Oh, yes, and not only pursuing his studies but catching up with them. He has terrific energy; he *can* sit still, but he'd rather not.

Studies brought up another thought. "I'd see that every boy had a good education, whether he liked it or not. Honest, I'd do *anything* for an education, I'd even let the movies go for the sake of it if I had to. I'm entering the University of Southern California in the fall—I'll probably have to go to night school there, account of my work. Every chance I get, I read. No fooling. I'm going to major in literature. Why? So I can read and read—just for enjoyment, just for knowledge. And some day, when I know enough, I'm going to be a director. Then a producer . . ."

■ There was yet another reform the young Mayor of Hollywood had on his mind. He spoke quite seriously.

"You remember I mentioned the horse and buggy? And grandpa's ideas? Well, the horse and buggy is only a symbol, of course, but it's a symbol of a time when people were not in too much of a hurry to have real homes. It isn't only because of *Boys Town*—all my life I've wanted a real home of my own. I have one now. We built it out in Bel Air. It's French farmhouse type, with a wing that belongs to me and plenty of room for my mother.

"Here's how I figure it." Mickey didn't choke up or anything, but his eyes glowed. "My mother's always cooked and taken care of me, and I think it's time I took care of her. She would do anything—she would go in rags—to help me. Well, the least I can do—get it?

"So, when I'm Mayor, every boy is going to have a home. If he hasn't got a mother, I'll—I'll assign one to him; plenty of women that haven't got kids would like to have one. And I mean a home. A house, not an apartment. Oh, I think apartments are fine but not for a kid. After a while, maybe, but not when you're young and—and noisy."

I remembered what somebody had once told me; this yearning for a real home, which at last he now possesses (he gave it to his mother, though), goes 'way back to Mickey's childhood. When the Rooneys first came to Hollywood, Mickey's mother managed a bungalow court. Mickey, who on a historic evening when he was two, crabbed his parents' vaudeville act by crawling on the stage and sneezing, also innocently tried to crab the bungalow court idea.

"We don't *live* in this little old place!" he stoutly affirmed to prospective tenants. "We live in a big beautiful house in Beverly—right on the Boulevard—right in the middle of the bridle path."

"There's something about a home of your own," Mickey was saying now, "instead of living in an apartment house with twenty other people. At least, that's how I feel. It's great to lock the door and say, 'Well, here I am, in my own house, and not in the house with twenty other fellows that walk in when you're trying to read and say, What's new?' "

Not that Mickey doesn't love company. Oh, sure. But there's a time for everything.

In his new house there's also a place for everything. Including Sylvester, his valet. Certainly, a valet! Hollywood gaped and giggled when he hired Sylvester. Was the little tyke getting a swelled head?

The inquirers didn't know Mickey. He wanted a valet because he wanted a valet. As for a swelled head—don't let that flip and self-reliant manner fool you too much. It hides, as the melodramas say, a heart of gold. "Why, I couldn't get a swelled head," Mickey commented, aghast, "because an actor's only a public servant, isn't he?"

He added: "Like a Mayor." And went away to a lumber pile outside a sound stage to study his lines for the forthcoming scene. A little later I happened to go 'round the corner, and here was Mickey teaching a whole crew of *Boys Town* kids to dance in a long line, with their elbows linked—and the thermometer at 100! He had learned his lines already, and felt the need of exercise.

"And listen," he called out, "I'd abolish the show-offs, too—you know, the guys that wear big, loud, checked suits—" He himself wears leather jackets and sweat shirts and flannel slacks.

So! The gripers, the phonies, the show-offs; he's going to toss them all out of Hollywood when he's Mayor? Well, Mickey, you've got one vote right now!

X(mas) Marks a Spot!

[*Continued from page* 17]

eating. "The Swedes have the right idea," Melvyn said, "they celebrate Christmas for twelve days." He has a vague recollection of waking before daylight on Christmas morning, to see a group of Swedish grown-ups return from church and plant their flaming pine torches in the snow before the house. And just about then the eating began. There was lutfisk (a dried fish), ham and sausage, glogg (a kind of punch of which Melvyn got only a sip), fattingmands (Christmas cookies that originated in Norway) and, best of all, Nisse and Nasse (special cakes in the form of the two brownies which bear those names). Melvyn ate Nisse and Nasse for twelve days and gained two pounds before his return to London. It was, in more senses than one, his "biggest" Christmastide.

To Edgar Bergen (and to Charlie McCarthy, too), Christmas means turkey. But with, ah, ah, what a difference! Some years ago ventriloquism wasn't going over any too big, so Edgar (and Charlie) lived in a frowsy New York lodging house and it was Christmas Eve toward midnight and Edgar had only money enough for soup and crackers and there were five shows a day and—and Edgar was darned hungry. Came a cautious knock at his door, accompanied by subdued squawks and giggles. There stood two chorus girls, fellow lodgers, with a live turkey which they had won in a raffle. Did Mr. Bergen know how to kill a turkey? Mr. Bergen didn't, but he was willing to find out. He took the bird down to the tiny back yard and, in the zero weather, tied it to a clothesline and with one swift stroke cut its throat. He plucked it in the dark; not expertly.

With the girls, Bergen sneaked into the basement kitchen of the sleeping house, prepared the bird—not very expertly, either—and put it into the oven. It was a big turkey; they left it there till they couldn't wait any longer, about three hours. At four A.M., Bergen crept downstairs, wrapped the turkey, pan and all, in a blanket, and took it up to the girls. The three sat around and ate and ate; they even knocked on doors, waking people up to partake of Christmas dinner at five on Christmas morning.

"In all my life," declared Bergen the other day, "I've never tasted anything so good as that half baked bird."

■ It was on Christmas a few years ago that the superintendent of the Leeds mining properties in Mexico discovered a plot to kidnap the owner's daughter, Andrea, that very day, and hold her for ransom. For hours when she should have been enjoying her presents and her Christmas tree, Andrea was breathlessly awaiting the airplane that was to carry her to safety. Though a radio SOS had been sent out, it was questionable whether the plane would arrive or, if it did, whether it might not be captured at the landing field. Six hours passed, hours of suspense and danger, before at last the plane swooped down, the Leeds family rushed to its cabin, and the pilot headed for the safety of the United States. It's the outstanding day, let alone the outstanding holiday, of Andrea's existence.

■ As for Merle Oberon, she remembers Christmas of four years ago because it was the most miserable day she's ever seen. A great hit in *The Private Life of Henry the VIII*, signed to a big salary, and at the moment one of the most talked of women in pictures, she spent Christmas alone in a rented house with no servants (she had given them the day off) and almost no food. Probably any girl anywhere would have jumped at the chance to exchange places with this exotic creature, with the world at her feet, surrounded by admirers. . . . Oh, yes? All forenoon and afternoon Merle sat in solitude, and cried. A telephone call to her mother in London (she told her mother she was having the gayest time!) only made her more unhappy.

Finally, in the evening, the doorbell rang. Merle answered it to discover Maurice Chevalier. He, too, had been spending the day alone and was so blue that he'd come to Merle to be cheered up!

The two strangers in a foreign land devoted most of the evening to rummaging for food in Merle's kitchen. They routed out a bit of cold chicken, some canned tomatoes and peas, and some rather tired fruit—all that was left when the servants sallied forth to enjoy themselves—but it represented Christmas dinner, anyway.

■ Perhaps the strangest experience was Errol Flynn's when, long before he entered the movies, he landed in Ethiopia. With Dr. Harry Erben, a close friend, he was en route from Australia to England. Simultaneously with Christmas day, he arrived in what was then Haile Selassie's kingdom. Flynn didn't speak the native language, and there seemed to be no native very conversant with English. Much to the surprise of Flynn and Erben, the natives nevertheless escorted them to first class lodgings and proceeded to prepare one whale of a feast. What with banqueting and dancing and speechmaking, the affair to Flynn's growing mystification —lasted three days.

He was beginning to wonder whether this was a normal Yuletide revel in Ethiopia, when there arrived an English-speaking native who explained that the whole thing was a social error. The natives had mistaken Flynn and Erben for a pair of big game hunters, long awaited, who had promised to hire a good slice of the population for a trip South after lions. With mutual apologies, the festivities ended; but Santa Claus, anyhow, had had his fling.

■ James Garfield's Christmas was different, the time he spent it in a box car. The young man who made such an



It was between halves, score 0-0, when the Captain barks "Thompson—Get out some Beeman's—Pass it around—Let's get our minds on something pleasant—Relax."

Even the Coach had to grin. "Learn a lesson from Beeman's," says he, "That fresh tangy flavor scores every time. Got a tang to it that drives away that weary feeling. Just think how fresh that flavor makes you feel and you can score like Beeman's does." We did, too.

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By Dorothy Blake

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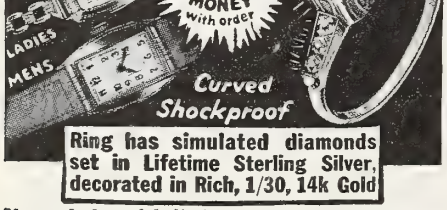
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impression as the cynic of *Four Daughters* was penniless and in Chicago when he suffered an overwhelming attack of homesickness for New York. Christmas Eve. Well—he had now and then jumped a freight when he worked in the Midwest wheat fields; he would jump a freight tonight. He did; he clambered into a box car and found three hoboes were to be his traveling companions.

Next day they woke to white plains and frosted hills and the jerk and hollow roar of wheels. They shared three cheese sandwiches and an apple. Along about noon, one of the hoboes observed spiritlessly: "Well—it's Christmas." Nobody answered. Nobody cracked out with: "Merry, merry. . . ." But James Garfield says he, for one, didn't care; it might be Christmas in a box car, but at least he was on his way back to beloved old New York.

■ To Tyrone Power, during the holidays of 1934, New York was anything but beloved. Trying his luck on Broadway, he found himself decidedly out of funds at Christmas but — hooray, hooray — some friends invited him for dinner. Dressed up in tails, he went to the party, spending his last cash for a taxi so that he could arrive in style. When the evening ended, he walked the forty blocks home. His shoes were tight, his feet blistered; he made the last few blocks (fortunately the night wasn't too cold) with his shoes in his hand; explaining to each cop on each corner that, no, he hadn't been imbibing—his feet hurt.

■ Indeed, to several of those who have now become big stars, Santa has been pretty indifferent upon occasion. Ginger Rogers, for example. Her "very particular Christmas"—this is how she refers to it—came right after she'd won the Charleston contest which had promised to launch her upon a dancing career. From Fort Worth she had gone to Chicago with her "Band of Redheads," expectant of fame and fortune. But through this and that the girls deserted her. She and her mother were stranded a fortnight before Christmas. "*Really* broke," says Ginger.

They got a room for $2 a week (it was the expenditure of that final $2 which "really broke" them—and you can imagine what kind of a room . . .), and Ginger talked her way into a job at a horrible cabaret; her nose wrinkles even yet when she remembers the place. Well, at least it *was* a job. Ginger held it for two weeks, or until she had enough money to take her mother home, and then the pair of them walked to the railroad station, carrying their suitcases, and fell thankfully into the day coach. Their home in Fort Worth wasn't luxurious, but when they reached it late on Christmas Day it looked like a palace of gold.

Bette Davis is another star to whom, as to Merle Oberon, Santa was very snooty on her first Christmas in Hollywood. He similarly snooted Anita Louise, and also Ann Miller, the ballet-conscious daughter in *You Can't Take It With You.*

■ Shortly before the holidays in 1930, Bette Davis came to Hollywood and rented a house. The house, not yet fixed up, was rather gloomy; there wasn't enough money for much of a holiday celebration; and here Bette and her mother sat, "like a pair of Orphan Annies," with sister Barbara abed with a terrible case of grippe. They couldn't spend anything for presents, and didn't know anybody to whom to give 'em if they'd bought 'em, but mother did finally go out and in desperation bring back a skimpy little tree. Then she and Bette sat and looked at it and tried not to cry.

■ Like Mrs. Davis, Anita Louise's mother got a tiny tree for that first Hollywood Christmas when Anita was only ten. On the tree hung a doll. To say that money was scarce is to put it mildly. Mother and daughter lived in a small, one-room apartment. For dinner they had canned salmon.

Ann Miller and her mother fared no better three years ago, when Ann was only fifteen. Their rent was paid on a nice apartment, but a check which her mother expected had been held up in the Christmas mail rush and there wasn't a dime in the house; not even a cent. Recently arrived in town, they knew nobody from whom they cared to ask a loan. Along toward evening of Christmas Day, the genial apartment house manager came to their door with a chocolate cake. "Perhaps you'd like this for dessert with your dinner," she said, "I just baked two of them."

"Dessert!" exclaims Ann, licking her lips at the memory, "that was *dinner*!"

■ The case of the Warren William, though, turned out to be too much food over too much territory. As a bride in a diminutive New York apartment, Mrs. William—who didn't know how to cook—decided to start learning with a Christmas dinner for several of Warren's relatives. She spent all night stuffing the turkey, but didn't know that it had to be sewn up. In the oven, the overstuffed bird swelled and swelled and the stuffing came out and out. Frantically, the bride shoveled it back with a spoon; undiscouraged, it came out again. Making Warren promise not to tell of her struggles, his wife carried off the dinner with a very high head and a very red face. But when the guests departed, she fell to the floor in a dead faint and stayed in bed two days. She and Warren remember that Christmas!

■ Spencer Tracy, on the other hand, remembers the Christmas when he and Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh played in a stock company in a little town in Maryland. The stock company was dead as a duck, the players' resources were nil. They lived at a hotel which they nicknamed The Bear Pit. This joyous Noel, they pooled their money and sent Frank McHugh out to buy food. He had twenty-six cents, all told, and he came back with quite a lot of boloney sausage and rye bread.

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■ Joan Blondell remembers the Christmas when at the age of five, with her brother and parents she was aboard a boat bound for Australia where dad and mother had a vaudeville engagement. The only children on the boat, Joan and her brother received a gift from every passenger (notably a mother-of-pearl manicure set for Joan who thereafter drove everyone crazy with pleas to "do your nails?"), and the entire Yuletide party centered around the lucky two. Arthur Lake remembers the week, just before he made his success in *Harold Teen* (he's currently the hero of *Blondie*), when he played Santa Claus in a Los Angeles department store, and had fun.

And there are several stars who remember actually meeting Santa Claus. Jeanette MacDonald used to believe that if Santa found a little girl awake he wouldn't leave any presents. On a never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Eve she woke when the front doorbell rang and her heart began to thud as she heard somebody coming up the stairs. She closed her eyes very tightly so that Santa would think she was asleep; he was standing by her bed; he was gently pulling the covers up around her shoulders! Not till years later did she realize that the gentle hand had been her mother's. She still keeps, for demi-tasse service, the thin china doll's cups that she found beneath the tree next morning.

■ Romance, too, has struck the Cinema Sector at the season of mistletoe; and more than once. Claudette Colbert was married to Dr. Joel Pressman on December 24, three years ago, at Yuma, Ariz. The Yuletide that shines for her above all others was the one after her marriage when, driving back to Hollywood, she saw the Christmas dawn break over the desert. Gladys George, on holiday at a winter resort, went head first into a ten foot drift on Christmas morning, was hauled out by a personable business man, inadvertently knocked him down on skates that afternoon, danced with him that evening, and married him (Leonard Penn) a few months later.

Virginia Bruce, though married to J. Walter Ruben a year ago November, had no time for a honeymoon till Christmas, and this current Christmas stands out for her because it will be her first in the new home which she and Ruben have built.

But the Christmas romance of Christmas romances was Billie Burke's. True, she didn't marry him. . . . He was Caruso, and he tossed a great bouquet of red roses on the stage at her performance, in New York on Christmas night, and came to her dressing room to ask her out for dinner. She accepted, for she liked the famous Italian tenor, but she brought along two Harvard admirers who had made the trip from Boston on purpose to have Christmas dinner with her. Caruso didn't much approve the idea of these added guests, and who could blame him? Yes, he proposed. And you know why she didn't accept? Because she wouldn't give up her career.

■ Sonja Henie says her very happiest Christmas was that on which, at the age of nine, she won the Junior Figure Skating Championship of the Oslo, Norway, Skating Club; not even the later world championships could touch it for thrills. Joan Crawford's was the Christmas she walked her mother over to a Beverly Hills house, with a car in the driveway 'n' everything, and said: "Look, this is yours."

Freddie Bartholomew's was when he rode down Hollywood Boulevard with Santa Claus in the parade; Loretta Young's when at 15 she got a somewhat ratty fur coat, the best the family could afford; Shirley Temple's, two years back, when she received the electric train with the crossing-tender who swings a red lantern; Joan Bennett's when, at the age of 8, in the Bennett home on Park Hill, New York City, she got "the most magnificent doll's house I've ever seen." And Jane Withers' when, in 1934, she signed her first studio contract, and—like Freddie Bartholomew—rode with Santa down the Boulevard.

■ The final touch which makes Christmas a red letter day for some of the Hollywood coterie is the fact that they were born on it. Eric Blore almost gets under the wire with a birthday on December 23; but those with birthdays right on the 25, include Lela Rogers (mother of Ginger), born on a Christmas and married on a Christmas; Humphrey Bogart; Barton MacLane, and Fernand Gravet.

Yes, sir, Santa Claus is a dipsydoodle. Fond of a joke, sometimes a wry one. And because he's like that, there will be several stars who, when Meadows serves the Christmas caviar and turkey, will remember this year something similar to what Fred Allen said to me the other afternoon.

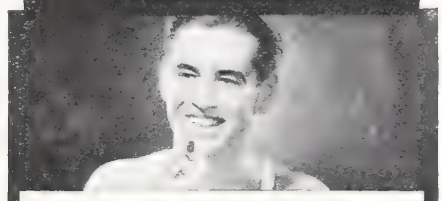
"My outstanding Christmas?" said Allen, "any time in the halcyon era of vaudeville when I played six shows a day at Centralia, Ill., and managed to get fifteen minutes off to gulp an oyster stew at the nearest lunch cart!"

Crossword Puzzle Solution

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Getting back to Wanger's *Trade Winds*, Frederic March is certainly the lucky guy. All he does in this picture is to make love to eleven of Hollywood's outstanding beauties, the list including such lovelies as Joan Bennett, Ann Sothern, Gloria Youngblood, Ethelreda Leopold and Suzanne Kaaren.



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Gracie, the Practical Giver

[*Continued from page* 23]

■ Then I ran into Gracie on the Boulevard one day. It was still not quite December, but so far as she was concerned, the holiday had arrived. Her arms were full of bundles and she wore a big poinsettia on her silver foxes.

"Well, well," I said. "How is Mrs. Santa Claus?"

"Just fine!" she caroled. "Come on into the Derby for a cup of tea and I'll tell you about everything. I've j u s t b o u g h t George—"

"His dining room drapes?"

"Well, no—not yet, that is. Of course, I'm going to . . ."

We settled ourselves and our bundles in one of those round Derby booths, and ordered tea and cinnamon toast. Then—

"I've just bought George the *darlingest* desk set!" Gracie confided. "All rough, masculine-looking leather, monogrammed and hand-tooled."

"Of course," she explained, "George already has a desk set, but this one was so beautiful I couldn't resist it. And so—" forestalling the remark I was about to make about her proposed holiday practicability—"I thought maybe George can give his old one to Ronnie (George and Gracie's adopted son, aged three) for Ronnie to have when he grows up. After all, desk sets do last a long time. . . ."

"Of course. A very practical idea," I murmured.

"And—oh, yes," she rattled on, "I found something else in New York. . . . Something I'd been wanting to give George for ages. I had quite a time getting it—a real little adventure, you might say. It was there in a store on Fifth Avenue—"

I interrupted her, on account of I thought I had better get things straight as we went along. You have to, with Gracie.

"What was there?"

"Why, I thought I told you. A ski suit. I have been wanting to give George a ski suit for a long time."

"A ski suit? I didn't know George skied," I said.

"Oh, he doesn't. But this was such a fine, serviceable ski suit, and especially after I got locked in it and got a reduction, I thought—"

"What do you mean *you got locked* in it?" I'm afraid I rather shrieked. I think anyone would have. *Locked in a ski suit!*

"Why," Gracie said, innocently, "I tried it on. It was one of those one-piece things with a zipper up the front and it looked so wonderfully warm and nice, so I just put it on and zipped it up. But the zipper hooked in a little piece of my blouse and you know how zippers are when they're hooked in anything. They won't come loose and there I was, locked in.

"The clerks all scurried around and the manager came and apologized and wanted to cut the thing off. But I said to try a little longer because it was a shame to spoil that nice ski suit, especially when I kind of wanted it for George, because it

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Of HOLLYWOOD, published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1938.
State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roger Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the HOLLYWOOD, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Greenwich, Connecticut; Editor, Llewellyn Miller, New York, New York; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, New York, New York; Business Manager, Roger Fawcett, Larchmont, New York.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ————. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROGER FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1938.

Helen M. Lano, Notary Public.
(My commission expires February 1, 1941.)

fitted me perfectly. So we worked at the zipper some more and finally it tore a little piece out of my blouse, and I got the ski suit off. Then the manager insisted on giving me the ski suit at a great reduction so I bought it for George's Christmas!"

"But do you think a ski suit is a practical thing for a Southern Californian who doesn't ski?" I said, tentatively.

"Well," she began, doubtfully. "We are going to learn—" Then she brightened. "And anyway we can always wear it to a masquerade."

■ Gracie had picked up some other little things for George that day we met on the Boulevard. Blithely she began unwrapping them to the interest of a good many other customers besides myself.

"Here's something I found at a little store on Vine," she thrilled. "Isn't it *wonderful?*"

It was a pound of wooden beads and an instruction book telling in detail how to make various articles out of them.

"That's for if George should ever get nervous. Then he can calm his nerves by making things," she explained. "Of course he is feeling fine now. But what I always say is 'You never can tell,' don't you think so?"

She had also acquired for George a fine Mexican *lariat,* hand-woven in exquisite colors.

"I see you've been down on Olvera Street," I said. Olvera Street is Los Angeles' "Little Mexico."

"Yes, George loves those M e x i c a n things they have down there. He says it is nice to have things like that because they are so typical of the history of Southern California. . . ."

"And they are so practical, too," I murmured.

Gracie had the grace to blush. . . . Just slightly.

"Aw," she said, "you're kidding me! You're thinking I won't get those drapes. Well, you'll see!"

■ Over on the Paramount lot a week or so later, I paid a visit to the *Gracie Allen Murder Mystery* set. Gracie was there, looking as pretty and smart as ever in a tailored suit with a fluffy blouse, hair curled to perfection, eyelashes an inch long. She'd just finished a big scene when she joined me, her mind wasn't on it. Instead—

"You can't laugh at me now!" she crowed. "Just look here!" With a flourish, she produced a big bundle and ripped it open, to disclose yards and yards of beautiful hand-blocked linen.

"George's drapes," she announced, complacently. "Aren't they grand? I'll have them made up later. Now I'm taking them home for the Christmas tree."

"I didn't think you had it in you, Gracie," I said meekly. "I apologize."

"Oh, that's all right," she told me. "In fact, stay around a little while and I'll drive you home."

I did and she did, but something happened in between. Coming through the studio gate, we were stopped by three youngsters, two girls and a boy.

"May we have your autograph?" they begged Gracie.

Parked across the narrow street was an old, rattly car, with a Missouri license on it and a tired-faced woman in the driver's seat. Anxiously, she smiled.

"Please, Miss Allen. We're on our way to 'Frisco, but we've waited most all afternoon, so's the kids could see some real stars."

"An' so far you're the only one who has stopped," chimed in a little girl, about ten.

Gracie looked down at the clamoring trio, and at the mother across the street.

"How do you happen to be going to San Francisco?" she asked, gently.

"Our pop, he died, and Mom's takin' us to Grandma's," the boy said.

"I see."

■ With a friendly smile Gracie wrote her name on the pieces of paper proffered. Then she dug into her purse and pulled out a bill. But the woman protested.

"No, Miss Allen. We ain't charity folks. We ain't lookin' for it. We aim to get along. . . . We couldn't take money. . . ."

"I see." Slowly, Gracie put the money back in her purse. Thoughtfully, she watched the youngsters scamper back to the old car. The woman put her foot on the starter. It roared raucously. Then Gracie had her inspiration.

"Wait!" she called. "Come back here a minute, Sonny—" this to the eldest boy.

The youngster did as he was told. "What kind of a house does your grandma live in?" she inquired.

"Well, it's all right, I guess. I was there once."

"Could she use something to fix it up?" Gracie persisted. "Could she use some new drapes, maybe?"

"Well, I dunno. I guess maybe she could."

Whereupon Gracie t h r u s t George's practical Christmas into the child arms. "Take this," she said. "It's a kind of f u n n y Christmas present, but—well, Merry Christmas, anyway!"

Then we drove away fast, while Gracie said, a little defensively because I suppose she thought I'd laugh: "Well, it was all I *had,* and they wouldn't take money. . . ."

But somehow I didn't feel like laughing. Instead, a lump came up into my throat as I thought what a really swell girl Gracie Allen is, and how I shouldn't have teased her about her "practical Christmas." Then—

"Anyway, I can get George something even more practical," she said.

I haven't seen Gracie since, but I talked to her on the phone last night. Yes, she had been shopping briefly since the drapes episode, but all she had bought for George was a life preserver.

"You know, for when George goes sailing," she said excitedly. "I always think every precaution should be taken to safeguard the life of a wonderful man like George. Tomorrow or next day, though, I am going to get him some more drapes."

But I am not going to bet on that. Would you?



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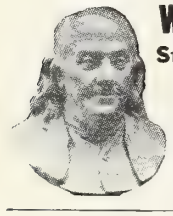
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THE FESTIVE FRUITCAKE



As soon as she finished work on her new picture, *Annabel Takes a Tour*, Lucille Ball began preparations for Christmas. Here she is in her own bright kitchen preparing ingredients for her fruitcake

No Christmas is complete without a fruitcake and now is the time to make them for your own use and for gifts

By BETTY CROCKER



■ Surprising, how many of these stars out here really can cook! Perhaps a talent for acting goes hand in glove with ability at the kitchen stove. At any rate, Lucille Ball is one of those girls who has an air of knowing exactly what she's about when she goes into the kitchen. I asked her about it one afternoon in her small but well appointed apartment in Beverly Hills.

"I'm just a small town girl," smiled Lucille, and the whole thing was explained.

Because small town girls do seem to have an advantage when it comes to culinary accomplishments. Lucille was born in Montana, but her father died when she was a small child, and her mother went to Jamestown, New York. There Lucille was reared and went to school. Ambitious, she tried the New York stage, with about as much luck as the girls you saw in *Stage Door*. So she turned to dress modeling, and what with parading dresses from 9 to 6 and then posing for commercial photos from 7 to 2 A.M., Lucille was a somewhat busy girl.

She's one of the few girls who got into movies without a producer's permission, let alone a screen test. In fact, Sam Goldwyn was quite put out when he discovered her among a group of models he had imported for a picture some five years ago. One of the girls had dropped out, and Lucille calmly substituted, more for the trip than anything else. She's the only one of the group to survive in

pictures, and now, RKO is rapidly building her to stardom through the current *Annabel* series.

Going over Lucille's prized recipes, we chose her family recipe for fruit cake as particularly suited to the season. For good measure, Lucille also parted with her own specialty, a salad dressing that is different and delicious. Here they are:

OLD-FASHIONED SOUTHERN FRUIT CAKE

1 lb. bunch raisins (which you seed yourself)
1 lb. seedless raisins
1 lb. currants
½ lb. citron (sliced)
¼ lb. glaced cherries (halved)
¼ lb. glaced pineapple (sliced)
2 cups English walnuts (broken up)
½ lb. butter
4 cups flour
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup molasses
½ cup any sour jelly
1 cup sherry
6 eggs
1 tbsp. ground cinnamon
1 tbsp. ground nutmeg
1 pinch salt
½ tsp. soda dissolved in a little hot water

Prepare and dredge the fruit, using one cup of the sifted flour and leaving the other 3 cups for mixing into the cake. Cream butter and sugar together and gradually add the well-beaten yolks of eggs. To this add the jelly, molasses and sherry. Mix salt and spices with the remaining 3 cups of flour and add slowly to first mixture. Then put in the fruit and nuts and dissolved soda. After that, gradually add the beaten egg whites. If mixture seems too thick, add more sherry. Pour into heavy tins (preferably with center funnel), line bottom and sides with heavy brown paper. Bake slowly —it should take about 3 hours. Put a pan of water under each tin to prevent scorching the bottom of the cake and, as soon as the cake begins to brown, put a piece of buttered heavy brown paper *on top*. Let cake remain in oven after done until it is thoroughly cool, and do not turn out of pan until following day.

■ Once they called salads "greens," classed them with necessary evils like sulphur and molasses. Then the dish went "arty," became a beautiful but dumb confection huddled beneath a thick, mysterious dressing.

Today the salad is neither duty nor ornament, but a versatile charmer, appearing as full course or full meal. And taste comes before beauty.

Out in Hollywood, headquarters of the Eat-and-Grow-Thin Club, salads are leading citizens. Every star can whip up a favorite, and produce a special dressing. Lucille Ball particularly likes this dressing, for it can be made by the quart, stored in the refrigerator for such domestic emergencies as the "drop-in" guests.

Here is the recipe:

⅞ cup sugar
1 cup water
1 small onion
1 clove garlic
2 tbsp. Tarragon vinegar
2 tbsp. vinegar
½ cup lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. paprika
1 tsp. celery salt
1 tsp. dry mustard
½ cup catsup

Boil sugar and water together until it makes soft ball in cold water. Cool. Add grated onion and garlic to vinegar and lemon juice. Strain, retaining only the seasoned liquid. To this liquid add all other ingredients and mix well. Add cooled sirup to this mixture, beating well with egg beater. Pour dressing into glass jar, cover tightly and store in refrigerator until needed.

For summer luncheons or Sunday night suppers, Lucille serves a favorite salad which is a complete meal. This salad is rich, one men are apt to like. You will need:

1 package Philadelphia Cream cheese
1 tbsp. sweet cream
½ cup ripe olives
½ cup green olives
1 cup pecans
1 very small green onion
½ pimento, chopped

Blend cream into cheese, add other ingredients which have been chopped fine (measure olives after chopping). Put ingredients into roll, place it in refrigerator to chill. When ready to serve, spread slices of head lettuce with your favorite salad dressing, or cut roll in layers, placing one slice on each piece of lettuce. Garnish with olives or pickles.

If the roll seems too rich, cut down amount of olives and nuts, add chopped raw carrots, chopped celery or any lighter "greens."

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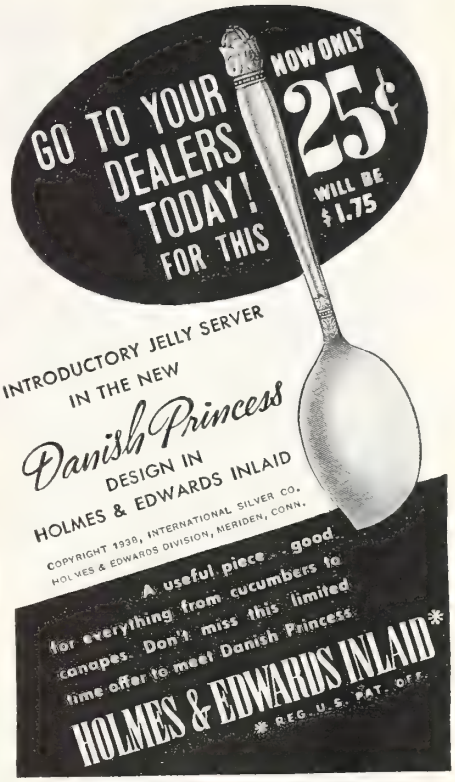
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"She's a Knockout IF—"

[*Continued from page* 13]

real friends among women older than yourself?———

7. Do you avoid women who are prettier than you are?———

8. Would you help a friend by going on a "blind date?"———

9. Are you interested unless conversation concerns men?———

10. Can you listen to a friend without saying, "That's just like the time I—" Think back!———

AT A PARTY

1. Do you think it's funny when someone gets one cocktail too many?———

2. If your pet "hate" is present, is it obvious from your actions that you have no use for her?———

3. Are you the "organizer," who is always the first to suggest playing games? ———

4. Were the boy friend to get swacked, would you bawl him out before the assembled company?———

5. Do you retire to a corner with one other guest for a long conversation?———

6. Do you like to be the life-of-the-party?———

7. If the boy friend must keep an early morning business engagement, do you plead, "Let's stay just a little while longer?"———

8. Do you skim through new fashion magazines of books, while joining in the conversation?———

8. Do you enjoy meeting new people? ———

10. Are you frequently the last to leave?———

AT PLAY

1. Do you join in with good grace, even though you do not care for a game others have chosen?———

2. Are you willing to try a sport of which you have no particular knowledge?———

3. Do you hate to lose?———

4. Are you an "arm-holder" on an outing?———

5. Do you like outdoor games?———

6. Do you dress up, if you know the others will wear old clothes?———

7. Do you alibi a bad showing by telling what you scored last week?———

8. Do you insist that others follow your rules, if there is a difference of opinion? ———

9. Do you excel in any one sport?———

10. Do you ask the score at a football game more than four times a quarter? ———

IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY

1. Do you kiss and tell?———

2. Do you go in for risque stories?———

3. Do you quote prices of your new purchases?———

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4. Do you really mean it when you say "I hope to see you again soon?"———

5. Despite all your good intentions, do you usually keep a man waiting for you? Think back!———

6. Do you ever talk "baby-talk?"———

7. Do you ever say, "I'm mad at you. You haven't called me this week!"———

8. Do you introduce people by their first names?———

9. Do people have to ask you to take off your hat in the theatre?———

10. Did you answer every one of these questions truthfully?———

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■ Give your girl ONE for each of her answers that correspond with the one listed below.

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If her score is over 70, she is far above average and you better be very nice to her, indeed.

If her score is between 60 and 70, she better not enter a popularity contest just yet.

If her score falls below 50, don't believe a word she says . . . she's kidding you. Make her take it again.

ON A DATE

1. No
2. No
3. No
4. No
5. No
6. No
7. No
8. No
9. No
10. No

IN MOMENTS OF STRESS

1. No
2. No
3. No
4. No
5. No
6. No
7. No
8. Yes
9. Yes
10. No

AT HOME

1. No
2. No
3. Yes
4. Yes
5. No
6. Yes
7. No
8. Yes
9. No
10. Yes

AT THE OFFICE

1. No
2. No
3. No
4. No
5. No
6. No
7. No
8. No
9. No
10. No

AS A WOMAN AMONG WOMEN

1. Yes
2. Yes
3. Yes
4. No
5. No
6. Yes
7. No
8. Yes
9. No
10. Yes

AT A PARTY

1. No
2. No
3. No
4. No
5. No
6. No
7. No
8. No
9. Yes
10. No

AT PLAY

1. Yes
2. Yes
3. No
4. No
5. Yes
6. No
7. No
8. No
9. Yes
10. No

IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY

1. No
2. No
3. No
4. Yes
5. No
6. No
7. No
8. No
9. No
10. Yes



Deanna Durbin and Jackie Cooper had a gay time at the informal dinner given by Director Edward Ludwig to celebrate the finish of *That Certain Age*

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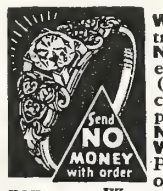
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[*Continued from page* 28]

more than a mere white lie because I DID mind a lot. Here I was in Chicago, my big dream all shattered to pieces with apparently no chance to put it together again. One thing was certain, however. I wasn't going back to Des Moines and sit around while friends filled my ears with a couple of million words expressing sympathy. And another thing was certain, too. New York was only a few hundred miles away. Why not, I said to myself, keep moving eastward? I still had money in my savings account and what better use could I make of it than to travel? I was determined to sing in a band and I told mother so over the phone that night and she said she'd wire me some more money and for me to go ahead when I got it."

■ So—disappointed, but not discouraged Joy took the $200 that her mother wired her and headed for New York City, and in less time than a name-band can tune up for "Flat-foot Floogie" she was standing in front of an orchestra 'mike' pouring out sweet and sad notes to the great delight of the cash customers who came again and again to hear the girl from the tall corn state sing.

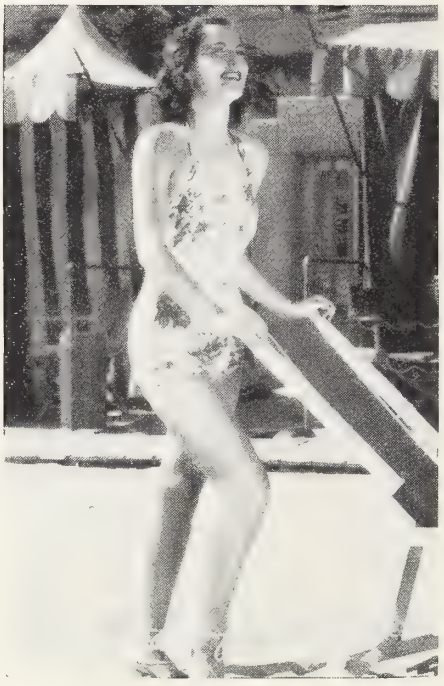
Since her first appearance in the Big Town Joy has been on the air with the orchestras of Ted Fiorito, Ozzie Nelson, Carol Lofner and Jimmie Greer, just to mention a few leaders.

"It was Jimmie Greer," Joy says, "who got me my first motion picture job—if you can call it that. As a girl singer in his orchestra, I sang a couple of songs in a 'short.' Then RKO signed me to a long-term contract that shrunk to six months due to no one in the studio having the strength to pick up my option when the time came for it to be lifted. In that six months I sang numbers in *Old Man Rhythm, To Beat the Band,* and *Follow the Fleet* and that was the limit of my motion picture experience. At no time during my RKO contract did I have a single word or line to speak in a film."

■ On the air—after getting it from Hollywood—she became a radio personality quicker than an Ioway farmer can take the shucks off'n an ear of corn and once again the studios began to prick up ears. Universal, a little more alert than its rivals, coaxed her to sign another long-term contract, which she finally inked in after receiving a promise that the studio would start her off on her second screen career with a featured acting role in *The Merry-Go-Round of 1938.*

"I saw part of the preview," she smiles a little sadly, "and left the theatre before the picture was half through because I couldn't bear to look at myself! Everybody in it was swell but myself, and I realized that I was as amateurish as one possibly could be. So far as good acting was concerned I had gotten away with murder and the penalty for that, I was convinced, would be another torn-up contract. I remained at home day after day and waited for Universal to call up saying that so far as the studio was concerned it would be perfectly all right and legal for me to go back to my bands. Sitting there within arm reach of the telephone I began practicing on my farewell speech so that I would have it letter perfect when the bad news arrived. You can imagine my surprise when I learned that my contract was still in force and that it would be for a long time to come!"

■ The second featured role was a long time in coming, however, and Joy, tired of sitting around home, went into action. She sent out letters to her bandleader friends stating that she was available for work and would they hurry up and give her another chance to stand before the "mike," and in a short time the letters began to roll in—nice long epistles offering her work at fancy wages, but before she got around to make a selection she got what she claims was the greatest shock—and surprise—of her young and active life. Broadway wanted her as the singing star in the George M. Cohan smash hit, *I'd Rather Be Right!*



Joy Hodges takes the sun at the Ambassador Lido after finishing work on *Service De Luxe*

"I thought it was just another of those Hollywood practical jokes," Joy admits, "until I received two more wires and two long-distance telephone calls urging me to pack up and take the first plane out. I was too dazed to remember much of what happened after that. I have a vague and hazy picture of myself obeying instructions about packing, driving down to the airport and of boarding the plane and of being met in New York, but I can't swear to anything that happened until that never-to-be-forgotten night when I made my first appearance on a Broadway theatrical stage. If I live to be a million I'll never forget the tiniest detail of that memorable evening. Never! That was the supreme thrill of a lifetime!"

Well, consult the records if you want to. Little Joy Hodges, the canary from the tall corn state, knocked 'em cold! And, better yet, she kept knocking 'em cold for more than 200 evenings in a row!

"I learned a lot during that time," she says, "especially from George Cohan. If I owe anyone a deep debt of gratitude, it's to him. He's all the nice things everybody says about him—only a thousand times more!"

■ Joy is back in Hollywood again and at Universal where she's finished the leading feminine role in *The Comet,* and by the time you read this she will likewise have finished a splendid role in Constance Bennett's starring picture, *Service De Luxe.*

Not bad for a little girl who started out as an entertainer when she was eleven by teaming up with another little eleven-year-old girl to appear over station WNO in her home town as *The Bluebird Twins!*

Three years before Joy was graduated from high school in Des Moines she won the Iowa State soprano contest and with it, as we may have said before, a chance to sing with Paul Ash and his orchestra. During her high school days she was president of the dramatic society, leader in the French club, pianist for mixed choruses and soloist for the Girls' Glee Club. Between school terms she did two summers of Chautauqua work in all of the large mid-western cities. She sang for conventions in her home town and was a member of the professional troupe which put on all shows for benefits and other worthy enterprises. This work made her self-supporting, built up her savings account, and gave her the idea that some day her voice would pay her way through life. When she wasn't singing she picked up a little pin money working in the music department of a five-and-ten store and when she wasn't doing that she was modeling for a clothes shop. "In my spare time," she says, "I taught dancing and gave piano lessons." In other words she has a mania for keeping busier than the proverbial bee. She hates people who are too friendly and doesn't think much of waitresses who call her 'dear' and 'darling'. She believes a woman can have a career and marriage at the same time and scratches off her visiting and talking list those women who profess they can't. Thinks glamour is vastly over-rated and doubts if a girl can go far in pictures if she relies on it too much. She can shoot a gun like Dead-Eye Dick and is a member of the Des Moines Hunt Club. When she finishes pictures she will branch out as a talent scout. Declares she has already proven her ability in this direction since she is responsible for the discovery of her fellow townsman, Ronald Reagan, for being in pictures. The chances are, however, that she's going to be kept so busy in front of the cameras out at Universal that about the only thing she's going to discover in the next few months is that there's a new star in the Hollywood sky—by the name of Joy Hodges.

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